

THE CHEMISTRY OF CHARACTER.

John and Peter and Robert and Paul,
God, in His wisdom, created them all;
John was a statesman and Peter a slave,
Robert a preacher and Paul was a knave.
Evil or good, as the case might be,
White or colored, or bond or free,
John and Peter and Robert and Paul—
God, in His wisdom, created them all.

Out of earth's elements, mingled with
flame,
Out of life's compounds of glory and
shame,
Fashioned and shaped by no will of their
own,
And helplessly into life's history thrown;
Born by the law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee,
John and Peter and Robert and Paul—
God in His wisdom created them all.

John was the head and the heart of his
state,
Was trusted and honored, was noble and
great;
Peter was made 'neath life's burdens to
groan,
And never once dreamed that his soul was
his own;
Robert great glory and honor received
For zealously preaching what no one
believed;
While Paul of the pleasures of sin took
his fill,
And gave up his life to the service of ill.

It chanced that these men in their passing
away
From earth and its conflicts all died the
same day.
John was mourned through the length
and breadth of the land;
Peter fell 'neath the lash of a merciless
hand;
Robert died with the praise of the Lord on
his tongue,
While Paul was convicted of murder and
hung;
John and Peter and Robert and Paul—
God, in His wisdom, created them all.

Men said of the statesman—"How noble
and brave,"
But of Peter, alas!—"He was only a slave."
Of Robert—"Tis well with his soul, it is
well."
While Paul they consigned to the torments
of hell;
Born by one law, through all the nations
the same,
What made them differ, and who was to
blame?
John and Peter and Robert and Paul—
God, in His wisdom, created them all.

Out in that region of infinite light,
Where the soul of the black man is as
pure as the white—
Out where the spirit, through sorrow made
wise,
No longer resorts to deception and lies—
Out where the flesh can no longer control
The freedom and faith of the God-given
soul,
Who shall determine what change shall
befall
John or Peter, and Robert and Paul.

John may in wisdom and goodness in-
crease;
Peter rejoice in infinite peace;
Robert may learn that the truth of the
Lord
Are more in the spirit and less in the
word.
And Paul may be blessed with a holier
birth
Than the passions of men had allowed him
on earth;
John and Peter, and Robert and Paul—
God, in His wisdom, created them all.
Burlington Hawkeye.

IN THE SHADOW.

I love to see my darling's happy smile,
As her young husband parts her golden
hair,
And takes from her sweet lips the kisses
there,
And yields contented to her pure shy wife;
I love my idle hours to beguile
With the bright babe, that fresh and rosy
fair,
Links in a golden band that joyous pair;
Like a long sunbeam down a cloistered
aisle.
Their gladness flings across my arid path
Its little glow and glory; but I pass
Out of its luster, where the hand of death
Throws its unlifting shadows on the grass;
And crouching down amid its chill I say,
"Here lies my lot; outside is hope and
day."

—[Tinsley's Magazine.

A SENTIMENTAL GAMBLER.

Some three years ago I ran a high-
toned game in a certain place. Oh, you
know well enough where it was, for if
I ain't in the wrong you owe me now for
a stack of chips. It was a square game,
you had better believe it. In all the
table drawers in the rooms there were
six-shooters handy, and I mostly kept a
knife in my boot-leg. Well, it were a
thriving game, for I dealt to half the
bloods in the town, and often had as
many as five lay-outs at a time, with
roulette a-going between spells. One
evening a young chap, with a curious
stare in his face strolled in, and I con-

cluded right off that he was green. I
have an affection for green men. O,
how I sympathize with them! He was
fair-haired, had blue eyes and milk
teeth, and just as innocent looking as a
sucking pig. I knowed he was my
meat—tenderer nor chicken—the minute
I sot eyes on him. Just one of
them lovely creatures as had never put
foot in a gambling saloon before. Pity
him? Much. If you ever did want
to see a heart slopping over with sym-
pathy, I wish you could get a sight of
mine. There never was a sporting man
that hadn't a soft heart, mealier nor a
biled potato. It's a constant weakness
that mostly spoils their business. When
I get flush, you just call on me and
write me up some yarn for the papers,
about these ere benevolent, soft-heart-
ed sports, something that will make the
women cry, and you will be good for a
ten-dollar bill. The papers can't pub-
lish too many of them. Well, about
this here young fellow. Some pards of
mine had roped him in. Bless you, we
had spotted him months before. We
made up a little game, and some friends
played agin me—me a-holding the box
—and the way they squeezed me was
awful. Pretty soon they got him to
take a hand just for fun, he going
shares, a chipping in, and we let him
make a \$100 or \$150—I disremember
how much. We knowed he was well
sot. His mammy had caved in a
six months afore, and he was good for
\$400,000. Now we wasn't going to let
any other party get him, for there was
a lot of fellows running an opposition
to us in town. We had kind of started
small, and the bank wasn't worth
more than \$800 when we first worked
her, and that there young fellow had
cost us as much as \$150 in tolling of
him in, before we got him safe. Some
particular friends of mine lived on
him, and we stood the racket. I no
sooner looked him over than I made up
my mind that our money wasn't wast-
ed. He wasn't a growler, but just an
easy going kind of a chap, that took
things as they came. We didn't press
him. If it took the whole season to
play it on him, we didn't mind. Some
nights he would drop a thousand cool,
and the next thing we would let him
ick up a hundred or so. Kind of
kept him in heart, you know. When
he begun he wasn't much on liquor,
but we got him to take his tod pretty
brisk after awhile. Good-liquor? You
had better believe it. Old Crow, cop-
per distilled, all the time. What's the
use of hocusin' stuff? It's never done
now, much, excepting by burglars.
The nigger was regularly ordered to
give him a drink, when any of us
winked, and we kept a winking. A
man wants sustaining, you know, and
we was a blessed sight too tender-heart-
ed to let him feel his losses. Many
and many a time me and my pards
have put him too sleep in the back
room, with money in his pockets which
we might have took, and he never
would have known nothing; but a
sporting man as respects hisself is
above that kind of game.

Well, he kept right straight on like
a good one, and the more he lost the
worse was his judgment. It was so
easy a thing that there really was no
fun in it. When spring time came the
bank was \$30,000 ahead, and the blast-
ed fool hadn't over \$100 to his name.
We had been mighty polite and affable
like to him so far, but when a fellow
has only a \$100 and a watch and a
scarf-pin, and will keep a-hanging
around a game, he ain't no use. He
kept on a-coming though, and I just
knew that if we didn't freeze him out
he would turn out to be a regular sa-
loon loafer. One night he come in and
hung off for a while, and we thought
he hadn't a red, but by-and-by he shows
\$500. I was kind of curious to know
where the money had come from. We
laid low for him, and just sucked in
his money as easy as could be. Next
day we found out that he had kept
back some of his money to build a
marble monument over his mother, and
had had the plans made. But I rather
guess the tombstone cutters didn't divy
any of that money much, and the old
woman ain't got no headstone yet to
speak of as I knows of. What's the
use of such things anyhow? Then he

didn't turn up for a week, and we
thought we was shut of him.

One howling bad night when the
room was full, and there was no place
at a table, he comes in and edges up to
where I was dealing. He had pawned
his overcoat quite likely, for he was
a-shivering from the rain. He draws
a few quarters out of his pocket, but I
shut down on him, telling him it was a
dollar game and there was no room for
him. He pulls out his watch and offers
it for \$75 worth of checks. It might
have been worth pretty nearly that for
the old gold in the case, but we wasn't
pawnbrosers so we let him have \$50 on
it. He took the chips greedily, and two
rousing drinks, and played like a fool.
What a blasted baby he was! I kept
a sloshing over with sympathy for him,
of course; but if it was his daddy's
ticker, you know, and if the ace will
keep turning up agin a family time-
piece, what's the use of blubbering
over it? It ain't plucky. Next time
he hauls out of his shirt a diamond pin
and dickers that for a pile of chips.
We have to keep our wits about us, you
know. It was a fairish stone, and even
if we had lost the chips, we wouldn't
have been much the worse for it. He
would keep on coppering the queen;
we knowed his game, and we worked
the lady on him, and that there pin
was ours. I wasn't going to leave that
pin go the rounds, so I stuck it in my
scarf between the deals, and, as I sot
in there (I was wearing a blue scarf
that night), I sort of smiled on him, a
bulging out of my chest, so that he
could see it, and that riled him. "Now
you are done for," thinks I, "and to-
morrow I will give orders that you
ain't to be let in any more."

I see, though, a gold ring on his fin-
ger. It wasn't much in the way of
jewelry, a thin, used-up, battered up
kind of thing. If it was 18 karat
maybe worth \$5. I kind of fancied
that ring. If his business was done,
it had to be done clean. I knowed he
was shorn, and a shorn man hasn't no
use for gold rings. He was a fooling
with it, pulling it off and putting it on
again. Presently it came off his finger
and rolled across the baize. He was
kind of ashamed to offer it.

"Give you four dollar chips for it,"
says I; "your girl will give you an-
other."

"It's my poor old mother's wedding
ring," says he, "and I dare not."

"Bring you luck," says I; "put up the
old woman's finery—if it's gold."

He kind of hesitated, but Jim—that's
the nigger—gave him a staving drink,
and he chucked over the ring. Mebbe
it was the liquor that gave him the
hiccups, or it might have been a sob,
but he took the chips anyway. I had
the ring and felt it. It was so much
worn out that I knew we had given
more chips for it than it was worth,
but, as I have been telling you, I always
had a heart bigger nor an ox. I had
the box, and three cards did his busi-
ness. He hadn't sense enough to di-
vide his little pile. No spoony fellow
ought to try to match themselves with
bloods. I got that there ring, and as
nice a piece of dry goods as ever slept
wears that there ring to-day, providing
she hain't pawned it.

He never said a word, but kind of
tottered off—it was the drink I suppose
—and went into the back room, and we
kept on with the game. We was hav-
ing a staving run of luck that night,
and things was a working sweet, when
all of a sudden we heard a pistol go off
in the back room. I didn't jump. We
ain't nervous, and a little popping ain't
of much consequence. It wasn't the
first time, neither, I had heard a pistol
go off in that there back room.

I felt kind of sure it was all up with
Greeny, but his watch was in the
drawer, his pin in my scarf, and his
ring on my finger. There was a lot of
big betting on the six last cards, just
then fours and fives and nines, and the
chances was agin us, and the players
was just wild. I dealt 'em, and we
swooped the old keoodle. I am cool
if I am anything. Then some of the
ropers came a rushing in from the back
room, and one of 'em says:

"Where the—did he get the pistol
from?"

"Rummaging in the old table

drawer," says my pard, a-winking to
me, "and it went off without his know-
ing it. Ain't hurt to speak of."

"Gents," says I, "don't let a little
trifle of this here kind disturb this so-
cial gathering. Jim, liquor all round.
Now shut them doors, lock 'em and
fetch me the keys, for not a soul of
you gets out before morning, and by
that time it will be all right."

The party was game, though they
held back for a little while, not know-
ing what was exactly up.

"He's done for, I suppose?" I said to
my partner, in a whisper.

"A stiff," says he.

"Carpet spoilt—wall-paper splash-
ed?" I asked.

"Just the worst kind."

"Matter of \$75. It's my fault;
charge it to me. He ought to have
been fired out at once; but I always
was so blasted sentimental."

"It's your only failing," said my
pard.

"Now," says I to the company, "a
new deal, gents, on this 'ere festive
occasion. Supper at twelve o'clock.
Make your bets."

What a night we had of it! That
'ere little incident in the next room
had put quite an edge on the thing.
The liquor those fellows drank would
have floated 'em. Drunk myself? Not
much. I never tastes a drop when I
handle the kurds. It was one of the
best nights for business I ever knew—
better than \$10,000 for us. We skinned
that crowd.

It was brought in as an accident.
Mebbe it was—mebbe it wasn't. He
didn't pay his funeral expenses. If
there had been a man that sold flowers
in the place, maybe the bank would
have sent him some camellias and
things, for I was always sentimental
and soft; but then I had to pay for a
new carpet. I have had streaks of
good and bad luck ever since, but I do
wish I could strike just such another
nice young fellow like Greeny. I
shouldn't care if one turned up like
him once a month. I would treat
them all just as handsome.

But say, don't forget to come around
and see me for I do want you to write
up something gushing about gamblers
and lottery-policy people, and how a
faro dealer got pious all at once and
gave up the pastboards and took to
teaching Sunday-school. Yank in re-
morse and rope in the sentiment. Call
the thing "His Last Deal." I'll give
you the p'int. It's a kind of reading
takes. It sounds so true—so like a
butcher a-fainting over a lamb! So
long.

Farming Under the Sea.

Boston Post.

Everywhere upon the coast of east-
ern New England may be found, ten
feet below the water-mark, the lichen
known as carrageen—the "Irish moss"
of commerce. It may be torn from
the sunken rocks anywhere, and yet
the little seaport of Scituate is almost
the only place in the country where it
is gathered and cured. This village is
the great center of the moss business
in this country, and the entire union
drags its supplies from these beaches.
Long rakes are used in tilling this ma-
rine farm, and it does not take long to
fill the many dories that await the
lichen, torn from its salty rock bed.
The husbands and fathers gather the
moss from the sea, and the wives and
daughters prepare it for the market.
Soak it in water and it will melt away
to a jelly. Boil it in milk and a deli-
cious white and creamy blanc mange
is the result. The annual product is
from 10,000 to 15,000 barrels, and it
brings \$55,000 into the town, which sum
is shared by 150 families. Its con-
sumption in the manufacture of lager
beer is very large, and the entire beer
of the country draws its supplies from
Scituate beaches, as the importation
from Ireland has almost ceased. It is
not generally known that the moss, as
an article of food, is called "sea moss
farina."

All errors spring up in the neighborhood
of some truth; they grow round about it,
and for the most part derive their strength
from such contiguity.