The Chatham Record.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Ripened Wheat.

We bent to-day o'er a cold dead form,
And our tears fell sadly down.
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms white and sweet
We noted a bunch of golden wheat
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
Of the land where falls no tear;
But the ripe wheat told of toil and pain,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of the year.

We know not what work her hands had found,
What rugged place her feet;
What cross was hers, what blackness of night,
We saw but peace, the blossoms white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

LOST HER PLACE.

A STORY OF WASHINGTON LIFE.

"It's only a six-hundred office!" said Crocus Graham, with flushed cheek and glittering eyes. "And when my car-fares are paid, and my dress provided for, there isn't so much, after all! I'm sure nobody need covet it!"

Mrs. Graham looked at her daughter with folded hands and a troubled expression of countenance.

"Yes, I know, Crocus," she said, in that soft, tremulous falsetto of hers. "But six hundred dollars is six hundred dollars, and, after all, these public offices are a deal more genteel than school-teaching, or dress-making, or any other way by which a friendless woman may earn a living. And this Mrs. Altamont has powerful political friends, and they tell me a place must be found for her, at all hazards."

"And so," cried indignant Crocus, "I am to be dung and you with me, mamma—helpless upon the world!"

"Not helpless, Crocus, dear!"

"Mamma, how can it be otherwise?" said Crocus, looking pitifully down on her little white hands, pink as to the nails, and dimpled as to the joints. "We cannot dig—to beg we are ashamed! But I never will demean myself to ask favors of the department. I have always done my duty faithfully, and earned my salary. And now to be displaced for the sake of a dashing society widow with big eyes and rouged cheeks—is it not enough to make one blush for one's country?"

"It's the way of the world, Crocus!" sighed Mrs. Graham. "The weak must stand aside, while the chariots of the strong roll on!"

"But I couldn't have believed it of the auditor, mamma!" urged Crocus. "He was poor papa's old friend, and he was always so very, very kind to me!"

"An auditor, my dear, has something to do besides to study to do besides to study the welfare of every one of the clerks in his department," reasoned Mrs. Graham.

"I am sorry I bought that new dress now," said Crocus, regretfully. "I didn't really need it; but the pattern was so pretty!—pink moss-rosebuds on a white ground. It was only twenty-five cents a yard; but there was the making, and the ribbon-bows and loops, and the buttons. And I have saved so little out of my salary! Oh, mamma! how could I have been so improvident? What will a hundred and seventy-five dollars do toward supporting us now?"

"Look, Crocus!"

Mrs. Graham, sitting by the window, had chanced to perceive an open barouche rolling leisurely down Pennsylvania avenue under the lowery droop of the trees, with an elegantly dressed lady reclining among its satin cushions, and a portly, red-faced gentleman seated by her side.

"I see," said Crocus, slightly frowning, while a scarlet spot came into either cheek. "It is Mrs. Altamont. And that is her cousin, the senator. Did you see the diamonds flash in her ears, mamma? Oh, of course, Senator Stalkup can demand any favor he pleases from the government for any needy relation he happens to have! And I—poor I—am to be the scrapegoat. I dare say, the six-hundred-dollar salary will do very well to buy gloves and boots and eau de cologne for Mrs. Altamont. To us, mamma, it was a living."

Crocus Graham was the daughter of a gallant officer, who had died in his country's service. She had been in a boarding-school when he died, and her first experience of the real world was in the public office at Washington, where she was set diligently at work.

She liked it. She gloried in thus supporting herself and her mother, instead of sinking to the level of millinery, boarding-house keeping or genteel beggary.

She engaged board at the cheapest place which was consonant with her dignity as a lady. She mended her gloves and made over her mother's caps, and rejoiced greatly in that she was independent of the world which uses widows and orphans so hardly.

"Mamma," said Crocus, suddenly, "I won't wait to be discharged—I'll resign!"

"Would that be wise, Crocus?" said the gentle widow.

"We'll go West, mamma," said Crocus. "Uncle Joseph took up a government claim in Dakota. We'll raise chickens and bees, and turn farmers there!"

"But, darling, what can two women like us do?" pleaded Mrs. Graham.

"Two women, mamma!" cried Crocus, trying to laugh. "Why, there's nothing in all the world that they can't do! I may be returned yet as one of the representatives of some hitherto unnamed territory; and in that case, I'll do my best to pass a law that no political influence shall drive a hard working girl from her place, to make room for an overdressed widow who wants to earn a little more pin-money—"

"Crocus!"

"Wouldn't it be a good idea, mamma? But now I must sit down and count the money I have left of this month's salary. I am not by any means sure that I have enough to take us to Dakota—unless indeed we were to sell the old pearl brooch that belonged to your mother. And I've a sort of fancy that luck would desert us if we parted with that old pearl brooch."

Later in the afternoon, Crocus Graham put on the pink moss-rose gown, with a pretty little hat of rose-colored crape, which she had herself made and crept out under the shadow of the great lime-trees in the capitol grounds, to hear the band play.

All the world was there—the belles of the great city, the fashionables, the notabilities. Elegant carriages blocked up the drives; rainbow groups studded the velvet lawns; and almost the first thing which Crocus saw was the tall figure of the twenty-fifth auditor, standing beside Senator Stalkcup's carriage, while that rubicund personage gesticulated vehemently, and Mrs. Altamont leaned smilingly forward, beneath the golden shadow of her amber-lined parasol.

"My cousin must be provided for, don't you see?" said the senator. "And they tell me that your department is the pleasantest place in the Treasury Building, and if there isn't any vacancy just now, why, you must *make* one! Nothing can be easier, I am sure."

"You think so?" said the twenty-fifth audior, who was a tall man, with Indian-dark hair and eyes, and a Napoleonic conformation of brow.

"Think so, man? I know it!" said the senator. "Rotation in office—that's the only safe rule. Keep the wheel turning—make matters lively."

Just then the line of carriages began to move slowly on.

The auditor stepped back; Mrs. Altamont waved her cream-gloved hand, and the roseate countenance of Senator Stalkcup was wafted from view.

As the auditor turned into a path sweet with roses and shadowed with the "dropping gold" of laburnum, he came face to face with Crocus, sitting on a rustic bench of twisted cedar-boughs.

"Mr. Harrington!" she exclaimed, with a start.

"Miss Graham!"

"I—I only came out to hear the band play, and get a little breath of fresh air," faltered Crocus.

"It is a beautiful place here," said Mr. Harrington, gravely.

He had known Miss Graham for two years now. He had seen her daily at her desk; he had exchanged courteous salutations with her, as she came, every morning, out of the yellow, Southern sunshine into the cool arcades of the marble-pillared Treasury Building, with roses in her bosom, and the soft flush of youth and health on her cheek.

Her dead father had been good to him, as a young man, and he had never forgotten this. And besides—

But Crocus' heart sank piteously, as he looked down at her with that serious, observant eye of his.

"He is thinking how he shall break it to me," she thought to herself. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I wish it were all over, and I was safe on the Dakota farm, with mamma and the beehives."

He spoke at last, after what seemed an interminable silence—spoke in a low, earnest voice.

"Miss Graham," he said, "did you ever think of leaving the department?"

"Of giving up my office?" uttered Crocus, quickly.

"Yes," he said. "I suppose, of course, it would amount to that."

Crocus rose and stood playing with the tassel on her fan in a nervous sort of way.

"It is very kind of you to lead up to the subject so carefully, Mr. Harrington," said she, "but—but I know all about it already."

He looked at her with puzzled, intent eyes.

"I do not see how that can be possible, Miss Graham," said he.

"Oh, I am quicker-sighted than you think!" Crocus answered, with a forced laugh. "I have seen it coming for some time. It is scarcely necessary, I suppose, to ask *my* opinion."

"But it *is* necessary—very necessary, indeed!" said the auditor. "I am some years your senior, Miss Graham, but I believe I could make you happy. At least that is the conclusion at which I have arrived, after many days and nights of reflection on the subject. And if you will decide to look favorably upon my suit—"

"But," cried Crocus, with burning cheeks, "I was talking about my office in the department!"

"And I," said Mr. Harrington, "am talking about *you*!"

If the winged god Mercury had come down from his marble pedestal among the catalpa-trees, if the magnificent statue of the "Pioneer" had descended from the portico above, and asked for her love, Crocus Graham could not have been more taken by surprise.

"I'm afraid I am very stupid, Mr. Harrington," she said, "but—but did you mean to ask me if—"

"If you would marry me—yes?" said the twenty-fifth auditor, compassionately.

"It doesn't seem possible!" said Crocus; and then, in her bewilderment of happiness, she began to cry.

Poor, little, human will-o'-the-wisp! she never had anticipated any such sunshine as this.

So Mrs. Altamont got the six-hundred-dollar office, and Senator Stalkcup was satisfied. And the Dakota farm project remained a myth.

And sometimes when Crocus comes to her husband's private office in the department, a sweet-faced matron in silk and jewels, she looks pityingly at the lady-clerks, with Mrs. Altamont in their midst, and wonders if it were possible that *she* was once one of them.

"It seems so long ago," says Mrs. Harrington—"oh, so very, very long!"

—*Helen Favel Graves.*

The Second Greatest Man.

If we are united in the opinion as to which is our last month, we are equally of one mind who was the greatest man that the United States has produced. That has become a traditional article of belief. But the question now is, Who was or is our second greatest man? This is a question which the Drawer refers to the autumn and winter debating societies for solution. It will be a good exercise for the young gentlemen and young ladies—for we remember what age we are living in, that we are living in a grand and awful time, and perhaps it was a woman—to bring forward their candidates for the second honor, and to refresh the mind of their audiences with the virtues of these rival claims to greatness. The question is an old one, for we learn in Judge Curtis's able "Life of James Buchanan" that it was asked in 1833 in the Alexander Institution, in Moscow. In one of his letters Mr. Buchanan says that he heard the boys examined there, and to the question, "Who was the greatest man that America had produced?" a boy promptly answered, "Washington." But on the second question, "Who was the next in greatness?" the boy hesitated, and the question has never been answered. The same boy, who might have settled this question if he had not hesitated, was asked who was the celebrated ambassador to Paris, and instantly answered, as if he had been in a civil service examination, Ptolemy Philadelphus. But he at once corrected himself, and said Franklin. And the Drawer thinks that Franklin wouldn't be a bad second to start on.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Three Thousand Snakes.

According to *Science* the number of snakes killed near Falls City, Neb., during an overflow of the Nemaha river is almost beyond belief. They were driven by the water from the bottom lands to the higher grounds, and especially to the embankments thrown up for railways. It is estimated that more than 3000 snakes were killed within a mile of this town. They were chiefly garter-snakes, but water moccasins, blue racers and rattlesnakes were also killed. A horse was confined in a pasture surrounded by a wire fence in the overflowed district, and when released it was found that several snakes had taken refuge in his mane. Since my residence here I have traveled nearly all over this country, yet up to the time of the present overflow, I had failed to see half a dozen snakes all told. The overflowed district along the Nemaha would not average over a mile in width, and it is astonishing where so many snakes found hiding places. Nearly all the snakes in this country are confined to the creek and river bottoms.

EARTH TORPEDOES.

An Invention Which is About to Revolutionize the Art of War.

Particulars concerning the earth torpedoes which were lately tested at Thur have been published by the Geneva papers. The result of the experiments was considered so satisfactory that the Swiss military authorities have advised the federal council to purchase the right of making the torpedoes and the secret of their construction from the inventor, Lieut. Feodor von Zubowitz of the Austrian army. The Zubowitz torpedo, according to several high military authorities, is destined to effect a partial revolution in the art of war, especially of defensive war. It renders possible the laying, in a very short time and by common workmen, of a series of powerful mines, any one of which can be made, as circumstances may require, either harmless or arranged in such a manner as to be exploded by a shock, a train of gunpowder or an electric wire. In fifteen minutes sixty men can furnish with these torpedoes a line 1000 yards long. The system, moreover, offers great advantages for strengthening the outworks of permanent or temporary fortifications, barring defiles, protecting an exposed flank, reinforcing a barricade, covering a weak detachment or defending a line of retreat. The perfection of this engine of destruction occupied Lieut. Zubowitz seven years, and it is said now to have all the properties which such an invention ought to possess—certainly of effect, cheapness, simplicity of construction and ease of manipulation. After a series of searching experiments it was warmly recommended by the engineer section of the Austrian military commission and was used with success during the late insurrection in the south of Dalmatia. On one occasion ten men completely barred, in seventeen minutes, the pass of Han with fifteen torpedoes. In appearance the torpedo is a sort of square shrapnel. The charge is explosive Trautzel gelatine, and by means of a simple interior mechanism, can be burst either above ground, under a layer of earth or under water. The torpedoes are made in series corresponding with their charges, which range from four pounds to 100 pounds, and are classed respectively according to the use for which they are destined, as torpedoes of observation, of contact and of percussion. The two last named sorts are meant to be exploded by the enemy—involuntarily, of course. The contact torpedo may be put in any place where its existence is not likely to be suspected—in an abandoned carriage, placed across a road, behind a door or a gate which has to be opened, the mere removal of the obstacle being sufficient to cause the explosion. The percussion torpedo is hidden a few inches beneath the soil or in a drain, and explodes readily under the weight of a number of men or the pressure of a vehicle or the tramp of a horse. The four pound torpedoes are for instant use, and being easy of transport, may be taken almost wherever troops can march. Twenty-five of them can be packed on one hat mule. A single torpedo of this caliber will break up an ordinary road to its full width, and three or four torpedoes along a road are sufficient to render it impassable. They pulverize everything within a diameter of seven and break everything within a diameter of thirteen metres from the centre of explosion. They may be buried under four or five centimetres of earth without detriment to their destructive effect. It is only the larger engines that can be buried deeper than this without impairing their efficiency. Up to a distance of three kilometres explosion can be produced mechanically without the aid of electricity, either by design on the part of the operator or involuntarily by some act of the enemy. As touching the time required to place these torpedoes under a layer of earth five centimetres thick, it has been found by actual experiment that in fifteen minutes sixty men may sow in this way one hundred and twenty engines in three or four lines over one square kilometer of ground, thereby rendering it absolutely impassable. A regiment that would attempt to march over it would be simply pulverized.

A Whistling Tree.

In the deep and almost impenetrable forests of Nubia is found a tree that utters at times the most mournful and plaintive notes. Sometimes these sounds are shrill and clear, at others die away to an almost imperceptible whisper, as if some captive spirit were complaining of its lot. The effect is singular, weird and startling, until the cause is known. The tree is a species of Acacia and the sound is produced by cap-shaped galls or secretions of some insect. The wind in passing through the tree produces the whistling noise referred to.

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

How a Regular Officer Was Thumped Into Respect for the Volunteers.

Reading General Lew Wallace's letter to the eleventh Indian regiment, defending his course at Shiloh, I was reminded of an accident which happened shortly after that conflict, said a veteran of the war to a representative of the Indianapolis *Journal*. It happened at Louisville, and General Wallace and the late General R. O. Ord, his son (who acted as one of his father's aids), and Major James R. Ross, of this city, who was at the time acting as Wallace's aide-de-camp, were the parties interested. There was always an air of superiority worn by the officers of the regular army towards those of the volunteer service, and this feeling was so bitter on the part of some as to be the cause of a feeling amounting almost to positive hatred. Ord was a general of the regulars, and his son was a lieutenant in the same service, of equal rank with Ross, a volunteer, and young Ord occasionally took occasion to annoy his comrade, but the latter was a Che kind of a man to bothy any one. It was after the battle of Shiloh and a number of general officers and members of our state were at Louisville, with headquarters at the Louisville hotel, among the number being General Ord and his son. They never omitted an opportunity to speak sneringly of General Wallace, or for that matter, any volunteer officer. One night young Ord was engaged in playing billiards in the billiard-room of the hotel and his father was in the corridor talking with some other officers. It was proposed that the party take a walk about the city, and as the night was cool the general turned to Major Ross, and in a tone of command, said: "Lieutenant, go to my room and get my overcoat." The young officer turned sharply, and, without offering to obey the command, replied, jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the billiard-room: "There is an artist in there sir, who can act as your servant." The general said nothing, but was forced to make his son stop playing to do the errand or climb the stairs himself, and chose the former course. After the occurrence young Ord was even more overbearing in his demeanor towards Ross than ever before, and the feeling of animosity between them was greatly embittered. One night shortly afterward General Wallace was standing in a group of officers at the hotel, and near at hand was young Ord with a mixed party of soldiers and civilians. Some one in the party singled the General out, and addressing Ord, asked who that officer was. "Oh, that is Lew Wallace, the man who tried so hard to lose Shiloh," answered the lieutenant. Scarcely had he finished speaking when Ross, who had inadvertently heard the remark, stepped briskly forward and struck the commander's slanderer a stinging slap on the cheek, following it up with a blow which sent the young man prostrate on the floor. "You have (thump) slandered General Wallace in particular (thump), and the volunteer soldier in general," (thump), shouted Ross, "until I have (thump) stood all I can of it (thump), and now (thump) I propose to show you (thump) that there is at least one volunteer officer (thump) who is more of a man than a regular of equal rank," and bumpety-bump went the young man's head against the floor. The thumping process continued until the bystanders pulled Ross off and allowed the other to escape. After that there was a greater degree of respect and deference paid the volunteer arm of the service by at least that portion of the regulars. I was an eye-witness to the occurrence, and can testify to the truth of the story.

An Unostentatious Ruler.

The French people, it is claimed, are naturally ostentatious. They like parade and display, especially in their rulers. But the president of the republic, M. Grevy, is one of the most modest rulers known to history. He lives in a large house, the Chateau of Montsous Vaudray, which has twenty-five guest rooms, to which, however, no strangers are invited. His daughter is married to Mr. Wilson, an Englishman. Their child is the delight of the domestic president of the republic. M. Grevy rises at eight, works until the afternoon, fishes for an hour or two on the banks of the Loire, which is famed for its abundance of the finny tribe. After dinner, he plays billiards and enjoys his family life. At twenty minutes past ten all the lamps in the chateau are extinguished. M. Grevy is not a very brilliant man, but he is a good and solid one, and while he may not be a second Washington, he has many of the good traits of character which have given such an enviable fame to the first American president. *Demorest.*

STREET SWINDLES.

A New York Correspondent's Account of a Bowery Encounter.

Near the Bowery, in Canal street, is No. 152, with a groggery in the basement, a number of rascals in the groggery, and a variety of curious wiles in the rascals. This is a kind of headquarters for operators known as street fakirs—prize candy peddlers, three-card monte men and other petty swindlers. They are usually on vacation while here, having returned from trips to horse races, country fairs and other occasions of concourse. But when their money runs out before their play spell does, they sometimes go to work close by. This circumstance, no doubt, was the low-browed, unshaven, greasy-coated chap who to day opened a black bag on a tripod at the outer edge of the sidewalk in front of 152. He had about two dozen small cubes wrapped in white paper like caramels. He took several $1 and $2 dollar bills from his pocket, making as red a display as possible on a meagre capital.

"I am going to put this 'ere $2 note round this 'ere block of wood," he said, suiting his action to the words, "and there it is, all done up neat", and I holds it atwixt my thumb and finger." Which he suspiciously did. "Now keep your eyes on it, for I'm going to fool you. I throw it into the pile of blocks—so—and you can't tell now which it is.

But we could, for he had dropped it quite separate from the rest, and so slowly that there could be no doubt about its identity. Then he asked a lly-tander—whether a stool-pigeon or not made no difference to the game—to pick out three of the wrapped blocks. This was done, and, of course, the selection included the one containing the money. He laid these in a row, and at that point changed the price for a blank by deft palming."

"Now, I'll sell the three for half a dollar," he said, and rattled along with monotonous argument until a fool made the purchase. The crowd laughed at the dupe, who he opened the parcels and found no bank notes, and yet it seemed equal to other purchasers, and in 15 minutes the rascal had taken in $4. A policeman sauntered by, but did not interfere. A scowling pal, by driving off all the boys, prevented the crowd from reaching undesirable proportions. The seventh deal was in progress. It was intently watched by a fellow who was fully a foot taller, proportionately broader and incomparably browner than the gambler. His character was unmistakable to anybody in the least familiar with New York types. He was a Bowery slugger. If not employed to whip or eject disturbers at some concert hall, it was simply because he had temporarily given up business to go out on a spree. His condition was palpably that of an inebriety which, by long duration rather than present intensity, filled him from the tousled hair that stuck through his broken hat to his toes, that threatened a similar escape from his muddy shoes. His trousers pockets were empty, except for his hands, judging by the size of these mauders when he pulled them out, but an exploration of his vest resulted in the discovery of 50 cents. He tendered the coin and reached for the three cubes that the swindler had temptingly displayed, but there was a sudden tendency on the part of that individual to reform.

"Mind, I don't say there's $2 in this lot," he said in a forced, even ghastly vein of pleasantry. "I'll guarantee you that there ain't," and he winked elaborately at the slugger, as much as to say confidentially, between themselves, that of course it was only a sucker that would fool his money away.

The slugger was not to be repelled. He had made up his mind to play that game to win. He held his half-dollar for a second aloft, with a gesture that made his biceps distend his coat sleeve significantly, and then made the silver ring among the little packets. "You lie," and here some of his personally descriptive words are not quotable, "there's a $2 rag in one of 'em, and don't you make no mistake. I'm a betting 'em, and the money's right inside." He waved his big forefinger close under the swindler's nose.

"This game is for greenies," and the wolf-turned-lamb bleated very mildly.

"This game's for me—right now, and I'm awating," was the uncompromising growl in response. "Three for half a dollar. Toss 'em over."

The swindler parted rather with the two dollars that he had than take the whipping that he did not want. He hastily manipulated the three cubes, and cringingly handed them to the slugger, who controlled his fist with a visible effort on finding nothing in the first that he opened, but he shouted away modified after taking the requisite money out of the second.

Address to a Sea-Bird.

Oh, wild wave wanderer,
Precipice ponderer,
Haunter of heaven and searcher of seas,
Storm-scorner, thunder-horn,
Through clouds asunder torn,
Thou not for wonder born,
Hideous of horror, with sickle-like ease
Cutest thy silent swarth,
Fierce, unfraid,
When the fierce quivering lightning sting, shivering,
Darts to the dark earth
The snake of its blade.

Pelt snows snow on thee,
Drope winds blow on thee,
Tempest and terror are stung with delight;
Ocean's broad billows
To thee are thy pillows,
Vast hollowed heaven thy chamber at night,
Storms and moonrise and wildering waters,
Midnight's pale shadows, the cloud's silver daughters,
All gone upon thee and every thy flight;
Creation swell in its perilous hight,
Cries He is mine in his mien and his might!

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HUMOROUS.

The net that is most popular with blonde youth—brunette.

Long courtships are to be avoided—especially when they last until three o'clock in the morning.

A noted physician says that nearly all women have smaller chests and trunks than they ought. Baggagemen don't think so.

When a young man escorts his girl home after evening service, he finds that the longest way round is near enough for him.

"No trouble to have my ears bored," remarked the young lady with diamond pendants. "I have it done at every party I attend."

"The difference," mused Twistem, "between a necessary adjunct of the kitchen and a fat party going up a ladder is simply this: One's a muffin pan, the other's a puffin' man.

Little Nellie, six years old, who has been at school two weeks: "Mamma, I am next to the head of my class!" Mamma: "How many scholars are there in the class, Nellie?" Nellie: "Two, mamma."

The young lady who considers it an endless piece of labor to sew on a suspender button, goes into ecstacies of delight over, and thinks nothing of making a quilt containing about four thousand pieces of silk.

"Can you give me a bite or two?" asked the tramp. "Certainly," replied the farmer. "Here, Towser, Towser!" "Never mind," said the tramp as he cleared the wall; "don't go to any trouble about it. I thought you had it handy. I'm not very hungry now anyhow."

Out in Manitoba a couple of leading citizens had a race on foot about which there was considerable betting and excitement. The local paper in its heading, "A Foot Race," got in an "f" instead of a "t." This did not suit the competitors to a "t." Such an insinuation was not "f"legant.

A Strange Hallucination Cured.

Malebranche, a celebrated philosopher of the seventeenth century, was for a long time the victim of a singular notion. The London *Journal* says he fancied that he had an enormous leg of mutton attached to the end of his nose. A friend would shake hands with him and inquire, "How is M. Malebranche to-day?" "Pretty well, on the whole; but this horrid leg of mutton is getting quite unbearable by its weight and its smell." "What! This leg of mutton?" "Yes. Can't you see it hanging there in front?" If the friend burst into a laugh, or ventured to deny the existence of the strange phenomenon, Malebranche would get angry. At length a colleague of his, a man gifted with a sense of the humorous, determined to cure him by some means or other. Calling upon him one day he affected to perceive the cause of his trouble and inquired about it. The imaginary patient, overcome with gratitude, ran to embrace this first believer, who, stepping backwards, uttered a cry. "What! Have I hurt you, my friend?" "Certainly; you have run your leg of mutton into my eye. I really cannot understand why you have not tried to get rid of that awkward appendage long since. If you will allow me with a razor—an operation performed without the slightest danger"—— "My friend, my friend, you will have saved my life! Oh! Ah! Oh!" In the twinkling of an eye the friend had slightly grazed the tip of his nose, and producing from under his coat a splendid leg of mutton, he flourished it triumphantly in the air. "Ah," exclaimed Malebranche, "I live, I breathe! My nose is free, my head is free! But—but—it was a raw one and this one is cooked!" "Why, of course; you have been sitting for an hour close to the fire!" From this time Malebranche ceased to be haunted by his leg of mutton.