THE GAMBLER'S LAST DEAL.

"I 'dealt' the game' for twenty years,
But I'll never 'deal' again,
For I saw one night that makes me loathe
The thought of the 'tiger's' den!

"Some three years back, (as perhaps you know,
For I think I've seen you there),
I 'dealt' for half the 'bloods' in town,
And my 'game,' you can bet, was 'square!'

"One night a boy strayed into my place,
Who couldn't have turned eighteen,
And half a glance was enough to show
He was what we 'sports' call 'green.'

"His flaxen hair was fair as a girl's,
But I saw in his bright, blue eye,
The love of play, like a serpent, creep,
Or a cloud o'er a summer sky.

"Well, night after night, you might see him there,
And his luck was worse than bad,
But he never 'squealed' when he lost his 'pile,'
And I winner piled the lad!

"I should say, in the space of a month or so
(I can't just name the time),
He dropped' a hundred thousand, cool,
If he dropped' a single dime!

"One night he sat with a haggard look
In the place we called his own,
For his 'pile' was gone by 12 o'clock,
And his final coin was 'blown!'

"Then 'jocker' and chain he handed in
For $500, 'stacked in blue'
Which (when my eye! ... 'pped' ace
('twas my luck,' ... ed by few)!

"A lock he snatched from his breast a flashing
... ready hand,
But I saw the cold sweat break from his brow,
Though his pluck was something grand!

"I handed him out a thousand more;
For I saw 'twas a peerless stone;
Well, it was no use, for the luck had 'set,'
As he should, ere this, have known!

"When his last 'chip' went, for awhile he sat
As if his sense had gone,
Then, reluctantly, from his smooth, white hand,
He drew a circlet worn!

"'How much for this?' he hoarsely said;
'I know that it's value's small—
A dead mother's gift; but should I win,
I'll redeem it, first of all!'

"I took the rine—'twas a poor, old band,
Which new, might cost a 'V;'
Though 'twas worth as new, I passed a 'stack,'
Just the end of his luck to set!

"He 'planked' it down in the 'pot,'—and then
His face on the table laid
'Pon his folded arms, and never moved,
However the deal was played!

"I told him when the 'limit' 'barred,'
But he answered never a word,
So we played five hundred on each card;
Still he never spoke nor stirred!

"Well, would you believe it?
The 'no' 'won out,' for it seemed that worn, old ring,
Had changed his luck (though I can't say how,
For luck is a 'skeery' thing).

"I shook him up, for the 'deal' was 'made,'
But his head fell back like lead!
And I quit the 'game' on that very night,
For the poor young chap was dead!"

A BENEVOLENT BIRD.

There is one very odd case of benevolence of one animal towards another which shows that help is often needed where least suspected.

Who would suppose that the elephant, with its great size and massive strength, could be in need of such aid as so insignificant creature as a bird could give it?

Against such large animals as lions, tigers, and rhinoceroses it can defend itself, but against tiny insects, which it might crush under its feet by the hundred, it has no protection except what is given it by a little feathered friend. With such a thick skin as his, one might well suppose that the elephant would have no trouble from insects; but, in truth, it is the very thickness of its hide which makes the small insect dangerous.

Ticks, which are abundant in all forests, work their way into the cracks in the skin of the huge creature, and as the skin is so thick they are enabled to bury themselves so completely that they cannot be scraped off when the smarting animal rubs against rocks or trees. A differently constructed animal could use its teeth or feet to remove the annoyance; but for the elephant, there is nothing but suffering and torture, unless some kind friend lends a helping hand—or bill.

And this kind is not lacking; for no sooner are the little pests comfortably ensconced than a pair of small, bright, yellow eyes searches them out, and the next moment a pretty, orange colored beak plucks them forth. The owner of the eyes and beak is a beautiful, snow-white heron; small of body, but large of heart; for it seems, in northern Africa, at least, to have devoted its life to the benevolent work of watching over its monstrous protege.

It is a novel and beautiful sight to see the dark-skinned giant of the jungle stalking ponderously along, with as many as a score of these beautiful birds perched upon his back and head, busily working to free him from his little tormentors. And full well the elephant knows what he owes his benefactors. Not for anything would he harm them, ugly tempered as he often is. Even when the sharp beak probes deep into the sensitive flesh, the great creature bears the pain patiently, seeming to know that it is necessary.

In South America there is a very beautiful bird called the Agami, or the golden breasted trumpeter. It is about as large in the body as our common barnyard fowl, but as it has longer legs and a longer neck it seems much larger. Its general color is black, but the plumage on the breast is beautiful beyond description, being what is called iridescent, changing, as it continually does, from a steel-blue to a red gold, and glittering with a metallic luster. In its wild state the agami is not peculiar for anything but its beauty, its extraordinary cry, which has given it the name of trumpeter, and for an odd habit of leaping with comical antics into the air, apparently for its own amusement. When tamed however—and it soon learns to abandon its wild ways—it usually conceives a violent attachment for its master, and though very jealous of his affection, endeavors to please him by solicitude for the well being of all that belongs to him, which may fairly be termed benevolence.

It is never shut up at night as the other fowl are, but with a well-deserved liberty, is permitted to take up its quarters wherever it pleases. In the morning it drives the ducks to water and the chickens to their feeding ground; and if any should presume to wander they are quickly brought to a sense of duty by a sharp reminder from the strong beak of the vigilant agami. At night the faithful guardian drives its charge home again.

Sometimes it is given the care of a flock of sheep; and, though it may seem too puny for such a task, it is in fact quite equal to it. The misguided sheep that tries to trifle with the agami soon has cause to repent the experiment; for, with a swiftness unrivaled by any dog, the feathered shepherd darts after the runaway, and with wings and beak drives it back to its place, not forgetting to impress upon the offender a sense of its error by pecks with its beak.

Should a dog think to take advantage of the seemingly unguarded condition of the sheep and approach them with evil design, the agami makes no hesitation about rushing after him and giving combat. And it must be a good dog that will overcome the brave bird. Indeed, most dogs are so awed by the fierce onset of the agami, accompanied by its strange cries, that they incontinently turn about and run, fortunate if they escape unwounded from the indignant creature.

At meal-times it walks into the house and takes its position near its master, seeming to ask for his caresses. It will not permit the presence of any other pet in the room, and even resents the intrusion of any servants not belonging there, driving out all others before it will be contented. Like a well-bred dog, it does not clamor for food, but waits with dignity until his wants have been satisfied.—Will Woodman, in St. Nicholas.

Buried Alive.

The London Times' Geneva correspondent writes: A Swiss, settled in Russia, sends to the Bund a strange story, taken from the Viedmosti, a paper published at Samara, of a man being buried alive, for the accuracy of which the writer says he can certainly vouch. The story, beside the horror of it, shows how helpless the Russian system of government renders the people for whose benefit it is designed, and how utterly bureaucracy has crushed in them all spirit of initiative and independence. One day, so runs the account, a man was buried alive in Samara. His name was Tichonoff, and he had been employed as a writer in a machine depot. On the fete day Tichonoff drank heavily and had an epileptic fit. For a long time thereafter he lay quite still and showed no sign of life, which led his wife and kinsfolk to conclude that he was dead. This happened on St. Sylvester's day, and to avoid keeping the supposed corpse in the house three days (for on a Saturday preceding a festival nobody can be buried) it was decided to lay him in the ground that very night after vespers, and arrangements were made accordingly. The body was removed to the cemetery church where the pope (priest) read the service for the dead. While this was going on (the coffin being uncovered) some of the by standers noticed what seemed to be drops of sweat on the dead man's face; but this appearance being attributed to a few snowflakes which had fallen during the passage from Tichonoff's house to the cemetery, he was laid in the grave without much ado, and, the hour being late, very little earth was thrown over him. When the grave digger went early next morning to complete his work he heard a sound as of groaning or struggling in Tichonoff's grave. Instead of forthwith releasing the poor wretch, the man ran to the priest to ask leave to disinter him. This request the priest refused on the ground that he dare not touch a body once buried without the permission of the police. On this the sexton informed Tichonoff's wife of what had come to pass, and they went together to the chief of the local police. This gentleman said it was quite out of his power to give the required authorization, and referred them to the archimandrite, and the archimandrite, professing to be equally powerless, referred them to the prosecutor. In the end the agonized wife procured the authorization without which nobody would act, and returned to the cemetery. But it was too late; five hours had elapsed since the grave digger first heard the groans, and Tichonoff was now dead beyond the possibility of doubt. The poor fellow succumbed only after a mortal struggle. He had turned quite round in his coffin, and in his despair bitten his fingers, torn his flesh, and rent his clothing. "This fatality," says the Viedomosti, "is due to no other cause than the senseless formalities which prevail in every branch of Russian administration."

The Hindoo Visitor.

The Hindoo reformer, Mozoomdar, who has been visiting the United States, sailed recently from San Francisco on the City of Peking for Japan, enroute for Calcutta. The San Francisco Call says: On the evening previous to his departure, by invitation of Dr. Stebbins, at whose house Mr. Mozoomdar has been a guest during his stay in this city, some thirty or forty business men, clergymen and literators assembled to hold a parting conversation with the oriental apostle concerning his native land and bid him farewell. The scene during the interview was a very peculiar one for this latitude. After the chairs placed around the room were all occupied by the elder gentlemen, the others sat down on the carpet in the center, eastern fashion, with legs crossed, and the swarthy Mozoomdar among them. Thus seated they plied him with questions concerning India, which he answered, one after another, for an hour and a half with great readiness and clearness, interspersing occasional sallies of wit and humor in his replies. The following may be taken as a specimen of the questions and answers:

"What effect has the British rule had upon the poorer classes in India?"

"They have not been benefited as the middling classes have, but their condition is rather worse than before. We have really no pauper class there. There are those who beg, but it is a profession with them, and they are not necessarily poor. The best people in India, the scholars, teachers, etc., do nothing—they are supported by the free will offerings of others, who consider they are honored by being allowed to contribute to their support."

"How do the people submit to the heavy exactions laid upon them by the government?"

"Uncomplainingly for the most part, as of an infliction from which there is no possible way of escape. The native princes, rajahs, live very sumptuously and enjoy heavy incomes. (Dr. Stebbins mentioned that a daughter of Chunder Sen, the head of the Brahma Somaj—a poor man, having only for his support such voluntary contributions as might be made by his people—married, not long ago, one of these native princes, who has an income amounting to over $1,000,000 a year.)

"To what extent has the act of 1872, recognizing civil marriages, been taken advantage of by the people?"

"Only by the Brahmas. Before that their marriages were nominally illegal, and their children, of course, legally illegitimate. The act was in their behalf and for their benefit. But it may, and we hope will prove the entering wedge for general civil marriages."

"What can you tell us of the Theosophic movement in Calcutta, under Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcutt?"

"Nothing favorable."

"What effect did Joseph Cooke have upon your people?"

"I think they were disappointed in him. He was very loud." (General laughter.)

"And how great is the influence of the Christian missionaries generally upon the multitudes of India?"

"Not very much. I said this in Chicago, and Dr. Scudder differed with me, but I think I was right. Their attitude, with a few exceptions, and those not among the most able and talented of them, is too antagonistic and unappreciative to be winning and effective. They see no good in the Hindoo religion, and denounce it wholesale with bitterness. This excites opposition. Dr. Duff, one of the ablest and most zealous of them, was also one the most denunciatory. They must take a more courteous and conciliatory course before they will make a strong impression on the mass of the people. Of course they count on a good many single converts, but they are but as a drop in the ocean. The masses are not favorably affected as yet."

"What is the magnitude of the Brahman reform movement, in its present proportions, compared with the unaffected part of the population?"

"Almost infinitesimal—it is but the little mustard seed—but may yet develop into a tree which shall be for the healing of the nation."

Dr. Stebbins—Can Christianity supplant or overcome Hindooism by aggression?

"Never, but it may effect it much in the way of reform. Hindooism will hold its own, but it ought to be and in the end, will be, modified, lifted up and purified by Christian influence."

With regard to his countrymen, Mr. Mozoomdar said that for genius and learning there were many in India who were fully the peers, in his opinion, of the greatest men in England or America. The question took a wide range, and the answers given were frequently greeted with expressions of satisfaction on the part of the auditors. Dr. Stebbins reluctantly brought the formal conversation to a close by inviting the gentlemen into the adjoining room, where a collation had been prepared. As the hour of 11 approached they took their leave of their host and his Hindoo guest, wishing the latter a safe and pleasant voyage eastward.—Record-Union.

FACT AND HUMOR.

Five hundred thousand telephones are said to be in use in America.

There are 500 magisterial districts in the state of Kentucky where the sale of liquor is prohibited.

One of the former mayors of Milwaukee, Wis., says he would not take the office again for $20,000.

The Austin, Texas, Dispatch announces a ticket that will win in 1884, Blaine of Maine, and Lincoln of Illinois.

"It seems to be the general opinion," says the New York Sun, "that Mr. Randall will be chosen speaker of the next house."

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.—Locke.

Simperton—"You've heard that Browne has married again?" Chittergale—"No. Has he? What a fool! He didn't deserve to lose his first wife" (They took comfort at the buffet.)

A Missouri town that was visited by a cyclone last year has just been devastated by another. The inhabitants don't like this method of catching their second wind.—Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.

Robert Cromwell, of Henrietta, N. Y., had an accusing conscience. His wife, unsuspectingly, joked him about his fondness for the hired girl, and he, thinking she knew all, eloped with the young woman.

"Does your Helen remind you of Helen of Troy?" she asked, sweetly, as the sofa springs flattened under a pressure of 160 pounds. "No, not precisely; you remind me of Helen of Avoirdupois," was the scaly reply.

When a man's wife comes in and sees him, razor in hand, and with his face all lather, and asks him, "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing for him to answer, "No, I'm blacking the stove," but it is in human nature to so reply.

Long Branch is said to be the oldest settlement in northern New Jersey, and it has a church built in Queen Anne's time. You see, a church at Long Branch is used so little that it doesn't get worn out, and lasts a long time.—Boston Post.

It is easy enough for a millionaire to get his family into what is called "good society" in New York. He advertises a large free lunch and brings the society around it, and his family immediately becomes as popular as boned turkey.

Baskins hasn't much to say against the big hats at the theater of late; but his remark in a stage whisper, the other evening, that he could tell a pig in a poke, caused several young ladies in copious headgear to murmur "brute," and then blush like so many red peonies.—Exchange.

Right on the heels of the republican defeat in Ohio comes the distressing news of the death of "Dr. Ghrieskooski, formerly the leader of the "czech" party. We hoped this blow would have been spared us. But what the dickens is a "czech" party? It can't be any czicker than the republican party in Ohio just now.—Norristown Herald.

The latest way of making a raise comes from Clinton, Mass., where it is said that a lady mixed a batch of bread which failed to rise, even after a delay of twenty-four hours. She did not wish her father to see the waste of flour, so she buried the dough in the garden. The next morning her father called her out to see an enormous white mushroom of an unheard of variety that he had discovered. He was calling his neighbors to see the curiosity, when his daughter enlightened him as to the nature of the plant.

Depth of Ice at Glacial Age.

G. W. Wright, in a communication to the Science, says that the evidences of glaciation are distinct upon the Green Mountains to a hight of nearly 5000 feet. The lower summits of the White Mountains, like Carrigain, which is 4300 feet above the sea, are covered with transported bowlders; and there can be little question that some found by Professor Charles Hitchcock, within a few hundred feet of the summit of Mount Washington, were transported thither by glacial agency. Such is the evidence for New England. For the region north of Pennsylvania and the Ohio river direct evidence of such a great depth of ice is naturally wanting; but, according to Ramsay, glacial scratches are numerous upon the summit of the Catskill Mountains in New York, at an elevation of 2850 feet above the sea. In southern Ohio there are numerous places where the ice, within a mile or two of its furtherest extension, surmounted elevations which are about 500 feet higher than the plains to the north of them. I see no reason why it should not have been as deep over Lake Erie as over the region to the north of the White Mountains, though there are no glacio-meters like Mount Washington to measure the hight of the frozen mass.

NOT IN THEIR LINE.—"Oh, pa, there's a big fight down on the street, and one man is nearly killing the other."

"Yes, my son, I see them."

"Oh, pa, what are those two big blue spots up the street two squares?"

"The backs of two policemen, my son."

"Well, couldn't they come and stop the fight, pa?"

"No."

"Why, pa?"

"Because they are going the other way, my son."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sojourner Truth, colored lecturer and sibyl, died at Battle Creek, Michigan, recently. He was 108 years old.