THE GREAT PYRAMID.

How It Was Entered by Caliph Al Mamoun and His Saracen Followers.

Though mercilessly hacked and quarried and dilapidated, the mouth of the entrance-passage gives one a most impressive example of the stupendous construction plan of the whole grand pile. It held its secret within its great throat for many a long thousand years, until A. D. 820, when Caliph Al Mamoun discovered it in a most unexpected manner. The distinguished Arab of Fostat, the son of Haroun Al Raschid of the "Arabian Nights," with inquiring mind, made a journey to Gizeh and proceeded to effect an entrance into the Great Pyramid, wherein, he had been led to believe, great treasures were to be found. A large staff of quarrymen was engaged for the work. At which side to make the attack, and at what point, was a puzzle. A trifling hint caused the north face to be chosen, near the base and at the center. Two blunders were made at the beginning. The forced entrance was started 300 inches below the proper one, and 250 inches west of it. Night and day, week after week, for months, the labor of tunneling went on, until quite one hundred feet of the antique masonry had been broken up and brought to the light. One day, as some of them wrought despairingly at the inner end of their excavation, they heard a strange noise beyond them, which resembled the falling of a great stone in a hollow space. Hammers, fire and vinegar were employed with renewed vigor again and again until a walled surface yielding to their efforts, the way opened to a low, narrow, descending passage. Leaping into the dark avenue with lighted torch, they discovered at once the fallen stone which had led them on. It had dropped from the roof to the floor, and revealed the fact that there was just beyond it another passage, following southward like the other, ascending instead of descending; but alas! it was closed by a series of huge granite plugs, placed there by the builder for the very purpose of heading off such enterprises as that of the adventurous Caliph.

Nothing daunted, however, the plucky Saracens broke a side passage through the western wall of limestone cut a huge chasm upward, and made a junction with the wall of the ascending passage where the granite did not oppose. They cut through the limestone wall with comparative ease, but as fast as they removed the pieces of the well-formed blocks others came down from above and continued to bar their advance. Finally the last one made its appearance. Like its predecessors, it was broken and removed, and the passage was clear. With lighted flambeaux the eager Arabs ascended, first on hands and knees, and then, after reaching the Grand Gallery, has tened, with might and main, upward and onward into the very heart of the mountain of stone.

Visions of wealth grew before them—there where a ray of sunshine never gave a ray of hope—until they came to the end of the passage. Then a step at the left, three feet high, arrested their attention. Climbing to its top, a low doorway was found, with a splendidly quarried granite portcullis hanging over it. Passing under this on hands and knees, they crept into a small ante-chamber; through this to another low doorway leading into a further low passage, which again caused them, nonplussed, to bend. Thus they were led into the large apartment known as the King's chamber. There, on the west side, stood the hard gained stone "treasure-box!" It seemed too good to be true. It was without a cover to protect its expected contents, and it was—entirely empty!

Caliph Al Mamoun was dumfounded, and his workmen were about to murder him. But he was a commander of the faithful and understood human nature. During the night he caused to be hidden near the empty coffer a sufficient store of gold to pay the men. The next day, being bidden to dig again, they found the gold and received their wages. As for the Caliph, he returned to Fostat, wiser as to the clear-headedness of the Egyptians who preceded him some thousands of years, but no better in purse.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

—A fight between about 100 crows and perhaps 200 or 300 English sparrows was witnessed at Cumminsville, O., just before sundown, a few days ago. The crows were returning to their rookery from feeding, when they were attacked by the sparrows. Four or five of the latter would get after one crow and pick it so badly as to almost disable it. In fact, three or four fell to the ground, being so badly injured as to be unable to fly. The fight resulted in the complete rout of the crows. One of them picked up was found to have had both its eyes literally picked out.

—"How many birthdays do you think I have had?" one person was heard to say to another in the horse car. "O, about forty-seven," hazarded the person addressed. "Only one birthday. The rest have been anniversaries," was the explanation, and the car suddenly stopped.—*Hartford News.*

—A harmless hilarity and a buoyant cheerfulness are not infrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science and pomposity for erudition.—*Colton.*

MAKING BOVINE VIRUS.

How the Animals Are Treated at the New York Vaccine Farm.

Few persons who pass the old two-story brick building, No. 916 Second avenue, which has a decayed wooden awning in front of it and bears the sign, "Steam Carpet Cleaning," are aware that it shelters the Board of Health's vaccine virus "farm." The first floor of the building recently was converted into a stable for cattle that are kept there to undergo vaccination. A cleaner, warmer and better ventilated stable probably can not be found in the city. Sixteen fat cows and Texan steers stood in the stables the other day when a reporter entered the place. Dr. Pardee, the virus expert, was at work in his laboratory in the rear of the stable, while two assistants were looking after the cattle. Dr. Pardee's den is lavishly decorated with colored prints, and is occupied in his absence by a white cat. On the shelves are glass jars containing goose quills and "points" of virus. A big table, on which calves formerly were strapped while undergoing treatment, occupies a part of the room, and there is a small grindstone used for roughening the quills which are to receive the virus.

The manufacture of bovine virus for the protection of human being against small-pox has been going on under the eye of Dr. Pardee for a dozen years or more. Formerly he operated on calves, but lately he became convinced that better virus could be obtained from large cattle, and the Health Board decided to give him a new "farm." By a clever arrangement of movable bars in the stalls a cow or a steer is prevented from kicking while it is being vaccinated in a dozen or twenty different places. The operation most annoying to the animal comes later, when the virus is being transferred from it to the quill points. It is necessary for the Health Board to buy the cattle outright, feed them well while undergoing treatment and for some time afterward, and finally sell them to butchers at a loss.

The outlay for rent, feed, salaries, cost of materials and losses in cattle trading amounts to about $10,000 a year. Part of the money comes back through the sale of virus. Last year the department received $2,239 for virus sold to druggists and physicians. Probably money could be made out of the "farm" if the Board of Health charged a fair price for all the virus it could dispose of, but the sanitary officials are mainly interested in stopping small-pox. Last year nearly 90,000 persons in the city were vaccinated free of charge by the sanitary inspectors, and enough virus to vaccinate 30,000 more persons was given away to public institutions. As druggists are charged twenty-five cents for a single "point," the gratuitous vaccinations by the Health Board on that basis last year might be said to be worth nearly $30,000.

"The recent change from calves to large cattle in the virus 'farm' has been attended with surprisingly good results," said President Bayles, of the Health Board. "One inspector recently vaccinated sixty-five children in a public institution with the new virus and vaccination 'took' in every case. Formerly there were frequent failures, and many children had to be vaccinated the second time. The new virus is believed to be as pure as any ever obtained. We have had no complaints about it so far as I have heard. It is alleged that diseases may be communicated to children by humanized virus, but there is no danger in using bovine virus, when the virus is taken from sound cattle."

At present the virus "farm" turns out about 5,000 "points" a week.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CRUELTY TO INSECTS.

A Bird in Florida That Impales Bugs and Snakes on Thorns.

Of all the birds in this section there is one that will afford an idler lots of amusement if he will spend an occasional hour watching closely. It is the shrike or butcher bird. A few days ago I was in an orange grove a few rods from the house, where an old darky, with the assistance of a mule, was plowing, and a butcher bird was flying from tree to tree, following up the newly-plowed furrow, looking for insects. Every few minutes he would go to pick up a beetle or insect, and for some time he simply swallowed his victims. After a little he seemed to have had enough to eat and just then a little flock of larks were seen running along in the newly turned furrow, at times almost touching the old darky's heels. Now and then they would come across an insect too large for them to easily manage, and then would begin a little scuffle. Then the butcher bird would swoop down in the center of the little flock, snatch up the insect and fly off with it before the larks knew what had happened. The butcher bird had eaten all he wanted, and so, with the beetle in his beak, he flew to the nearest orange tree, and, selecting a long, sharp thorn, he impaled the insect upon it. I watched this bird put at least ten insects on different thorns. During an hour, besides numerous large insects, the butcher bird captured two snakes, the largest of which was two feet long and very lively. These snakes, although they squirmed and twisted, were taken with difficulty to an orange tree, and after a good bit of hard tugging, they were left with a thorn through their bodies.

When the butcher bird is not looking for food or for victims to stick on thorns, he is generally looking for other birds for the purpose of fighting them, and so he keeps busy from daylight till dark.—*Florida Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

THE PLUM CURCULIO.

How to Exterminate This Destructive and Numerous Parasite.

There seems to be no doubt whatever but what the plum curculio (*Conotrachelus nenuphar*) can be well nigh exterminated everywhere and regular crops of the stone fruits grown by simply spraying the trees with arsenical poisons (Paris green and London purple) in water; (1) so soon as the buds begin to swell in the spring; (2) two weeks after the petals fall; (3) then after three weeks again, and (4) for perfection, so soon as through blossoming, with a weak kerosene and soap emulsion. This (4) will kill the leaf lice (aphidæ) and plant bugs (hemiptera) that puncture the young fruit and cause it eventually to rot. A Michigan gentleman told me that he had two large, thrifty European plums. "They bloomed freely each year, but the curculio laid her eggs in nearly every plum, and all the fruit that was not wormy rotted before ripening. Spring before last I sprayed the trees thoroughly once with London purple in water about two weeks after the blossoms fell. That season they matured so great a crop of the finest fruit that I was obliged to prop up all the branches. But to my sorrow this large crop so weakened the vitality of my trees that the next spring both were dead. The spraying seemed to kill nearly every curculio, scarcely a fruit showed her ovipositing work, and the plums all ripened without rot." This shows two valuable lessons: (1) Spraying has proven a success, and (2) an overburdensome crop is deathly, especially to a plum.

These sentiments are exactly in line with sense, reason and experience, and especially with our native plums; for these fruits are the natural food plant and breeding place of the plum curculio. This beetle passes the winter in the beetle state, "holed up" like a woodchuck, and emerges in the spring hungry. She at once seeks her natural food plant—these plums—on which to feed, seemingly in preference to all other trees. She usually reaches them before they bloom; therefore just before the blossoms open is the time to spray the trees. But for some reason many of the beetles do not lay their eggs in the fruit until June; hence the necessity of late spraying, for it is possible that these late egg-laying beetles reach the trees late. If the native plums are not within her reach the beetle is forced to accept allied plants of the almond family to which the plum belongs, such as the cherry, peach, apricot, etc., and lay her eggs in their fruits. It is of course possible that the cherries, being so close akin to the plums, they may be as acceptable to her for food as the plums, but it is hardly probable. Therefore it is entirely reasonable that, if we have plenty of native plums in and around our orchards of other fruits, by spraying the plums we will destroy this curculio sufficiently for all practical purposes, and so protect all the other fruits from her destructive work.—*D. B. Wier, in American Garden.*

CONVERSATIONAL BORES.

Brainless Individuals Who Talk Without Expressing Thoughts.

Conversation among persons who are very intimate should be the best conversation, as no one need speak unless he feels impelled so to do by the stirring of thought within; but the inveterate small-talker has lost the power of distinguishing between the talk that expresses thoughts and the talk that merely articulates sounds. His idea of talking is confined to the practice of "making" conversation; even in argument he passes much time in repeating what has been said in slightly different words; and, when no subject is under discussion, and when he is not gifted with high talents, the grotesque artifices to which he is sometimes reduced would be absurd if they were not so irritating. If he only talked, and said nothing that insisted on answers, he might more easily be forgiven; but this is rarely his way. An irritating small talker, who, though in reality neither deaf nor absent-minded, eked out his speech by insisting on having every thing that was said to him repeated twice, sometimes thrice. I have known to repeat his "What was that you said?" after he had answered the remark that had been made, and when this was pointed out to him he only smiled the satisfied smile of the small talker, who thinks his sins merits, and does not blush to own them. Such a small talker calls these atrocious delinquencies conversational talent, and because it is sometimes necessary to speak idly thinks it is a good deed to do so at all times rather than maintain a wholesome silence. But, indeed, others beside these obvious criminals sin in speaking idly.

Small talk has its uses in expressing indefinite friendliness, though even this would probably be better expressed by some inarticulate sound, if we could only agree on one; but it should never be forgotten that small talk—or talk of no consequence—is in itself of less than no value, and that if on all occasions, except those of necessity, we put our energies to improving our ideas rather than to uttering words; in short, if we talked less and thought more, we and our friends would in all cases be much the better for it.—*London Queen.*

Climbing the Ladder.

Gentleman (to tramp)—Why do you ask for only a penny, my man? Most of you people want nickels and dimes?

Tramp—Yes, sir, but I'm a new hand at the business, an' I want to begin right; make it a dime, though, if you like.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—P. T. Barnum says that he has provided that if any of his legatees makes a contest of his will he shall by that act forfeit his bequest, and he has left $100,000 as a fund for the executors to fight any contestant.

PROFESSOR M'GOOZLE.

An Unhallowed Conspiracy Against the Happiness of a Learned Man.

"And now, Miss Alvira," said Prof. McGoozle, as the evening waned, "it is time, perhaps, that I should recur to a subject whose consideration has not been wholly absent from my mind. I may say, at any time since I came in. In the discussion of the topics that have occupied our attention I have, of course, been deeply interested. I am pleased to see that you have not dissented from my views in relation to the charge of pseudepigraphy so freely made against those who have sought to dethrone the Shakespearean idol from the eminence it has occupied for centuries. Equally gratifying has been your implied acceptance of the opinions I hold relative to the value of the iconographical researches of Sir Roger de Ijams-Ijams and the Marquis of Clwmbwgz, the distinguished Welshman. Yet, even when absorbed in the consideration of these things, Miss Alvira, I have not been totally oblivious of the principal object, in some respects, which I had in view in coming this evening."

The professor paused a moment to jot down in a little black book a memorandum of a reflection that had just occurred to him in respect to the encroachments of Slavonic ideas upon the field of modern Saxon thought, and to emit a sigh that appeared to stir the window curtains on the other side of the room.

Rousing herself from a short slumber by an effort so cautious that it seemed like the natural recovery of a thoughtful maiden from a pensive reverie, Alvira Kajones, smiled in general and somewhat vague acquiescence, and the professor resumed:

"In entering upon the consid—bless my soul, Miss Alvira, this divan seems to have moved a considerable number of millimeters since I sat down upon it. Is there a declivity in the floor?" And Prof. McGoozle looked with erudite surprise at the elegant lounge upon which he had been sitting. The window curtains on the other side of the room stirred again, and an echo of the professor's sigh seemed to come in a labored, prolonged effort from some unseen locality.

"In entering upon the consideration of a subject comparatively unexplored and unfamiliar to me," said the professor, "I labored under some disadvantages. And yet I have assured myself that the mild, calm enjoyments of connubiality, if I may so express it, while not resembling in any degree the sense of triumph, of ecstasy, of thrilling exultation that accompanies the demonstration of a difficult problem in the differential calculus or the discovery of a new principle in palæontological science, are nevertheless of real worth; and it has occurred to me that in the congeniality of our mental constitutions, the coincident views we hold on topics of—in short, Miss Alvira, I think I should feel personally indebted to you if you would, to some extent, in this emergency, anticipate my meaning, and, as far as possible, help me out——"

"Help him out, boys!" yelled an appalling voice from beneath the Russo-Turkish lounge, and that piece of furniture swiftly rose up on end, disclosing the juvenile but athletic forms of two of Miss Kajones' younger brothers as the uplifting force. The professor's lean form hurtled through the air toward the door, the gaslight in the room was suddenly extinguished, the window curtains parted, and the awful apparitions of five or six boys with phosphorescent masks on their faces came forth and joined in the tumult. Miss Alvira Kajones screamed, the boys yelled, and the speechless and thunderstruck professor felt himself led out into the hall, his hat jammed down on his head, his overcoat buttoned loosely around him, his cane thrust in his hand, and with all the wealth of his scholastic tenderness yet unspoken the hapless professor was conducted down the darkened hall and out into the gloomy night.

But will this unhallowed conspiracy of wild, uneducated and thoughtless boys against the happiness of a learned man and a trusting young woman be permited to triumph? We shall see.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Manufactured Honey.

"I never saw honey look like that," remarked a reporter, who had ordered toast and honey for his breakfast. "I never saw a honey comb look so white or be so uniform." "Well, sir," replied the waiter, "I'll let you into the secret. That is manufactured honey. The comb is manufactured now of a white wax. Molds are made to the shape and size required and the heated wax is poured in and becomes an imitation honey-comb. A piece of this comb is placed in the jar and the sirup poured in. They can't make a good imitation, though; nearly every one who calls for honey detects the imitation. The wax is whiter, and then it is unpleasant if it should get into the mouth. It is much cheaper than real comb honey and sometimes the supply of honey runs short and the manufactured honey has to be used.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—A Texas paper tells the story that while a Waxahachie man was driving a yoke of oxen one of them died from over heat, and that while he was taking off its skin the blizzard came along and froze the other one to death.

—According to the Geological Survey large quantities of crude petroleum exist near the surface in the far West, and this petroleum is now under examination in the laboratory to discover the best method of refining it.

DINING ITINERANCY.

How a Southern Gentleman Made a Dull Dinner Party Agreeable.

Variety, so they tell us, is the spice of life. And while each of us has, no doubt, been in certain conditions that we think would have been delightful enough to have lasted forever, yet we have many times been placed in conditions where the most sudden change, short of absolute disaster, would have been most welcome. What is more stupid than an uninteresting companion at dinner?—to be compelled to sit through course after course with one in whom you can find no response, with whom there is no common ground of meeting? Evidently a Southern gentleman has found a relief from this state of affairs, if the following incident is correctly reported:

"After the soup had been served, and just prior to serving the next course, the host gave his signal and rose from his seat, as did every other gentleman at the table, all the ladies remaining seated. Each gentleman then moved to the next gentleman's seat to his right. When this was first done, the ladies, not being let into the secret, were very much surprised at the unusual conduct of the gentlemen, and could not at once comprehend the meaning of it; but when they gathered its full intent, and the charm there was in it, it was decidedly gratifying to note the merriment and interest with which they received the innovation. Just prior to the commencement of the next course the host gave his signal again, and each gentleman again moved one gentleman's seat to his right, and so on. The entire setting of the courses was so harmoniously arranged that at the close of the dinner each gentleman had visited, for a short space, every lady at the table, and had at last returned to her whom he had escorted in to dinner."

There might be conditions under which this system of itinerancy would be very embarrassing, if not disastrous.

One would not enjoy having to stop in the midst of expressing a long-cherished sentiment to a most attentive and sympathetic listener; the fortunate companion of an entertaining conversationalist would not enjoy an interruption; the two hearts learning to beat as one would prefer to gaze into each other's faces. But to the unfortunate two who are suspended over the middle ground of indifference or antagonism, what a relief is the host's signal that gives liberty! This custom will not become general, but would it not be delightful to the lion of the evening who is expected to thrill the company by his wit or wisdom? Would he not welcome this opportunity? He could then prepare his set phrases and skillfully lead the conversation into the channels where his little barks would float without the mental effort necessary for a long voyage in which he must guide another's freight.—*Christian Union.*

EVOLUTION OF EATING.

Some Curious Table Manners of the Good Old Days.

It was late in the fourteenth century when the first evidences of art in the shape of silver cups were noticeable on the buffet. The dishes were made of pewter or wood, and spoons of bone, wood or silver. Knives were rare, and on that account guests invited to feasts carried their own knives. Forks came in general use still later, and for long years after their introduction they were considered ridiculous affectation and foppery, and not nearly so convenient as one's own fingers. The lord and his lady dipped their fingers into the same plate and sipped their wine from the same cup. Even the queenly Elizabeth, with all her elaborate ideas of etiquette, was content to carry her food to her mouth with her fingers, and at first despised the newly invented fork as unseemly and awkward.

Very gradually the dinning-hall grew in comfort and splendor. Dishes of gold and silver were made, and so eager were the nobles for them that they would sacrifice any thing to possess them. The salt-celiar was for a long time the article of highest importance on the board. It was a great affair and stood directly in the center of the table; it was the dividing line; the nobles were seated above the salt, the commoners below; hence grew the proverb: "Below the salt." The passing of salt was a ceremonious custom, the guest throwing a pinch over his left shoulder and murmuring a blessing.

The salt-cellars were of the most curious devices. Sometimes they represented huge animals, sometimes a great, full-blown flower on a long, slender stem, and again they were in the shape of a chariot, mounted on four wheels, on which they were easily run down the table.

The first glass cups came from Venice during the sixteenth century, and from that time on society began to lose many of its primitive ways, and became, in a sense, more refined.

Henry VIII. was born with luxurious tastes; he had his banquet chairs supplied with velvet cushions, and about this time the parlor or "talking room," as it was called, was introduced; and here the dames took refuge when the dinner advanced beyond prudent limits, as it invariably did before the finish.

The cook that presided over the kitchen in those days was not the counterpart of our nineteenth century Bridget, but he was an artist, and generally a man of quality. The ladies of the household, even those of noble birth, attended to many domestic duties, making the bread, preserving the fruits, while to understand the proper use of starch was considered a great accomplishment.—*Woman.*

ABOUT LOVE-LETTERS.

No Man or Woman in Love Who Has Not Written Them.

The writing of love letters began at a very early period of the world's history. We can not bring documentary evidence to prove just where or how it began, or who started it, for history is hazy when we undertake to get at the facts, away back near the time of the primal pair; but inasmuch as love was included in the original outfit of the human family, it must have been talked in Eden, and inasmuch as writing is merely talking at long range, it follows—the conclusion, we submit, is inevitable—that love letters passed between the first pair of lovers that happened to be separated after the invention of writing.

If Adam and Eve had known how to write and could have guessed how much pleasure they could find in the new sensation, we have no doubt they would have parted from each other a few days just to indulge in epistolary communication. True, there was no general post-office, no fast mails, no carrier system, no green stamps in their time, but they might have left their letters, as millions of their descendants have done, in a hollow tree—an apple tree, for instance—or under some loose stone on top of the garden wall. What a relief from ennui they would have found in such an exchange of vows and compliments and tender nothings.

Why is it that the publication of love letters in courts of law or in the newspapers sends a snicker across the continent? Why do people, old and young, and of all sorts and condition, rush in crowds to the courts and almost travel over each other's heads to hear love letters read and then go home and laugh at them as if they had found something unique in the way of fun? Why do grave men and sober women skip all the sensible reading in a newspaper if it happens to contain a love letter, and, having read that, laugh at it as if it were the latest and best of Gilbert's operatic jokes? Ten to one if all the old trunks in all the old garrets were called to give up their treasures they would convict these grave men and sober women of just such "silliness," if they please to call it so, as that which excites their risibles. No man or woman was ever thoroughly in love—and not to have been there, we are informed, is to have missed some happiness, at least—who didn't say and do "silly" things. Why, then, does every body feel such an irresistible inclination to poke fun at the manuscript love-making of an unfortunate whose letters get into the courts and papers? It is a mystery we shall not attempt to explain.

There is one phase of this general subject that seems to call for special mention, to-wit: the intensity that an aged swain puts into long range courtship and the peculiar zest with which other aged parties get their full of fun out of his written caresses. There is nothing new in the torridity of an old man's love, provided its object be a damsel of tender years. If we had the social statistics of the Patriarchs—and we regret our inability to cite them on this occasion—we would prove that December has always been falling in love with May. And if mathematical formula were applicable to a matter of this kind, we could demonstrate that the heat of an old man's love for a young woman is in the ratio of the square of his distance from her in years. Why make fun of a universal trait?—*Washington Post.*

ETHICS OF LAWYERS.

What Professor Dwight Has to Say on This Interesting Subject.

It is quite a common thing, particularly among the unlearned and unthinking portion of the community, that the main business of the lawyer is to prevaricate and deceive. If this were true at all it would only apply to a very small part of the profession, who are engaged in advocacy before juries. The great mass of lawyers are not occupied in that way, but in matters of business affecting their clients, where there is no room for deception. Nor is it applicable even to advocates, except in very special instances. It is not the peculiarity of the legal profession alone to have bad and unworthy practitioners, for similar flings will be made at physicians and clergymen. But no sensible man forms a judgment as to an entire profession by simply regarding men of exceptionally bad character. It may be said with confidence that as a rule there is no class of men more sensible to ethical obligation than the best members of the bar, and the abler lawyer a man is the more sensitive he is in general in that respect. Of course the lawyer is bound in the great principles of ethics in the same way as every other man; he has no right to sacrifice them to oblige or help a client. Fortunately, it is very seldom necessary for a lawyer to put himself to the test in this respect. In most instances wrongful acts in this direction are not only immoral, but inexpedient and impolitic. And this is patent to every man of good judgment. The confidence of a judge and jury in the honor of an advocate is his stock in trade, and a man of sense would be no more willing to sacrifice it than he would to cast the most precious items of his property into the ocean. The outcry against lawyers in this respect is, for the most part, senseless, for the very men who make it will, in times of difficulty, trust their lawyer with their most precious secrets believing that he would not disclose them, and with their most valued treasures, believing he will not waste and abuse them. No lawyer is ever justified in deceiving either the jury or the court, and no man of sense will ever try to deceive him.—*From an Interview with Prof. Dwight.*