

### SARA'S LAWYER.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer—there, Bertha, my fate is decided at last; the daisy has said I am to be the wife of a lawyer; so don't be blighting me about Seth Chambers' attentions, and Squire Marvin's glances into our pew at church," and Sara Brady looked up into her sister's face and laughed merrily.

"How foolish you are, Sara," said Mrs. Maybin, reprovingly. "Every day you get some new freak into your head and persist in it with the obstinacy of—"

"A mule, why don't you say, Bertha?" laughed Sara. "Well, as you say, I do cling to an idea when my mind is once made up. And I always did believe in fortune telling by daisies; and since this daisy, the first I have seen this June, declares I am to marry a lawyer, I will wait for that lawyer if I am gay before he comes along."

"I don't know where you ever got such notions, Sara," answered Bertha, Maybin. "I am sure Mrs. Maybin tried to bring you up just as she brought me up, and I was a proper, studious, industrious girl, and at twenty-two married Francis, who was thought an excellent match for me; and I am sure I have done my duty as a wife and mother."

"Oh, nobody disputed that, Bertha," said Sara. "I am sure Frank could never have found a better wife if he had searched everywhere."

"But here you are twenty-four years old, Sara, and with no idea of settling yet. Do you know that you will very soon be an old maid—with terrible emphasis—and then where will be your chances? Do be reasonable, Sara, and treat Seth Chambers with some courtesy; and don't be so abrupt with Squire Marvin. You seem to forget that he is a rich man, owns that beautiful place, and drives the handsomest horses in the country."

"I wouldn't marry a man for the sake of his house and horses," said Sara, setting her lips firmly together.

"But you might learn to love him, Sara."

"Yes, I might, but I wouldn't. The old scarecrow has six children, wears false teeth and a wig, and inclines to stinginess. As for Seth Chambers, I'll wait until he has an ounce of sense in his head before I think about him."

"But suppose mother would die, Sara? You know the farm would go into the possession of Seth at once. You will be left without a cent of money or a home. Why not see things in a reasonable light?"

"I could teach the district school," said Sara, quietly. "The Squire is one of the Trustees, and I'd let him make love to me until I was installed, and then give him his coin."

"Very well, Sara, persist in your obstinacy if you will; but recollect that mother is sixty-five years old and can't last very long. The doctor said last week that she was breaking up very fast. You won't feel very comfortable when you see Seth Chambers on our comfort-farm, and find yourself tied down to teaching the stupid red-headed children around here."

"My lawyer may happen along," said Sara, blithely. "I shan't borrow trouble, and you needn't crank yourself hoarse, Bertha, for it won't do any good."

"The sisters had crossed the meadow by this time and reached the door of the comfortable farm-house they called home. Sara went into the kitchen to put the kettle on for tea, and Bertha Maybin went to her bed room."

"We had a nice walk over the fields, mother," said Sara, kissing the old lady who sat by the window, knitting.

"I am glad of it, dear," was the reply.

Mrs. Brady was too old and too much crippled with rheumatism to help in work of the farm-house at all, and all developed upon Sara, who was fond of housekeeping and dairy work, and sold the best butter and cheese, and the finest honey of anyone of her neighbors. The farm was two miles from the small town of Stockwell, and was to revert to Seth Chambers at the death of Mrs. Brady, to whom it had been left by the young man's uncle, who had been Mrs. Brady's lover in her young days, and dying, had remembered her in her poverty with her two children to support. It was a generous and a timely bequest, for Mrs. Brady had just lost her second husband. After his funeral expenses had been paid, she found herself without a dollar in the world, and with two children looking to her for support. She took in sewing and eked out a scanty living for them all, and then three months later Mr. Chambers had died, and she found herself mistress of Blossom farm and the owner of a dozen cows and several horses. There was also a couple of hundred dollars in the bank in her name.

Mrs. Brady was possessed of great executive ability, and she made the farm "pay," but never made more than a living for herself and two children. Bertha had been ten years old, and Sara only one year when they had moved to Blossom farm. Bertha was the child of her first husband, and Sara of her second. Bertha had grown up and married and gone to the city to live, but the first of every June saw her installed at the Blossom farm as a boarder, and now she had two children to bring with her.

Sara Brady's happy, pleasant disposition made her a general favorite in the neighborhood, but in spite of much attention from the sterner sex she was still unmarried, much to Bertha's discomfiture who appeared to think that her half-sister was disgracing the family by remaining in a state of single blessedness.

The month of June was passing swiftly away, and Sara had had two chances to change her condition. Seth Chambers had been the first to bring matters to a focus, and had made Sara a very bashful proposal, to which she had said "no" very decidedly.

Bertha had been angry, very angry, and had, as she expressed it, "spoken her mind," to Sara. "To throw away such a chance of keeping Blossom farm in the family was, in her opinion, absolutely criminal. Perhaps Bertha looked forward to the time when she should have to take board elsewhere for the summer, and didn't fancy the idea at all of having no Blossom farm to go to, where she could make herself thoroughly at home."

"You are crazy to refuse him, Sara. Haven't I warned you how you will be left an old maid, penniless, homeless, and

—good heavens! What do you expect?"

"I expect my lawyer," coolly interrupted Sara, kneading up the bread with arms bared to the elbow, and listening with a smile to her half-sister's lecture.

"That is the craziest notion, Sara! I do wish we had never taken that walk, and you had never found that horrid little daisy. It seems so too ridiculous to talk about."

"Then don't talk about it," said Sara.

"But you can't really mean, Sara, that you will throw away good chances just for the sake of such a silly notion?"

"I mean that I shall wait for my lawyer," said Sara, still smiling.

"You are just the one to cling to an idea of that sort; but I think you ought to have more sense. If Seth had been a lawyer would you have had him?"

"I didn't say that I'd have any lawyer," answered Sara. "I mean to pick and choose my lawyer. I pulled every leaf off the daisy and it left the last one a lawyer. I shall wait for my lawyer, until my lawyer comes."

"Horrors!" cried Bertha, "don't use that word again. I'm sick of it. I don't feel as if I ever cared to meet one of the profession again."

When on the last day of June Squire Marvin drove up to the farm-house gate, hitched his horses—they certainly were handsome creatures—and asked to see Miss Sara, Bertha knew what he had come for. Surely that could be told easily, for never had his wig been more carefully brushed, or shoes of a shinier aspect. Yes, the Squire had come a courting. He told Sara his little story, without, however, mentioning his six children and his sixty years—such little unpleasant facts are best kept out of mind—and waited for her answer.

Sara politely thanked him for the honor he had done her, but said she did not care to marry at present. Arguments were of no avail, and the Squire left the house, his dejected aspect telling the peeping Bertha what fate his tale of love had met.

"So you've refused the Squire," she said, entering the parlor before Sara had had time to fly to a more secure nook, where Bertha could not penetrate. "Well, you have taken your own stubborn course, Sara Brady, and you'll have only yourself to thank when you are penniless and an old maid, with your pretty looks all gone."

"I won't spend much time thanking myself," replied Sara. "I'll get a bottle of 'Bloom of Youth,' paint my faded cheeks, and go to work at the district school."

"It may be a laughing matter now, Sara, but it won't be then," said Bertha, severely.

"It makes me almost hate you to have you refuse that rich man, who owns those lovely horses—"

"And those lovely, red-headed, freckled children," interrupted Sara.

"What of that? Do you expect a prince? Are you waiting for a King to come by and sue for your hand?"

"No; but I am waiting for my lawyer," answered Sara.

It was only a few days after the Squire's proposal that an old school friend of Sara's invited her to come to a town a few miles off and pay a visit. Sara decided to go, but only for a week, Bertha declining to take charge of the household affairs of Blossom farm for a longer period. The week was heartily enjoyed by the girl, who returned home refreshed and invigorated by the change.

"Sara," said Bertha, at the tea-table on the first evening of her return, "I have some news for you. Your lawyer has actually come at last."

"I knew he would," said Sara, smiling. "Yes, he is a Mr. Ellsworth Elliott, and is staying at the Crown-and-Shield, in Stockwell. He came over here with Seth Chambers the very night after you left, and has been here four times since. I guess he fancies your honey, for I had him stay to tea."

"He must be very intellectual, since he has chosen Seth for a companion," said Sara, sarcastically.

"Oh, he only got acquainted with Seth by accident. He is a stranger here, you see."

"I like his name," said Sara. "And she soon liked Mr. Ellsworth Elliott, and he was worthy of her liking. Tall, handsome, with pleasing manners, and a thoroughbred gentleman, it was small wonder that he quickly won Sara's heart. Nor was her love given unreturned, for Ellsworth Elliott was attracted at once by her pretty face and amiable character, and the longer he knew her the more he found to admire in her. Weeks passed by until the summer was over, and fall was throwing a brown mantle over the earth, and all too quickly had it gone to the lovers. Sara felt as if she had never before known the beauty and value of life, and when Ellsworth told her how dearly he loved her, she felt as if life were too sweet to last."

"I told you I would marry a lawyer, Bertha," said she, when telling her mother and sister of her engagement.

"Well, I am sure I am pleased," said Bertha. "I didn't believe you would find him, but since you have, I wish you joy and a speedy wedding."

"He must return to his law office next week," said Sara, "but he will return in November and take me away. I shall firmly adhere to daisy fortune telling hereafter, and guide myself in what my first June daisy tells me. Never shall I forget to find one as the years roll by."

In November Sara was married, and on her breast she wore a knot of daisies and Ellsworth smiled when he saw them, for of course she had told him of her fortune telling.

They went at once to the pretty house, which the young husband had made ready for his bride in the city, and the quiet elegance of which sent Sara into ecstasies of delight.

After they were fairly settled to house-keeping Sara said one morning to her husband:

"Ellsworth, I want to go down-town to-day and see your law office."

"You won't find much law about it, Sara," he answered, "nothing but grain, hay and bran."

"Why, Ellsworth, what do you mean?" "That I am not a lawyer, Sara, my day and a commission merchant. Let me explain to you. I went to Stockwell to pass the summer, fish, hunt and I enjoy myself. I met your sister who told me about you, told me your fancy about the lawyer, and just for fun I proposed passing for one. After I learned to love you

I would have told you what my business was, but Bertha made me promise not to do so. She was afraid you would back out, I suppose. Do you feel sorry I played the hoax, Sara?"

"No; I don't care a bit. I love you now, and it makes no difference."

"But you will never believe in daisies again, will you?"

"Indeed I shall," she cried with energy. "How could the poor little daisies tell if it was a bogus or a genuine lawyer I would get?"—*Constance Sterling's Daubury News.*

### The Legend of the Crowned Skull.

Where the heavy-leaved grape-vine clambered thickest about the quaintly carved balcony overlooking the Rhine on the western side of Spellingstein Castle, the Princess Amalie and her lover, the young Baron Anselm, laid their heads together to talk over a weighty and profound matter.

This was no other than their approaching marriage. The Princess had reached her twentieth year, and her prospects presented no match more brilliant than one with the gay young Baron, whose wealth, purity of blood, popularity, and future promise were standing themes of conversation throughout the whole Rhine country.

As was befitting one so beautiful and beloved, the Princess Amalie had extraordinary attentions shown her on her birthday. The ancient halls of the castle were made gay with banners and armor and lights and music, and noble guests, who gave themselves up to the epidemic hilarity of the occasion. Every thing wore a holiday aspect, and even the servants and retainers were allowed to have their fill of feasting and merriment in honor of their fair mistress. Never, in the whole Dukedom, had there been a more successful or magnificent high-tide.

But after the great dinner, when the festivities were at their maddest, merriest height, the lovers, wearying of the noise and glare within, stole out upon the vine-embowered balcony, to chat over their coming happiness in the cool, soft twilight.

The Princess Amalie had acceded to the fashion of the day, at her father's request, and had arrayed herself in all the cumbrous paraphernalia of her state robes. The splendid crimson velvet and ermine of her dress did not so well become her gracious blonde beauty as the simple style she ordinarily affected, nor was the braided gold of her hair enhanced by the coronet of jewels that sat regally upon her fair forehead. Still, her father had willed it, and the etiquette of the court demanded it, as a show of respect to the guests, so she submitted.

But the coronet was heavy—they did good, massive jewelry work in those days—and she wished to enjoy the pure evening air that whispered musically among the vine-leaves and swayed the lindens below. Baron Anselm gayly assisted her to remove the flashing mass of gold and gems that oppressed her brow, and laid it carefully upon the broad stone balustrade that surrounded the balcony.

"It is good, Amalie," said the young man, "that our ancient and noble houses should be allied. We thus regain our ancient strength and dignity. Our forefathers, years and years ago, held bitter feuds, which destroyed much of the power of both families, but this happy alliance restores all that their enmity cost them."

She turned her eyes upon him with a fond and lingering gaze.

"Peace and happiness always bring more strength than strife and sorrow," she said.

"That is true; yet the old knights and warriors battled manfully. See yonder, where the sun has set, beyond the Thran-cuthal, leaving a golden glory in the sky to mark his path. All that broad country was once held by my sires, and was wrested from them by yours in a long and unjust struggle. On the other hand, my ancestors took the Rosenberg, with the castle belonging to the estate."

"Ay, there was doubtless much injustice on both sides, and many bleeding hearts to atone for it."

"Yet your forefathers seem to have been the most vindictive, for they pursued us to the death every where that we were found weak in numbers, and when our castles were taken, they were pillaged and burned."

"The fortunes of war."

"Worse than that, I think. Ah, Amalie, the blood has greatly changed since those days of robbery and outrage."

"But I cannot think that my sires were brigands and robbers. Are these traditions verified?"

"They have been handed down carefully in my family, from father to son, though the feud died out long ago."

"Ay, but such old-wives' stories grow with telling. A mouse becomes an elephant in the repetitions of ten generations."

"No, Amalie. My ancestors would not falsify."

"No; would mine steal?"

"But the facts have been kept in remembrance by all of us!"

"But the facts are untrue!"

"Amalie! do not let us quarrel about so small a matter. What signifies it if your great-great-grandfather's great-grandfather was unjust?"

"What signifies it, my dear Anselm, if your great-great-grandfather's great-grandfather told truths?"

"My race has ever been noted for honor and truthfulness."

"And mine for honesty and fairness."

"Not according to the record of my family."

"Which has become an exaggerated fable."

"Nonsense! Your ancestors must have seized the property of others to have grown rich. They were poor at first."

"I do not believe it; I will never believe I am the descendant of a pauper race!"

"Here, then," cried she, are your jewels, upon my head. Your ancestors had not the courage to recover them by war; you have not the heart to recover them by marriage. See how the daughter of a race of beggars despises the son of a race of cowards! When you recover this crown I will wed you. Not till then!"

And with a sudden movement she plucked the diadem from her head and whirled it far out over the black waters of the Rhine that washed the base of the lofty Spellingstein on which the castle stood.

A dull splash far below told that the bubble was gone, and the rushing of a heavy roar announced the departure of its wearer.

A moment after the horses of Anselm and his servants clattered over the bridge and away from the castle, followed, within the hour, by a party of rough riders—friends and admirers of Amalie, who had taken up arms on the instant to avenge the insult she felt she had received.

Anselm was not overtaken before he reached his home, and when his pursuers arrived there they were welcomed with such a shower of cross-bow and arrowed shots as left but one of them to tell the story. He, dying of a terrible wound, at Amalie's feet, when he turned, gasped out the news, and the stern old Duke marshaled his forces at once to punish the quondam lover of his daughter, now the mortal foe of his house.

The Baron, on his part, fortified himself, and gathered all his retainers together under his banner to repulse the enemy.

The feud, thus hastily renewed, was bitterer than of old. Battle after battle, siege after siege, sortie after sortie, followed in fierce succession, and the gallant young Baron almost always came off victorious. The Duke's estate was seized upon one after another of his castles taken and his people put to death, until, in a grand final siege before Spellingstein, the whole race was annihilated and the castle left a ruin. It is battered and smoldering debris the lifeless forms of the Duke, his once-loyal daughter and a few brave men-at-arms who had clustered around them till the last, were permitted to lie. The wreck of their greatness was the fittest sepulcher for them, perhaps.

Then Anselm returned to his castle, far beyond the Thranenthal, and made a great feast at high-tide to celebrate his victory. But all noted his weary and absent air. A melancholy fell upon him in the midst of his triumph, and a ghost seemed to haunt him every-where, till he was like to lose his reason.

In vain he sought forgetfulness in the affairs of his estates—in beautifying them and overcoming the rudeness that nature had stamped upon forest and hill. In vain he visited other lands, traveling abroad in luxurious state, and studying how to amuse himself only. At the end of a few years he settled down to a resigned and silent sorrow that ever preyed upon him.

His friends observed that he spent much of his time about the Spellingstein and its ruin, now overgrown with vines and moss. Under pretense of shooting and fishing, he rambled over the almost inaccessible crags, and loitered for hours by the still, black waters beneath.

In truth, he was thinking only of the jeweled crown that lay in the depths of the stream, and of her whose fair forehead it once adorned.

And one bright morning, as he sat moodily in his boat, gazing down into the waves, a strange vision uprose from an eddy that boiled between two half-sunken rocks—a vision of a beautiful maiden, like to Amalie, with golden hair and snowy arms, beckoning him to her. His boat drifted slowly toward the dangerous current, but he heeded nothing save the exquisite song of the apparition—a slow and dreamy chant of wonderful cadences and weird modulations:

Where the slow swirling waves wash and slap the sides of the hollow cave, And shifting currents tremulously play Upon its floors of many-colored pebbles and of tawny sand, There let us dwell forever! Down there beneath the tide, Where fair, white-bosomed nymphs go circling hand-in-hand, Their long hair floating golden green upon the water, With glimmer of pale light, like submerged stars— Down there, O handsome boatman! O true love, follow me!

The boat, or rather the wreck of it, was found on the jagged rocks, about which the eddy boiled and foamed. Anselm was seen no more.

A half century afterward a fisherman got his line entangled in the rocks below the Spellingstein, and brought up his hook and lead only with much difficulty. When drawn to the surface he discovered that the hook had caught in a human skull, upon which was tightly fitted a splendid coronet of gems.

The chance of the waves and currents had placed the crown upon the head of the lover whom it had separated from his love.

### Discovery of North America.

A New York paper says: A Wall street broker laid a wager the other day that Christopher Columbus discovered the continent of North America, and, of course, lost it. It is surprising how many intelligent persons entertain the same error. Knowing that he discovered a number of islands in the Western hemisphere, they think that he must also have discovered this continent also.

They forget that he died in ignorance of the grandeur of his achievement, believing Cuba, Terra Firma, and the other lands he had found to be remote parts of Asia. Amerigo Vespucci, after whom North and South America is named, did not discover this continent proper either. The land he discovered lay near the equator, and he, too, was deluded with the notion that it was a portion of Asia. John Cabot was the discoverer of North America (some time in May, 1497), which he likewise supposed to belong to the dominions of the Grand Cham. He sailed along the coast for 300 leagues, and went ashore, without finding any human being, though he believed the country inhabited. It is remarkable that the three great discoverers of the Western world should all have been Italians: Columbus having been born in Genoa, Vespucci in Florence, and Cabot, presumably, in Venice.

The birth of Cabot is uncertain, as are his age and the place and time of his death. But the fact that the license granted him by Henry VII. calls him Kabotto, Venetian, would seem to determine the question of his nationality. The discoverers had a sorry fortune. Colum-

bus, as we are aware, was treated with the blackest ingratitude by the King of Spain. When officers of the vessel in which he was carried a prisoner to Spain offered to remove his chains, imposed upon him by royal order, he replied, "I will wear them as a reminder of the gratitude of Princes." He died, as every body knows, neglected, in extreme poverty, of a broken heart. Vespucci had many trials and died poor, and Cabot fell into such obscurity that no one can tell where or when or how he died. Surely the sagacities attendant on the birth of the Western world were not favorable, and in a superstitious age might have led to the belief that its history would never be marked by good fortune.

### A Tired Woman's Last Words.

Here is an old woman who always was tired. For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired. Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going. Where washing ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing! And everything there will be just to my wishes. For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes. I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing. But having no voice I'll get rid of the singing. Don't mourn for me now, and mourn for me never. For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever."

### A Noble Record.

In a notice of the death of the late Hon. Robert Parker Parrott a correspondent of the Bedford (Pa.) *Enquirer* makes the following mention of the dealings of Mr. Parrott with the U. S. Government during the rebellion:

He was the inventor of the system of rifled guns and projectiles bearing his name. He invented these guns and missiles while in charge of the West Point Foundry, and they were first introduced in actual service at the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. They were exclusively used by the Federal Army and Navy until the end of the civil war. One of the Parrott thirty pounders mounted at Camp Point was used against Charleston, and withstood the extraordinary test of being fired 4,606 times before bursting. In this connection we desire an illustration, which we believe has not yet been published, of Mr. Parrott's noble character. During the war the rule was that every body should pile up wealth as fast as he could, regardless of business principles or conscientious scruples, particularly so long as the Government was the debtor, and history painfully reminds us of the fact that there were few exceptions to the rule. With the opportunity before him, the alluring bait of gold untold within his power and grasp without the aid of Congressmen and jobbers and brokers, he overcame the Devil and maintained his honesty, integrity and patriotism by adhering strictly to his principles.

The "Parrott" gun, of which he was the inventor, and which to-day bears his name, was tested in the first battles of the war, and found so serviceable that it was immediately adopted by the Government, and they were ordered for the Army as fast as they could be manufactured at Mr. Parrott's works. A friend who was familiar with his business re-constituted with him upon the prices he had fixed, saying that the U. S. would have to procure an immense number of these guns, and were ready to pay whatever he chose to ask—that there was an opportunity which could never occur again to acquire such fabulous wealth. This friend reports that Mr. Parrott smiled in his quiet way, as he replied rather not acquire them in that way. Then, growing more serious, he added that "if he were a younger man he should return to the army, but that he would aid his country, but that at his age and in his position he was determined to help the Government in that way. But in this way," he said, "I can be of use, and I do not intend these guns shall cost the United States any more than is absolutely necessary."

As labor and iron went up he was compelled to alter his price, but the friend above referred to expressed his belief that they were at no time equal to those he would have charged at the same time to a private customer. Yet the volume of business was so great, amounting to many millions, that his small percentage of profit necessarily increased his fortune very largely.

Just before Lee's surrender, a large contract for these guns had been concluded with Mr. Parrott. He knew that the sudden termination of the war must render any additional supply of his guns uncalled for. He had no wish to further enrich himself by making guns for which the United States could have no possible use, and which would have no greater value to them than old iron in times of peace, and he accordingly wrote to the Department at Washington that he was ready to fill his contract if desired, but at the same time, if the United States should believe it to be for their interest to annul it they were at liberty to do so. It was cancelled forthwith.

The profit on the last contract would have secured to most of us a modest fortune, but Mr. Parrott thought no more of this cancelling it by a stroke of his pen than if it had been the simplest act of his daily routine of business. That he did not undervalue money was, however, evident from the strict attention which he gave to economy in his works, and from the simplicity of his personal habits. He wore a patch on his boot whilst he was spending one hundred thousand dollars in building one of the most beautiful churches on the banks of the Hudson, a church so artistically designed and thoroughly furnished that it seems to have been there for a century.

In his visits to the Riddlesburg furnace he took great pleasure in mingling with the humble workmen, making himself one of their number, as it were; so much so that his periodical advent was hailed with joy by all the employes, and his sudden and unexpected demise is mourned by them in sincerity. In his death the Kemble Company lose a leader and manager that cannot easily be replaced, and Bedford County loses the first pioneer in the development of her vast iron resources. His name will ever be held in fond remembrance. Peace to his ashes.

He was sitting one evening in the guests' lolling-room of the old Oriental Hotel, when a little beggar girl came in, and with the keen discernment of little people in general, noticed his child-loving benevolent countenance, and approached him, asking alms. She was very young, innocent-looking, and had none of the juvenile whine of persistence of most young meddlers whom one meets in the streets and in the halls of our public hotels.

Phenix at once assumed a mournful expression of face, and began to talk, as it were, confidentially and affectionately to her. He told her that his father was long since dead, and that he was now left entirely alone in the world; that he was then but a little boy, with nobody to look to, and often had not known where to sleep at night.

The little girl's blue eyes began to moisten; the lolling guests, most of whom knew Lieutenant Derby, gathered around, when what was their surprise to see the sympathetic beggar-child go close up to him, and, in a quiet, confidential way take out of the inside pocket of her soiled and tattered frock all the money which she had gathered through the day, and place it in his hand. It is needless to say that the tender-hearted and courageous little donor of her hard day's earnings had not only her small yet great benefaction restored, but went away with great possessions, deduced from the pockets of the sympathetic bystanders.

### "John Phenix."

#### AN ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCE OF HUMBOLDT.

Says the San Francisco Golden Era: Those who knew John Phenix (Lieutenant Derby)—knew him as we did—will be glad to read the following striking anecdote, so characteristic of his noble nature. All who knew Derby will remember that there was nothing about him or his humor resembling those sour, discontented, practical jokers so naturally and justly tabooed in society. Good-nature and good-fellowship he cherished; and beyond these, save in the way of harmless mirth, he never swerved. It was not in him. His power of face was something wonderful, and this is sufficiently attested by the anecdote.

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#### Cricket-Fighting in China.

In some parts of China crickets are regularly trained for combat as English pugilists, the method being as follows: The crickets when captured are kept singly in earthen pots, at the bottom of which is a small quantity of fine mold, and a very small cup containing a few drops of water for the insects to drink out of and bathe in. Their food consists of two kinds of fish, called man-yu and kut-yu. Insects called too-kum-chung, and tun-tis-chung and pin-tam-chung are occasionally given to them. They get honey to strengthen them, and other items for their diet are boiled chestnuts and boiled rice. For two hours every night a female cricket is placed in the pot with the male.

Smoke is supposed to be injurious to their health, and the room in which they are kept must be perfectly free from it. A charm or mystic scroll to avert influences is sometimes placed on the cricket's pot. If they are sick from over-eating, red insects called beehching are given them. If the sickness arises from a cold, they get mosquito-bits, if from heat, shoots of green tea-plant. Chuk-tip, or bamboo butterflies, are giving for difficulty in breathing.

At the cricket-pit, which the Chinese call Lip, the insects are matched according to size, weight and color. The stakes are in some cases very large. It is, however, generally supposed by the government that they consist of presents as sweet cakes. A cricket which wins many victories is called Shanlip, or conquering cricket, and when it dies, it is placed in a small silver coffin and buried. Crickets which display great fighting power are not unfrequently sold for large sums.

#### Mistaken Kindness.

Those amiable people who are never so happy as when doing a service to man or beast, may sometimes err through want of judgement. For instance, the old man in this story:

There is an old gentleman that comes into town on foot every morning, who appears to be a great friend to dumb animals. Whenever he sees a dog scratching at the shop-door to be let in, he promptly opens it for the animal. The other morning he made a mistake in the dog business. He let one in, and soon the same canine came rushing between his legs, nearly throwing him down, and covering the lower part of his trousers with paint.

A man with overalls on was chasing the dog, trying to get at him with a paint-brush he had in his hand. The old gentleman expostulated with the irate painter—for such he proved to be—saying:

"My good man, why do you wish to hurt that dog?"