

A BACHELOR.

BY W. W. MINTON.

Too poor for a noble,
Too proud for a squire,
Too fine for the mob—
Poor devil!

Too mystic for trade,
Too honest, 'tis said,
For gain that is made
By evil.

Too high his ideal,
Too humble the rest;
To duty to feel
For grieving.

Too patient for lack;
Too fearless for mating,
Life's pleasures belating,
And leaving.

Too little a poet
To make the world know it,
Too weak to forego it,
Still trying.

Too prone to forgiving;
Too true to believing;
Too long for living,
Or dying.

Henry Bergh—The Animals' Friend.

Henry Bergh's everyday life during nearly twenty years, has been an expression of sympathy with "our poor earth-born companions and fellow mortals," the dumb creatures.

He was born in New York City in the year 1823. His father was a wealthy man, the leading American shipbuilder of his time. He was a native of the Empire State, and a long-time resident of New York City, which he deeply mourned his loss when, at the age of eighty-three he departed this life. Mr. Bergh's grandfather was a native of Germany. His mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Ivers. She was the daughter of a Connecticut family distinguished for its excellent qualities. Blessed with a superior parentage, possessing ample means, Mr. Bergh received a superior education, but did not complete the course at Columbia college. He married while young a Miss Taylor, daughter of English parents. In 1862 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, and began there that active interference in behalf of the right of animals to kind treatment, which has given him a reputation wide as civilization. Of course, his services to abused animals in the Russian capital were entirely unofficial, but they were effective, thanks to the distinguished character of his equipage and the fine livery of his coachman. Mr. Bergh resigned his position on account of ill-health. On his way home he indulged in the luxury of leisurely travel and became acquainted with the Earl of Harrowby, President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London. The society of which Mr. Bergh was the founder, is modeled largely after the English one presided over by this nobleman until his death. He returned to New York in 1864, and spent a year in maturing his plans for the establishment of means to check and prevent cruelty to animals. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was instituted in 1865. In 1866 it was given by statute the powers of prosecution, and even arrest, which it still possesses. Mr. Bergh has been its president since its inception, and its invaluable services to beast and man as well—for men are made better by being taught the practice of humanity towards dumb creatures—are largely due his resolution, the moral elevation of his character, his tact, unflinching courage and unconquerable perseverance. He stands six feet high, and his appearance and carriage denote a power of will which readily commands respect. But his appeal to the moral sense and his disinterestedness are the principal elements of his success. He receives no salary for his work, freely gives his time and energies to it, and the public know this to be the case and respect and honor the man who makes the sacrifice. The statute of 1866 constitutes Mr. Bergh an assistant district attorney in New York City and assistant of the attorney general of the State, in the enforcement of the laws against cruelty to animals. He is a member of the bar, and effective in the court room, as well as in interferences in behalf of animals in the public streets and elsewhere, and on the public platform as a lecturer enforcing the wisdom and duty of humane feeling and action.

The New York society has 325 workers in the State. Thirty-six States in the Union have founded similar organizations, and Mr. Bergh's correspondence contains many applications from foreign lands for information as to his methods and the laws under which he works. During the first year of its existence as an agency enforcing that law of the State which included a principle new in American jurisprudence, namely, that men's ownership of inferior creatures is limited by the claims of an enlightened humanity, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals prosecuted 161 persons; in 1881, 855, and the total number of prosecutions up to the end of last year was 9121. The total number of disabled animals suspended from work in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, from 1861 to 1881, was 21,291. No arrests were made in these cases, but the drivers or owners were warned and advised. A total of nearly two thousand animals was destroyed by agents of the society in 1881. Mr. Bergh's society owns three ambulances for the removal of disabled animals from the street, and a derrick to rescue them from excavations into which they might fall. The Royal Society, London, has no appliances of this nature, and the presumption is that the large number of poor horses, etc., which become disabled in the great city, lie there to die unregarded. Dog-fighting men, rat-baiters and cock-fighters, as a matter of course, regard Mr. Bergh as an enemy, but their opposition, brutal and bold as it is of less importance than the indifference to the objects of his society, contempt, or half-avowed opposition of people who consider themselves cultured, and of newspapers which boast of their adaptation to family reading and yet contain demoralizing accounts of bloody dog fights. The discussion as to the propriety of vivisection is still open, but it may be well to recall the fact that Majendie, the dissector of forty thousand

unfortunate living creatures, declared vivisection to be a failure. Pigeon shooting, a form of sport affected by the wealthy and influential, Mr. Bergh has not been able to stop. Dog fighting as provided and exhibited on Long Island thanks to the vigilance of the officers, may now be regarded as a thing of the past. About three years ago the attempt was made to institute the sport of bull fighting in New York City. Men had arrived from Spain for this purpose, but were announced, when Mr. Bergh with some fifty policemen put an end to the enterprise, with great loss to its promoters. There is no possibility of such an experiment being tried again in New York. The income of the society in 1881 was \$25,480 25, and the balance in its favor at the end of the year \$1,864 72. It has been assisted powerfully by bequest, especially that of Louis Bonard, of \$150,000, contested by relatives but confirmed the property of the society, by judicial decision. "Our Animal Friends," is the name of a pictorial monthly magazine published under the auspices of the society, and which has a large number of appreciative readers.

The value of Mr. Bergh's work is incalculable. From the standpoint of mere economy, kindness to animals is cheaper than cruelty and far more productive, as many men who have come under the influence of Mr. Bergh's persuasion, though once they opposed it, now admit. To increase the happiness of the animals dependent upon us and to avoid cruelty towards all creatures possessed of consciousness, is a gratification of a high order, and a means to moral improvement of great importance, as the experience of all persons thus actuated confirms. Brutality and cruelty are checked and punished by the means enforced by Mr. Bergh, and young people observe and take warning. In short, moral progress and therefore happiness are directly assisted by the work done by him and those everywhere who employ themselves in the same humane manner.

Look to Your Chickens

If you wish to have your hens attend strictly to business, give them a chance. Warm and sunny quarters, warm breakfasts of the boarding-house style, that is a mixture of potatoes, vegetables and meat with an occasional mess nightly peppered. Clean, warm water, or warm skimmed milk in a clean vessel. Room for exercise, and make them scratch a part of the time by sowing their whole grain feed into the littering or ground floor of their quarters. We have found it a good practice to keep the floors covered three or four inches deep with chaff or cut straw, and when feeding whole grain scatter among the litter and rake in. In this way the fowls have to scratch for a living. If the floor is dry sand, which by the way is one of the best, dig the dry feed in with a steel rake. Remember that fowls clean themselves by using the dust bath and sun towel. See that they have both. If you have secured several barrels of road dust or dry loam you are all right; if you have been so shiftless that you have nothing provided you can use dry ashes, or go to some sand bank and secure a supply of dusting material. With the dust bath, whatever it may be, mix a good portion of sulphur. Before you get very far into the winter look for lice. It's not very far to winter them and there is no need of doing it. If your fowls or fowl-houses are infested with lice or vermin, clean them out, if it takes a week's time; you cannot afford to keep lice. They are one of the greatest of all drawbacks to egg production or thrifty poultry, only a few have hens that lay in the winter. The few that get eggs find it an easy matter, but they do it by giving the proper feed, care and attention needed. The many who do not get eggs are those who neglect the birds. There is too much neglect in this branch of farming. No other farm animal feels neglect so quick as a laying hen. A large majority of the poultry is neglected and left to rough it through. Fowls will pay for care and feed as well as cattle, horses, sheep or pigs, and the labor in this department is lighter than in any other. There is no difficulty about any part of the work and anybody can do it. Treat the hens decently, give them clean and comfortable quarters, and feed them well with a variety of food and they will lay.

Writing for the Porter.

"Have you had much experience in the newspaper business?" asked the editor of a daily paper of the ex-professor who applied for a situation as writer of refined politics.

"Oh, yes, sir; oh, yes. I have two volumes written by Prof. Jotson, and have almost committed to memory a text book written by Prof. Mixon. Besides, I edited a college magazine, a weekly publication which made reputation for the institution."

"And you want a situation on a regular newspaper, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said the professor.

"Do you understand Greek?"

"Yes."

"Are you acquainted with Latin?"

"Oh, yes."

"Have you ever studied Hebrew?"

"Yes, sir, for knowing that I was to become a journalist I have paid special attention to languages."

"Do you know anything about Arabic?"

"Yes, sir."

"Understand Greek and Latin, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know all about Hebrew and Arabic?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

"Do you understand Arkansas?"

"Arkansas?"

"Yes, do you understand unrevised git up and yell Arkansas?"

"I don't exactly know what you mean, sir."

"Well, that's the language in which we spread our editorial selves, and if you don't understand it, you'll have to write for the porter until you have completed your education."

"Write for the porter?"

"Yes, just throw your stuff in that basket there, and he'll get it."—[Phonograph, Plymouth (Ill).]

When a man turns to look at himself, that moment the glow of the loftiest bliss begins to fade, and the next moment the very bliss itself looks as if it had never been more than a phosphorescent gleam, the summer lightning of the brain.

Lyness's Snake Warning.

A python, sixteen feet long, and five cobras and black snakes were brought to the Central Park menagerie on Saturday afternoon. They had just arrived from Europe. No blankets had been provided for the exporters. The serpents had been merely tossed into a large wooden box, with some loose hay at the bottom and air holes at top. During the voyage the hay got wet, and the box became soaked. When the snakes were landed they were found to be rigid, and so strongly knit together in a common mass that it seemed impossible to separate them. The big case was put on a truck, and the truckman drove the snakes to the park in the intense cold of Saturday.

When Superintendent Conklin got the consignment he was naturally indignant at receiving congealed serpents. How to separate them seemed a puzzle. "They'll have to be thawed out," said Superintendent Conklin.

Tobias Lyness is the park menagerie engineer. He has charge of the great furnaces that consume 300 tons of coal in a season. Tobias Lyness has been many years in the employ of the park. He is an American. Broad-shouldered, muscular, curly haired, cool, Lyness has no fear in him. He is no conjurer, charmer, or tamer, merely a brave engineer.

"Lyness, I wish you would thaw out these serpents for me," said Superintendent Conklin, who supposed they were dead, "and when you have them uncoiled, put them in bags where I can find them and have them sent to the taxidermist on Monday."

"All right, sir," replied Lyness, and, calling the menagerie hands, he said: "Dump those serpents in the engine room."

Tobias Lyness had a roaring fire in his half-ton furnace. He raked down the coal, put on the blast, and when the fire was at white heat he threw open the furnace door. Then he seized the coil of frozen pythons, cobras, and black snakes and dragged it close to the fire.

Lyness lighted his pipe and sat reading a paper in front of the furnace, waiting for the serpents to thaw out. After a while, happening to look down, he saw six great serpents' heads, with lustrous eyes and darting tongues. Lyness put down his pipe and paper.

As he did so the coil of serpents quivered in size, showing plainly enough that they were reviving.

"Come here, Tom," shouted Lyness to Donohue, the night watchman. "Bring that box along, and shut up your dogs. We're going to have a circus."

Tom Donohue ran up. He looked in through the engine room window and said: "Wait till I get the net, and we'll haul them in."

"Not be darned," said Lyness. The serpents kept wriggling and uncoiling themselves gradually. Finally the python began slipping from the mass. Lyness stepped forward and caught the python near the head with one hand, and lower down about the body with the other. Then he played with snake. He choked him and manipulated him. "I'll jaw him out well," he said, laughing. Finally he threw the snake into the box, which was quickly closed.

Lyness then turned his attention to the other snakes, and thoroughly thawed and boxed them all. Then he and Tom Donohue carried the box to the great glass snake house, and dumped the newcomers among the reptiles already there.

Last night the snakes were doing well. Three young rabbits and four pigeons are being fattened for them, and they will be fed in a few days.—New York Sun.

The Hohenzollerns.

One wondered when the military labors—following the maneuvers of an army corps on horseback in no holiday work—and the amusements of the week were over, whether the emperor did not heave a sigh of relief and wish that he might for once travel about a bit without being subjected to repetitions of scenes that he must have assisted at a thousand times before. But those who know say he does nothing of the kind. He is as eager for amusement and as easily amused as a boy, and after a long day of varied festivities will ask whether that is all in a most regretful way. Truly, not only an iron constitution, but a healthy and elastic spirit must be conceded to a man of 85 to whom his long labors and his satisfied ambition have left so fresh and childlike a nature. His old doctor—almost as old as himself, and the only physician the Kaiser will trust to regulate his daily life—reported to a friend of mine while here the difficulty he had in making him remember that he was no longer 40 years of age. His appetite for forbidden delicacies is as boyish as his appetite for parades and fetes. Even when he is taking the "cure" at Ems, and the strictest regimen should be required of him, he is not willing to do without a lobster for his daily breakfast. One wonders not only that he, but that his responsible physician has lived so long.

If one were to pick out of all the families in the world one which would by its physical appearance do honor to the greatest of contemporary thrones, one could not find a better than this Hohenzollern race. Their strength and manly beauty are famous amid the royal houses of Europe so generally far from healthy or handsome. What the Emperor looks like is well known—a perfect picture of a monarch and a soldier, the most splendid specimen of kingly old age one could conceive. His son is almost as imposing and even handsomer in feature, with a beauty which no plainness of apparel could detract from and which the utmost gorgeousness of a gala uniform seems but rightly to adorn. One often hears the fact regretted, therefore, that this splendid Hohenzollern stock has been injured by its marriage with Queen Victoria's daughter. For that it has been injured one sees very plainly by looking at the young Prince William, who is the next heir to the throne, and whose little son, born some months ago, completes the unusual spectacle of four living generations in direct male descent. He is not a Hohenzollern at all in his looks, unfortunately, but a true child of his mother and grandmother. Moreover, he is infirm as well as unbecomingly fat. One of his arms is either stunted or paralyzed, and from his face one cannot predict a continuation of either the sound sense or warlike ability or firm character of his elders. However, he is very young, and may improve, and perhaps his little son

will be more of a Hohenzollern, and less of an Englishman. His brother Henry, now about 15, and a naval officer, is far better to look at—Hohenzollern through and through—and gives one the impression that he is stronger and cleverer. Of course, when the above mentioned baby was about to make its entrance in the world, there was much apprehension lest it should prove a girl. Not only the natural wish on such occasions prevailed, but also the desire that the four generations might complete themselves in the masculine. These German princes, stately though they are on state occasions, are burlesquely enough in their private lives—one great reason why they are believed by other people. So when the decisive hour approached the Crown Prince walked impatiently up and down in front of his daughter-in-law's room just as any plebeian papa might have done. The "little Prince," as Prince William is popularly called, at last put his head out of the window and called in naive ecstasy, "Papa, papa, it is a boy after all." "Of course," shouted his father in reply, "what else could it have been?" Great was the joy in the house of Hohenzollern, and as soon as possible the four generations were photographed together—the old Kaiser with the tiny baby on his knee and the papa and grandpa beaming upon them from either side. The "Four Emperors" as the picture is called, is sold by hundreds all over Germany; and, looking at them, one can believe the future of the family is well assured, and can understand also how it is that this royal family holds so warm a place in the hearts of its subjects.—New York World.

A Tex's Wife.

The best natured woman in the United States lives in Austin. She has been married a number of years to a man named Ferguson, but she and her husband have never had a quarrel yet, and he has frequently boasted that it is utterly impossible to make her angry. Ferguson made several desperate attempts to see if he could not exasperate her to look cross or scowl at him, merely to gratify his curiosity, but the more outrageous he acted the more amiable and loving she behaved. Last week he was talking to a friend about what a hard time he had trying to find out if his wife had a temper. The friend offered to bet \$50 that if Ferguson were to go home drunk, raise a row, and pull the table-cloth full of dishes off the table, she would show some signs of annoyance. Ferguson said he didn't want to rob a friend of his money, for he knew he would win; but they at last made a bet of \$50, the friend to hide in the front yard and watch the proceedings of the convention through the window.

Ferguson came home late and apparently fighting drunk. She met him at the gate, kissed him, and assisted his tottering steps to the house. He sat down hard in the middle of the floor, and howled out:

"Confound your ugly picture, what did you mean by pulling that chair from under me?"

"O, I hope you didn't hurt yourself. It was my awkwardness, but I'll try and not do it again," and she helped him to his feet, although she had nothing in the world to do with his falling.

He then sat down on the sofa, and sliding off on the floor, abused her like a pick pocket for lifting up the other end of the sofa, all of which she took good-naturedly, and finally she led him to the supper table. He threw a plate at her, but she did as if she had noticed it, and asked him if he would take tea or coffee. Then the brute seized the table cloth and sat down on the floor, pulling the dishes and everything else over him in one grand crash.

What did this noble woman do? Do you suppose she grumbled and talked about going home to her ma, or that she sat down and cried like a fool, or that she sulked and pouted? Not a bit of it. With a pleasant smile she said:

"Why, George, that's a new idea, ain't it? We have been married ten years, and have never yet eaten our supper on the floor. Won't it be fun—just like those picnics we used to go to before we got married," and then this angelic woman deliberately sat down on the floor alongside of the wretch, arranged the dishes, and fixed him up a nice supper.

This broke George all up. He owned up he was only fooling her, and offered to give her the fifty dollars to get a new hat, but she took the money and bought him a new suit of clothes and a box of cigars.

The Real Profit Entirely Overlooked.

A Baltimore man who bought him a farm two or three years ago was recently approached by a friend, who had some money to invest, and who asked:

"Can I buy a pretty fair farm for \$15,000?"

"Yes, about that figure."

"And I'll want to lay out about \$10,000 in improvements, I presume?"

"Yes, fully that."

"And I can invest another \$10,000 in blooded stock?"

"I think you can."

"And \$5000 in grading, filling up, creating fish ponds, and so forth?"

"Well, you may get through with that sum."

"That's \$40,000, and now let's figure the income."

"Oh, you don't need pencil or paper," said the victim, as a shade of sorrow darkened his face. "The income will be about \$3 for turnips, \$2 for potatoes, \$5 or \$6 for corn, and a bull calf or two at \$8 per head. To save time call it \$25. I'll see you again in a day or two. May be I've forgotten something that will add a dollar more. Morning to you."

Wine Which Gladdeneth the Heart of Men.

A kind-hearted gentleman bestowed a half dollar on an unfortunate African who said he was unable to walk on account of the rheumatism. Much to the philanthropist's surprise, he met the identical same darkey capering about as lively as a cricket, but not quite so sober.

"How about your rheumatism?" asked the benefactor.

"Boss, when I puts myself outside of fifty cents wuff of whiskey, I gits rid of all my troubles includin' de rheumatiz. I just feels as if I wanted ter whistle for a whole week."—[Texas Sitings.]

Put in the Air.

There is scarcely a solid, however compact it may appear, which does not contain pores, and these pores are filled with air. It is to be found in abundance in the soil; indeed, were it not so, numberless worms and insects which inhabit the latter would cease to exist. The most compact mortar and walls are penetrated by it, and water in its natural state contains a large quantity of air in solution. The atmosphere was formerly believed to extend no higher than five miles above the earth's surface, but meteorological observations have since shown that it extends to a height of more than 200 miles. Owing to the force of gravity the air is much denser near the earth, and gets thinner, layer by layer, as you ascend. If, then, the atmosphere were possessed of color, it would be very dark just round the globe, and the tint would gradually fade into space. There is no absolutely normal composition of the air we breathe, or, if there be, it is not at present known. It contains, however, in all cases, unless under purely artificial conditions, two essential elements, which are nearly invariable under normal circumstances, namely oxygen and nitrogen, and two accessory elements which vary extremely in amount, but are practically never absent, namely, carbonic acid and water. Without either of the first two, air could not exist, but without the last two air is scarcely found in nature. Their combination, moreover, is not a chemical union, but a simple mechanical mixture. But besides these constituents the air contains an immense amount of life, and small particles derived from the whole creation. In the air may be found animals, spores, seeds, cells of all kinds, eggs of insects, fungi, and elements of contagion, besides countless dust, and sand and other particles of local origin. For example, no one can travel in a railway carriage without being surrounded by dust, a large portion of which may be attracted by a magnet, consisting, as it does, in a great measure, of minute particles of iron derived from the rails. The purest air has some dust in it. There probably never fell a beam of light from the sun since the world was made which would not have shown countless numbers of solid particles.—[Good Words.]

No Use to Hurry.

I had often read of the slow speed made by Southern railroad trains, but noticed nothing unusual until reaching Macon. The train pulled out at about fifteen miles an hour, slowed down to twelve, and the waits were long and tedious. Some of the crowd didn't seem to care if we never got there, but the drummer for a Philadelphia house took on terribly. He was blasting away when the conductor came along and inquired what ailed him.

"Why, I'll be left!" hotly exclaimed the drummer.

"Let's see? You go to Thomasville?"

"Yes, sir."

"You change cars at Smithville?"

"I ought to, but the train will be gone."

"Not a bit of it. That train is two hours behind time."

"Well, I'd rather wait in Smithville."

"You couldn't wait in that town two hours without being asked to drink some of the worst whisky ever made, and if you refused you'd have to fight."

"I could go to the hotel."

"Then you'd have to walk a mile in the sand. No bus comes down until our train whistles."

"I might drum up a customer."

"You couldn't drum nothing. The last Northern drummer in Smithville had to fly for his life."

"Couldn't I wait on the platform?"

"No, sir. There is no platform to wait on, and if there was, you'd be suspected of wanting to start a turpentine fire."

"Well, it's awful slow."

"What of it? The other train is still slower; no dinner can be had until we get there; there is nothing to see; the depot won't be open; you can't sell a paper of pins in the town; you can't get on to Thomasville; no one in the town plays poker; you can't find a decent cigar there, and from what I know of Smithville, I can assure you that it has at least thirty citizens who would take a pop at you on general principles within six minutes of your landing there."

Soon after our speed was reduced to ten miles an hour, but the drummer had nothing more to say.

Fate of the Van Peltier.

A fine, fat pullet, who was roasting on the limb of a tree safe from danger was saluted by a fox with:

"Good evening, Miss Pullet. I never saw you look better; your figure is perfectly lovely."

"Do you really think so?"

"Certainly I do. I'd give anything if I could wear my hair done up in French roll and have it become me as it does you."

"Aren't you joking?"

"I was never more serious in my life. Your small feet and pretty mouth are the envy of all the pullets in the neighborhood."

"Dear me, but is that so?"

"And everybody says you have such a tony air about you."

"Oh, la!"

"I think if we were to walk out tomorrow we'd mash the whole town."

The Horrors of Solitary Confinement.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat describing the Joliet, Ill., State Penitentiary, says the system of solitary confinement merits some description. At a point within the prison yard, at the extremity of one of the cell houses, and far removed from the hum and noise of the workshop, is a stone building, in which are arranged in two galleries forty solitary cells. Each is about 10x16 feet in the clear. A long horizontal window perches six feet in width and eight inches in height, located near the top of the cell, admits light and air. It is sunk in the heavy walls, and rarely do the sun's rays penetrate the interior of the tomb-like apartment. The floor of the cell is of stone, the ceiling is painted white, the walls are a glaring white. The two bits of color in the cell are the black irons of the inner grating and the red wooden bucket in the corner of the cell. That bucket is the only piece of furniture. The prisoner to be punished is led to one of these cells and handcuffed to the inner grating. His arms being at a natural elevation. A heavy wooden door shuts off a view of the corridor. He is alone amidst a silence as profound as the grave. His own voice should he raise it in protest at his fate is thrown back to him by the cold, pitiless walls, and the echo causes him to start. He looks around and nothing meets his eyes but the glistening, white walls. At first he does not notice this. Ere long his eyes used to the moving life of the workshop, begin to weary of this monotonous, glistening, blank view. The feeling at first irksome becomes painful. He tries to look at the window above, but it is so arranged that he sees nothing but the flood of light. The blue sky he remembers only as a thing of beauty never heeded before. A glimpse of it now would be an inestimable boon. He tries to shut his eyes to relieve them of the glistening, blank impression, but his disordered nerves cause strange lights, and an annoying phantasmagoria of grotesque and ever changing figures to dance through his brain. If he is of an acute nervous disposition this soon becomes tortuous to him, and he fears that he is losing his mind. Some of the most rebellious spirits have been quelled by a brief retirement in these merciless cells.

The Dead Man Came to Life.

A few months ago, as I was accompanying Latif Pasha, the governor general of Upper Egypt, on a tour of inspection, two men came to complain that the sheikh of their village had one of them strangled and seized his land. They brought the corpse sewed up in its shroud.

"How long," I asked, "has he been dead?"

"Some hours," they said.

I desired it to be stripped, and found it still warm. I felt the wrist and the pulse was still beating; so that was of the temporal artery, and very little disturbed. The eyes were shut and there did not appear to be any voluntary motion. I prescribed an application of the Korbag (whip) to the soles of the feet, which, as a counter irritant, would relieve the head if life was not extinct. The dead man overheard me, opened his eyes and asked for water. "God is good," said the complainers, "and has restored him to life." The Pasha, however, took a more matter-of-fact view of the case, and ordered them to be bastinadoed; while this was being done, I whispered to the corpse, "Your turn will come next; you had better slip away."

It threw off its shroud and ran off. It was caught and received its punishment. Having thus disposed of the fraudulent pleading, the Pasha heard the merits of the case; and it appeared that the man had really been unjustly dispossessed of by the sheikh, though he thought it advisable to strengthen his case by adding the accusation of murder to one of unlawful eviction.—[Conversations and Journals.—Senior.]

Worked Like a Railroad.

In a certain Western town having two railroad connections there were four different hacks and 'busses under as many managements, and each was so anxious to secure patronage that not a vehicle paid for the oats which the horses ate. In this emergency the party owning the best rig proposed a pool, and when he had made it clear to all that each and every one would be the gainer by such a combination, it was entered into, and only the one rig was driven to and from the depot. At the end of four weeks there was a meeting to divide up.

"Gentlemen, we will now come to business," said the chairman as all was ready.

"One of Brown's horses has died since the pool was formed, and he really owes us \$80. Jones has sold his hack, and has not offered to divide. Peters has had his all smashed up by a runaway, and that's another loss to the pool. I figure that each of you has \$22 coming to him from the pool, and that each of you owe the pool \$28. Pay in, gentlemen and we will make a fair divide."

They kicked, of course, and the chairman placidly continued:

"Very well, gentlemen. If you cannot abide by the pool the pool is busted and each of us will go on his own hook again."

Carving in and Out of a Cye one.

A gentleman has been vaunting his great and unparalleled skill as a carver.

"I remember once," he says, "when I was in the East Indies, I carved a duck—and a duck is not an easy thing to carve, let me tell you—I carved a duck on shipboard during a cyclone that blew so hard by Jove, that the people at dinner had to lay flat on the floor and holding on to the legs of the stationary table. That's the sort of carver I am."

Impressed by this story, his host, the next time this expert carver was dining out, asked him to carve a fowl.

The expert carver applies himself to the task with vigor, but with a deplorable lack of success. His face grows red as any beef, and beads of perspiration stand out upon his forehead.

"And yet there is no cyclone blowing!" remarks one of the diners, solemnly.

"By Jove, that's it!" exclaimed the carver; I never could carve when it was calm. I takes a cyclone to evoke the resources of my nature. That's the sort of a carver I am."

and