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GUELDEN'S LAST DRINK.

AN ENGINEER'S CONFESSION.

"I have traveled this road every day of my life, ever since it was laid, in charge of the San Francisco, the prettiest and best engine on the line. It was a south-western road, running, as we will say, from A. to R. At A. my mother lived, and at Z. I had the sweetest little wife in the world, and a baby, the very image of its pa. I had always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day, and the boys spoke of me as an odd kind of man. To be shut up with an engine, watching with all your eyes, and heart, and soul, don't make a conscientious man talkative, and I never squandered my leisure, spinning yarns and listening to railway jokes in the round house. My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her "Joe."

I never belonged to any of the railway clubs or other organizations, and never should if it hadn't been for Granby. Granby was a nephew of our division superintendent, and it's a failing of we men of the road that we like to be noticed by the fellows at headquarters, if only permitted to touch the hem of their garments. Granby was a showy fellow, and often rode with me from A. to Z. He had a good opinion of me, and, as far as I knew, we were both good friends. Once he said to me:

"You ought to belong to the Railway Scientific Club, Guelden."

"Never heard of it," said I.

"We meet once a fortnight," he replied, "and have a jolly good time. We want practical thinking men of your sort, and I'll propose you if you like."

I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But the engineer don't have many nights or days to himself; and the club would have one evening a fortnight from Joe, I said.

"I will ask her. If she likes it, yes."

"Ask whom?" he said.

"Joe," I said.

If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said: "Can't spare you, my dear," and we should have had no club at all," said Granby.

But I made no answer. At home I told Joe. She said: "I shall miss you, Ned; but you do love such things, and if Granby belongs to it, they must be superior men."

So I said yes, and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight I went with him to the rooms. The real business of the evening was the supper.

I had always been a temperate man. I did not know what effect wine would have on me, but coming to drink more of it than I had ever before at the club table, I found it put steam on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk, and after so many more I did.

I seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My ideas came out and were listened to. I made sharp hits and indulged in repartee, told stories, and even came to puns. I heard somebody say:—"Granby, by George, that's a man worth having. I thought him dull at first." Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Ned Gueldon, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was.

I was sure of it, when three hours after I stumbled up stairs to find Joe waiting for me, with her baby on her breast.

"You've been deceiving me," said Joe; "I suspected it, but wasn't sure. A Scientific Club couldn't smell like a bar-room."

One night I was dressed in my Sunday suit, ready to go to the club, when Joe stood before me.

"Ned," said she, "I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind and good and loving always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you go on in this way. Don't ask what I mean—you know."

"It's only club night," said I.

"It will grow," said she. Then she put her arms around my neck.

"Ned," said she, "do you think a thing so much like a bolted and strapped down demon as steam is fit to put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, not only Thursday night, but all the days of the week you will be the same. I have often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people must be, and you'll know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessing all these years. Don't throw them away. Ned, if you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself."

My little Joe. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

"Don't be afraid, child; I'll never pain you again."

And I meant it; but at twelve o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution.

I couldn't go home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa, and leave the place for good the next day. Already I felt my brain reel as it had never done before. In an hour I was in a kind of stupor. It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin on his face. My heart seemed ready to burst; my hand trembled; I looked at my watch; I had only just five minutes to reach the depot!

Joe's words came to my mind: Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

The San Francisco glistened in the sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the people talking—bidding each other good-bye, and promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the share-holders. He was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"Good-bye, Kitty; good-bye, Lue," I heard him say; "don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the safest engine on the line, and Guelden the most careful engineer; I would not be afraid to trust every mortal to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together."

I said, "we'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again. After all it was easy enough," I reeled as I [illegible] the signal. We are off.

[redacted]

me forth, on the lovely, cold face of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name; there was no answer.—There never could be—never would be.

A whistle! Great God! Onward up the track thundered another train! Its red eye glared upon me; I threw myself before it; I felt it crush me to atoms!

"His head is extremely hot," said somebody. I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"How do you feel?" said she; "a little better?"

I was so rejoiced and astonished by the sight of her that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question.

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I "for the train went over me, but I feel no pain."

"There he goes about the train again," said my wife.

Why I tried to move—there was nothing the matter with me. I was in my own room; opposite to me was a crib in which my child was asleep. My wife and child were safe. Was I delirious or what could it be?

"Joe," I cried, "tell me what has happened."

"It's nine o'clock," said Joe. "You came home in such a state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You weren't fit to manage steam and risk people's lives. The San Francisco is half way to A. I suppose, and you have been frightening me half to death with your dreadful talk." And Joe began to cry. It was only a dream; only an awful dream! But I had lived through it as though it were a reality.

"Is there a Bible in the house, Joe?" said I.

"Are we heathens?" asked Joe.

"Give it to me this moment, Joe."

She brought it, and I put my hand on it and took the oath (too solemn to be repeated here,) that what had happened never should occur again. And if the San Francisco ever comes to grief the verdict will not be: "The engineer was drunk."

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE.

Some of the most interesting questions of anthropology are raised by the examination of the American mounds, and other remains of the ancient inhabitants of America. Our material is much richer than that of the stone age, or Lake dwellers, or bronze age of Europe. It seems strange that men of the highest science have not devoted themselves to its study. The last number of *Appleton's Journal* contains some account of the ancient copper workings of Lake Superior, which surely need a more careful study than they have yet received.

Though it is probable that not one-tenth of those ancient excavations have so far, been revealed, some idea of their extent may be arrived at from the statement of the gentleman mentioned, who has calculated that, at one point alone, on three sections of land toward the north side of the island, the amount of labor performed by those ancient men far exceeds that of one of our oldest copper-mines on the South shore of Lake Superior, a mine which has now been constantly worked with a large force for over twenty years.

The works, generally pits of from ten to thirty feet in diameter, and from twenty to sixty feet in depth, are found scattered throughout the island, wherever examined, being sunk through the few feet of superincumbent drift, where it exists, into the amygdaioid copper-bearing rock. They invariably are on the richest veins; and the intelligence displayed in the tracing and following of the veins when interrupted, etc., has elicited the astonishment of all who have witnessed it, no mistakes having apparently been made in this respect. These excavations are connected underground, drains being cut in the rock to carry off the water.—One opes one hundred feet in length are found. A drain sixty feet long presents some interesting features—having been cut through the surface-drift into the rock, it had evidently been covered for its entire length by timbers felled and laid across. When opened, the timbers had mostly decayed, and the centre portions had sunk into the cavity, filling it for nearly its entire length with the rotted wood. In the following rough manner some approximation to the age of the mines has been found:

At Isle Royale, the present forest covers equally the excavations and the adjoining land; no difference can be observed in the growth. Trees, from two to four feet in diameter, are now growing in the pits, on their sides, and on the tumuli formed of the excavated *debris* which surround them. In one case the partially decayed stump of a red-oak (probably *Quercus coccinea*, Linn.) was found on the tumulus at the edge of a pit. This tree had not been blown down, but had grown and decayed where the stump stood. A large proportion of the rotten wood surrounded it; only the red, interior portion of the stump remaining sound. A careful enumeration of the annual rings composing this red, undecayed centre of the tree, gave as the result the number of three hundred and eighty-four. If to this be added two hundred rings, as representing the decayed, outer portion of the stump, and not considered an over-estimate, we have five hundred and eighty-four years as the period of its growth. To this will have to be added the number of years which a tree with a durability of the wood of this species takes to reach the stage of decay here exhibited; and possibly some years may also be allowed for the time which may have elapsed before it commenced growing on its peculiar site. So that the placing this period at from seven hundred to eight hundred years, as already given, may not be far from the truth. On removing the stump, the *debris* underlying it was found to consist of the usual fragments of copper-bearing rock, thrown out from the adjoining pit, with which were intermingled a large number of stone-hammers, some perfect, others fractured from use, and, more interesting still, a knife made of copper. Pine-trees of the present forest, in which three hundred and eighty annual rings have been counted, have frequently, been cut on the tumuli.

From another pit, beneath a thick deposit of vegetable matter, the remains of the skeleton of a deer were taken out.—The bones were so decayed, however, that they crumbled to pieces; and it was only through the undecayed portion of an antler that the animal was recognized. It had evidently fallen into the pit long after it had been deserted, and, unable to escape, had perished. Another interesting relic, consists of a sheet-like piece of copper, which had apparently been exposed to the action of fire, and then partially hammered into a shape approximating to a bowl-like utensil. This, too, exhibits the character of the copper generally sought by those men. It is manifest, from the working of the veins, that they followed the deposits of sheet-like copper, which varied from a quarter of an inch to an inch in thickness, rejecting as unmanageable the fragments of rock, which contained even large-sized nuggets of the metal.

The pits which have been examined, by being cleaned out, invariably had at top a large deposit, mostly of vegetable remains, the accumulations of many a fall-of-the-leaf, beneath which lay a thick bed of charcoal and mud mingled with fragments of copper-bearing rock. Besides this, they were partly filled with water. The removal of the contents was consequently very dirty work. The method of mining, pursued by those people was evidently, on turning back the overlying drift, to heat the rock through the aid of fire; then, when by application of water the rock was sufficiently disintegrated, to attack and separate it with their great hammers. What a slow, wearisome process! Even with a large force constantly engaged in this labor, it must have taken a long series of years to accomplish the work exhibited; and, if those people withdrew during the lengthy winter season, as has been supposed, it would more than double the period required. An experienced mining captain computed that two thousand of those men with their rude methods, could barely be equivalent to two hundred of our skilled miners. Though no exact estimate can now be made as to the length of time occupied in the prosecution of those extensive works, more or less interrupted, as they undoubtedly must have been, yet it does not seem too much to estimate hundreds of years for their accomplishment."

THE BLACK SHEEP.

A pretentious house in a genteel uptown street, and a stylish lady very fashionably dressed, were the home and the mother of Fred Vincent.

A showily dressed maid answered the summons of the mistress.

"Are the children in from school yet, Martha?"

"No, ma'am—yes, I should say, for that's Master Charlie's ring, now."

"Well, keep them down stairs until dinner; I want to finish this book in quiet."

Before Martha could get down stairs the bounding steps of the romping, rosy-cheeked children, two boys and a girl, were heard on the stairs, and despite Martha's remonstrances they trooped into their mother's presence.

"Mamma, is dinner ready? I'm nearly starved!" and hats, books, straps and slates were thrown hither and thither on bed and chair.

"Mercy! children, you make me so nervous; do go down and play in the yard until dinner; but where's Fred?"

"Oh, kept in again, of course," said Will.

"That boy would worry a saint, said Mrs. Vincent. "He's continually getting into difficulties, and he can never be made see his faults either."

"Twasn't his fault," spoke up little Charlie, who was Fred's champion when others blamed him. "Walter Brent was taken ill in school—so ill he could hardly walk, and Fred helped him home. When he came back he was too late for recitation in astronomy, and he was kept in for an hour as punishment. He won't brag off, as we do, when we're called up, and he never cries either; but he feels badly, I know, for he turned pale and fairly trembled but never said a word."

"Yes, he's too stubborn to offer an excuse. That boy will worry my life out yet. He's so uncommunicative; so reserved—never comes and tells me his troubles, like other children. Ah well there must always be one black sheep in every flock, they say,"

As these thoughtless words fell from the mother's lips, Fred, who had just come in, was passing the door.

No one but a sensitive boy knew what a pang they gave him. It was not the first time that he had heard the remark and had gone to his room, his heart sadly aching; and when, with burning brow, he made his appearance at the table, his reticence was pronounced sulkiness, and he was often reprimanded for imaginary faults.

"Yes; I am the black sheep, surely. Oh! why do not my parents love me as they do Charlie, and Will, and Sue? They never take half the pains to please that I do, yet they are always petted and excused if they don't want to do a thing; but no one cares for me—no one loves me—I'm so miserable, so unhappy!"

Thus year after year passed away, and the misguided parents continued to utter their complaints about Fred's bad disposition—still called him the black sheep, and predicted his career in life would be discreditable. He grew discouraged and reckless, as his rebuffs and slights at home continued, until he grew up to manhood.

With such training he lost self-respect, and became a morose, ungracious, cynical misanthrope.

His less gifted brothers were popular, and also successful in business, while people held aloof from Fred. He was never understood until too late to remedy the mistake.

Heart-broken and dispirited, he sought to bury in oblivion the knowledge of his wrongs by deep draughts of the intoxicating bowl. He died unpitied and unmourned—a poor miserable drunkard.

As the last flicker of his life was dying out, he roused from his stupor, and quite unstrung his mother's nerves by exclaiming:

"Well, mother; the black sheep will soon be out of the way. God forgive you for the cruel words, but they have been my ruin! Had you encouraged me, given me your sympathy, or let words of kindness cheer my pathway as you did my brothers, I would not have lain dying of intemperance. I had no love for the stimulating draught, but it brought oblivion of my wrongs, and I drank it—drank it to drown my despairing thoughts."

Need we depict the agony and remorse of those parents as they consign to the grave the remains of their lost son!

Fathers! mothers! take warning!

Watch carefully and tenderly the temperaments and dispositions of your children. Encourage them to confide to your willing ears all their trials and perplexities. Make no disparaging remarks to grieve or chill a sensitive nature.

Wisdom and discretion, tempered with love, are necessary to the proper training of your children, but, above all, have a care that partiality be banished from the hearth-stone. The well doing and salvation of the precious charge committed by Providence to your care, depends on your discharge of these duties.

THE ARAB HORSE.

[From the Special Correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette.]

ALEXANERIA, EGYPT, Sep. 10, 1872.

A drive of two and a half miles, part of the distance over a fine road, shaded with beautiful acacias, took us to the Palace of Gabbari, where the racing stables of His Highness are located. Our first visit was paid to the thorough-bred Arab horses. The first was a beautiful two-year old golden sorrel filly, as gentle and graceful as a Baltimore belle. This filly is half sister to "Delilah," who was the four-year-old stake" here last May, in beautiful style, beating a field of six others. The filly is a great pet with His Highness, and all the gold in your city could not tempt him to part with her, though, with his usual generosity, he would not hesitate to make her a present to a friend.

The next was a splendid light sorrel colt, two years old, with fine style, and the best muscled colt in Egypt, has great promise of speed and endurance; he is engaged in the colt's race at Cairo, in January 1873. A fine brown colt and filly of the same color were the next shown us. They are fine specimens of the pure Arabian breed, whose blood still flows in many of the bottom horses of England and America. Many other thoroughbred Arab colts and fillies were presented. They all exhibit, in a great degree, the docility and pure breed which characterizes the true sons and daughters of the desert. After gazing an hour or two at these beautiful Arabians, we were shown the two-year old English colts and fillies, the first of which was a large brown colt, over fifteen hands, and powerfully built, and looked as though he would be a match for the American Longfellow when in his three year old form; the next, a bay colt, also English, of fine form and sire, was presented for our inspection. Most of these colts are engaged in the colts' stake at Cairo, in January 1873. The little Arabs 14 hands high, will have to gather fast to keep pace with the long-striding English colts, but if the distance is long, or the heats broken, the gallant representatives of the "old England" may not have an honorable "place" at the "finish."

After seeing the untried ones, we were invited to the stables of the "victors" of the turf-horses who had won many a hard fought battle at Gabbari and on the course at Cairo, but who appeared none the worse for their closely-contested victories. "The Lord of the Valley," purchased in England for His Highness' stable, was the first presented to us. He is a noble specimen of the English thoroughbred, "fit to run for a man's life," or to contest the field with Harry Bassett, Longfellow, Tubman, or Monarchist.—This horse is a dark bay, with black points, fifteen and a half-hands, six years and with muscles that would do credit to the famous "Plenipotentiary" in his palmiest days. "The Lord of the Valley" won the "Grand Prix de sou Altesse le Khidim," at the Gabbari meetings last May, beating a field of Arabs in a dash of *five miles*, but he was kept moving, as the favorites of Mohammed were just beginning to warm up. Had the heats been broken or the distance double, the "Star" might have *finished* in front of the "Red Cross."

Nessim, a three-year old bay colt, was the next in turn; he is also English, but born in Egypt, and won the Prix d'Encouragement, distance one mile and a half at Gabbari, in May. He is a fine colt, but has too short a stride, like the American Preakness, to become a dangerous competitor. Voltiguer, another English colt, born in Egypt, ran at the Gabbari meeting; he is a very fine-looking colt, with plenty of power, but don't "finish" well.

Hadia, grey Arabian, 6 years, fifteen hands, winner of the Egyptian Derby and St. Leger, at Cairo and Alexandria, in his two and three-year old form. This horse was the best four-year old in Egypt of his day, and continued winning until the barbarous custom of handicaping forced the noble son of the desert to yield the palm to light weights. Hadia also won the Prix de Consolation stake at the last May meeting at Gabbari. This horse is of the family and from the same desert as the splendid Arabian stallion recently imported into the United States by Colonel W. H. Jenifer, of the Egyptian army.

We next visited other Arabians of reputation, also some fine English broodmares and half-bred English and Arab colts and fillies, which give great promise of size, speed and endurance. Our final visit was paid to the service stables of his Highness, where we were presented to the "Pet of the East"—the favorite race filly "Dallilah"—and after giving her the usual Eastern "salaam," we proceeded to examine this beautiful creature. She is a medium bay, 14½ hands, 4 years; her form is the perfection of symmetry, her action the poetry of motion, and, like the beauty of the East, so conscious of her winning powers as to defy all competition.

His Highnesses' driving horses, of which he has several hundred, are kept in separate stables, here and in Cairo. They are of different breeds—English, Percheron, Norman and Russian horses. The English and Russian horses have more style and finer action, but the Normans have more endurance, and seem to be better suited for quick draught in this extremely hot climate than either of the first-named breeds.

I think a few fine American horses, for light and quick draft, for his Highnesses' pleasure carriages, would be far preferable to any of the breeds of horses above named, and I have recommended the same for his Highness' consideration.

With many apologies for trespassing upon your time, I am, sir, very truly yours,

MOSLEM.

HEALTH AND FARMING.

There is no employment more conducive to health and long life than farming. And at the same time there is no class of persons more regardless of the rules of health and the means of its preservation than farmers and their wives. Exercise, fresh air, abundance of fruit, pure milk and its products, an opportunity to have a variety of food, early hours, the sleep that comes after honest toil, all these are within the reach of the farmers, and yet it is a fact that great numbers who enjoy all these advantages are subject of disease. Dyspepsia, and fevers, and consumption, and many other diseases very frequently make their home upon the farm, and insanity numbers many especially of farmer's wives among its victims. It is easy to account for this apparent anomaly. Farmers are often inattentive to the simplest requisites towards the preservation of health. Their exercise becomes too frequently an over-tasking of the system. Farmer's wives, as a general thing, are overworked, worn down with labor. We do not mean that it is involuntary service. They are equally ambitious with the men to get ahead; they are too ambitious, and hours that should be devoted to sleep or rest are given to toil. The saying that "a woman's work is never done" is literally true on the farm, where she rises with the lark and continues her work late into the night.

But we intended rather to speak of sanitary matters more general in their character. Sickness is often brought into a household by the neglect of very simple precautions. A cellar that contains decaying vegetable or animal matter may breed a pestilence. One of the first things to be done in the spring is thoroughly to cleanse the cellar to remove every thing that is offensive or that may become so. If a cellar is damp, owing to a want of drainage, this should be attended to. Fevers have been generated, and have gone through a whole family, originating from no other cause. The exhalations of a damp though clean cellar may be deadly.

Sufficient attention is not paid to the removal of everything in the shape of standing water or hidden cess-pools in the vicinity of the dwelling. We have often seen such pestilence breeders within a few yards of the farm-house, when they might have been removed by a little grading of the surface of the ground, or by draining. A regard to appearance should be enough to lead any farmer to abate such nuisances, but the health of his whole family may be involved.

The effect of surface and under drainage upon the water of wells is discussed very forcibly, in connection with other kindred topics, in a volume on health recently published in Massachusetts. Judge French, in a paper on "Drainage for Health," shows how wells become impure, and a cause of disease:

"Common soil is one of the best deodorizers. It will absorb and retain a great amount of corrupt and decomposing matter, depending much on the character of the soil. It may, therefore, be a long time before the deposits in the soil, however foul, will extend even twenty or thirty feet. Bearing in mind, however, that the clouds give us three and a half feet in depth of water annually on every foot of our land; that, in addition to this all that falls on our buildings is passed down upon the soil near them, and that all that is used in kitchens and washrooms is added thereto, and we see that there is a flood of water which goes some where. The water in the well stands ten to thirty feet below the surface. We know that drains in our fields, four feet deep and fifty feet apart, carry off all the water of the heaviest rain in forty-eight hours, merely because the water, by gravitation, seeks the lowest outlet. It is a general rule in drainage that drains draw water from distances in proportion to their depth. A well therefore, operates as a very deep drain. No water will be found near it, without digging to the level of the water in the well. The well drains all the soil in its neighborhood. Whatever fluid permeates the soil tends toward the well, and the problem is whether the soil through which it passes from vaults and sinks and stables, has capacity to purify it on the way, so that it is fit for daily family use."

No person of any sense will erect a new dwelling without attending to these important matters, and no one ought to occupy an old one a single season without making a thorough examination into its sanitary condition, and removing all probable or possible causes of disease. Health is worth a great amount of care for its preservation; and a thorough investigation of the condition of one's home should be made every year. The spring is the time to do it, and to remove all causes of disease.

A HUMOROUS JUDGE.

Sir Bryan Edwards, Kt., son of the historian of the same name, and lately Chief Justice of the Island of Jamaica, is on a visit to the United States. Sir Bryan was a Midshipman in the British navy, and, although it is probably sixty years since he quitted the service, he has still a salt water flavor about him. Some of his expressions in summing up and delivering an opinion are purely nautical, and he always pronounces "them" "em" His character as a jurist is very high, and his integrity and fairness as a judge have become proverbial. He owns valuable property in Jamaica and is unmarried. There is, in Sir Bryan's composition, a vein of odd humor. On one occasion a writer for the New York *Sun* attended, in Kingston, a trial of long duration, and, the jury being unable to agree, were locked up. After having been in durance four days they begged, through their foreman, to be discharged, as there was no chance of their agreeing. Sir Bryan was sorry, but sent them back to their deliberations. The next day the foreman announced to Sir Bryan that the jury were very sick with cholera symptoms, and asked leave for them to go home. Sir Bryan was sorry again, but could not part with them. They might, however, have as many doctors to attend them as they chose. The next day the foreman again applied for the jury's discharge,

"I can't part with you, just yet," Sir Bryan said.

"But we are all very sick, your honor," the foreman exclaimed.

"Sorry for that," Sir Bryan said. "I must lock you up until to-morrow, and then, on the assembling of the Court, if you have not agreed, I'll discharge you—that is, if you are alive."

Sir Bryan is a lover of good things, and his country seat, at a Spanish town, has been the scene of much conviviality. Once Sir Bryan was driving from Kingston to Spanish town, and tied on the back of his buggy was a very fine York ham. While he stopped for a few moments on the road, a negro cut the cords that fastened the ham to the buggy, and ran off with his valuable prize. Telling the story to a friend, Sir Bryan said, "It ain't the value of the ham I care about. But only imagine a big, coarse negro rasping into it with a knife like a saw, and hacking out big junks an inch thick. Why, it's enough to make one weep."

Sir Bryan Edwards and the late Attorney General, Mr. Heslop, were great friends. While a highly important case was on trial, Sir Bryan leaned back in his chair and beckoned Mr. Heslop to him. Every one supposed it was to consult on some important point, and counsel paused while the Judge bent down and whispered to the Attorney General:

"Heslop," he said, "did you ever taste black crab soup?"

"No, your honor," replied the Attorney General, wonderingly.

"Well, then, I'll adjourn the Court, and you go home and order it at once, for life is very uncertain."

☞ John G. Saxe, the poet, writes to Mr. J. T. Yarrington, of Carbondale, Pa., a verse which may be good for the locality of Long Branch, when Grant is in his little gift cottage. This is it:

You have heard of "the snake in the grass," my boy,
Of the terrible snake in the grass;
But now you must know,
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class—
Alas!
'Tis the venomous snake in the glass!

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