A GATHERING OF NOTED MEN.

As I saw the remains of Dr. Samuel Osgood borne up the aisle of St. Thomas' Church the other morning, amid a stately procession of robed ecclesiastics, my mind went back to a scene, between twenty five and thirty years ago, in which he took a memorable part.

The friends of James Fennimore Cooper availed themselves of the presence of Daniel Webster in New York, to give special interest to a public meeting in commemoration of him with a view to the erection of a monument to his memory. Washington Irving was to preside, and William Cullen Bryant was to deliver the address. Daniel Webster was to be present, and all the literati of America, far and near, were to occupy the stage of what was then known as Tripler, afterward Metropolitan Hall, in Broadway. The building was capacious enough to hold a vast multitude, and though a price for admission was charged, its doors and galleries were filled to overflowing. The audience itself was representative of the culture and refinement of the city. A more brilliant assemblage has seldom been seen. I was young enough for the spectacle and occasion to make a great impression on me.

The stage remained empty for some time after the house was full, when the folding doors in the rear suddenly opened, and in the vista of the illuminated room behind, we caught sight of the throng of distinguished men who then filled the public eye—the venerable contemporaries of Cooper and the rising reputations of our own time.

But conspicuous above them all, in physical presence alone, was Mr. Webster. He stood among the foremost, dressed in his favorite costume on great occasions, like the Whig or Continental uniform—blue dress coat, with bright gilt buttons, and a long buff waistcoat reaching several inches below the waistband. It was the year before his death, and he had been very ill. The effort had been a great one which he had made to be present now. Anyone who remembers his stupendous appearance when in health and vigor, as I could when a boy, with his dark complexion, black hair, and large glowing black eyes, under the shelf of that Olympian brow—the astonishment and delight of phrenologists—will easily conceive how he looked then, when ashy pale, his hair scanty and iron-gray, yet his figure erect and commanding as ever; and, though moving slowly and feebly to his place, bearing himself in that thrown-back characteristic way in which all New Yorkers are now accustomed to see him in bronze on his pedestal in Central Park. Under the blaze of the gaslight his massive face took a granite look, the material of his own native hills. I had seen him often, close by, and had talked to him when in my teens, but the impression he made at this moment was the grandest I ever received, and, doubtless, it was aided by the designed dramatic accessories of the spectacle. I never yet beheld his equal for personal presence. I believe it was once said of him that "no man ever was so wise as Webster looked." He was only five feet ten inches in hight, but his breadth of chest, tremendous head, and magnificent bearing, made him appear gigantic amid the crowd that then surrounded him. He was seated in the middle of the sofa, at the front of the stage, with Bryant close behind him on his right, and Irving on his left.

The face and figure of Bryant, so recently conspicuous among us for his patriarchal beard and picturesque head, looked almost insignificant under the shadow of the colossal statesman, and Irving looked no better. Bryant, small, thin-faced, and closely shaven at that time, serious, cold and stiff in manner, hardly gave promise of what long years of conscious public veneration and the hoary crown of glory did afterward to make him, both in personal appearance and benignity of aspect, to this generation.

Irving, kindly-faced always, plain, gentle, unassuming, whose chestnut wig and florid face denied his age, arose and came forward to speak. His earliest friends had called him the "spectator," because the presence of auditors always struck him dumb. But the assemblage did not appear to know it, and the hush was sometimes awful to those who did. He opened his mouth, and, with a hoarse gasp, said something about public speaking "not being among his gifts," and with a nervous twist in his dear old countenance, added something about "Daniel Webster," and shrunk back into his corner of the sofa.

When Mr. Webster arose there was a tempest. The applause rolled toward him in volume after volume. If his demigod presence could not magnetize the common mob, it could and did excite this multitude into a demonstration of shouting, stamping and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, long-continued and oft-reiterated, which must have been as astonishing to him as it was gratifying. He spoke only two or three minutes, or about a dozen or twenty lines of a newspaper column, in his characteristic way, evidently forming each sentence complete before slowly uttering it; his pronunciation old-fashioned, with a savor of New England; his voice, rather weak at first, rising once or twice into that volume, and those tones like low, rolling thunder, which had made both his conversation and oratory so impressive in his prime.

Bryant then took his place at the desk and read his eulogy upon the great novelist. After he had concluded, the general speaking began. Toward the close of the evening Dr. Osgood was called out. I have the impression, not from anything he has since told me, but from something that occurred at the time, that his speaking at all was an accident. At any rate, the sense in the audience that he was utterly unprepared gave him the opportunity to take them, as he did, by surprise. The lapse of a quarter of a century has given him, too, quite a different look to those who only lately knew him. At that time, though nearly forty, he was very youthful looking; and the grayish beard which lately almost covered his face, and his coal-black hair contrasted vividly with a complexion white as marble. His features were regular and almost Puritanically severe—a look which his tall, white cravat did not lessen.

His speech came in three great outbursts, under the effect of which, each time, he seemed to reel as if intense excitement had carried him out of himself. Three times he leaned forward, with his hand to his forehead as if the effort had made it ache. It may have been his fashion of collecting his thoughts. At any rate, what he did say, and the way he said it—in a voice whose orotund tones and scholarly enunciation filled the building to the brim—every word evidently impromptu and spontaneous, created the most astonishing excitement, and three times the return came to him in salvos that seemed only equalled by those which had greeted Mr. Webster. One of these outbursts was over Cooper, of course. Webster, fatigued, had almost slept through the evening, being repeatedly aroused by Mr. Harvey behind him. But he needed no awakening now. He gradually aroused himself, started into unwonted attention by Dr. Osgood's eloquence, and, when the burst closed, it found him leaning forward at his full height—he sat very high—with his granite face turned upward to the speaker, as if rapt and astonished like the rest of us, at what he had heard. He, too, joined in the applause, striking his white-gloved hands together with hearty delight. But his hand went modestly before his own face at the next instant, for the succeeding burst was about himself, and the thundering scene was renewed tenfold.

He and Irving and Bryant have gone, Few, if any, remain who occupied that platform; and now the bright, public-spirited, scholarly, eloquent Osgood will also be seen no more.

He Had Education.

"Cap'n," said a colored man, entering the office of a school examiner whose skin was so black that to see him you would think he had spent his life in boiling crows for dissatisfied politicians. "Cap'n," repeated the visitor, lightly tapping on the door facing.

"Wall, sah, what is hit!"

"Ise called roun' to be 'zammoned. Ise a 'fessional teacher."

"Did you know dat hits a mighty hot cross fire to stan' under de batteries ob my knowledge?"

"Yes, cap'n," said the applicant, "an' bein' proud ob my 'companiments I hez sought you sted ob goin' to de oneducated white 'fessor."

"Yer action is dat ob a wise man, an' fur sich wisdom I zibited in de very bud ob de edycation rose. Oh, I'se flow'ry; I 'struct my secretary ter mark yer one on sheepskin stifikit ob knowledge. Dis am figurative. We'se out of sheep-skins, an' in der place hab substituted coon-skins, tanned by an Arkinsaw darky, an' ketched by the justice ob de peace. Do hit strike yer in the stomach ob recognitions?"

"Yas Cap'n."

Wall now ter de 'zamination. Secretary, git down dat brass pen wid a dog-wood holder an' fetch hit heah, fur I, in de cordance wid de new groun' ob knowledge whar de briars am lilin' an' whar dar's many a toe-nail lyin' mung de grubs. Fow fer de first. Does yer understan' gogafy?"

"Oh yas sah, dat's my holt."

"What does yer know ob common grammer? Keep yer mouf open fur I'se de eddycational dentist, zaminin' de teeth of yer larnin."

"I eats up grammer like a man han'lin greens."

"What about de science of phlebotomy?"

"I walks all over dat 'ere science on stilts."

"What does you know about metaphysics?"

"De very quilt ob my bed am patched wid hit."

"Mister Secretary," said the examiner, turning to that functionary, "gin dis man a double stifikit. Recommend him ter de county as de ablest man I hezzamined dis yeah. Dar's yer papers, sah; an' remember dat de cloud ob edycation am a black one. A man dat shows sich a familiarity wid science az you dos is boun' one day ter put his foot on a white man's shoulder, reach up an' take de gown ob superiority from de peg in de wardrobe of life's competition. Let's see, five dollars ur de single dorsement, an' five dollars an' a half fur de double dorsement. Gimmy ten dollars."

The money was cheerfully paid and the man with his blotted coon-skin went out into the world to engage in the tournament of letters.—*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

An Episode of the New York Draft Riots.—A correspondent of the Utica *Herald* reports ex-Governor Hoffman as saying that one day near the close of his term he was sitting in the executive chamber when a strange man entered, unannounced, and unceremoniously seated himself. In a moment he extended his hand, in the palm of which lay a somewhat battered musket-ball. "Governor," said he, "that musket-ball killed my brother in the streets of New York. It was fired by one of the militia, who were acting by virtue of your orders. I regarded you as my brother's murderer, and over his dead body swore that I would take the same bullet that killed him and with it kill you. I have many times started to make good my vow, but each time deferred it. For certain reasons I have made up my mind to let you live, but I want you to know that you owe your life to me and continue to live entirely by my sufferance." The man then quietly arose, picked up his hat, and unconcernedly walked away. The Governor, this writer says, admitted that the episode startled him; but when asked by a prominent Democratic politician what he would do again in an emergency similar to that of July, 1871, he promptly replied, "I would do precisely as I did before."

Habit.—There was once a horse that was used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind in one eye, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture and left to crop the grass, without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the horse was that every morning, after grazing awhile, he would start on a tramp, going round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder at what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. But it was the force of habit, and the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth, will be held by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.

Dandies.

Dandies, like saints, are never much beloved by their fellow-creatures. Like saints, they have an ideal perfection of manner and dress, and ideals are felt to be impertinent. To be a dandy is to outrage the vanity of every one who has not the energy to be wakefully attentive to details of deportment and costume. The great dandies of old days, Brummell, Lauzun and the rest were everywhere welcomed, because they made themselves disagreeable to so many people. This is a kind of popularity which is acquired by an attitude provokingly unpopular. Men and women are attracted by the courage which despises and disregards their feelings. People whose minute perceptions and sense of their own merit make them detested, become notorious, and, consequently, are sought after. A sage might say to aspiring boyhood: "Young man, be a puppy." In this respect, as in others more important, the prizes of the world are to be impudent. Society truckles to people who can consistently display their conscious superiority. The very magnitude of their insolence and the calmness of their imperturbability excites curiosity and welcome analysis. People are anxious to judge for themselves as to whether a conspicuously conceited fellow is earnest and a supreme fool, or whether he is quietly playing a part. Thus the eccentricity of imperturbable vanity, a vanity which declares itself in peculiarity of dress and manners, is rather a good introduction to society. A famous living statesman was remarkable for his canes and waistcoats even before he was admired or feared for his wit or eloquence. Dandyism was to him a stepping-stone, as it usually is to young people of high ambition and real strength of character. They learn very early in life that to be remarked is the first thing necessary for success, and social success is of course, more readily attained than literary or political notoriety, and may lead on to those higher prices. It would probably be a mistake to suppose that "the higher dandyism" is entirely a matter of calculation. The most distinguished dandies in the history of society have been men of great power and ambition disguised as fops. They have thus disguised themselves not only because the distinction gained by impertinent perfection of dress was necessary to their projects, but because they could not do anything by halves, and because they were supremely vain. Vanity, a quality much decried, is really necessary for some sort of success. Without vanity there could scarcely be any ambition. In the evolution of character vanity first declares itself in the child and the savage, and clings to many generals, statesmen and divines. The gigantic tailor's and jeweller's bills of a son do not usually make a parent's heart sing for joy; but these bills may, in rare cases, be more full of promise and encouragement than any number of medals and first-classes. It is difficult, however, to get parents and guardians to take this hopeful view, and the young genius for dandyism, like genius for the other arts, is too often persecuted by indignant and terrified relations.

A young man is never more certain of social success than at the moment when most other young people never mention him without saying that they "would like to kick him." As Thackeray observed in the case of Pendennis, that desire is the result of envy, and of conscious humility awakened in manly bosoms. To provoke people so much is a token of superiority, and a prize of nonchalance. Nor is it social dandyism alone which thus irritates the rabble of decent fellows who have neither the vanity, nor the impudence, nor the strength of resolution to win distinction. Literary dandyism is also excessively annoying to the rugged hodmen of letters, the rapid picturesque writers, the half or quarter-educated persons who crowd the press, and carry their farrago of ill-assorted observations to an uncritical public. These industrious persons detest the literary dandy, the man who minds his periods, and regards the cadence of his sentences, and shuns stock illustrations and old quotations, as the social dandy avoids dirty gloves and clumsy boots. They howl at him as the little humorous street boys bully some small Etonian with a tall hat and a broad white collar, who has lost himself in Seven Dials. This antagonism naturally breeds more excess in literary dandyism, till the prose of some critics is as full of musk or millefleurs as the handkerchief of a popular preacher. Both parties a[...] hardened in their ways; the rough-an[d] ready pressman becomes careless even [...] grammar, and trots out his quotati[ons] from Macauley's essays more vigorou[sly] than of old. The prose of the exquis[ite] begins to die away in aromatic nonsen[se] and his great genius tires itself to de[ath] in the hunting for rare exotic adjectiv[es].

There have been schools of literary dandyism, there have been literary dandies, more robust than those of our time. Where we can show nothing much better (if Mr. Arnold belongs to an earlier generation) than Mr. Dowden and Mr. Pater, the great literary ages can boast of Plato, Catullus, Ronsard, Pascal, Horace Walpole, Sir Philip Sidney—nay, one might add, Buffon and Machiavelli. The two last named may be recognized as literary dandies, because they respected the mere details of their literary labor. They were not of the sect that swears by tattered old slippers and ragged old jackets, that toast at the fire, and ragged old jackets perfumed with cigars. They arrayed themselves in fine linen, if not in purple, before they sat down to describe the animal kingdom or give rules for the conduct of the Prince. The other writers, whose names we have taken very almost at random from a crowd of the greatest authors, were dandies in style, exquisites in literary manners, precisions who turned away from what was commonplace in thought. They lived among slipshop writers, or in ages when all the world scribbled, or in times when style was disregarded, or not invented, and they set themselves to seek after grace and distinction.—*London Saturday Review.*

A female correspondent of a religious newspaper at Canandaigua, N. Y. visited Courtney, the oarsman, recently, and urged him to pray night and day without ceasing, as an aid to winning the boat race.

If you are a lover don't love two girls at once. Love is a good thing, but it is like butter—it won't do to have too much on hand at one time.

How an Ohio Girl Became a Dentist.

The number of new occupations in which women are finding—or making—their way, is almost phenomenal to the devotees of the old regime, who cannot conceive of a woman's holding any stronger implement than a needle.

It is reserved for an Ohio girl to take a leading role in a profession that is comparatively a new one for women—dentistry.

For some weeks the passers-by on Seventh street have observed on the block opposite Shillito's a sign that read, "Adelia Riley, Dentist." Drifting in to see Miss Riley, one finds a pleasant, graceful young lady, with a story to tell you about the way she became a dentist.

Miss Riley is from Hamilton, Ohio, where she first studied her profession under Dr. Howells, the father of Dr. May Howells, of this city. The family of the Howells are all somewhat marked for invincible energy of purpose. In W. H. Howells, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, this energy became the motive power of literary work. In Dr. Howells, of Hamilton, and his daughter, Miss May, one of the lady physicians here, it has impelled into professional life. Two other cousins, Misses Emma and Corinne Howells, are teachers in the public schools of St. Louis, and very superior teachers these young ladies are. After finishing a school course, Miss Riley went to her home in Hamilton, and, like Clara Vere de Vere, felt time hang heavily on her hands. There was absolutely nothing for her that was worth doing.

"I think it is the worst thing in the world for a girl to have nothing to do," remarked Miss Riley, "and I began to grow uneasy over it. And entertaining as I am to say, the young lady found she could hardly make it a serious business of life.

One day her father asked her if she would not like to study dentistry. She caught at the idea eagerly.

"I went into it with all manner of enthusiasm," said Miss Riley, "and I think it is a beautiful work."

One could not but think of horrible clamps and instruments of torture, but evidently these had no part in the young lady's visions. After studying at Hamilton under Dr. Howells, she came to the Ohio Dental College, on College street, and took the course, setting herself up as a professional dentist only two weeks ago. The pleasant parlor, with its bay-window, its book-case, writing-table and easy chairs, is more suggestive of a lady's room than of an office, save for the great dental chair that tells its own story.

"Do you find that you have the strength to pull teeth?" was inquired.

"Yes, if necessary," she replied, "but really it is very seldom that it is necessary. Dental science has discovered so many ways that are better, and we restore the imperfect tooth rather than extract it."

Miss Riley spoke with appreciation of the kindness of experienced dentists who are located in that vicinity, to her, and that in any case of indecision or of unusual intricacy she could turn to them for any counsel or aid.

Next year Miss Riley intends to enter upon a thorough medical course, not with a view of relinquishing dentistry as a profession, but of perfecting it. She believes the general state of the system so closely affects all dental operations that an understanding of it is essential to the best success in her chosen profession, in which she is an enthusiast.

It is the women who quietly go to work and do their work well, who are proving the possibilities of womanly work. One such practical demonstration is worth a dozen platform lecturers that grow eloquent over "the cause." And yet, looking backward and over the noble women of the lecture field, one cannot speak lightly of them. When Miss Susan B. Anthony was in Chicago, about to address a large audience some time ago, Mrs. Sullivan, of the Chicago *Times*, was invited to present Miss Anthony to the audience. Mrs. Sullivan replied that she could not, as she was not a pronounced believer in suffrage. It was a subject she held in reserve, as an important one, but regarding which she had no fixed convictions. The committee said that for that very reason they wanted her to introduce Miss Anthony, to which Mrs. Sullivan replied that it would give her great pleasure to do so, and in the introductory words she said that here—in Miss Anthony—was the woman whose brave words and fearless [...]

[illegible]

The Arab.—All Europe knows the Turk, but who knows the Arab? Not those who spend their winter at Cairo, or their spring in Palestine, and who complain of the endless cry of backsheesh, and the beggarly ways of the natives; not even those who have penetrated as far as Bagdad and mixed with the fellaheen of the Tigris. The Arabic-speaking Copt of the Nile and the Canaanite of Syria are Arab only in language, and are without the political instincts inherent in the pure race; the bastard Iraki has been for centuries a slave. These may never be worthy of their independence, or capable of a self-government of which they have lost the traditions; but they are not real Arabians, and should not be confounded with them. The real Arabian is as proud and self-respecting, and as fully entitled by intellectual and moral powers to political freedom, as any free and independent citizen of any country in the world; far more so than either Bulgarian or Roumanian, on whose rights all Europe has been called to judge. It may not be the duty of England to free any race from bondage, but at least let this country have nothing further to reproach her with in the history of its enslavement. Fortunately the day of Ottoman tyranny in Asia is very near its close, and very near, too, if I may indulge a hope, is the complete and lasting freedom of Arabia. [The Fortnightly Review.

An English leader set the advent hymn "Christ the Lord is risen to-day—hallelujah!" to the Tyrolese waltz, and a southern camp-meeting Christian sung, "When I can read my title clear!" to the minstrel melody "Wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride!"

A Poetic Justice.

When you took a second look at him you could see a sort of grimness about him which convinced you that whatever he undertook to do he would accomplish or break his back in the attempt. About noon yesterday, when the rain fell fast he appeared on Woodward avenue under an old umbrella worth about the price of its ribs. At the opera house he placed his old rain-shedder in the doorway and took position in another not far away. In about two minutes along came a citizen with his left eye watching for just such a chance, and pounced on that umbrella with a chuckle of the deepest satisfaction. He didn't wait around there for the owner to appear, and he didn't care a copper whether it belonged to a sister of charity or an over-grown bondholder. As he started off, rejoicing over his good luck, the grim man followed. The umbrella-hooker had a walk of about half a mile to reach his residence, and the grim man was close on his heels all the way. As the citizen halted at his gate the other detained him and quietly remarked:

"I want you to do me a favor."

"Ah, yes—I never give anything to tramps."

"I want you to take that umbrella back to the doorway from which you stole it!"

"This umbrella! why, is this yours?"

"It is, and you must take it back."

"Well, you see, I couldn't do that, but I guess it has been worth a quarter to me."

"Will you take it back?" asked the man with the iron jaw.

"Why, no! What's the old thing worth, anyhow?"

"One hundred dollars!"

"That's a good joke. I'll give you fifty cents for it."

"If you don't 'bout face and take that umbrella back to the identical doorway, I'll mop you into every puddle of water between this and the corner, and when I let up on you your wife won't be able to find a button to identify you by!"

Thus quietly remarked the grim man, as he unbottoned his overcoat, displaying a chest like a base drum. He had the strength of an ox, and there was an "I-mean-it" look in each eye.

"Say, I don't want any quarrel with you," observed the citizen. "Take your umbrella and a couple of dollars."

"No sir!"

"Say three."

"No sir!"

"Say five."

"The price," said the grim man, "will be 100 straight dollars, and you must take the umbrella back. If I stand here in the rain five minutes longer I shall charge you one dollar per minute."

The citizen headed down town. He was too mad to raise the umbrella, but carried it under his arm, while the grim man kept close behind him. When the doorway had been reached, and the umbrella replaced, the citizen was about to turn away, but the other placed his hand on his revolver and said:

"Stranger, you are a good walker, and you have performed your part of the contract to my entire satisfaction. In future it will be well for you to buy your umbrella in the regular way, or take your walks between showers. You can now finish your excursion."—*Free Press.*

Nothing Left to Holler On.

An hour or so after the latest and last from Chicago yesterday afternoon, a policeman on Randolph street halted at the door of a saloon, and asked the proprietor how he liked the nomination.

"I doan' care for bolitics any more," was the reply.

"Why, what's the matter. You were greatly excited yesterday."

"If I vhas, den I vhas a fool. When dot first pallot vhas daken I set up der peer for de Grant crowd, for I likes to sthand vhell mit der poys."

"Yes."

"Den a pig crowd rushes in here und yells out dot Jim Plaine vhas de coming man, und I handed out der cigars, for mein poy vhants a blace in der Gustom House off Jim Plaine vhas Bresident."

"Yes, I see."

"Vhell, pooty soon comes mein brudder in und says I vhas a fool, for dot feller Sherman would git all der votes putty queck. I thinks if Sherman gits it mein poy haf a blace in der postoffice, sure, und I calls in der poys und dells 'em to trink to my gandidate."

"Just so."

"I feels goot when I goes to bedt, but early in der mornings some aldermans come around here und says: 'Shake, tont pe a fool. Edmundts ish der man vho vhill knock 'em all to pieces.' Und I opens a fresh keg of lager und dells efery pody I vhas an Edmunds man, und I pet ten dollars he vhas voted in. Dis forenoon mein poy vhas for Grant, mein brudder vhas for Sherman, und I vhas for Blaine, und vhere pe dose five kegs of lager dot I had dis morning? Vhen I goes home mein vrow she saidt I vhas a fool, und locks up der saloon and goes to bedt."

"Well, have you heard who was nominated?"

"Nein."

"It was Garfield."

"Garfeel? Py Sheorge! I dreats away seven kegs of lager und two poxes of cigars, and it vhas Garfeel! Wheel, dot ends me oop. If I efer haf some more to do mit bolitiks den I am as grazy as bedt-bugs. Garfeel! Vhell—vhell. What a fool I vhas dot I save not mein beer und make a zure blace for mein poy mit Garfeel!"—*Free Press.*

He was a bran new office boy, young, pretty-faced, with golden ringlets and blue eyes. Just such a boy as one would imagine would be taken out of his trundle bed in the middle of the night and transported beyond the stars. The first day he glanced over the library in the editorial room, he became acquainted with everybody, knew all the printers, and went home in the evening as happy and as cherry as a sunbeam. The next day he appeared, looked out the back window, tied the cat up by the tail in the hallway, had four fights with another boy, borrowed two dollars from an occupant of the building, saying his mother was dead, collected his two days' pay from the cashier, hit the janitor with a broomstick, pawned a coat belonging to a member of the editorial staff, wrenched the knobs off the doors, upset the ice-cooler, pied three galleys of type, and mashed his finger in a small press. On the second day a note was received saying: "Mi Mother do not want I to work in such a doll place. She says I would make a good Minister, so I do, my finger is Better; gone fishin. Yours."

No Diploma.

In Sheffield a well-known witch-doctor was recently brought up before the Coroner to explain how he treated a patient who had died under his hands. The doctor was of middle stature, with ruddy face and hands, closely-shaven drab hair, and a common-place look. He felt quite at his case, and the following dialogue ensued:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Mr. Brearly."

"Your name is not Mister, is it?"

"Yes, it is. Mister John Brearly is my name."

"Who are you?"

"A doctor."

"To what college do you belong?"

"To no college."

"Where were you brought up to?"

"I have doctored eight-and-twenty years and was brought up to nothing else."

"What did you do to the deceased?"

"I put my hand on his breast, and told him his chest was full of water and his heart was in the wrong place. I gave him a small bottle to take, and a box of pills."

"What did the bottle contain?"

"Nowt but oil of juniper. The pills were anti-bilious."

"What were they composed of?"

"I don't exactly know what the anti-bilious is made of. I buy 'em of Doctor Gpwarth."

"You say the deceased had water on the chest; what did you do to him?"

"I put a plaster on his breast, and telled him to keep it on."

"Did you think that his lungs were affected?"

"Yes, and drowned with water."

"We shall have the man opened, and see if you placed his heart in the right place."

"Well, if his heart has gone back out of its place, it's none of my fault. I told him to be gentle with it. I have a thousand patients, and they bide a good deal of looking after. I don't charge anything for fee, only for medicine—sometimes 6d., 1s. 6d., and half-crown, according to what they want."

"I understand you were thrown out of your gig last night. Were you much hurt?"

"Oh, no, only had three ribs broken. I set 'em myself this morning and plastered them up. I once fell down three stories and had my shoulder broken, and I set that myself."

The learned doctor made his cross at the examination, not being able to write, when the inquest adjourned for a post mortem examination. It is singular that in a country having such stringent laws in such an ignorant quack should be permitted to kill off deluded patients *ad infinitum*. This fellow was as well known in Sheffield as Dr. Faustus or Dr. Syntax, and drove his gig.

That Boy's Hair.—A Michigan doctor has written a book upon the human hair, in which he presents these views: Hairs do not, as a rule, penetrate the scalp perpendicularly, but at an angle. When the angle of the different hairs is the same, it is possible to give to it the easy sweeps and curves which we generally see it take, but if they are by some freak of nature misplaced, we have the rebellious "frizzle tops" that are not susceptible of the influence of the brush and comb. Many a poor mother has half worried her life out trying to train her Johnny's rebellious locks into better ways, believing it was Johnny's perverseness of manners that induced such dilapidated looking head-gear, when it was really none of Johnny's fault at all, but simply the freak of nature in misplacing the radiating centers of his "hirsute covering." Sometimes fowls suffer from a contrariwise placing of the feathers—they run the wrong way. The author's father had a hen whose leg feathers ran up toward the body, those on the body and neck toward the head. This gave her a perpetual "out-of-sorts" look, and she could never fly. The erection of human beings on animals during anger or of human beings in fright is caused by a change in the skin and the angle at which the hairs enters the head or body.

Simpsonburg is not noted for his activity; quite the contrary. At the club the other evening he got up energy sufficient to propound a conundrum. Said he, "Boys, why am I like a tornado?" After having recovered from the shock produced by Simpsonburg's unwonted activity, the guesses flowed in quick succession. Jones thought it was because a tornado is full of noise; but that was not it, Simpsonburg said. Neither was Robinson's guess that it was because a tornado doesn't say anything when it speaks. Smith tried to work out a pun on torpedo, torpid, oh, but failed miserably. Everybody began to look sick. Then Brown tried. He said it was because he was so windy and he kept on twisting till its head was twisted. Simpsonburg shook his head with something like animation. One of the boys said it was because neither could climb a tree, another that it was a relief when either went off, and a third thought it was an undertone, it was a blasted nuisance. Finally Simpsonburg had to divulge; he couldn't contain himself longer. He said it was because he was full of snap. The boys yawned languidly; every one of them acknowledged to Simpsonburg that which pleased Simpsonburg mightily.—*Boston Traveler.*

A curious story, which will be new to many, is told at Tyringham, Mass. Several years ago there lived in Tyringham Hollow a prosperous family of Shakers. At one time several of their porkers were taken sick, and they could account for the complaint in no way except on the supposition that the devil had entered into the swine. They ran to the pens to find him, and in the midst of the hunt a weasel ran out from the rubbish. It was perfectly evident that the devil had been transferred into the weasel, so they gave chase. The creature ran to the top of the hill, and the people, breathless and excited, followed. At length it was captured, killed and buried. After that time the place where the weasel was killed was called by them "holy ground." An inscribed monument was erected, and it became a favorite place with Shakers for assembling for solemn dance and worship. But the place is polluted by strangers' feet. The inscription is forgotten and cannot be deciphered, but the story remains and the place is known in the vicinity as "Shakers' holy ground." People who visit it always carry away with them a piece of the devil's gravestone as a memento.