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LILIAN'S REWARD.

"Where is Lilian, I wonder?" said Mrs. Churleigh one day, referring to her daughter. She seemed to be speaking to her little son Astor, who behaved exactly as if he did not hear his mother's question, as he was only two years old and had not learned to understand anybody's remarks but his own; unless, to be sure, people just mentioned crackers—Astor's favorite food; and then you should have seen how polite and attentive he became! But Mrs. Churleigh wisely did not wait for an answer, but went to the window and looked out; and, indeed, there was Lilian going away from the house as fast as her feet could carry her.

"She's going to Mrs. Boatman's, I declare, and just because a thunder-storm is coming up! That child does cherish the old woman wonderfully," said her mother.

Yes, rumble, rumble, sounded the thunder of a July day, as it came along the darkening heavens; and on Lilian sped, anxious to reach a certain small cottage a quarter of a mile's distance in front of her. Lilian was so afraid of thunder-storms that she had once asked her old friend, Mrs. Boatman, if she was not afraid of them also; and she, too, had admitted that she did find it lonesome when a storm was beating about the tiny walls of her home.

"It seems," she had said, raising her hands toward the roof, "as if this here house was goin' to be carried off, like as though it war nothin' but a cradle in a flood!" So Lilian had decided in her own mind that Mrs. Boatman should never stay alone in her cottage during any more tempests if she could help it.

"Well, if you ain't the dearest little girl!" said the old lady, with her quivering voice, when she answered Lilian's knock at the cottage door, and she threw it open and ushered her in with a hearty kiss. "I was just wondering if you'd be coming when I heard the storm brewing up: thinks I, 'well now, Lilian Churleigh said something about not liking to have me hear this whistling and tossing and ramblin' and bangin' all by myself!' Sit down, child, and be welcome to you!"

As for Lilian, she had her hood and shawl off already in the most business-like way, as any little girl might have who knows why she does things. "I'd been meaning to come these two days," said Lilian, "and so now the storm and I have happened along at the same time." She said nothing about how well she had planned to come when the thunder and lightning did.

"Did you w-want to hear me explain the Bible some more?" asked Mrs. Boatman, smiling kindly over the stocking she was knitting.

"Yes, indeed," said Lilian. "I don't know anyone who can make me understand it so well as you do; and I we don't-oth find it so beautiful!"

Old Mrs. Boatman went to a shelf, and took her great Bible from it, and putting on her spectacles she sat down by the window in her old-fashioned chair to read. She had but opened the sacred book when a sharp clap of thunder sounded very near, preceded by a flash of lightning, which sparkled in the room like sunshine.

"Oh, dear me," cried Lilian to her friend, "I can't bear to have you keep those spectacles on your nose, for they say metal attracts the electricity; and you might get a twinge, Mrs. Boatman."

"True, true," replied she; "do you use your fresh young eyes, that don't need metal anywhere anear them, and I'll knit while you read and explain as you go along. I would select the Sermon on the Mount, if I were you, this time."

"Yes," said Lilian, taking the Bible; and then added nervously, "but please don't knit until the lightning is passed. You might get a twinge in your fingers from the steel needles that you'd never forget; for I guess electricity in the wrong place is worse than rheumatism."

"I expe peet you're right," admitted Lilian's old friend again, and obediently crossed her hands in her lap. "But before you set out to read, Lilian, I have something I'd want to say to you," she continued. "You love the Bible, but you ain't know yet how much comfort and help it can be to one who would have no supporter but for its sublime words. Blessed be that very Bible you hold, Lilian, for upon it I never wept tears of despair but that I soon wept tears of gratitude. And, my dear child, b-because you have been the best friend to me in these few last years that I hev had, and because we have found so much happiness in reading this Bible together, I want you to understand that I shall will it to you when I die."

"Oh, Mrs. Boatman," said Lilian in a low voice, "thank you with all my heart. But you frighten me by speaking of dying! I feel as if you must live as long as I do."

"Oh, you will frighten me if you say such a thing, Lilian; it is impossible!" exclaimed the old lady. A glare filled the room again, and a terrible peal of thunder drowned her words, while the rain began to pour upon the roof of her dwelling as if it would find it quite easy to come through the shingles, falling upon the floor and wetting the already startled heads of Mrs. Boatman and Lilian.

"I think I had better try to read a little," the girl suggested now, in a hushed way, "for I think the storm is very wild."

"Read out, read out," replied Mrs. Boatman, hitching her chair a bit away from the window.

So Lilian began to read the Sermon on the Mount, and every now and then her good friend would stop her to explain some one text or other, and each such verse, and Lilian was always delighted to listen to an explanation.

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven," read she.

"He does not say," Mrs. Boatman chimed in; "otherwise, ye will have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven, for I think Christ means that the reward for doing a kind act comes just when we are a-doing it; and if we are proud enough to tell of the kind act we lose the reward, which is a kind of quiet, blessed feeling in the heart. Alas," she went on, "little good has it been my lot to do for others, either secretly or openly. I have been ailing and poor. To be sure, my brother Ephraim had some money when he died, and he died under this very roof. But you could never guess what he said to me about it, Lilian. Said he to me, 'M-Mary,' said he, 'I've hid that money of mine where you'll never find it until your sorest need; but at the right hour for a using of that money I've hid, it will come to light, Mary, just as the right sentence for helping any one in trouble seems to start right out of the pages of the Bible.' So I have left it to the kind Providence to decide when that there money of mine will be most needed."

"How strange," whispered Lilian. "But I dare say he was right to hide it, don't you? For I think it sounds like wisdom to say that when the money is most needed it will be found."

"I feel quite sure he was right," says Mrs. Boatman, wiping away some tears, and then getting up to put a stick of wood into the stove to keep the fire along, as the storm was only getting worse and worse. But as the dear old lady held the iron handle of the cover-lifter in her two unsteady hands, a flash and a peal seemed to come right out of the heart of the storm, so bright and loud that no doubt the mere shock of sight and sound alone were what made Mrs. Boatman fall to the floor unconscious, while Lilian the same instant sprang from her chair with a cry of dismay.

"Do speak to me! Do rouse yourself!" she called in the old lady's ear, weeping bitterly as she held the limp hand in hers. But Mrs. Boatman had evidently swooned; and though Lilian sprinkled water on her face and bathed her lips it was of no use. Feeling certain that stronger restoratives were necessary, she left the prostrate form and ran home at her best speed. But, alas! no wine, no chafing, ever brought old Mrs. Boatman back to the life she had been so ready to give up and of which any great shock could so easily have deprived her. The little cottage became closed and empty, and Lilian could only sit on the door-stone and shed tears for the loss of its inhabitant. She often read in her old friend's Bible, which duly came to her, and which she loved more than any of the Bibles she had ever seen.

One day, not very long after Mrs. Boatman's death, Lilian's father came home with a clouded face, and told his wife that Styles, the village shoemaker, had so injured his hand while chopping wood that he could not hope to do any work for some months, and would perhaps never recover the use of it. Starvation was at no great distance from his young family if the latter were the case. And how could the village farmers and mechanics give much from their scanty supplies toward raising a fund to help Styles through his trouble?

When Lilian went up stairs to bed she pondered a long time over her old Bible, and thought that she might be permitted to know of some way to help the shoemaker, since she sympathized with his distress as much as any one else. She wished she knew where Mrs. Boatman's brother Ephraim had hid that money of his; and she began to look over the fly-leaves of the sacred book to see if he had written upon them some direction for finding the hoard. All at once it occurred to her that the heavy leather covers of the Bible, which were pasted over inside with white paper, felt rather soft there, as if they were padded. Lilian's curiosity led her to slit the lining-paper of one of the sides; and as she held it up with her finger she started from head to foot; the Bible cover had been stripped of some of its inner leather and now held a bed of bank-notes! She drew them out, one after another, with shaking fingers, and her eyes shone with joyous gratitude.

Five fifty dollar bank-bills were there! She examined the other cover and to her astonished eyes were revealed five more bills of the same value as the first.

She did not think of sleeping, nor of sitting down to wonder at her fortune; nor did she go right to her father and mother. Her mind was made up that Styles, the unfortunate shoemaker, should have Ephraim's gift, left for the most needy, and she did not care to tell even her parents that she was about to do what she felt sure they would approve. She took a piece of common brown paper and folded up the bills in it. After making a neat package, over which she smiled as she folded it, she took pen and ink and wrote on the outside in her child's hand: "This money has been found for the use of John Styles, through the kindness of God, and given secretly. 'Take heed that you do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.'"

She put on her poke-bonnet and her shawl, and managed to slip out of the house unnoticed; and, as happy as a queen, she hastened through the beautiful half-dark summer night toward the shoemaker's house. The window of his sitting room was lighted, and some shadow of a man's figure passed restlessly to and fro upon the white window shade. It was the shadow of poor Styles, who was wandering about his room, driven almost frantic with the question of what was to become of his helpless children. Lilian laid the package of money upon the door-sill as if it had been a May basket instead of a small fortune; and then she knocked and flew away as fleet as a bird. No one, she thought, would ever know how the money had been sent. But the next Sunday when Lilian went to church and sat so quietly and self-forgetfully in the pew, as was her wont, you can imagine how startled she was at the end of the services when the old minister addressed a few words to the whole congregation to this effect;

"Among you, if there is one who has by Divine intercession accomplished a deed of generosity in the past week, in a manner of secrecy commendable and of a nature most devout and humane, I would say to that one among you, brother or sister, it is the desire of one to whom you have brought peace and happiness where there was anguish, that you should confide to me, the mutual friend and pastor, your name. Thus through me, though not knowing your name, that one may give you thanks and blessing."

Lilian was weeping when the aged minister stopped, glancing on every side with a benign smile. She answered his appeal that afternoon toward sundown, with the old Bible under her arm. She called at the minister's house. He had a beautiful garden of flowers, in which he was moving around, looking first at one flourishing spot of various bright colors, and then at another as enchanting. He was very much surprised to see Lilian with the large Bible, whose name, in great gold letters, gleamed at him from quite a distance.

"Well, well, little Lilian, what do you want with us?" said he.

Then Lillian told her story of the poor woman she had visited, and how the Bible had been bequeathed to herself, and showed the minister the strange hollowed covers that had held the hidden money; and told him how she managed to keep her gift to the injured shoemaker wholly secret, begging him to tell no one, that she might keep virtually the commandments given by Christ."

"You are so like one of the angels," said she to the old minister, "that I don't feel badly to think I had to tell you how I tried to do right! But you must not give me any thanks or blessing, as you said you should in the pulpit, for you are so much of an angel, I think, and they never speak to people, saying they've done as they ought, though I think they make one feel it!"

The minister looked hard at Lilian and seemed to be reflecting about her hard, too. At last he plucked (stooping low and stiffly to gather them) a handful of blossoms of sweet alyssum. He gave the fragrant bunch to the child and said: "I will never tell; but when you grow to be a woman, and perhaps have children to bring up into good men and women, you must tell them! Your little story would be an incentive to kind deeds."

And so it came about that this good deed had its effects years after it came into existence, which is often the case with such an immortal thing as generosity.

HAIRDRESSING IN PARIS.—Three styles of hairdressing are noticeable. For slender, oval faces the back hair is tied high, two thick braids (each plaits of three) fall in two loops; the front hair is a waved fringe, and a cluster of three puffs is pinned about the looped plaits. The high coiffure is adopted by the possessors of full, round faces; the back hair is combed up from the nape of the neck, and that on the temples combed back to meet it, the whole being massed in two or three long puffs; the front hair is parted in the center and falls in half rings at the sides. The third fashion is the simple classic head-dress, with the Greek coil low at the back; the front hair is simply parted and waved, and the back hair firmly plaited in a tress of three. Very little hair is required, but the head should be finely-shaped, as the outline is clearly displayed. Dark tortoise-shell pins are worn in fair hair, while silver ornaments are preferred by brunes. Natural flowers are more worn than artificial ones, and some young girls adopt a flower, and introduce it into every toilet where a flower is admissible. Daisies are the most general; mignonette in large clusters is affected in every costume by certain blondes, and pansies are selected by those who wear corn, ecru, mauve and mastic-gray dress.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.

True wit is like a diamond; it may sparkle, but never shines; is worn but never wears.

THE OLDEST CITY IN AMERICA.

The streets of St. Augustine, Fla., are all very narrow, most of them being but twelve feet in width, the overhanging balconies nearly meeting in places, which was doubtless a great convenience to the old Spanish residents, who could chat and shake hands with their neighbors across the way, or stab them with equal facility should circumstances so amplify such a proceeding. A hundred years or so ago horses or vehicles were not allowed inside the city gates. The gardens are well stocked with a great variety of tropical fruits, including lemons, limes, oranges, guavas, figs, bananas, olives, citrons and pomegranates. The date palm grows thriftily, but yields no fruit. Most of the old houses are built of coquina, a compound conglomerate of fine shells and sand, found in large quantities on Anastasia island, at the entrance of the harbor.

The ancient fortress of San Marco (known since the change of flags at Fort Marion) deserves more than a passing notice. It was constructed by slaves and convict labor, and was a hundred years in building. It was completed in 1756. Its castellated battlements, its formidable bastions, with their frowning guns; its lofty and imposing sally-port, surrounded by the royal Spanish arms; its moat, its drawbridge, its commanding look-out tower, and its massive moss-grown walls, all portray its antiquity. Within its walls are gloomy vaults and dungeons. A subterranean passage is said to connect the fort with a neighboring convent. Ancient, partially dismantled, and for all purposes of defence abandoned forever, it still furnishes food for fancy and reflection.

A hundred years in building! How many hopeless captives from across the sea grew gray in its construction, and with dying eyes gazed upward at the massive, unfinished walls on which succeeding generations should fall and sicken and die as they had done! A hundred hopeless years dragged their slow length over the winterless earth before the great work was finished. The architects who had devised its construction were dead; those who had laid its foundations were forgotten, and even the necessity for such an undertaking had well nigh passed away ere the last stone was laid and the labor of a century completed.

Although at present but a show town and city of boarding-houses, St. Augustine has been the theatre of many historical events, and the scene of numerous wars, sieges and massacres. Founded by the Spaniards in 1565, it was a place of importance when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth rock, a century afterward. Its narrow streets were filled with life and activity, and the population within the confines of its walls lived and died, and bought and sold, for two hundred years before the Declaration of Independence. The old cathedral, with its chime of rusty bells, and the plaza in which the remains of the Spanish market-house are still to be seen, form interesting features of the quaint little city; and, taken as a whole, there is nothing to compare with it in the United States.

STICK TO THE COUNTRY.—The Rev. Dr. Deems, who is editor of the *Sunday Magazine*, pastor of the Church of Strangers, in New York, and a great favorite of Southerners visiting that city, has as much experience with strangers coming to the city as any man can possibly desire. He is a practical man of business as well as an eloquent and scholarly preacher, and never fails to give the most sensible advice to those who seek it. He warns the aspiring countryman concerning the golden representations so frequently made as to city life; and urges him not to crowd into the metropolis unless he has a prospect of remunerative work.

In the *Sunday Magazine* for October he says: "The fact is, there is no place like a great city in which to achieve a great success, but unless a man have some money or much brain and great tact, the city will crush him to death. The vast city is attractive. People flock from all quarters. There are ten applicants for every place. There are at least 15,000 adults in New York between whom and starvation there intervenes only the helping hand of public and private charity. These people can afford to work for almost nothing. There are boys here whose parents must support them, and are willing that they shall work for a dollar per week rather than do nothing. Strangers must compete with them. Advertise that you want a clerk for $10 per week, and the police will be compelled to guard your door from the throng that will come sweeping up at the hour. Advertise for a boy, and men will come in platoons, sometimes gray-headed men. If you can get the use of a blind mule and two acres of land, do not come to New York. Do not come without money to bring you and carry you home, and keep you until you go home. If then you have a trade or profession, you may succeed. It is no joke to be thrown penniless on a vast city."

A DREADFUL THREAT.—M. Delaunay, the distinguished French actor, one evening left the theatre with the MS. of a play called "Vercingetorix," the name of a patriotic Gaul of Cæsar's time—under his arm. At the corner of the street he was attacked by a foot-pad. "Rascal!" exclaimed the actor, promptly, "if you are not off I will break my 'Vercingetorix' over your head!" The thief fled instantly in great dismay.

AN ARTFUL YOUNG MAN.

Three pretty young girls walking along a Richmond street toward the depot were caught in a sudden drenching rain, and were unluckily provided with only one whalebone and silk covering for their heads. The narrow sidewalk made it almost impossible for the three to walk abreast, and consequently one of them who was addressed as Annie received all the drippings of the umbrella upon her unselfish head.

A gentleman walking just behind them noticed this, and tried, as unobtrusively as possible, to shelter her with his own. For a block or two she ignored the attempt, but was finally forced, in crossing the street, to accept the courtesy, which she did with an embarrassed bow. It brought up, and understood her not he should in any way take advantage of his courtesy to be impertinent, and being of rather a mischievous turn of mind, he waited until he caught her eye, as she looked shyly up; when, assuming that 'far' look so often seen on the deaf and dumb, he pathetically touched his finger to his lips and shook his head.

The girl looked so immensely relieved that he came near laughing right out, especially as, when he announced that he was speechless, she showed that she wasn't by quietly observing to one of her friends, "Oh, Mary, isn't it too bad! this handsome young man is deaf and dumb!"

Mary thought it was, and wondered how he ever got along in the world, and much to the amusement of this knight of the umbrella, the three proceeded to discuss him girl-fashion, and from the color of his eyes to the cut of his clothes he was fully criticised; "Annie" deciding that, as a husband, he would be *sans reproche*, never swearing, never scolding, making silence golden.

When they reached the station the three girls smiled and grimaced their gratitude; when, to their profound horror, the youth, with a sweet smile, raised his hat, remarking with painful distinctness, that he "was very happy to have been of service." With a suppressed shriek, the merry maids rushed into the building, while the youth departed whistling "The Merry Maiden and the Tar."

LIFE IN EGYPT.—In some portions of Egypt the women are not allowed to go out of doors, and many of them never get beyond the walls of their houses. The cows sleep in the same huts with the people. These huts are made of mud, without windows, and the doors are so small that the wonder is how the people get in. They do not wash their babies till they are a year old, because it is considered unhealthy to do so. They comb their hair from month to month. Their chief meal is at sunset; the rest of the time they eat at a piece of bread when they are hungry. They never use plates or knives and forks. All sit around the table on the floor. Bread is their daily food, and each family makes for itself, as it is a kind of disgrace to buy "street bread." The women clean the corn and carry it on their heads to mill. It is made into thin, small cakes, stuck against the side of an oven, and baked in *less* than a minute. A hundred loaves are not too many for a family of four in a week. Travelers are usually expected to eat three loaves apiece. They make butter in a strange way. A goat-skin half filled with milk is hung on a peg, and then a woman, taking hold of a long string tied to it, jerks it to and fro till the butter comes. Then she drains it, but never washes or salts it. Their favorite dish is rice cooked with this butter.

GIRLS AT A DISCOUNT IN INDIA.—Infanticide is still common in India, according to a missionary's letter in the *Observer*, notwithstanding the efforts of a special judicial department created to suppress it. He says as the result of his personal observation: "Only girls are murdered. The infant is destroyed in the room where it is born, and then is buried under the floor of the same room. On the thirteenth day the village priest calls, and cooks and eats his food in the same room. This is considered a burnt offering, and by this act the priest takes all the sin of the murder upon his own soul, and the family is free from it. As soon as the baby is born its mouth is filled with the milk of the shrub asclipias gigantea, and then it is plastered over with mud. Respiration is impossible. When the first girl baby is wrenched away in this brutal manner the mother cries and moans and grieves a good deal, but after having lost two or three, she gets used to it and makes no resistance. After the murder and burial and burnt offering, the parents again occupy the room and receive guests in it as usual." The requirement of a dowry in order to marry off a daughter is the chief reason for the practice.

NAPOLEON AND THE AUTOMATON.—When Napoleon came to Berlin, the automatic chess-player was furnished up for his entertainment. He played against it in person. His contest was marked by an interesting circumstance. Half a dozen moves had barely been played, when Bonaparte, purposely to test the powers of the machine, committed a false move. The automaton bowed, replaced the offending piece, and motioned to Napoleon that he should move correctly. Highly amused, after a few minutes the French chief again played an illegal move. This time the automaton, without hesitation, snatched off the piece which had moved falsely, confiscated it, and made his own move. Bonaparte laughed, and for the third time, as if to put the patience of his antagonist to a severe trial, played a false move. The automaton raised his arm, swept the whole of the pieces off the board, and declined continuing the game.

FOLLOWING GENERAL PICKETT.

A dusty, grizzly, crippled man of fifty, leaning a good share of his weight on a cane when he walked, sat on the post-office steps while he ate a dry crust of bread. He was nibbling away, trying to find the soft side, when he looked up and saw that he was watched.

"Say, Yank, do you call this tough?" he called out as he chewed away.

"Well, dry bread isn't much of a meal," was the answer.

"That's so; but when rations ar' low and the commissary wagons in the rear, you've got to fill up on the best you have. I've been camping out 'longside of dry bread and water for a whole month."

"Going anywhere?"

"I reckon. I'm allus goin' somewhar' and never gittin' thar."

"Kinder, though I call it on the track. You see I got flanked by hard times, and I am changing my base. I'm lookin' for risin' ground now on which to form a new battle line. I've got a brother out here in Kent county, and I'm matchin' that way."

"You were in the war?"

"Wash't I? Can't I shut my eyes and see jist how General Pickett looked when he led us agin your second corps down at Gettysburg on the 3d of July? Wash't it hilin' down thar that day? Woof! but how one of us got back behind Wright's brigade alive is more'n I kin tell!"

"So you were under Pickett?"

"Right under Gineral Pickett, and I kin see the lay of the ground on that day as plain as that 'ere hoss. If I'd tin lying back under the wagons that day I wouldn't hev got two bullets in me, nor bin jabbed with a bayonet. Lord, stranger, but I thought I was a goner in that fight! I can't talk about it 'thout chills sweepin' up my back."

"Yes, it was hot."

"Hot! Well when 39 men out of a company of 50 are killed dead, and six of the other 'leven wounded, you may reckon somebody was trying to hurt we'uns! It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. All our guns had been boomin' away three hours to break the Fed centre, and Pickett was to lead us as a storming party. The regiments fell in like clock work, lots of the boys lookin' awful white around the gills, and no one but the officers speakin' above a whisper. We knew we were going to charge rifle pits, and old vets behind them, and that lots of us were goin' over the Emmetsburg road to stay thar forever. Wah! but I crawl when I think of it!"

He tossed the crust away with a look of contempt, grasped his cane with a firm [illegible] "Pickett leg, and behind us were Pettigrew's men. Attention! Forward! And we went down in steady lines, every company dressed as if on parade, and everybody waiting for the ball to open. Boom! Boom! You'uns opened on us with forty cannons, and all booming at once, and it was awful, sir, to hear the screamin' of grape and canister. It tore men to pieces, and sent their blood spurtin' on all sides. It took off legs and arms, and the poor fellows shrieked out in agony. 'March! March! and by and by we rushed at the guns with a yell. Behind 'em were the rifle pits, and beyond were lines of blue six or eight deep. Sich screams and shrieks! Stranger, I believe I got just as near old Satan's headquarters that day as a live man can!"

"And you were driven back?"

"Yes; but the ground was covered with dead men first. They lay thar in heaps. We trod on 'em as we surged up and fell back, and the wounded, driven to madness, caught at our legs or struck at us as we went past. We were among the guns when I got the bullet in the shoulder. Down I went, and I got this in the leg. I was hangin' to the wheel of the gun and pullin' myself up, when somebody clocked a bayonet into me, and that laid me, and it was months before I got out."

"And now?"

"Well, I dunno. I ain't of much account, but maybe sumhin' will turn up by and by. I'm matchin' on to see my brother, and like enough I'll go into camp out thar."

"And forget your battles?"

"Forgit nuthin'! You 'uns and we 'uns are all right now—nothin' more to ever come between us, but I'd rather lose this right arm, than to forgit how Gineral Pickett looked that day as five thousand men behind him marched down to death. If ye fought on the Union side I'll divide my crust with ye and give the biggest half of my bed, but when you keep step with a man down the jaws of death, and go back alone, if you ever forgit him ye air a wolf! That's me, stranger, and now—attention; file right, march!"

THE MAN WHO NEVER DRANK.

In the early part of the late war, when Gen. Grant was in command of the army before Vicksburg, a number of officers were gathered at his headquarters, having a pleasant social time. One of them invited the party to join in a social glass; all but one accepted. He asked to be excused, saying that he "never drank." The hour passed, and each went his way to his respective command.

A few days after this the officer who declined to drink received a note from Gen. Grant to report at headquarters. He obeyed the order, and was soon in the presence of the general. Grant says to him: "You are the officer, I believe," for their acquaintance was slight, "who remarked the other day that you never drank." The officer modestly answered that he was. "Then," continued the general, "you are the man I have been looking for to take charge of the commissary department, and I order that you be detailed to that duty." He served his country faithfully until the close of the war, and was honorably discharged. Years passed, and Grant had come to be President. The officer had settled down to the duties of private life, and the little incident was cherished as a pleasant memory.

The trouble on the border between Texas and Mexico along the Rio Grande attracted the attention of Congress, and a commission was ordered to ascertain the facts and report. Again President Grant remembered the man who "never drank," and appointed him chairman of the board. The place was accepted and he entered faithfully upon the work; the report submitted showed the thoroughness with which the duty was discharged.

[illegible] the acquaintance of a gentleman who owned an extensive cattle ranche in Southern Texas. That acquaintance inspired confidence, and, years after, when the Texas gentleman decided to sell his ranche, he placed it in the hands of the man who "never drank," and during the last month he has effected a sale, to an English company, of the ranch of 200,000 acres of land and several thousand head of cattle for an even million dollars, out of which he gets a commission that will be a snug fortune in these hard times. The company that bought will enter largely upon packing beef for foreign markets, slaughtering their meat on their ranche from their own herds. The superintendence of their business has been tendered to and accepted by the man who "never drank," and he goes in a few days to his new field of labor. This takes from Chicago one of her most esteemed and honored citizens, but it gives one to Texas who will always be found on the side of order and good government.

IT WAS IN RUSSIA.

A mysterious dinner party was given some short time ago, by an elderly gentleman in Hotel Demuth, at St. Petersburg. One morning the gentleman in question called upon Mr. Pintscher, the manager of the Demuth restaurant, and ordered a luxurious repast for six, of which he, himself, made out the *menu*, selecting from the wine card the costliest vintages. He asked for an estimate of the dinner's cost, paid the amount of the bill in advance, and requested that every thing should be prepared for the entertainment of his guests at 7 o'clock precisely the same evening. At that hour he entered the room reserved for his banquet, and took his place at the head of the table.

To the chief waiter's respectful inquiry, "whether he expected his friends to arrive soon, as the dinner was quite ready," he replied, "They are all here! Let the soup be served forthwith!" By his express command the puzzled attendants then proceeded to help the absent guests to course after course, setting down full plates before the empty chairs, and pouring out precious wines into the groups of glasses stationed before each untenanted place. The gentleman ate and drank copiously, now and anon clinking his glasses against the masterless goblets ranged upon the table to his right and left. With the round of champagne he arose and made a speech to his imaginary friends, from the tenor of which oration the waiters gathered that they had been engaged in attending to personages long since defunct.

When the gentleman had concluded his remarks he again went through the clinking formality, drained the contents of his glass, and turning to Mr. Pintscher, chilled that amazed functionary's blood by the following ghastly statement: "To-day I celebrate my joyful meeting with my beloved relatives—my dead wife, daughter and three sons, two of whom fell in the last campaign. Do not be afraid; I am not mad. It has done me a power of good to spend this happy hour or so with my family. You may look for me again on this day twelve months."

"HOW LONG HAVE I TO LIVE?"—It is not every one who asks himself this question, because, strangely enough, it is the belief of most persons that their lives will be exceptionally lengthy. However, life-assurance companies are aware of the credulous weakness of those whose lives they assure, and have therefore compiled numerous tables of expectancy of life for their own guidance, which are carefully referred to before a policy is granted. The following is one of these well-authenticated tables in use among London assurance companies, brought to light by Harper's *Bazar*, showing the average length of life at various ages. In the first column we have the present ages of persons of average health, and in the second column we are enabled to peep, as it were, behind the scene of an assurance office, and gather from their table the number of years they will give us to live. This table has been the result of careful calculation, and seldom proves misleading. Of course sudden and premature deaths, as well as deaths unusually extended, occasionally occur, but this is a table of the average expectancy of life of an ordinary man or woman:

Age	More Years to Live.	Age	More Years to Live.
1	39	50	21
10	51	60	14
20	41	70	9
30	34	80	4
40	28		

Our readers will easily gather from the above tabulated statement the number of years to which their lives, according to the law of averages, may reasonably be expected to extend.