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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
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THE WAY TO WIN.

Edward Stone stood impatiently upon the top step of Uncle Dan's stately residence. There was not the faintest sign of life anywhere around—the whole front part of the house was closed and darkened; and having rung several times without eliciting any response, he was about to conclude that there was no one within hearing, when a head was thrust out of the upper window.

"Young man, go round to the side door."

Considerably startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed. Upon the porch, brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a young girl of fifteen. She looked very pretty as she stood there, the bright autumnal sunshine falling on her round white arms and uncovered head.

Setting down her broom, she ushered him into a medium-sized, plainly-furnished room which gave no indication of the reputed wealth of its owner.

The young man took a seat, brushed a few flecks of dust from the lappel of his coat, ran his fingers through his carefully arranged locks, and thus delivered himself:

"Tell your master that his nephew, Edward Stone, is here."

A faint smile touched the rosy lips, and with a demure "yes, sir," the girl vanished.

A few minutes later an elderly gentleman entered, with intelligent, strongly-marked features, and a shrewd look in the eyes, which seemed to take the mental measure of his visitor at a single glance.

"Well, sir, what is your business with me?"

"I am your nephew."

"So my daughter told me. What do you want?"

"I was thinking of going into business, and thought I would come and talk it over with you, and ask you to give me a lift."

"What better capital do you want than you already have? A strong able-bodied young man wanting a lift! You ought to be ashamed of yourself! What have you been doing?"

Edward's face flushed with anger at this unceremonious language; but feeling that he could not afford to quarrel with his wealthy relative he gave no other indication of it.

"Saved nothing from your salary, I suppose?"

"No; its only five hundred; not more than enough for my expenses."

"Humph! You are able to dress yourself out of it, I perceive. I have known men to rear and educate a large family on five hundred a year; and if you have been unable to save anything, you certainly are not able to go into business on your own account. When I was at your age my income was less than three hundred dollars, and I saved half of it. What is the business you wish to engage in?"

"Stationary and books. Six hundred dollars will buy it, as the owner is obliged to sell; a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount, only lend it; I will give you my note with interest."

"Young man, I have several such papers already. You can have all of them for five dollars; and I warn you that it will prove a poor investment at that. I can give you some advice, though, which, if you follow, will be worth a good many times over the amount you asked. But you won't do it."

"How do you know that?" said Edward, with a smile, who began to feel more at home with his eccentric relative. "I'd like to hear it, anyway."

"Well, here it is. Go back to your place in the store, save three dollars a week from your salary, which you can easily do; learning in the meantime all you possibly can in regard to the business you want to pursue. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, together with sufficient experience and judgment to know how to use it. And, better still, it will be yours, earned by your own industry and self-denial, and worth more to you than ten times that amount got in any other way. Then come and see me again."

"You'd rather have my money than advice, I dare say," added Mr. Stone, as Edward arose to go; "but we'll be better friends four years hence than if I let you have it. Sit down, nephew; the train you have to take won't leave until six in the evening. You must stay to tea; I want you to see what a complete little housekeeper I have, and make you acquainted with her."

"Polly!" he called out, opening the door into the hall.

In prompt obedience to this summons a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl tripped in. The neat print dress had been changed for a pretty merino, but our hero did not fail to recognize her, and his face flushed painfully as he did so.

"Polly!" continued her father, "this is your cousin, Edward. He leaves on the six o'clock train, and I want his short stay with us as pleasant as possible."

"Polly is my little housekeeper," he added, turning to his nephew: "I hire a woman for the work, and she does all the rest. When she's eighteen she shall have all the servants she wants, but she must serve her apprenticeship first. It may stand her in good stead; she may take it into her head to marry a poor man, as her mother did before her. Eh! my girl?"

Mary's only reply to this was a smile and blush. Our hero was considerably embarrassed by the recollection of the mistake he had made, but the quietly cordial greeting of his young hostess soon put him comparatively at ease.

At her father's request—she was very proud of his daughter's varied accomplishments—Mary sang and played for her cousin; and his visit ended in singular contrast to the stormy way it commenced. Edward refused the five-dollar note tendered to him at parting for his traveling expenses.

The old man smiled as he returned the note to his pocketbook.

"He's a sensible young chap, after all," he remarked to his daughter, as the door closed after his guest. "It's in him, if it only can be brought out. We shall see, we shall see."

"A good deal for father to say," was Mary's inward comment, who thought her cousin the most agreeable young man she had ever met.

Three years later Mr. Stone and his daughter paused in front of a small but neat, pleasant-looking shop, on the plate glass door of which were the words: "Edward Stone, Stationary and Bookstore."

It being too early in the day for customers, they found the proprietor alone, whose face flushed with pride and pleasure as he greeted them.

"I got your card, nephew," said the old man, with a cordial grasp of the hand, "and called around to see how you were getting on. I thought it was about time I gave you that little lift you asked of me three years ago. You don't look much as if you needed it, though."

"Not at present, thank you, uncle," was the cheerful response. "Curiously enough, it is the same business that I wanted to buy then. The man who took it had to borrow money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell at a sacrifice."

"Just what you wanted to do."

Edward smiled at the point made by his uncle.

"It isn't what I've done though. I've saved four dollars a week from my salary for the last three years; and so was not only able to pay the money down, but had fifty dollars besides."

"Bravo! my boy," cried the delighted old man, with another grasp of the hand that made our hero wince. "I'm proud of you! You're bound to succeed, I see, and without anybody's help. I told your cousin Polly that when she was eighteen I'd buy her a house in the city; that she should furnish it to suit herself, and have all the servants she wanted, and I've kept my word. Come around and see us whenever you can. You'll always find the latch string out."

Edward did not fail to accept the invitation so frankly extended—a very pleasant intimacy growing up between the three during the twelve months that followed. Our hero's business grew and prospered until he began to think of removing to a larger place. His uncle had given him several liberal orders, as well as sent him a number of customers, but said nothing more about assisting him in any other way until Christmas eve. Entering the room where Edward and his daughter were sitting, he said;

"I mustn't delay any longer the little lift I promised you, nephew, and which you have well earned."

Edward glanced from the five thousand dollar check to the lovely face at his side, and then to that of the speaker.

"You are very kind, uncle—far kinder than I deserve—but—"

"But what, lad? Speak out! would you prefer it in some other form!"

Edward's fingers closed tenderly and strongly over the hand he had taken in his.

"Yes, uncle—in this."

The old man looked keenly from one to the other.

"You are asking a good deal, nephew. Polly, have you been encouraging this young man in his presumption?"

"I'm afraid I have, father," was the smiling response.

"Then go, my daughter. I give you into worthy keeping, and if you make your husband's heart as happy as your mother did mine during the few short years that she tarried by my side, he will be blest indeed."

Austin Shelden, on account of disappointment in love and business speculations, took himself to a cave in Lebanon county, Pa., and spent forty years by himself in that habitation. Recently he was unearthed by a correspondent, who elicited from him the fact that he did not know who was President of the United States and had never heard of Grant; never saw a railroad or telegraph wire.

Mrs. Ann E. Garrison, of South Bay City, Mich., has obtained a verdict of $1,000 against a saloon-keeper of that place who sold her husband liquor. She sued for $10,000 damages, alleging that before her husband commenced drinking he was worth $15,000 and had an annual income of $5,000, but drink took it all away and made him a drunken, shiftless creature, and unable to attend to business. He is now in California.

THE OLD-TIME BALTIMORE MERCHANT.

In sight of his ships and his goods, on the ground floor of his warehouse usually, the old-time merchant had his counting-room. It was separated by a slight partition from the surrounding mass of merchandise and from his muscular auxiliaries, the stevedores and draymen, who lounged around the archway—lusty negroes generally, who basked in the broiling sun stretched on a range of barrels, their yawning mouths displaying a wealth of ivory, and their skin glistening like oiled ebony. From the warehouse beams and joice, which extended in rugged strength through the counting-room, were hung rows of leather buckets and a ladder, "for the more effectual remedy to extinguish fire in Baltimore town," as the act read which obliged "every householder to keep two leather buckets hung up near the door of his house." None of the elegance of modern counting-rooms graced the interior; the affected simplicity of Eastlake was unknown, but in its place a business-like directness and orderly confusion amounting to picturesqueness. In harmony with the rude beams, an arch of solid masonry supported the safe, built into the walls, and closed by its iron door with a lock to make a modern burglar laugh. In the wide hearth a "blackjack" fire was reflected in the brass andirons, and from an arm-chair by it, as from a throne, the "head of the house" surveyed a row of deferential clerks from their high desks, almost buried behind their ponderous ledgers. Six by eight panes filled the windows, half closed by green blinds, above which appeared the topmasts of ships and the blue sky. On the walls hung maps, models of ships' hulls, and limnings of the same vessels under full sail, drawn with nautical fidelity, but which would have scarcely escaped the lash of a captious critic in art. Innumerable bills, ruthlessly impaled on wires, met a deserved fate, and were exposed conspicuously, probably as warnings against misplaced confidence. Rows of tin or wooden coffers, marked with the names of dead years, rested in dusty security on a high shelf, and suggested long-passed transactions with correspondents who had closed their accounts in paying the debt of nature.

The discipline, thoroughness and simplicity of mercantile training in Europe were brought over by our English and salt-water ancestors, and the habits of the quarter-deck in some measure transferred to the counting-room. No slovenly habits of dress or demeanor were allowed among the clerks, who were often inmates of the family, on the basis of equals, but in subordination, and whose hair, in some houses, was daily dressed by the barber, who came for that purpose at a fixed hour to the counting-room. Punctuality and courtesy were exacted, and the neglect to pay his respects to the heads of the house, on commencing and terminating his daily duties, subjected the delinquent to a caustic reprimand. These youths, whom it was a favor to admit to a great commercial house, were in training as the future merchants and as gentlemen.—*Frank Mayer, in Harper's Magazine for January.*

An Adept With the Pistol.—In addition to his excellent qualities as a criminal judge, Recorder Hackett; who died in New York on Tuesday, was one of the best shots living with a rifle, shotgun or revolver. He gained his expertness in his early days spent in California, and constant practice in latter years made him a marvel of accuracy. After any sort of game his bag was always certain to be largest; but it was what may be called fancy shooting with the pistol that his feats were especially marvelous. Plenty of his friends had such confidence in his aim and nerve that they would allow him to shoot apples from their heads or small coins from between their fingers, and he never hurt anyone in these risky exploits. A story told by the *Evening Post* is that years ago, in California, some of the people who were to witness an exhibition of this kind given by him, provided the boy upon whose head the apple was placed with a clot of vermillion paint, arranging that as the shot was fired he should whirl around, clap the paint to his forehead and fall to the ground with a groan. All this was done, it being supposed that Mr. Hackett, would rush forward in remorse and horror to the relief of his victim. But when he quietly sat down and proceeded to light a cigar, the practical jokers realized their failure, and Mr. Hackett had the laugh on them. The professional criminals of New York often threatened to do him harm, but none of them ever had the pluck to face his deadly weapon.

It is related of a well-known merchant of a neighboring city that, after making his will and leaving a large property to a trustee for his son, he called the young man in, and, after reading the will to him, asked if there was any alteration or improvement he could suggest. "Well, father," said the young gentleman, lighting a cigarette, "I think, as things go nowadays, it would be better for me if you left the property to the other fellow and made me the trustee." The old gentleman made up his mind then and there that the young man was quite competent to take charge of his own inheritance, and scratched the trustee clause out.

The records of vital statistics of New York, show that during 1879 there were in that city 28,165 deaths, 25,332 births and 8,385 marriages.

A Mohammedan priest in Constantinople has been sentenced to death for assisting in the translation of the Bible.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible! It has stood impregnable amidst hostility and surrounding disaster. Crucial tests have not impaired a chapter or invalidated a verse. The tears of silver-haired patriarchs continue to bedew its pages. The widow, amid her poverty, still reads its precious promises to her fatherless children. Troubled heart and sorrow-bowed head finds covenants softer than the pillow of down on which wearied kings have rested their aching foreheads. The sick yet touch their quivering lips to the crystal current of the "river of the water of life." Its pledges of the coming resurrection keep the graves of loved ones green, and have made them [illegible] turn their eyes to it as their only lamp through the "valley of the shadow of death," and clasp it as their last treasure, while their fingers stiffen in the final ordeal.

Old sun! Twin brother of Time! Thou wilt cease to shine. Empress of the evening! Thy form will disappear from the night-draped sky. Lamps of ether! Ye shall drop into the emptiness of destined darkness. Old Bible! Thou wilt survive infidelity, outlive criticism, and stand immortal, indestructible, imperishable!

Young men, cling to the Bible. Study it by the torchlight of the best expository help. Love it as Felix, the ancient Bishop, loved it—who, rather than surrender his Bible to his persecutors, willingly laid down his life. Let your last request be that of the late centenarian, Henry Boehm, who, having read the scriptures through seventy times, said at last, "Lay my Bible on my coffin when I am buried." Your Bible? Is it a mine of diamonds? Enter it and gather them. Its precepts are a chain of pearls. Bind them around your neck. It will guarantee your access to the moral treasures of this life. It will open for you the gates of the city of God.

POWER OF A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed, you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. Just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests, and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest voice at home." Watch it by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines. Train it to the sweet tones now, and it will keep in tune through life.

Making Restitution.—A strange feature in the double murder in Faubourg St. Honore, just now the talk of Paris, is the fact that the murderer thought fit to write to the widow of his master and victim to inform her that it was only for the sake of robbery that he committed the crime. "I have taken about £80," he says, in conclusion, "with which money I mean to make my fortune, and I pledge myself to return it to you some day." Extraordinary as the scrawl may look, this is not the first time that a murderer, without apparently feeling much remorse for the deed in itself, has given signs of being awake to the pecuniary liability which it entails. Thus, the Marquis de Salverte; whose father was murdered at Santo Domingo about a quarter of a century ago, received by post, after the lapse of a few years, a sum of £8,000, with notice that it was a restitution of the amount robbed, from the murderer himself, who had made his fortune, but declined to give his name and address. In another case a Parisian Senator was for years in receipt of a monthly installment of £8 from London, the sender of which was unknown, with notice that the amount would be forthcoming to complete the payment of a sum of 24,000 francs, robbed from one of his uncles after murder. What is stranger still, the receiver knew of no relation of his who had ever been, or was likely to have been, murdered.

Messrs. Gould and Waite, well-known young business men of Chicago, thought to play a trick on the latter's porter by disarranging the room as if burglars had been present, and then hiding in the closet. When the porter came in he was greatly excited, and hearing some one in the closet, didn't scare, but took a pistol and fired through the door, killing Mr. Gould.

Virginia has 675 colored schools and 415 colored teachers.

How a Beatiful Hymn was Written.—There is an interesting incident mentioned in the life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, and which led to the writing of one of his very sweet hymns.

One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window looking out over the beautiful fields in summer time. Presently a little bird, flitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down toward the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright, bright sunny air, in the leafy trees, or the green fields, there was no hiding-place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing the open window, and the man sitting by it, the little creature, in extreme terror, towards it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger; and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at the time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of a refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as the trembling little bird did, that nestled so safe in his bosom. So he took his pen and wrote the hymn:

"Jesus, Savior of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

That prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language; and multitudes of people, when in sorrow and danger, have found comfort while they said or sung the last of that hymn:

"All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing."

"Amazing Grace."—The following is vouched for by one of the most reliable Philadelphia divines:

A young clergyman having agreed to supply the pulpit of an old brother absent from home, escorted to church the daughter of the pastor, and after seeing her safely in her father's pew, ascended to the pulpit, unconscious that this natural attention to the young lady was sufficient to excite lively imaginations and inquiries in the audience.

Upon reading the hymn to be sung, the young clergyman was surprised to preceive evident efforts in the congregation to suppress laughter. The daughter of his friend possessed the mellifluous name of Grace, and, all unsuspicious of that fact, he had chosen the hymn beginning with the words "Amazing grace," and proceeded with:

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved,
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis *grace* has brought me safe thus far,
And *grace* will lead me home!

A Singular Discovery.—Recently Mr. Newton Davis, of West Alexandria, Ohio, cut down a tree about six feet in circumference, in the centre of which was a cavity of about seven inches square, partly filled with some rotten kind of wood and a roll of cloth, which crumbled when touched. Inside of all was a German Catholic prayer book, bound in leather and much worn. The book was printed in 1729, and had a Latin introduction, while some of the blank leaves are filled with writing in French, part of which is unintelligible, but enough is easily read to show that the owner was a French soldier, tells what battalion, and mentions the name of one of the officers as De La Magne. It may be of interest to members of the Historical Society. A growth of at least five inches over the whole where it had been slipped into the tree, hermetically sealed and preserved the book. The book, taken from an oak tree by Mr. Davis, is a collection of Catholic prayers, printed in German. It is called "The Holy Field Trumpit," and was composed by Casper Erbard, printed by Franciscus Eysenbarth, under a dispensation from Alexander Sigismund, an Augustine Bishop, Bears date 1725. It seems to have been prepared especially for soldiers and travelers. It contains morning and evening prayers, prayers before mess, before confession, before an engagement, after a victory, etc., etc. Fly leaves contain German and French writing, but no name of the owner. The name of his commander, division, and battalion are, however, given. The book was evidently put into a tree by one of the soldiers passing from one to another of the French trading posts which extended from the lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi, 150 years ago.

Mary Anderson travels in a Pullman palace car, on which three cents a mile is paid, besides the fares, and one hundred dollars a week for the use of the car and attendance. Sam Hickey tells the Philadelphia *North American* that, as it was not in the contract, he objected to its being considered "ordinary traveling expenses," when Dr. Griffin retorted that his daughter was a minor, and could not legally make a contract. So Mr. Hickey pays the bill.

A rather remarkable decision was given in England a fortnight ago. An old man was charged by officers of the inland revenue with selling tobacco, in the shape of cigars, without a license. The defense was that cigars were not mentioned in the act of parliament bearing upon the alleged offense, and that in fact the cigars were not made of tobacco but of bay and cabbage leaves.—The magistrates decided to dismiss the charge, whereupon notice of appeal was given.

Queen Victoria receives $5,000 a day.

Babies will enjoy 366 holler days in 1880.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

The Wife of a Veteran of the Mexican War and the Rebellion Living in Poverty.

Passengers passing to and from the ferry-boat at the foot of State street during the summer may or may not have noticed an old lady, almost blind, and with features plowed with the deep furrows of time, seated on the steps near the corner of Front street. However, there she has been sitting since the sunlight and into the twilight of seven long summer seasons, with her basket of fruit at her feet and her knitting in her hands, plying the needle with fingers nerved with callous marks of hard labor. [illegible] with whom she converses, except on matters pertaining to the quality or price of her wares.

Her name is Mary Elizabeth Marshall. She was born near Belfast, Ireland, and is fifty-eight years of age, although in appearance, the result of her hard lot, she would pass for a person ten years older. Her parents were well-to-do people, but notwithstanding this she was induced by several girlish companions to leave home and come to America with them. She made her home in Montreal, Canada, and there met her fate in the form of a husband named Marshall, a musician in a British regiment stationed there. They were married in 1845. He was afterwards reduced to the ranks. One evening, meeting his wife, with his month's pay, as a soldier, in his hand—eight cents, after deducting expenses—he said: "Mary, I can't stand this; I am going to leave." With five companions he deserted. Four of his companions were arrested, but he, with the remaining one, succeeded in reaching Lewiston, Me. Her husband wrote her on his reaching the United States. She destroyed the letter to prevent the authorities from finding his whereabouts, and shortly afterward rejoined him.

He being a soldier by nature enlisted in the United States Army as a musician, and was off for the Mexican war. Being taken sick while in Mexico he sent for his wife, and she went to him, and followed his fortunes throughout the entire contest. He, as a musician, was on duty during engagements in carrying the wounded to the rear, and his wife was among those who ministered to their wants. She was on the field of Monterey and Chepultepec while those engagements were in progress, an eye witness of the scenes of carnage and death. At the close of the war she was sent to Governor's Island, New York Harbor, in advance of her husband, and there earned a living by washing for the garrison. On her husband's arrival he was discharged, and with their two children, for whom she cared during the war, they came West to Hannibal, where he found employment on the Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad, then building, and she in keeping a boarding shanty. Being of a restless disposition her husband was prevailed upon by companions to go South, where he was taken sick, and she by washing obtained money and sent it, and finally joined him, and on his recovery they went to Cleveland and remained until the breaking out of the Rebellion, when he enlisted in an Ohio Regiment and was sent to Virginia. At New Creek he was again taken sick, and she was sent for, nursed him through, and then remained in the hospital service. On the close of the Rebellion they went to Detroit, then to Milwaukee and finally back to Hannibal, where Marshall died. His wife, with her children now grown up, removed to Stillwater, and the children marrying, she, seven years ago, moved to this city, where, notwithstanding her poverty and wretchedness, she has supported a grandchild, a boy of seven or eight years, partially for the sake of having a companion in her loneliness and partially because his parents are no better off than she.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

Lord Strangford's Quaint Proposal.—When Lord Strangford sat down to criticise a book of travels by Miss Beaufort, he little dreamt that before long he would write to the young authoress: "I was thinking the other day about a communication from the Emperor Akbar to the King of Portugal, which contained a request for copies of the holy books of the Christians, and in which the following occurs: "In the world of humanity, which is the mirror and reflection of the word of God, there is nothing equal to love or comparable to human affection." For many years I have felt and known this, though I never said it till to-day to any one. When you next write, please give me the possessive pronoun of the first person." Surely never was a declaration made in quainter fashion, saving perhaps by the Scotch beadle who led the manse housemaid to the churchyard, and pointing with his finger, stammered: "My folk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" It is plain the notion did not scare her, any more than it did the Galloway girl, who, when Jock, coming into the kitchen while she was preparing breakfast, said: "I think I'll marry ye, Jean!" answered: "I would be muckle obliged to ye if ye would!" and so concluded the bargain; not even stipulating, like another ready lassie on accepting as sudden an offer! "But ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin, for a' that Jamie."—*Chambers' Journal.*

No man has a right to complain of his lot, or the times, or to call upon society to help him, until he has done all he can to help himself by industry and fidelity in the place and calling where he is. And he who does this will seldom have cause to complain.

THE THREE-CARD MONTE GAME.

No man ever got rich throwing monte, and of many who have followed the vicissitudes of the game for years, none are worth enough to purchase a first-class funeral in case of their sudden demise. They have all proved victims of fate, and the monopoly on from countrymen or ignorant city folks has, in its turn, gone over the green cloth into the paw of the tiger. The king-bee of all the monte men was "Canada Bill," now dead and in his grave. His experience was remarkable, and it is said to have made $10,000 on one train to the East in the distance of one hundred miles. It is thought he made a fabulous fortune [illegible] nilees at Council Bluffs, Iowa, a few years ago. "Just as well to die now," he said, when informed by his physician that medicine could not save him, adding, "I might as well cut and jump the game now, because the cream of the monte has been skimmed. There won't be another war, they ain't going to build any more Pacific railroads, and its hard for me to play for a ten when I used to catch the hundred just as easy in flush times." When the death sweat stood out in great beads on his brow the old-time lustre returned to his eyes, and springing up in bed he cried out: "Fifty dollars to ten that you can't pick up the ace," and he fell back dead. When St. Louis became too hot for "Canada Bill" he removed to Chicago, and there in the wicked city by the lake he made and squandered fortunes. "Canada Bill" once beat a Methodist out of $1,000, near Chicago, and then went to a newspaper office and gave the thing away to the reporters and allowed himself to be interviewed for the express purpose of giving the boys an item and seeing his name in print. He was not lacking in courage, and when the occasion demanded could whip out a revolver or knife, and fight his way out of a crowd of victims as coolly as he had won their money.

A SAVAGE DUEL.

James Dobbins and Michael Burns were neighbors, living in the Kansas river bottom, six and a half miles from Kansas City, Mo. Some years ago Dobbins got married, and at the time Burns lent him $80. The sum was never paid back, and on this account there was bad feeling between the men. Burns visited Kansas City one day and Dobbins was engaged at work on the road. On his way home Burns passed the place where Dobbins and others were working. The men did not speak. To go to his house Dobbins had to pass by that of Burns. When Dobbins arrived in front of Burns' house he found the latter standing there, revolver in hand. Burns said: "Jim, I want that money you owe me." Dobbins made a reply which incensed Burns. Burns showed anger and Dobbins said: "Throw down that revolver and I can whip you." Burns threw the revolver on the ground by his side, when Dobbins said: "You have the drop on me now, but if you wait till I come back I will be hexed to meet you." Dobbins then drove his team into his yard, and, leaving them unhitched, ran into his house, and, getting two revolvers, started toward Burns' place. Burns was sitting on the door-step. Without saying a word, and presenting a revolver in each hand, Dobbins opened fire on him. The balls took effect in the side of the house. Burns then ran into the house, got his pistol and rushed at Dobbins. The men advanced to within two feet of each other before a shot was fired. Dobbins fired first, the shot hitting Burns on the right fore-arm. Burns retaliated, and sent two bullets through Dobbins' chest. Dobbins, in return, shot Burns through the abdomen. Burns last shot struck Dobbins under the left ear, and passed clear through his head. Both men, now in dying agony, clinched each other. They fell to the ground, Dobbins being underneath. Burns beat Dobbins over the head and face with the butt of his revolver. Then, thinking that Dobbins was dead, he started to leave him. With dying energy Dobbins turned and in a moment had thrown Burns under. One of the neighbors, a Mrs. Kelfton, appeared at this time and pulled Dobbins off Burns. Two young men came up, and the men were separated. Burns was taken to his house, and the two young men started to take Dobbins to his home. They had hardly gone five yards before Dobbins sank down on his knees and died in the woods. He died without saying a word. Burns lingered until the next morning, when he died.

An Absent-Minded Senator.—Ex-Senator Goldthwaite, of Alabama, was noted for his extreme absent-mindedness, and he was occasionally seen running about the Senate trying to get out and not being able to find the door. He would have half the page-boys in the Senate looking for his hat or cane, which would be all the while firmly clasped in his hand. He was much given to walking up and down the lobby, plunged in deep thought, often smoking a fragrant Havana, and entirely oblivious of all things about him. Often some cheeky page of the Senate would walk up and ask the Senator for a light. Mr. Goldthwaite would mechanically hand over his cigar, the boy would take a light, put the choice weed in his precious mouth and hand over his stump to the old gentleman, who would continue his stroll in blissful ignorance. It is related on good authority that, in one of his fits of abstraction, he walked into the Senate elevator, dropped a nickel into the hole back of the mirror, and calmly requested to be let out at "H" street.