The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
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Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair, as we lean and smile,
As we talk of the opera (after the weather),
As we chat of fashion and tint, and style,
We know we are playing a part together.
You know that the cloth I wear I borrow;
I know your smile is a mask to sorrow.
We know that under the silks and laces
And back of beautiful, laughing faces.
Lie secret trouble and dark despair
At Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair, on dress parade,
Our colors are bright and our sabres gleaming;
But you know my uniform's worn and frayed,
And I know your weapons, despite their seeming,
Are dull, and worthless, and badly battered;
That close inspection will show how tattered
And stained are the banners that flaunt above us,
That counsels hate, while they swear they love us,
That, robed like Pleasure, walks gaunt-eyed Care,
At Vanity Fair.

At Vanity Fair as we strive for place,
As we push, and jostle, and crowd, and hurry,
We know the result is not worth the race—
We know the prize is not worth the worry;
That in fighting for self we must wound each other,
That much of our gain means loss for another;
That the crown of bay leaves fades while it presses
The brow of the victor, with thorns—not caresses;
That honors are empty and worthless to wear
At Vanity Fair.

Yet, at Vanity Fair, as we pass along,
We meet brave hearts that are worth the knowing,
'Mong paste gems there shine the true, the throng,
We see a solitaire—one shrine glowing;
We find grand souls under robes of fashion:
'Neath light demeanors lurk strength and passion;
And fair, fine Honor and god-like Resistance
In halls of pleasure may have existence,
And we find pure altars and shrines of prayer
At Vanity Fair.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

AUNT REBECCA'S GHOST.

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Aunt Rebecca.

The wine like glow of sunset yet illumined the great bay window; but the rest of the apartment was already shrouded in the gray shadows of twilight, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters from some foreign shore. From the walls frowned down dark old family portraits, and the crimson hangings above the arched doors waved restlessly back and forth in the draughts of wind that swept through the vast corridor.

"I don't believe a word of it!" repeated Aunt Rebecca, with more emphasis than before. "A ghost story, indeed!"

"Tell me about it, Violet," said young Hazlewood, to whom the deep bay-window, with its far-off prospect of snowy hills, veiled in gathering twilight, to say nothing of pretty Violet Orme's close vicinage, were infinitely more attractive than the more modern regions of Alnwick Place.

"It is not much of a story," said Violet, flushing up to her very eyelashes at the sound of her own sweet voice, "only years ago, long before my great grandpa built this house, the site was all one unbroken wood, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl was murdered by her lover. Her grave, they said, was beneath the foundations of the house; but I scarcely credit this part of the legend."

"Of course not," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a toss of her false curls. "I have no patience with the relics of old superstition."

"What are you looking for, aunt? Have you dropped anything? Shall I call for Harris to bring a candle?" asked Violet, a moment afterwards coming to her aunt's side.

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. "Come—don't stay here any longer in the biting cold, unless you both want a week's medicine and doctor's visits."

"It's not cold, Aunt Rebecca," pleaded Violet, "and the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement. Just let us wait until that fiery planet mounts a little higher."

But a peremptory summons from Col. Orme himself, who had just waked from a comfortable nap beside the glowing fire in the library, to a sort of vague wonder as to "where Rebecca and the young people could possibly be," speedily settled the matter.

"Never mind, Violet," whispered Charles Hazlewood; "by and by when your father has gone to his room and Aunt Rebecca is busy with her curl-papers in her own special dormitory, we can have a starlight stroll through the ghost's territory!"

Violet gave him an arch glance as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the hall which led to Col. Orme's brilliantly lighted library.

"I wish Capt. Hazlewood wouldn't remain out there," said Aunt Rebecca, anxiously. "He will catch his death of cold; and, besides——"

"Besides what, Aunt Rebecca?"

"Violet," said the maiden lady, "I wish you would go down and see if the housekeeper has prepared that posset for my sore throat, that's a good girl. I think I shall go to bed."

Violet went to execute her aunt's behests.

How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night. It reminded one of a lovely painting executed with brushes dipped in liquid pearl, and shaded with pencils of glimmering silver.

At least, so they seemed to Charles Hazlewood as he stood in the deep recess of the gigantic bay-window, nearly hidden by the curtains, the faded splendor of whose tarnished embroidery carried the mind unconsciously a century backward on the stream of time.

The tall, old-fashioned clock in the hall was striking twelve, and the colony of crickets under the warm hearthstone were falling into a dreamy, sleepy sort of a chirp, when Aunt Rebecca emerged from her door, treading on tiptoe, and carrying a dim light in her hand.

Now, Aunt Rebecca, in nodding false curls, lace coiffure, and eighteen-year-old style of dress, was a very different sort of personage from Aunt Rebecca, with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, her false curls laid aside, and a long white dressing-robe enveloping her lank figure; and the latter was by no means the more prepossessing of the two.

Probably some such consciousness swept across the good spinster's brain, for she shuffled with accelerated rapidity past the solemn eyes of the grave old family portraits on the wall.

"I am sure I dropped them somewhere here," she murmured, pausing in front of the bay-window. "How provoking! There goes my candle out! But I believe I can find them however, the starlight is so bright. Mercy upon us! what is that? The ghost! the ghost!"

And Aunt Rebecca fled shrieking down the corridor, her hands clapped over her eyes, before which was imprinted the vision of a tall figure sweeping past, all in white with a crimson stain at its pallid throat!

The house was aroused into instantaneous commotion, lights flashed into brightness at the various doors, and an eager circle of inquirers surrounded Aunt Rebecca, who evinced strong symptoms of an intention to go into hysterics.

"It glided past me like a gust of wind!" she shrieked, replying at hazard to the questions rained upon her—"all in white, with that dreadful mark of blood upon its throat! It's a warning—I know it's a warning that I haven't long to live! Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

"But I don't understand what you were doing out in the Ghost's Corridor at this time of night," interrupted Col. Orme, staring at his sister as if not quite certain whether this were an actual occurrence in real life or merely a fragmentary part of his last dream.

"Well, if you must know," said Miss Rebecca, with a little hysteric sob, "I dropped my false teeth there, just at dusk, and I didn't like to look for them there with Violet and Capt. Hazlewood standing by, and so—and so"—

"Oho! that's it, eh?" said Col. Orme, laughing. "Upon my word, Sister Becky, you are rather over-particular for a woman fifty years old."

"Only forty-nine, James," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a shrill accent of indignation.

"But the ghost?" inquired young Hazlewood, who had just arrived on the scene of action, with rather a flushed brow and embarrassed air.

Upon which Aunt Rebecca gave way to the confined influences of her brother's unkind remark and the fright of ghost-seeing, and fairly fainted without further notice. According to the usual custom of womankind on such occasions, Col. Orme and all the other gentlemen were hustled out into the hall, while the victim of the female officials was deluged with eau de cologne, stifled with burnt feathers, and vigorously treated with hot flannel.

"She's coming to, poor dear creature!" was the final verdict hurled at Col. Orme through a crack in the door.

"Well, I'm glad of it, I'm sure, said the colonel dolorously, rubbing his hands, "for it's cold out here in the hall. Why, hallo! is this you, my little Violet? What's the matter? You haven't seen a ghost, I hope?"

"No, papa," faltered Violet, "but"——

"Suppose we three adjourn into the library, Col. Orme, and I will undertake the task of explaining," interposed Charles Hazlewood, while Violet's cheeks grew like flame.

"Well, may I venture to inquire what all this means?" interrogated the bewildered colonel when the library door was safely closed.

"It means sir," said Charles, laughing, yet a little puzzled how to proceed, "that Violet, your daughter, and I were just looking out at the stars, in the embrasure of the great hall window, when we saw some one approaching with a light. Violet went to see what the apparition meant, when Miss Rebecca (whom it proved to be) dropped her candle and ran shrieking away."

"So Violet was the ghost, eh?" said the colonel, repressing a very strong inclination to laugh.

"You see, papa," interposed that young lady, "I wore my long cashmere mantle, for I was afraid of colds, and it was tied at the throat with red ribbons, and"——

"And Aunt Rebecca took it for granted that you were the murdered heroine of our family ghost story," said the colonel, archly. "But allow me to ask, young people, what you were so much interested in?"

"Well, sir," said Hazlewood, "I had just asked her if she would marry me—don't run away Violet—and she said 'Yes,' that is, if I could win her father's consent."

"Well?"

"And I would like to know what her father says to the proposition?" added the young officer, laughingly, detaining Violet, who was struggling to escape."

"He says," answered Col. Orme, "that your intrepidity in facing the ghost deserves some reward, and he likewise supposes that his daughter must be allowed to have her own way. Take her, Charley, and don't spoil her! No thanks now, but let me go and see after your Aunt Rebecca."

"Papa!" she whispered, as he arose, with his hand on the door.

"Well, my dear?"

"Don't tell Aunt Becky that—that"——

"That you were the ghost? Just as you please."

And he went, chuckling, to inquire after his sister's health. There is no evidence that he ever did betray Violet's secret; but two things may be regarded as settled facts in the records of Alnwick Place—one is that Aunt Rebecca strenuously denies the existence of ghosts, and abhors the very sight of her niece's white mantle with cherry trimmings; the other is, that she is particularly careful never to pass through the solemn old haunted hall after sunset.—*Boston Bells.*

An Ancient Mexican Calendar.

Of all calendars to an inquiring and curious mind, the oldest and most interesting is probably that of the ancient people of Mexico. When disturbed by the Spaniards, the Mexicans (though cruel cannibals) were developing civilization. Their picture writing was passing into the condition of phonetic signs, but it had not yet reached the Egyptian stage. The Mexican calendar depended on the combination of numbers with pictorial signs. A rabbit, a reed, a flint and a house were the chief and most frequently recurring pictures. They had a cycle of fifty-two years, and Mr. Taylor observes that their calendar may be illustrated with a modern pack of cards, laid out in rotation of the four suits. In the ordinary calendar periods of twenty days had names like our months, and each day was a rabbit day, reed day, flint day, or house day. The ritual calendar was different and much more complicated, and the curious thing is that it resembles the queer calendars of Central and Eastern Asiatic peoples. Among Mongols, Thibetans, Chinese, series of signs are combined in much the same way to reckon years, months and days. The Mongols have a cycle of sixty years, recorded by a sort of zodiac of twelve signs—mouse, bull, tiger, and so forth. Fire, earth, iron, wood and water are combined in rotation with these, and instead of calling this year of grace 1884, the Mongol perhaps calls it "male, fire, bull year," for the notions of male and female come as copiously into this system as into the Vedic ritual. Humboldt and other authorities have inferred that the Mexican calendar was carried over from Asia with the Mexican civilization. But the minds of early men work so much alike when dealing with the same set of facts that even coincidences as curious as these between the Mongol and Mexican calendars may be original and not borrowed. People may say that no two sets of minds would hit on the same extraordinary complexities. But men do everything first in a complex way; simplicity only comes slowly, in machinery, calculation, society and everything else, in company with high civilization.—*London Daily News.*

HUGE CLAMS AND OYSTERS.

Single Oysters Weighing Three Pounds—Single Clams that Five Men Lazared Into a Dining Room

"Speaking about shells, now," said an eminent conchologist to a New York *Sun* reporter, holding up a magnificent orange shell as if it were a gem, and breathing upon it preparatory to polishing it with a chamois skin, "reminds me of a practical joke that some friends of mine got up a little while ago. You see, we had a club of shell men and met in each other's houses once a week, and once a year we gave a dinner, to which each member was allowed to invite a friend. Two of the guests at the last dinner were Englishmen, and as one of them had expressed a desire to see something of American oysters, and the other had inquired about clam bakes, it was decided to give them a surprise, and to say we did so don't express it. We met at a member's house up town and about twenty sat down to dinner, the two Englishmen being seated on the right and left of the President, as sober-faced a professional wag as ever graced a gown. After the blessing, which was delivered in the Sioux language, two waiters came in, bearing a meat platter of the largest size, and, lifting it with the greatest difficulty, placed it in front of one of the Englishmen, whose eyes began to open as he saw that the dish contained six oysters on the half shell that looked as though they would weigh three pounds apiece. They were brought from Old Point for the occasion, you see, and were what are called cosos—nearly a foot in length, and of gigantic proportions. They projected from the dish like great blocks of stone, and a small piece of one would have been enough for two men for a whole meal.

"'We generally begin on six of these,' said the President. 'They're a little undersized, but it's late in the season.'

"'These are not all for me?' said the horrified Briton.

"'Certainly,' replied the President, 'and if you want larger ones say the word.'

"Finally the victim lifted the great morsel that looked like an undersone ham, got it half way to his mouth, and then with a shudder dropped it. 'Good heaven!' he said, 'you don't mean to say you eat six of these? I can't go one. You see I haven't been educated up to it. I must give it up.'

"He was urged politely, but as it was an impossibility, the oysters were refused, and the next course was brought on, every one looking as sober as a funeral. I tell you it would have made a horse laugh to have seen those men look as the waiters came in. The course was baked clams, a la Rhode Island, and, as before, it took two men to bring in each plate, piled with clams so enormous that it fairly took one's breath away, and the Englishmen looked on in downright horror. By actual measurement each clam was nearly a foot in length, and nearly all weighed more than six pounds. By the time a half dozen plates were brought in the table was about covered. The victims sat there in helpless amazement, while the rest pretended to pitch in. Did they eat them? I should say not. Nobody noticed them, and finally, when they had eaten some small clams that had been tucked in for their benefit, the monsters were cleared away. The next course was called devilled tridacna, and one of the guests being urged to try some, a moment later five waiters came struggling through a door with an enormous half shell of a clam, that actually weighed 250 pounds. This was lifted to the table and put before the now thoroughly demoralized Englishmen, who looked so utterly dumbfounded that the whole party broke into a roar of laughter. They then saw they were the victims of a joke, and took it well.

"But how about those big clams? Were they made up?" asked the visitor.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "They were, I guess, the first of the newly discovered edible clams of the Pacific that had ever been brought to New York or the East. They have been known for some time, but not to the general public. A naturalist traveling some months ago near Puget Sound found that the geoducks, as they were called, were considered of the soft clam race. Just think of a common soft clam about a foot in length containing a mass of flesh weighing more than six pounds. In taste they don't seem like ordinary clams, but rather like crab boiled, or the southern salt water crawfish or whip lobster. When you go clamming for these giants you have a day's work ahead of you. In the first place you can get at them only at certain times where there is extreme low tide, and then you want a gang of men or a dredging machine to dig them out. The scientific name for them is Glycinieris, and it is said they are so fine that an establishment for canning them is to be started. One weighing seven or eight pounds would fill up sixteen half-pound cans. Attempts are also being made to introduce the great clam on the Eastern coast, as it is found that they can be carried ten or twelve days in seaweed. So in years to come you may, in ordering a clam bake, be served with a single geoduck, and have to call in help to finish it.

"The geoduck has only one rival, the great tridacna that we had brought on; but this is more like our Little Neck clam in its make up; that is, it has a strong, thick shell, and, like many shells, powerful teeth-like projections that fit into each other. It is the largest known shell, weighing 500 pounds or more, while the meat of the animal alone tips the scale at thirty-five or forty pounds. They are found in great numbers in the Torres Strait, and burrow, as it were, in the coral rock, their mantles and fringes showing and looking like great sea anemones. Though the shells are common, they are rarely secured, as no one cares to dig in the water a week to get one out.

"They burrow into the coral rock, and their byssus by which they fasten themselves is so tough that it requires repeated blows of a hatchet to sever it. Where they are found they are used as food, and the shells are cut up by the natives and used as knives, daggers, etc., while certain oval parts cut from the shell are bound upon the forehead as ornaments.

A Restless City.

The most restless of towns in the enchanting land have their hours of stillness and repose. The "Movimento" of Naples never ceases. The city seems not to rest either by day or by night. You are in your room, reading, very late. Just beneath your window somebody is twanging a guitar and bawling a canzonetta with the usual rhyming of "cuore" and "amore," "forte" and "morte," the usual exordium about "Bella Napoli," and the usual peroration about "Santa Lucia." Does the minstrel outside think that you will open the window and fling him soldi at 2 in the morning? But you retire to your couch and are up again, say at 7—it is midwinter—to see the sunrise. What is that shrill ululation floating over the Bay of Naples—a sound more discordant than melodious, but yet not altogether unpleasing? Is it the cry of a peacock? But peacocks don't fly about the Mediterranean Sea at 7 A. M. It would be safer to surmise that the shrill note may be that of the fabled halcyon. However, you lend your ear more attentively to the note. Upon my word it is the squeak of Punch! Two tattered loseli in red nightcaps and the usual imperfect pantaloons, have rigged up in a boat Punch's show of the most primitive kind—a bit of ragged blanketing, a stick or two and a couple of red ochre smeared puppets—and they are rowing about the bay performing. Maybe some liberal Jack Tar from a foreign merchantman in the port will fling the floating Pulcinello a copper or two. The entertainment given by these abnormally matutinal histrionics is, I apprehend, intimately associated with the all-absorbing question of quattrini. Behind "Il Movimento" is "La Miseria." Both are equally dependent and consequent on the other. Illness, profligacy, thriftlessness and crime bring about the movement, and the end of the movement is misery.—*London Telegraph.*

A Queer Article of Diet.

Indians eat the horns of the deer when they are in the velvet. One day, on the Sioux reservation, in Dakota, a deer was killed near camp and brought in entire. At sight of it Pahlaniote, a Minneconjou of some fifty years, dropped his usual statuesque attitude, knocked off the horns, and, seating himself by the fire, began at the points to eat them, velvet and all, without cooking, just as though they were most delicious morsels. The others of the party looked on as if they envied him. They said they "always ate them so."

Disillusioned.

A Clifton girl who married a poor young man and who has in consequence been practicing domestic duties has lost faith in the entire social system. The other evening her husband came in at six o'clock to supper and handed her a paper folded and sealed.

"What is it dear?" she said, tenderly.

"An insurance policy on my life, darling, for $10,000."

"Why, love, you already have one. What did you want with another?"

"Angel mine, I ate two pieces of that pie you had for dinner.

IN COREA.

Customs of the Country—Arrival of the First American Missionaries.

The ladies of our party were, so far as we could ascertain, the first American ladies who stepped upon the eastern coast of Corea. Two by two we walked through the winding lanes, past the walls of mud and cobblestones which enclosed the back yards of a Corean house, until we came into the main street, where there were few shops, but nearly all were houses. These were one-storied, thatched roof, and fronting the street, had one door and one window, provided sometimes with a single shutter opening upward, and sometimes with two shutters opening sideways.

There was no glass in the windows. The floors were smoothly polished. Occasionally they were covered with straw matting or a thin layer of wood. In the sides of the mud-and-stone walls of the houses dark, smoky openings could be seen. These openings, we were told, served for chimneys. Underneath the floor is an arched brickwork, in the hollow of which, during the cold weather, a fire is made, when the heated air warms the entire flooring, and circulates through the sides of the wall of the house, until it escapes at the sooty opening already mentioned.

The clothing of the men was usually white, and generally made of home-spun grass cloth. It consisted of a sort of jacket and a pair of trousers made in loose loaves fashion. Their head was adorned with a black, transparent, broad brimmed hat of horsehair, through which a knot of hair about three or four inches high could be seen. Occasionally this grass cloth was of a light shade of blue or green.

The women wore very short waisted jackets and full-gathered skirts. Their hair was parted in the middle and smoothly combed. The general appearance of these Corean women was more like that of Europeans than either the Chinese or Japanese.

The hair of the youth and young men of Corea is worn parted in the middle so long as they are unmarried. As soon as they become husbands their hair is tied in a knot on the top of their heads, just as the Chinese did in their native Ming dynasty, and as the Taoist priests in China do to-day.

In all towns there are schools, but the buildings are small, hardly large enough to accommodate twenty-two scholars. Not more than one fifth of the boys attend school. The girls do not go to school. The roofs of the school rooms are so low that one could not stand erect in them if he had his hat on. The scholars had no desks or tables, but write on the floor. They study the Chinese classics, but not the history of their own country. It is said that there is one history of Corea. However, none except officials are allowed to read it, since by reading of the wrong-doing of others they might be incited to perform wrong acts themselves.

Most of their books, whether in Chinese or Corean characters, are written by hand. In Seoul, the capital, there are two book stores—the only ones in all the kingdom—in which books written by hand, as well as those printed from wooden blocks, but not from movable types, are to be found.

In corresponding with a person of one's own or inferior rank they enclose the letter in one envelope, but in writing to one of higher rank the letter is enclosed in two envelopes.

The Coreans, although living between China and Japan, do not generally drink tea.

In certain ailments one mode of treatment practised by the medical fraternity is to insert into that part of the body which is ailing an iron needle which is heated red hot.—*Christian Advocate.*

Turtle Soup for the Million.

The turtle is so exceedingly prolific that if the eggs of only five females of the species could be protected from their numerous enemies every year the Mediterranean would soon swarm with turtles. The turtle lays its eggs during the night upon the beach, covers them lightly with sand, and leaves them to be hatched by the sun. Unfortunately, they are regarded as a delicacy by the inhabitants of the coast, who eat the greater part of them, while many more fall a prey to dogs and other animals; and of the young turtles which leave the shell, the greater number are devoured on their way to the sea by the innumerable wild fowl which flock about the coasts of the Mediterranean. The creation of a few farms, as has been proposed, would so favor the naturally rapid multiplication of the species that turtle, instead of being the luxury of the rich, might be seen on poor men's tables, and sold at cheap restaurants.

Icarus.

A MODERN FABLE.

He was a rustic, happy at his plow;
He went forth in the morning, toiling calm,
And thence the toiler labored in content;
Peace filled his heart—and is not peace enough?

And sometimes a discontent when the sun is bright,
Came from his soul a song of rhyme flashed out,
The which he recited, accompanied with noisy clack
And many more who listened—praise is cheap.
So he [illegible] himself inspired.
[illegible] of love and free,
[illegible] and young and old;
Then [illegible] and analyzed the heart,
Pierced the soul and reason's secret source,
Hung [illegible] of metaphysic skill,
Turned [illegible] and composed.

What more? Why praise.
Fools [illegible] his sweet lays of fame.
Maidens [illegible] and sighed for him,
And [illegible] chickens not right from wrong,
Called him the flower of our rustic age;
So like a fly he fed on a good [illegible]
And [illegible] to himself,
Leaving unpaid in the merciless sun.

Thus he [illegible] and fell
Even the good sometimes make great mistakes.
Who [illegible] sick man came his verses out,
And there [illegible] truths
[illegible] if they were true,
So that at last he turned [illegible] himself
And [illegible] down,
[illegible] on his wrong he mused and died—
Not a crack [illegible] but a smoothed out spot.
Who were to blame—the critics or the fools?

—*Charles J. O'Malley.*

HUMOROUS.

A bent pin on a chair is an infraction of an early spring.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, but most people prefer sugar.

Some of our base ball players seem to have been vaccinated. They can't catch anything.

"My! but you're a strapping fellow!" the dull razor remarked to the barber, as it was being sharpened.

"Will you name the bones of the skull?" "I've got them all in my head, Professor, but can't give the [illegible]"

"It's a great comfort [illegible] left alone," said an Irish lover, "[illegible]pecially when your sweetheart is wid ye."

"The city must put its foot down on such corruption," shrieks an excited editor. But it can't you know. Corporations have no soles.

Smith—"What fiery red hair that girl has. Looks as if she were ablaze. Do you know her?" Jones—"Oh, yes; she is an old flame of mine."

A camel will work for seven or eight days without drinking. In this he differs from some men, who will drink seven or eight days without working.

"Doctor," said the grateful patient, seizing the physician's hand, "I shall never forget that to you I owe my life." "You exaggerate," said the doctor mildly; "you only owe me for fifteen visits; that is the point which I hope you will not fail to remember."

A merry exchange illustrates the consistency of women by the two facts that she will placidly open a can of salmon with her husband's razor and yet fly into a seat of wild, weird, poetic frenzy when she sees her husband endeavoring to remove a cork from a bottle with her best embroidery scissors.

Feeble urchin: "I say, ma, my head aches. I'm going to stay home from school this afternoon." Solicitous maternal ancestor: "Well, my dear, I'm sorry. Stay at home and rest. It may do you good." Three hours late feeble urchin rushes into the house with cheeks aglow. "I tell you we had a nifty game. Eighteen to fifteen I played short. Gimme suthin' t'eat."

The Fascination of the Gold Mines.

An old forty-niner says of gold hunting: "It's the fascination of it. Lor' man, when you've struck it pretty rich and can see yer gold right in front of you, when you're piling it up every half o' the day, with a nugget now and again as big as a bullet to cheer you, and then when the evenin' comes and you count it up and find a hundred odd dollars just picked out o' the earth that day—well, there ain't nothin' like it. Then when you don't strike it rich you always think you're goin' to next day, an' it's just as exciting hearin' other men tell in the evenin' what they pulled out as it is countin' over your own. Why, I've been three and four months at a time without making a dollar and without a cent in my pocket; but gee-whittaker! the excitement of it doesn't give a man twice to think how hard up he is."

How to Catch Fish.

"Boy, how much do you want for that string of fish?" asked an amateur fisherman on his way home from a day's sport.

The boy named his price.

"All right, there's your money. Now just throw me the fish," and he dexterously caught them.

"Talk about catching fish," he said, as he pursued his way.—*Philadelphia Call.*