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Trouble at Twenty.

Does this seem strange to you, my own best friend,
That I, who yesterday gave back like one
Too surely lapsing to the struggle's end,
To-day can draw down rapture from the sun,
And drink the blazing blue above my head,
And fix my sight upon the thick-ridged hills,
Till their supremely-strengthening beauty fills
My heart and strikes a spring into my tread?

My youth has risen up in me like a sea,
To swell above the fainting want of him
Whose face and life and love are far from me;
And on this sea a short swift while I swim:
I left his picture un-brought-forth to-day,
The better to bar out the blank of life
Without him—yielding youth an evener strife
With sorrow; and casual victory by the way

Has come to youth. This thing but feebly comes,
This strength to cast aside the knawing pain;
For swift and sudden a burning chorus hums,
And whelms the short resistance of my brain;
And off I rush, and set the trembling key
Within the lock, and snatch the picture out,
And drink the light the features shed about,
And hug the banished pain again to me.

You see me now with rapid feet, and eyes
That take the sun's broad laugh and laugh it back;
But all too soon the weakness will arise—
Weak wish to strike anew the toilsome track:
The dance will fly my feet, the light will fall
Out of my eyes, and I shall fetch in haste
His face once more, and hold the pain embraced
The precious pain, the worst, best thing of all.

NINETTE, THE QUEEN OF THE RING.

The manager had tendered the services of the company for a benefit to a hospital which needed funds, and there was every prospect of a fashionable, as well as a crowded house. Ninette, our equestrian queen, had entered more fully into the spirit of the scene than any of us, although we were all more than anxious to make the affair a great success.

How I loved Ninette! So oddly, too, that sometimes my own love almost bewildered me; its persistency having no hope in it, yet its hopelessness having no despair. It was a love that never was moved by her indifference or scorn, and never weakened by her contempt. She was proud of her own beauty and of her power over us all, and she never attempted to hide this—never domineering over the female performers, who were all older and plainer than herself, but domineering most despotically over every male performer in the circus. But she did it so prettily and bewitchingly that I was not the only one who had laid his love at her feet to be trampled on at her girlish pleasure. I had but poor health then, and this was one source of Ninette's merry sarcasm.

We moved into the dimly-lighted building which surrounded the tent, and looked in at the performance.

"The circus is crowded," Ninette whispered, as she sauntered out with me. "I hardly ever remember our having such a crowd, Ricardo."

"And I hope we never shall have it again," I panted, unbuttoning my coat. "The place is stifling."

"Oh, I hope we shall," she laughed, merrily; "I should like to see hundreds turned away from the doors, and no room left inside even for one child more."

I went into the ring amid the deafening applause of the crowd, and, bowing slightly, walked coolly across the ring. I thought nothing of the mass of faces rising in rows, but I remembered that Ninette could see me, and that she had said I was helping in a good cause. I felt that I had performed as I had hardly ever performed before, and the long applause was again and again renewed as I left the ring. What would Ninette say? Would she congratulate me? Passing through the dimly-lighted building outside the tent, where the horses waited, I caught sight of two figures standing aside in the shadow—Ninette and a gentleman, an army officer whom I had met that morning—talking low and earnestly. I had often noticed him in the circus, and noticed his evident admiration of Ninette, still I had never seen him out there among us before, and I started as I came up to them in the gloom. Ninette carelessly turned her eyes upon me for a moment, then went on talking; coquettishly and flippantly it seemed to me. I took her horse from the man who was bringing it forward, and myself led it toward her.

"Are you ready, Mlle. Ninette?" I asked, my voice trembling against my will.

"Ready? Why?" she inquired, with slow contempt.

"Allow me. O, pray allow me, Mademoiselle," exclaimed the stranger, starting forward. And Ninette, smiling, put her foot into his hand.

Seating herself in the saddle with the utmost ease, she carelessly, as it seemed, backed Black Hawk against me. "Signor Ricardo," she said, haughtily, "is this the spot where the gentlemen of our company usually rest between their exercises in the ring?" An ironical answer rose to my lips, but I withheld the words.

"Stand back, if you please, Signor. Must you always follow me? always haunt me? Stand back."

With a quick change of voice and a bright shy smile, she bent to take her little gilded whip as the officer handed it to her.

"Thanks, Monsieur le Capitaine." And while she bent gracefully, and seemed to be only stroking the neck of the splendid black horse, she reined him in, skillfully and imperceptibly, until he touched my shoulder.

I turned away without answering; and for the first time Ninette performed without my eyes following her graceful motions. The strange gentleman moved to the opening into the tent, but when she rode back, flushed and triumphant after her success, he came forward again eagerly. She drew up her lissome little figure with a dash of odd pride, and turning Black Hawk rapidly aside, sprang to the ground unassisted. Her part was played for that night, and, while the loud clapping within was continued, she walked slowly out into the darkness; her long crimson habit over her arm, her little cap pushed from her bright, excited face, and her eyes raised to the young officer who walked beside her.

After that, all is a burning confusion in my brain until one evening when I awoke to consciousness in the hospital for which I had been performing, and heard the physicians (who had seen me fall, and had attended pityingly upon me ever since) whisper that all would be well in time.

"Ricardo, dear fellow," said the manager, coming forward softly, and bending to whisper to me, "Thank God all will be well. The worst is over."

I hardly know when the knowledge dawned upon me, or how; but as I lay there—my old companions clustering round me—I knew that I had performed among them for the last time. I knew that life had most wonderfully and mercifully been spared me; but that I should never walk again. I do not remember that the knowledge came with any sharp or bitter pain; I think it was a quiet, hopeless conviction from the first. They had given me a small room in the hospital to myself; partly to spare others the sight of my suffering; partly, perhaps, because I had hurt myself in their cause.

So the days and nights passed on; and slowly, slowly brought me a little ease at last.

One morning Monsieur, entering my room with a brighter face than usual, told me Ninette had come to see me. I felt the blood rush into my wan face as I took her little warm hand in both my own.

"Oh! you are so much better, Ricardo," she said, her small lips trembling a little as she looked at me. "We shall soon have you back in your place among us."

I shook my head slowly. "Never again, Ninette."

"Why?" she asked in feigned astonishment.

"I shall never walk again anywhere, I think, Ninette; certainly not on the vibrating wire. I know I must be a—be lame all my life; and I'm trying, as I lie here, to get accustomed to the thought, and to feel prepared."

"No! no!" she cried, quickly. "Don't try to get accustomed to it, Ricardo. Try to think of getting well, and that will help you to do so."

"Will it? Then I will try," I answered, struggling with my sadness. "When do you leave here?"

"Leave here? O, I don't know. Not till you are well, I should think. Why, Ricardo," she added, as I smiled incredulously, "dont you know that to-night we are all going to perform for your benefit? You've not heard, you say? Why, what has Monsieur found to talk to you about, then, for he talks to me of nothing else? I wish I could have brought you one of the enormous bills, headed 'Ricardo's Benefit,' in letters as large as myself. You always were fond of reading your own name in the bills, weren't you?"

"Yes—with yours," I answered, intently watching the bright face.

"Well, you would have seen mine, too, to-day, in letters almost larger, for I'm going to—ride."

"Of course," I answered, with a faint smile, while I wondered a little at the sudden change in her voice. "What audience would there be if you did not, Ninette?"

"None," she laughed. "You must wish me success before I go away. But here's Monsieur come to dismiss me. I've been telling Signor Ricardo," she added, as the manager joined us, "various particulars of his benefit. How very willing we all give our services. How all the town is patronizing us."

"And did she tell you," asked Monsieur, with a pleased and excited look, "how I offered to double the price of admission if anyone would promise a novelty? and how she herself immediately proposed to perform her Moorish feat? I'll show you one of the handbills. Here it is: "Mlle. Ninette, the equestrian queen, on her magnificent steed *Black Hawk*, will——'"

"O, no, no! you must not let her," I exclaimed, in hasty fear. "Oh! Monsieur, it is most rash and dangerous."

Monsieur smiled as he put the handbill back into his pocket, and Ninette arose with a vexed glance across at him.

"Do forbid her to do this," I cried again.

"Mlle. Ninette is such a superb horsewoman," the manager said, "that if she feels she can accomplish it safely and brilliantly, I feel it too. And it will make to-night's performance an unrivaled success. She has done it before, you know; and a gorgeous and unprecedented triumph it was."

"It is a willful risking of life," I faltered, the tears starting in my weakness. "I shall be miserable."

"I shall not," laughed Monsieur, rising. "I have too much confidence in Ninette."

"Don't think about it at all, Ricardo," Ninette said, giving me her hand as she prepared to leave. "I should never have told you myself, because I know how invalids worry themselves about the safest and most trifling things. I have made up my mind to do it, and *Black Hawk* understands that same entirely."

"Oh! do not venture it, Ninette," I whispered, appealing to her in bitter earnestness. "Say you will not."

"No—for I *must*," she answered, laughing lightly, though she spoke with odd, st[illegible]

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that I wildly dreamed you might be when I saw you so for the first time. Thank you for coming as you are; but you will have to change your dress again, you ride in such a different costume."

The color rushed to her cheeks, and her eyes grew hot and dark.

"Yes, very different; but cannot you think of me always as you see me now, Ricardo—as you saw me first? The people are passing the hospital gates in crowds" she went on turning and looking through the window; I expect a fuller house than we ever had in England. It is for your sake, Signor."

"I wish I thought so," I said very earnestly; "I wish I did not know they go to see your wild and daring leap, Ninette. How terrible it will be to witness—for those who love you!"

She laughed a low, quick laugh, but did not turn to me.

"You are thinking of Captain Attendant, I dare say, Ricardo? But you need not, for I have never spoken to him since the night you—fell; and I never shall again."

A wild, proud joy sprang up in my heart. "Ninette," I cried, "my darling, turn your face to me. I am so helpless here, and shall so soon lose the face I love. Come to me for these few precious moments"

Very gently she came up to me, and laid her cool hand on my forehead.

She bent her head, and as I laid my weak fingers on the soft curls, one deep sob shook the little kneeling figure, but when she rose her eyes were very bright behind their glistening lashes. She did not say a word of farewell to me. With a strange, brave, struggling smile, which would have vanished with a word, she hesitated a moment; her cheeks flushing, and her lips wistful. Then quite suddenly, with just the slight gesture with which she acknowledged the plaudits of the crowd, she left me.

I lay and listened as the carriages rolled past the infirmary gates; and presently, across the river, I could hear our own band strike up merrily. I could follow in fancy the whole performance as I lay with the programme before me, and the well-known airs to guide me. At last, with a quickened beating of my heart, I felt that the time was come for Ninette's appearance. I knew the very tune with which the band would greet her. Ah! there it was; but drowned almost in a loud prolonged applause Then—knowing she was performing—I lay there quivering in every limb.

It was just as one of the hospital physicians and a nurse came into my room, that a great shout rose on the other side of the river, and rolled joyously across to me. My blood burned in my veins,

"That is to greet her after her leap," I said, speaking aloud and rapidly in my intense relief. "Thank God; it is over."

"I, too, am glad it is over," said the physician gravely; "such a feat should never have been attempted."

"And yet every one has gone to see it," I answered, passionately, as the nurse turned my pillow. "Why did they encourage her?"

"Such things would be done in any case," he answered, "at least we judge so; though perhaps we do not try it; for certainly every one has gone to see this leap to night; all our own household, like every one else's. Yet how can we help disapproving such a dangerous act, performed too by a young and beautiful girl, whose life must be one long temptation to display—if to nothing worse?"

"Listen!" I cried, in sudden terror, pushing away the nurse, and starting up with panting breath, "Did the band stop then—suddenly? Hark! it is all silent."

I remember faltering incoherent appeals to be taken to the circus; and I remember how they tried to soothe me, laying me back upon the bed, and drawing down the blind before my wild and staring eyes. But in that hush across the river I knew that I had had my death blow.

They brought me no tidings for days. They kept me in darkness within and without. But when at last my brain was calm again, and my eyes had lost their restless fever, they told me some few particulars of that fearful night.

Ninette had performed her dauntless feat with dauntless success. While she stood daintily upon his neck, Black Hawk took his leap smoothly and safely. But the astonished crowd had not been satisfied with this; with a persistent cry they had summoned her again; and summoned her in my name.

"As the seats for to-night have been taken at double price," she had said laughingly, to Monsieur, "I owe the audience a double appearance."

And so she had ridden in again triumphantly, and springing lightly upon the neck of her horse, had prepared again for her wonderful leap.

Then came the hush—though no one ever could tell me exactly how it had occurred; some saying Ninette was unusually excited by her brilliant feat; and some that she was tired. She fell—fell with a light, sudden fall, which would not have hurt her, perhaps, but that her temple struck the boards which separated the front row of spectators from the ring.

Thank God that there had been no struggle! There was one deep red stain upon the soft, fair curls; but no anguish on the young dead face when they lifted it so gently.

In the rare, sweet dreams which visit me as I lie here, I always see Ninette just as I saw her first—just as I saw her last. And when I awake, I am almost glad to see, in the faces round me, that the time is drawing very near when I shall see her face again.—*London Society.*

A Singular Accident.—A curious and somewhat startling accident occurred in Brooklyn, N. Y. An ordinary range boiler burst and the hot water very badly scalded a lady and several children who were in the kitchen. On examination the boiler was found to be very thin. Numbers have been in the habit of representing that this class of boilers, or, more properly speaking, hot water reservoirs might collapse from a defective supply of water, but could not explode—a theory under which thousands of families have rested in confiding security. The present instance is fatal to this notion of the constitution of range boilers, and it is to be hoped that it will be carefully investigated. Nothing would add more to the discomfort of the average American household than a lurking suspicion concerning the safety of its kitchen, especially if the suspicion should gain access to the minds of the already unreliable cook and laundress.

National Debts.—The debts of all the states and kingdoms of Europe, as nearly as can be learned, at the present time, including the recent increase in France, amount in all to £2,500,000,000, or nearly $12,500,000,000. The debt of the United States on the 1st of September, 1871, less cash in the Treasury, was $2,174,000,000; making a total of $14,774,000,000.

The Everglades of Florida.

The Everglades are just a submerged prairie, and they exhibit the manner in which the great Western prairies were formed. Drain the Everglades, (it could be done,) and the present islands would be hills. Submerge a prairie, and its hills would become islands. No tree is found on the Everglades, because they are constantly covered with water; no trees are found on the prairies, because they were long covered with water. Time will come when this vast plain will be clear of water, and then we shall have a large surface, like the prairies, clear of trees, and fitted for cultivation by man. In these little Everglade islands the palm flourishes, and also the orange and every other tree of Florida. The caster-oil plant grows up to be a large tree of several years' life. The arrow-root and sweet-potato patches merely require that stirring of the ground necessary in removing the full-grown roots to cause the younger ones to grow and keep on growing. It is really not necessary to plant more than once. It is a lazy man's paradise. No wonder the Indians were unwilling to move to the West; it was not the graves of their fathers they were unwilling to leave, it was their potato and pumpkin patches. Their pumpkin is small, round and sweet; they cut it open, put in a raccoon or opossum, cover it with ashes and bake it in the fire. The hunters think it a superb dish. Another plan is to take a fish just off the hook, and without scaling or cleaning, wrap it up in green leaves and bake it in the same way. Hunters use a wet newspaper. It is done when, if you tear a piece of the wrapping, the skin and scales come off with it. You tear off skin and wrapping from one side, and eat the flesh, turn it over and eat the other, and throw bones and inside away.

Indians in small numbers are still found near the Everglades. They do not like the whites, are not sociable, but there is a talisman that will move them out of stoicism into cordiality, there is a sesame that will open an Indian's heart and mouth, and that is whisky. They are the only savages who have never invented an intoxicating liquor of their own. Their only idea of civilization is to get drunk. Ride into their own country, put up with a Chief, give him whisky and promise him more, and he and his are at your service so long as your whisky lasts.

What Men have Died for.

Colonel Montgomery was shot in a duel about a dog; Colonel Ramsey in one about a servant; Mr. Featherstone in one about a recruit; Sterne's father in one about a goose; and another gentleman in one about an acre of anchovies; one officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet; and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff; General Barry was challenged by a Captain Smith for declining wine at dinner on a steamboat, although the General had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant Cowther lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon shooters. In 1777 a duel occurred in New York city, between Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh, of the 76th, and Captain McPherson, of the 42d British regiment, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the best eating was from the cob and the other that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant Featherstonehaugh lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. Graham, Major Noah's assistant editor on the National Advocate, lost his life in 1827, at the duelling ground at Hoboken, with Barton, the son-in-law of Edward Livingston, in a simple dispute about "what was trumps" in a game of cards.

How they Fixed Him.—Albany started a peculiar kind of a relief fund a few days since, and the receipt of which is likely to afford any thing but satisfaction to the récipient. It appears that a gentleman was requested to contribute something to the Chicago fund. At first he called the fund a swindle and then gave ten dollars. The exclamation was merely a hasty one, and the gentleman evidently belongs to that class of persons who always grumble, although possessed of the kindest intentions. But mark his punishment. His hard criticism was made public by an evening journal, and penny contributions were called for to reimburse him in his unwilling outlay. The result was that pennies came pouring in from all parts of the city, county and state. As soon as the thousandth penny was received the whole sum was put up in a package and sent to the gentleman's office. Worse punishment is rarely inflicted for a hasty word.

Hens in Place of Dogs.—There is hardly a family that does not throw away enough table scraps to keep at least a dozen hens; and many that keep a nuisance in the shape of a dog, that does no good, but costs more than a dozen good hens. One dog in a neighborhood is generally a greater trouble to the neighbors than a flock of hens would be; for if hens are well feed at home, they will rarely go away. But who ever saw a dog that was not a pest, running across the newly made garden, and sticking his nose into everything. Kill off curs and give the food to the hens, and you will find pleasure as well as profit in so doing. We wish there was a tax of $100 on every dog kept in the country. These that are of value as watch dogs, could be retained, while the host of snarling, dirty curs would give place to some more useful and less troublesome pet.

An ingenious wife in Des Moines, afflicted with a snoring husband, has a gutta-percha pipe, with cube-shaped ends; one she puts over his nose and mouth, and the other over his ears: thus he consumes his own noise, as a stove does its smoke, and wakes up instantly.

Wealth.—The following figures show the wealth of some New York people:—Cornelius Vanderbilt, $25,000,000; Alexander T. Stewart, $20,000,000; William B. Astor, $16,000,000; William M. Tweed, $12,000,000; George Law, $5,000,000; Daniel Drew, $3,000,000.

It is said that the International Society is alarming the European monarchs, Prussia and Austria being in a particular flurry about it.

A Chinese Battle.

In Singapore, says a late paper of that place, a great number of Chinamen suddenly filled the streets. There must have been a thousand of them, rushing along from the direction of North Bridge road, in regular ranks, four to six deep, armed with spears and swords. They were in regular Chinese fighting trim, naked to the waist; their tails were lightly coiled round their heads, and their spears at their hips, ready for the charge; and some wore one, some two swords, stuck in their waist-cloths. they rushed steadily on, at the double-quick. There were several conspicuous leaders running alongside the main body, armed with only a sword in one hand, and a handkerchief or piece of cloth in the other, with which they gave signals for advance or retreat, etc., and orders as to the direction of their onsets. All was conducted in dead silence, nothing heard save the heavy stamp of feet. All on a sudden another formidable body of men, similarly armed and equipped, and led, appeared rushing on from the opposite direction, when the two parties immediately came into collision, charging and alternately giving way, and then charging again repeatedly. Several were seen to fall, but they were immediately carried off by their comrades. Several men could be seen at the upper windows of the houses in North Bridge road, at the end of the street, passing signals as to the police, etc. The combatants must have been in hot conflict for nearly three-quarters of an hour, when signals were given from the above-named windows; whereupon the whole of the combatants suddenly disappeared as if by magic. Most of them vanished into the neighboring shops, and the whole field of operations became as quiet as possible. After a brief period a police peon was seen peeping round a corner, as if to see if the coast was clear or how the land lay; and after the lapse, say of a quarter of an hour, a number of unarmed peons made their appearance, shouting "Where—where's the row?" but as usual, they were too late for the fair. Many of the fighting men, who had evidently just laid aside their weapons, and altered their trim, with a Mathews-like celerity, might be seen taking signs at the police, and inquiring what was the matter. The whole engagement was conducted in a dead silence, which would have become a charge of British Grenadiers with *sett silence affreuse* as the enemy, in Wellington's days, used to term it. The combatants were, according to all accounts, Tew Chew men, but divided into two rival clans, the Say Tans and Say Eyoo—the latter word signifying sheep or lambs. The clashing and knocking of spears was something to be remembered, but otherwise the fighting proceeded in silence.

Cape Cod Mackerel Fishing.

A Cape Cod correspondent of the Boston *Watchman and Reflector* writes of Mackerel fishing as follows:—

The lines, of which each man manages two, are all thrown from the starboard side of the vessel, this being, perhaps, because the fisher-men of Galilee once met with remarkable success when they "cast the net on the right side of the ship." In regard to the time of fishing, we are at the mercy of the capricious mackerel themselves. Sometimes they come promptly "alongside" and remain there for several hours, while again we hear many times in a day the preparatory "heave to," but not followed by the more quickly spoken "fish, ho!" and the exciting drumming in the empty barrels of the newly-taken fish. But when they bite rapidly, the sport is lively enough, and each man has to look well to his lines. We three "greenies" stood side by side, and sometimes when the lively mackerel on our hooks would dart about like a weaver's shuttle, it would result in all six of our lines being drawn in by one of the party in a state of entanglement very trying to one's patience. This the "old salt" very appropriately denominates "quilting." Once I drew in a fish and was about to strike him off into my barrel when I found that both my neighbors' lines were wound securely around the tail of the fish, which caused a strong tendency towards the next barrel. Between us both the poor mackerel had a hard time of it, for it was not until we cut off his tail that my friends' lines would give up their hold upon him. Such vexations the experienced fisher-man avoids.

The Age of the Globe.

The belief entertained by some geologists of the present day that the age of our globe reaches scores and even hundreds of millions of years is very ingeniously confuted by a recent writer in one of the foreign scientific journals, a principal objection to the belief in question being that the sun could not have lasted such a length of time without being burnt out. It is found, for instance, that the heat which falls on a square foot of the earth's surface exposed to the vertical rays of the sun is equivalent to 83.4 foot-pounds per second—or, about seven thousand horse power per second is radiated from every square foot of the sun's surface. If the sun consisted of coal it would be burned up in five thousand years. But a pound weight falling to the sun from an infinite distance would produce six thousand times the heat generated by a pound of coal. If—as is scarcely probable—the sun be supposed to have been originally a nebulous mass filling the whole solar system and an indefinite space beyond it, the total amount of heat produced by the gravitation of the particles into a condensed globe would suffice to maintain the sun's heat for over twenty millions of years, even supposing them to be very hot, the heat generated would suffice for more than three times that period. Such a heat could be generated by the collision of two great globes like the sun.

Deserved It.—A sentence of six months imprisonment was imposed on an English collier named Bradly, who, having some grudge against his wife, locked the doors of the house so that she could not escape, and then deliberately incited a large bull dog to worry the unfortunate woman. The details of her frantic struggle with the brute, which were given in evidence before a magistrate, were unspeakably horrible. She was savagely bitten in many places by the dog, her husband doing his best to shut out all means of escape. At last, torn and bleeding, she escaped from the house, and Bradley was given into custody. There is evidently room at the Lancashire collieries for an earnest advocate of women's rights.

Scene in a California Gambling House.

"A moment, if you please," quietly remarked an almost beardless desperado, covering his pile with a firm hand, and fixing dangerous eyes on the burly dealer of monte whom he addresses: "you can stop there."

"Well, sir."

"Well, excuse me, but I think you drew two cards."

"I believe not. I'll take your pile if you please:" the kerwajo takes it.

"Two-cards!"

"Your money!"

And in each case the words were accompanied by a quick and quiet movement which discloses a revolver. With the appearance of these two new disputants, polished, curt, of brief but sharp and downright speech—there is quick but fussless stir among the spectators around the table. In a moment a clear space is formed, in the midst of a still circle of flashing eyes, compressed lips and clenched hands. You may count twenty deliberately ere you hear a breath or see the slightest movement.

"Well, sir?"

"Well!"

"Your money!"

"Your cards!"

Up steps a bystander—some cool, steady veteran, expert in the game and versed in the law of difficulties—a man of awful nerve, whose tympanum, accustomed to the crack, no pistol shot alarms.

"Gentlemen," says he, "try arbitration first."

Another quick change of enquiring and responsive glances between the disputants.

Not a word, but the eyes of each plainly say "agreed." Both throw themselves brck in their chairs and withdraw their hands from the table, with the air of men inviting examination, and resolute to abide the result. The veteran calls up two brothers of the Green Cloth competent to act as umpire; and three minutes, franght with mortal danger, are passed in deliberately counting the cards as they lie on the cloth, and naming them slowly—like the tolling of a bell, or the measured pronunciation of a death sentence. Except that there has been no noise but the simultaneous clicking of two pistol locks. The dealer and his young *vis-a-ris* are seemingly unconcerned for the event "You are wrong, my friend," says Veteran.

"No card was drawn here. Mistakes will happen to the most careful gentlemen."

From that decision there is no appeal. His finger on the trigger after that would have cost the young fellow his life. So pistols go back to their resting places, hands are shaken across the table, drinks for the company at the expense of the "bucker"—as he who plays against the bank is called—and the game proceeds with a better understanding.

How Hot Iron May be Handled.

Mons. I. Fontelle, President de la Societe des Sciences Physiques et Chimiques de Paris, &c., has left the following on record; "About the year 1809 one Lionetto, a Spaniard, astonished not only the ignorant, but chemists and other men of science, in France, Germany, Italy and England, by the impunity with which he handled red-hot iron and molten lead, drank boiling oil, and performed other feats equally miraculous. While he was at Naples he attracted the notice of Professor Sementem, who narrowly watched all operations and endeavored to discover his secret. He observed in the first place, that when Lionetto applied a piece of red-hot iron to his hair dense fumes immediately rose from it, and the same occurred when he touched his foot with the iron. He also saw him place a rod of iron, nearly red-hot, between his teeth without burning himself, drink the third of a tablespoonful of boiling oil, and taking up molten lead with his fingers place it on his tongue without apparent inconvenience. Sementem's efforts after performing several experiments upon himself, were finally crowned with success. He found that by friction with sulphuric acid, diluted with water, the skin might be made insensible to the action of the heat of red-hot iron; a solution of alum, evaporated until it became spongy, appeared to be still more effectual. After having rubbed the parts which were thus rendered, in some degree, inconbustible with hard soap, he discovered on the application of hot iron that their insensibility was increased. He then determined on again rubbing the parts with soap, and after this found that the hot iron not only occasioned no pain, but that it actually did not burn the hair. Being thus far satisfied, the Professor applied hard soap to his tongue until it became insensible to the heat of the iron; and after having placed an ointment composed of soap mixed with a solution of alum upon it, boiling oil did not burn it. While the oil remained on the tongue a slight hissing was heard, similar to that of hot iron thrust into water; the oil soon cooled, and was then swallowed without danger. Several scientific men have since successfully repeated the experiments of Professor Sementem"

History of the Cent.

The old red cent is rapidly passing away out of the United States currency, and it will not be long before it will only be known in memory and numismatic collections. Its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side and thirteen links on the other. The French revolution soon created a rage for French ideas, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty—a French Liberty, with flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French Liberty was short-lived, and so was her portrait on the cent. The next head or figure succeeding this—the staid classic dame with a fillet around her hair—came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiseled Grecian features have been but slightly altered in the lapse of time.

The cost of the war in Cuba during the past year has been $62,000,000, and the Colonial deficit for the year amounts to $11,000,000. The Spanish Government asks for a credit of $20,000,000 for military purposes.

Baby.

One Summer morning Baby came,
To lay upon my breast;
I kissed her little face, and said,
"We have an angel guest."

That Summer-time was glad and gay
With baby laugh and glee;
The dearest thing in all the world
My darling was to me.

But when the frost-winds touched the flowers
Like them she dropped away,
And died within my folding arms
One sad, sad Autumn day.

We made her little narrow grave
Close by the garden-wall—
t seemed that some time she would wake,
And for her mother call.

planted rose and briony
Beside her grave in Spring,
And robins nestled there, and learned
Their little ones t> sing.

It is a sacred spot to me,
That grave so green and low;
Ah! Heaven cannot be far away
From Baby's grave, I know.

Facts and Fancies.

Leaves have their time to fall—just now.

Frowns blight young children as frosty nights blight young plants.

Who ever saw anybody near a fire who didn't want to play poker?

A doctor's motto is supposed to be "patients and long suffering."

"Come, sheer off," as the ram said to the man who was cutting off his wool.

A delicate parcel to be forwarded by rail—A young lady wrapped up in herself.

A learned writer asserts that, after all, energy quite as often drives off disease as it brings it on.

In a libel suit against a newspaper at Little Rock, Ark., for $30,000, the plaintiff attained $1 in damages.

A Chinaman's account of the Chicago calamity is as follows: "Melican Ilish boy take kelosene lamp and milk cow; cow kick over lamp; up go Chicago.

Omnibuses were first brought into use at Paris in 1827, and two years afterward twelve omnibuses were started in London by J. Shillibeer, a coach-builder.

A civil suit against William M. Tweed and other city officials of New York for several millions of dollars has been begun by Mr. Charles O'Conor at Albany.

Two Keokukers solved a dispute as to the ownership of a calf, by placing the animal midway between their residences and seeing which one it would go toward.

The latest style of bridle head dress is a wreath composed of small white ostrich tips. The bridal vail is trimmed with vines of lilies of the valley and jessamine.

A young man having a late railroad disaster in his mind has broken his engagement with a young lady, because she wears a train and is negligent about her switch.

The Chicago lake crib is two miles from shore, and yet the keeper had to keep the top of the building continually wet to prevent its igniting on the night of the fire.

Six West Point cadets have been dismissed for hazing, and the authorites positively refuse to revoke the dismissals from the Annapolis Naval Academy for the same offence.

An old Bachelor, who bears his lonely state with much equanimity, says: "It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than be unable to laugh because you are."

A railroad employe, on being nudged with a contribution box while asleep in church, the other day, woke up enough to remark, "I work on this road," and returned to his nap.

New navy cent and dollar revenue stamps have just made their appearance. They are made of linen paper, colored blue, with scroll work, and bear a lithograph of George Washington.

A young lady requested to be released from her marriage engagement on the ground that when contracted she believed her lover a "duck," but has since found him to be a goose.

The arrivals of vessels at Boston, during nine months of the present year, exceed those of the same period, last year, by 447, showing a considerable increase in the foreign commerce of that city.

Many cooking schools have recently been opened which are well patronized by our society young ladies, in view doubtless of a time when it will be necessary, as well as convenient, for them to be thoroughly posted upon such matters.

After the great fire in London, in 1666, Parliament enacted that every house should be built with independent walls, and all in front raised to equal height, and those walls should be of stone or brick, and that no man should delay beyond seven years.

Mrs. Leary, of Chicago, stoutly denies the story that the great fire was caused by the upsetting of a kerosene-oil lamp in her stable while she was milking her cows. She says the stable must have been fired by incendiaries. She always milks by daylight.

One cord of wood cut and split fine and corded up beneath a shelter while it is yet green, will furnish more heat after it has become seasoned than two cords of the same kind of wood which has been continually exposed to the alternate influences of storms and sunshine.

"Mack," of the Chicago *Republican*, is jocose under his misfortunes. In pointing out the difference between Theodore Thomas' fugacious fiddlers and Nero, he explains that one fiddled while Rome burned, and the others roamed while their fiddlers burned.

Here is a good one on the "tater bugs." Three men were comparing notes. One says, "There is two bugs to every stock." A second one says, "They have cut down my early crop, and are sitting on the fence waiting for the late crop to come up." "Pshaw," said the third, "you don't know anything about it. I passed a seed store the other day, and the bugs were in there looking over the books to see who had purchased seed potatoes."

There is much suffering in the San Joaquin Valley, where the crops have wholly failed for two seasons. One thousand persons are needing food. The citizens of San Francisco are raising funds for their relief.

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