

## THE BROKEN TEAPOT.

Few of our friends, Mrs. Waters, notice that teapot, and those who do wonder, no doubt, why a piece of such common ware should have a place in our cabinet. Indeed my wife wanted to set it away on some obscure shelf until she heard its history, or, rather, the associations connected with it. But the fact is, had I never drunk tea from that teapot with its blue pagodas and palm trees, this little wife of mine would have been making somebody else happy and, in all probability, I should never have owned a home like this or have been blessed with such a circle of friends.

Well, this is the story, continued Mr. Graham. My father kept a small store in Coventry, B. L., when I was a boy, and, as there was a large family to support, and the income was small, we were all put to work when about 13 years of age. We had very little education, except what we received in the district school, for we were too poor to buy many books, and, as my mother and sister worked as hard at home as we boys and father did in the store, there was little talk about or thought of but work, and that all the time.

I was always fond of reading, and enjoyed history very much, and our doctor, who had the best library in town, used to lend me books, which I read when all the family were asleep. When my brother John was old enough to go into the store I determined to start off and earn my own living somewhere.

I talked it over with father and mother until I had my consent, and one day in the early autumn I set out toward Providence with the few clothes I possessed in an old carpet-bag, and \$5 in my wallet, as my capital, to make a place and a living for myself.

Mother knit for me several pairs of woolen socks, and when she gave them to me she said: "I have thought much of you as I knit these, my boy, and I have wondered what your future life will be. While it is true that all of us to a great extent are the creatures of circumstance, yet, nevertheless, we can often control circumstances, and make ourselves what we wish to be. If you are faithful, true and honest in your life and in your work, whatever it may be, the Lord will prosper you, and open the way before you to success and usefulness. Many a man whose name is now famous has started out from a home as humble as yours, and with no money and few advantages, but by perseverance and honest endeavor, with the bible for his guide and trusting in the Lord for strength to overcome obstacles and temptations, has won his way to a high position in society."

With such words of encouragement I left my mother and my home.

The stage-driver gave me a seat with him for about twelve miles, and then I started on foot, hoping to catch a ride now and then with some farmer, as he drove along with his produce to the city. Just at dusk, on the second day, I came to a pleasant farm-house, and, as the shades were up, I could see the family moving about in a comfortable-looking sitting room, where a bright wood fire on the andirons, and the sweet face of an elderly lady who sat in an easy chair before it, drew me to the house. They received me cordially, gave me a supper and, after asking me some questions as to where I had come from, what I expected to do in Providence, and so on, they invited me to spend the night there.

When Mrs. King found I had no plan, and did not know what I should do, she told me they needed an extra hand for several weeks, and, if I would like to stay and pick and barrel apples, they would be glad to have me, and would pay me \$5 a month and my board. I was not long in accepting the offer, and before two days had passed I began to recover from my homesickness and feel quite happy. The thought of paying for my own board and having a little money besides (I say little, although it seemed a great sum then) was delightful to me, and working for a kind family was in itself a pleasure. They gave me a comfortable little room, and I sat with the family in the long evenings in their pleasant sitting-room, reading from their library of good books. One of the daughters was an invalid and a great reader herself and, when she saw that I was anxious to learn, she taught me algebra, and read and explained English history to me.

There were two men who worked by the day for a few weeks barreling apples, and, when I learned how many were considered a good day's work, I asked Mrs. King if she would be willing to have me stop work at 5 o'clock, if I would take a shorter riving and filling as many barrels as the men, so that I could have an extra hour for reading. She willingly gave her consent, and I had my number of barrels filled, and was often washed and my clothes changed, sitting with my book in hand, as the clock struck 5.

About that time a teacher from a boarding-school in a neighboring town who was an intimate friend of Miss King, came to spend the Sabbath with her, and not long after her return to school wrote to her saying that Mr. Blanchard, the principal of the school, would accede to her proposition, and give me board and tuition for cutting the wood and taking care of the fires and the school room. Miss King told me that she felt from my fondness for reading that I ought to have an education, and she had talked about it with her friend, and at her suggestion had written to Mr. Blanchard. Then she said:

"Now, if you would like to go, mother and I will keep you in clothes, as my brother who is in college gets through with his, and mother will lend you small sums of money as you may need them, and my friend, Miss Jones, furnish you with books."

But I fear I am spinning out my story too long, said Mr. Graham.

"Not at all," said Mr. and Mrs. Waters. "We are very much interested in it. Do not shorten it in the least."

Well, continued Mr. Graham, I soon arranged to go to the school, and I felt, as I sat down to supper the last evening at Mrs. King's and drank tea poured from the identical teapot, that I was leaving another home, they had been so kind to me.

I remained at the school two years, and then, through the kindness of a wealthy gentleman, a friend of Mrs. King's, I was sent to Brown University fully prepared to enter the Freshman class. Near the close of my junior year,

Sumpter was fired, and the men were called to arms for the defense of the country. I went with many other college friends, and came back with few injuries, and health unimpaired. One of my best friends in the army was Judge Dillon's son, and I spent several days with him at his father's at the close of the war.

There I was urged, and I decided to study law, and so it happened that my home was made here, and that I found my good wife here in the church of which I became a member.

And now I will tell you how I came into possession of the teapot. I went to the commencement at Brown, last summer, and one afternoon, while there, took a drive with some friends. I gave directions to the driver to go down the turnpike, and then toward the river to the old King farm, which, although no longer owned by the family, was still known by their name.

I stopped there and went in and asked permission, as one who once lived there, to go through the house. I went to the little room I had occupied which was so small and uninviting then, but in which I had spent many happy hours, and to the sitting-room, the kitchen and the wood-house, and on one of the beams in that great room, where I had sawed and split cords of wood, while naming over the Kings of England, and reviewing what I knew of each one, stood that broken teapot. Looked at it, took it up and held it in my hand, and through the mist of tears the old pagoda vanished out of sight, and I was sitting at the tea-table, with the dear old lady, whose pleasant face and kind voice had so often cheered me, and I could hear her say, as she lifted up the quaint teapot, "You've had a hard day's work, Jamie; a cup of this hot tea will rest you, and do you good." I could see the invalid daughter, with her large tender eyes, as she talked to me and helped me over the hard places in my lessons, and I remembered how gratefully she spoke when I thanked her for all her kindness, as I started off for school, saying, "Though sick, I am glad that there are some things even one disabled like myself can do to make others happy." As I stood there, unconscious of all about me, my heart went out in gratitude to those who, years before, had gone to their reward, and I wondered, as I had done many times, why it was that they had taken such an interest in a stranger boy!

The teapot was filled with glue. I took it into the house and asked one of the ladies if I might have it, as it brought to mind many pleasant recollections, and they gave it to me.

You will not wonder that it has a charm for me that nothing else in our cabinet possesses, and if I ever feel like turning a cold shoulder toward young men seeking employment, or relaxing my interest in those who are struggling to make their way in life, I need only look at the teapot and recall my own boyhood and imagine what I might have been had not those kind friends given me a home and helped me to an education. Many have wondered that I should give so much to colleges and seminaries, and help young artists and others, but I should be most ungrateful if I did not recognize the wonderful way in which God has blessed me and led me on to prosperity, by giving to and encouraging others in every way possible. And, among all I have tried to help, but two or three have ever proved unworthy of it. This is, no doubt, a much longer story than you expected to hear, but unless you knew all the facts you could hardly appreciate how much I value that old broken teapot.

"No, we could not," said Mrs. Waters; "and I wish that more of our wealthy men who struggled hard in their young days, and were as poor as you were, who seem to forget that others need encouragement, but grow close and hard-hearted as their means increase, instead of more generous and kind, might follow your example."

Just then other callers were announced, and Mr. and Mrs. Waters rose, and bidding their friends good-night, went home, inspired by what they had heard to do more for those who were earnest in trying to help themselves, and wishing they and others had as suggestive and helpful a relic as the blue pagoda teapot.

## His Wife Was Ahead.

Some few years since, in the county of Penobscot, there lived a man by the name of H—, whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting others. His own family were generally the butt of his sport. One cold and blustering night he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbor's. Some time after, she, on returning, finding the door closed, demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" cried Mr. H—.

"You know who I am; let me in, it's very cold."

"Begone, you strolling vagabond. I want nothing of you here."

"But I must come in."

"What is your name?"

"You know my name; it is Mrs. H—."

"Begone! Mrs. H— is a very likely woman; she never keeps such late hours as this."

Mrs. H— replied:

"If you don't let me in I will drown myself in the well."

"Do, if you please," he replied.

She then took a log and plunged it into the well and returned to the side of the door. Mr. H—, hearing the noise, rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife. She at the same time slipped in and closed the door after her. Mr. H—, almost naked, in turn demanded admittance.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"You know who I am. Let me in, or I shall freeze."

"Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing of you here."

"But I must come in."

"What is your name?"

"You know what my name is; it is Mr. H—."

"Mr. H— is a very likely man; he don't keep such late hours."

Suffice it to say she, after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied, opened the door and let him in.

The Albany Argus rates Modjeska as the greatest actress now living. It is a clear case that the Argus man isn't mashed on any local actress, or he'd never have dared to say that. Oh, you wagger he wouldn't.

## Reform Imperative.

John Bright, who has been one of the most consistent friends of the people England has ever produced, in a recent speech gave ample reasons why there should be some reform in the land laws by which Ireland is governed. Among the poor tenants who do not understand this law, leases are often forced terms on part of the landlords than bona fide contracts. The former says Mr. Bright, are at the mercy of the latter, and must either accept what they can get or go. They can not make a bargain like tenant farmers in other countries. These are facts which can not be ignored.

According to the present law and practice in Ireland, the man who owns land not only gets back his own, but also the improvements which the skill and toil of others may have put upon it. He has received payment in the shape of rent for say twenty years, and at the end of that time he coolly steps in, and not only takes back his land, but all that his tenant has put into it. Is that fair? For hundreds of years it has been thought that it was, but now both reason and equity point to an opposite answer, not only in Ireland, but the world over. All now acknowledge that there is such a thing as "tenant-right." It is coming to be looked upon as a fundamental principle that whenever one man hires a piece of land from another, and by careful labor and culture makes it permanently of more value, the former should have an interest in the pecuniary value of the improvements as well as the latter.

A writer in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century* describes a "custom which has prevailed in part of the county of Wexford for more than fifty years, with nothing but the most gratifying results. The tenant gets a life or a thirty years' lease, whichever is longest, at a certain low fixed valuation of the land alone, as that was made long ago, with certain fixed additions on each renewal, according to locality. The tenant can at any time sell his improvements and choose the person to whom he makes the transfer, getting the estimated value of the remainder of his lease and improvements in cash or its equivalent. He has besides a right, so long as he pays his rent, to renew on fixed and equitable terms, and since the establishment of the plan, known as the 'Portsmouth Custom,' there has been nothing but peace and mutual confidence." Whether this system would meet the necessities of the case in other countries, remains to be tried. It is certain, however, that absolute ownership in land must be greatly modified and some equitable system must be introduced, before perfect harmony between different classes in Ireland can either be secured or maintained.

## English Kisses.

The women of England not only salute their relations with a kiss, but all persons promiscuously, and this ceremony they repeat, gently touching them with the lips, not only with grace, but without the least immodesty. Such, however, as are of blood-royal do not kiss their inferiors, but offer the back of the hand, as men do by way of saluting each other. Erasmus writes in raptures to one of his friends on this subject: "Did you but know my, my Faustus," says he, "the pleasures which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and if you would not allow you, you would wish yourself a *Duodatus*. To mention to you one among many things, here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good humored, easy of access, and whom you would prefer even to your favorite muses. Here, also, prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that, wherever you come, every one receives you with a kiss, and when you take your leave every one gives you a kiss; when you return, kisses again meet you. If any one leaves you, they leave you with a kiss; if you meet any one, the first salutation is a kiss; in short, wherever you go, kisses everywhere abound, which, my Faustus, did you once taste how very sweet and how very fragrant they are, you would not, like Solon, wish for ten years exile in England, but would desire there to spend the rest of your life." Antonio Perez, Secretary to the Embassy from Philip II. of Spain, writes thus to the Earl of Essex: "I have this day, according to the custom of your country, kissed, at an entertainment, seven females, all of them accomplished in mind and beautiful in person."

## A Lecture too Fur.

A little old colored man who lives on the upper end of Antoine street was down at the city hall the other day to see the Superintendent of Police regarding a disturbance which had taken place around his house the night before. He described the noises as consisting of shouts and groans, and yelps and yells, and the Superintendent observed:

"I presume it was a congregation of cats. Get five or six cats together on one of these cold nights and they will almost raise the dead."

"Cats! cats!" repeated the old man. "Doan you s'pose I knew cats when I hears 'em? Cats! Do cats frow frozen cabbages agin my front doah? Do cats call on me to come out an' get my ole head knocked off? Do cats call my ole woman de wust liar an' gossip in de stait of Michigan?"

"I presume not, too! I'm fond of cats, an' I'll bet on how smart dey am, but when it comes down to a cat heavin' in a frozen 'tater frow my kitchen winder, an' callin' out dat I'm fo'teen 'yars behind on my pew rent, it's carryin' de feline breeze a leetle too fur!"

—Detroit Free Press.

## The Good Angel and the Evil Angel of Work.

It is an occasional ingenious device of the medallion to place two profiles in the same circle, one just in advance of the other. It is a method that easily lends itself to a violent contrast. Many things in their relation to life seem to bear this double character, a face of hate starting out from under one of benignity, or one of mockery overlying one of approval.

Work readily becomes the good angel of life. It calls forth our active powers, puts us to pleasurable speed, scatters along the way a hundred gentle excitements, creates social ties and ministers to their enjoyment, fills the mind with those varied desires from whose gratification happiness comes, and, by the return of wealth, keeps the hand full of those gifts by which we draw pleasure and men to us. Labor is thus the trellis-work on which the spiritual nature of men, as the vine, is spread to the sunshine and passes on to full blossom.

But there is equally an evil angel at work. Labor may begin to drive us and then to distress us, till all the pleasures of the morning slip away in the heat and hardship of noonday. As enjoyments disappear, our sympathies escape with them. We have a dry thirst for wealth which is not quenched by getting. We are more and more possessed with a sense of the cost of prosperity, the labor of its acquisition, and we are less and less disposed to bear this toil for others. We dig down in our thoughts to the hardpan of justice and insist that every man shall do his own work and bear his own fatigue. We lose social contact and social interplay and spiritual life by virtue of the intensity of one set of feelings. We are the slaves of labor, and nothing any longer pleases us. Toil has become the bare frame on which the feeble vine is stretched and burned up in the sun. The evil angel of labor has slipped deviously out from under its good angel.

If one eyeball is pressed, we have a double image of the object before us. An illusion of things real and unreal possesses us whichever way we turn. We have single vision only as our eyes harmonize in their action.

So if our rational life is subjected to any undue pressure, if what we may term physical vision does not exactly meet spiritual vision in one image, we, in a still higher field, become the victims of illusion, and in this illusion the false appearance always leads the real one; the jeering angel of ill-will starts out in advance of the more tardy spirit of goodwill, and drives us on to efforts ever missing their rewards. "If thine eye be single," says our Saviour, "thy whole body shall be full of light." The eye of the mind can be kept single, the evil and the false can be made to hide themselves habitually behind the good and the true, only as the center of vision is directed straight before us to the facts of a commanding spiritual life.

JOHN BASCOM,  
University of Wisconsin, officer of the President.

## Varnish on the Church Pews.

There was quite a scene at one of the churches last Sunday. It seems that during the vacation the seats had been newly varnished, and somehow the varnish was not right, as it was terribly sticky. You know that when you pull anything off of sticky varnish it cracks. Well, the audience had all got seated, when the minister got up to give out the hymn, and as the basement of his trousers let loose of the varnish of his chair there was a noise like killing a fly on the wall with a palm-leaf fan. The minister looked around at the chair to see if he was all present, and that no guilty man's pants had escaped, and read the hymn. The choir rose with the sound of revelry, and after the tenor had swallowed a lozenge, and the base had coughed up a piece of frog, and the alto had hammed and the soprano had shook out her polonaise to see if the varnish showed on the south side, the audience began to rise. One or two deacons got up first, with sounds like picket firing in the distance on the eve of battle, and then a few more got up, and the rattling of the yielding varnish sounded as though the fight was becoming more animated, and then the whole audience got on its feet at once with a sound of rattling musketry. The choir sang, "Hold the Fort." When the orchestra had concluded the people sat down gingerly, the services were short, and all went home praying for the man who had painted the seats.

HATS.—How few of us ever trace the history of the hat. The felt hat is as old as Homer. The Greeks made them in skull caps, conical, truncated, narrow or broad-brimmed. The Phrygian bonnet has an elevated cap without a brim, the apex turned over in front. It is known as the cap of liberty. An ancient figure of liberty in the time of Antonius Livy, A. D. 145, holds the cap in the right hand. The Persians wore soft caps; plumed hats were the head-dress of the Syrian corps of Xerxes; the broad brim was worn by the Macedonian kings. Castor means a beaver. The Armenian captive wore a plug hat. The merchants of the fourteenth century wore a Flanders beaver; Charles VII., in 1469, wore a felt hat lined with red and plumed. The English men and women in 1510 wore close-woollen or knitted caps; two centuries ago hats were worn in the house. Peeps, in his diary in 1664, wrote: "September, 1664, got a severe cold because I took off my hat at dinner;" and again, in January, 1665, he got another cold by sitting too long with his head bare, to allow his wife's maid to comb his hair and wash his ears. And Lord Clarendon, in his essay, speaking of the decay of respect due the aged says, "that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner." In the thirteenth century Pope Innocent IV. allowed the cardinals the use of the scarlet cloth hat. The hats now in use are, the cloth hat, cocked hat, embossed hat, felt hat, fur hat, leather hat, paper hat, silk hat, opera hat and straw hat.

Nothing made a man more than to come down to breakfast and have his wife to tell him he has been talking in his sleep, and refuse to give way what he said. Not that his conscious troubles him; oh, no! He is only after psychological facts.

## Trade in Wild Game.

Nearly every commission-house in the city handles wild game. This is either sold to city game houses or shipped East. A rough estimate of the extent of the city for the past year places the total amount of transactions in wild game at \$1,000,000. This has been an extraordinarily favorable year for the hunters, and the snow has been much more heavy throughout the State than St. Louis. The cold weather has been very good for the game-trade. Dealers have had no trouble in keeping the game, and the loss has been less than ever before known by spoiling of meats. One house in this city has already exported for the London market 1400 dozen quails, 1400 dozen prairie chickens and 500 dozen wild turkeys and they have an order on hand for 2000 wild turkeys for the Liverpool holiday trade, and are accumulating the number rapidly preparatory to shipment. In shipping these birds are packed in barrels, closely, and in that shape sent across the water. A rate has been obtained, by express, of \$7 35 per barrel. On shipboard this freight is given in charge of the steward, who receives a small gratuity for looking after the perishing barrels. Last season the leading St. Louis exporter did not lose a single bird in transit. In one evening, not long ago, he shipped 30,000 pounds of game by express for the English market. There is more Missouri venison this year in market than ever before known. It is on account of the early and heavy snows. So great has been the rush that the markets were entirely broken down, and nothing but the cold weather saved the dealers and shippers from a heavy loss. The house of W. W. July & Co. have been receiving for some time past 5000 or 6000 pounds of venison daily. It is all from this State, and comes via the Iron Mountain and the Atlantic and Pacific railroads. Deer are very plenty, and so, it seems, are the hunters. In the market the carcasses are stacked up like cordwood, and those who like venison steak will never have a better opportunity to satisfy their longings than at present. Some bear meat comes to this market, mostly or entirely from Arkansas. It is in demand, and brings a high price for holiday trade. Differing from other varieties of meat, there has been no glut this season of bear meat.

The antelopes come from the far West, the borders of Kansas and Colorado. There was a consignment to day of fifty antelopes arriving in town. The demand for antelope is light, although Eastern hotels and restaurants want a limited supply. No buffalo meat has arrived here thus far the present season.—St. Louis Republican.

## A Hundred Years Hence.

To be a hundred years ahead of time argues newspaper enterprise. This feat was accomplished by the Boston Daily Globe on New Year's Day, when an impression of January 1, 1881, was sent out to all its patrons. The changes of a century as disclosed by the current news of the day were startling. The House of Delegates of the Irish Republic, after a brilliant debate in which references were made to the land agitation of 1880, had passed a resolution voting \$5,000,000 in aid of 3,000,000 English tenant farmers. The proceedings of Congress related to the appointment of a Chief of Planetary Signal Bureau, with headquarters at the equatorial station on Mars, the repeal of the Expatriation Act growing out of the Imperial insurrection of 1920, and a subsidy to flying machines carrying the mails between Boston and Jupiter and between Havana and Urs Major, and were participated in by delegates from Cuba, Canada and Australia. The review of the year showed that there were already 139 States in the Union, and that if the applications of Brazil, Chile and Peru for admission should be favorably acted upon, the Nation would contain 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Among the "local sensations" were a collision in midair between aerial cars on the London and Boston route, the success of the new play "Hyper-Evolution, or the Physical Bases of Life," and the invention of a press with a capacity for printing three hundred thousand newspapers an hour. Every column bristles with extraordinary intelligence, such as the beginning of a new movement to save the Old New Old South by means of aerial excursions from the South Sea Republic, and popular exhibitions of the visigraph; the message of the President of Greece, favoring annexation to the United States; the levelling of the Rocky Mountains, the filling up of the Gulf of Mexico by a Key West dam, the De Lesseps canal being used as a heat reservoir; an excursion of Harvard students to the Pyramids; a trip through the crater of Vesuvius made by a party clad in asbestos suits; a trotting match for horses that had never beaten 1:30, etc. It is obvious that this copy of the Globe will be of great interest a hundred years from now. All parents and guardians having under their charge promising infants, who are likely to see the true date of issue, should send for a copy and file it away to await the centennial.

## A Bull Terrier's Fight with an Eagle.

On Friday, at Roanoke Island, a soaring eagle, towering in its pride of might, turned his proud eye from gazing at the sun upon the quiet yard of Walter Dough. A flock of fat geese tempted his taste, and down he pounced. As soon as he struck the goose ran under the house which was some feet above ground, with the eagle fastened to her back, and the rest of the flock in hot pursuit. And there the fight grew fast and furious. Forty biting and flopping geese on one side and the king of birds on the other. Although outnumbered, the eagle maintained the fight and clung to his victim. But soon another enemy presented himself—an enemy more terrible than an army of geese; a bull terrier dog—little but full of fight—came with a bound, and the eagle threw himself on his back (eagle fashion) to do his best. The dog made a lunge at the eagle's breast, and struck his claws deep into the dog's forehead. The blow was simultaneous on both sides. Both blows told.

The only witnesses of the dread combat were the geese, who now stood off and looked on, and Miss Martha Brothers, who was singing to her spinning jenny in the house alone when the fight began. The battle raged. Teeth gnashed, claws staved, eyes flashed. But eagles, like

men, contend against odds when fighting against fate, and so this eagle's great heart sank within him, and turning tail upon his foe, he sought safety in flight. But his retreat was slow and full of difficulty, for he had fifteen pounds of bull terrier swinging behind him. He reached the yard fence. With one desperate effort he sought to scale it. He reached its topmost round. He bore a weight he could not further carry. There they stood, victor and vanquished. Then it was that Miss Martha Brothers came to the front. Seizing a rail, with one fell swoop she came down with a crash upon the eagle's head and left him prostrate, struggling in the agonies of death. He measured nine feet between the tips of his outstretched wings.—Elizabeth City Enterprise.

## A Pretended Will.

The will of the notorious Count von Schiller, drawn up in Petaluma, has been received in this city, and is a curiosity in the way of munificent bequests made to parties rendering the testator the simplest favors. The testament sets forth that he is Baron Karl von Schiller, born in Gratz, Styria, Austria; that he has deposited in the Escompte Bank of Paris 50,000 francs; in Robert Hofer's Bank in Gerif, Switzerland, 150,000 francs; in the Primo-National Bank in Udine, Italy, 100,000 lires; owns in Peddan, Styria, a sugar factory, with 2000 acres of land; 22 houses in Vienna, the Tresejlo Palace in Paris, the Castle Belleque in Cairo, and an interest in the Austrian Lloyd Steam Navigation Company. He bequeaths, first of all, 10,000 gulden, his library and collection of arms to the Ninth Hungarian Regiment; 10,000 gulden to the poor of Gratz; 5000 gulden to the Music Corps of the Ninth Regiment; a similar sum to each of two friends in Gratz; 25,000 gulden to the Jewish community of Petaluma; 6000 gulden to Mortiz Neuberger, 5000 gulden to Philip Cowen, 10,000 gulden to Edward Newburgh, all of Petaluma. In addition to these bequests, he devises 6000 gulden to the Jewish poor or Santos, Hungary; all his paintings in Gratz to Fürst von Elanogais, Captain of the Cavalry, and the balance of his property to his parents.

The "Count" arrived in Vallejo last Thursday, and was held to answer before Judge Appenhal in \$2000 bonds, upon a charge preferred against him in 1878 by George Scheed. Being unable to obtain any of the rents from his enormous estates to furnish the requisite bail, the Count was provided with quarters in the County Jail.—S. F. Alta.

## SHORT BITS.

Some women are like shotguns: They would attract no attention without their bangs.

Poor people eat mutton because it is sheep, and rich people eat venison because it is deer.

Baconfields, it seems, ascribes all his greatness to a woman. Some Dizzy blonde, perhaps.

Does a loving parent reveal anything when he kills a fattened calf for a returning prodigal son?

Birmingham supplying Ireland with arms! "And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."

A Frenchman saw a negro smoking a new meerschaum pipe. "Thunder," he exclaimed, "the pipe's coloring him."

A Miss Bump fell in the streets of Dover, Delaware, and, according to the local item man, "severely bumped herself."

"I'd sooner be cursed than kissed," says Tonnyson, in his latest volume. Some men are of a contented disposition.

Ingo says: "He who steals my purse steals trash." Ingo must have had a lot of Peruvian money.—Boston Post.

Graphic: "If you want to teach a dog arithmetic, tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one every time."

The minister who divides his discourses into too many heads, will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them.

Lowell Courier: Pike's Peak, in the Rocky Mountains, has come out as a first-class volcano. In fact, Pike's Peak has spoken.

"What plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the early reply.

When a married woman buys a pup dog for a low price, she gets a bargain, and her husband gets something to boot.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says that bedbugs are meaner than fleas. Dare say. We are not competent to testify concerning either.

Whittier says that he has tried "to make the world a little better." If he has not succeeded, he has at least managed to be awful good himself.

When a man has to hang to a street-car strap for nearly an hour he realizes how trying is the position of the upright man.

The young lady who objected to being embraced by her lover was gravely informed by him that she was putting a restraint upon the liberty of the press.

"In an angry instant a man may do what a lifetime of repentance cannot undo," says Henry Ward Beecher. True, Mr. Beecher; he may break an egg.

These Wall street kings are enterprising. Jay Gould had a \$100,000 hot house burned, and then James Keene, not to be outdone, had his whole house burned.

A friend of George Eliot, in speaking of the deep tinge of melancholy in her books, says that one of her most constant thoughts burned on the waste of force in the world.

George Eliot wouldn't be photographed. She wasn't handsome, and, what is more extraordinary, knew it. And she didn't mean that every body else should. George was a woman.

The Philadelphia News says: "Bernhardt keeps a dairy in which she puts down everything she does and she is going to publish it. Go ahead, Sara. We didn't train around with you any. We're not afraid."

Base ball, it will be remembered by old settlers, is a game played by eight persons wearing shirts and drawers. They scatter around the field and try to catch a cannon ball covered with raw hides. The game is to get the people to pay two shillings to come inside.