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Berlin, N. Y., July 1st 1873.

HIS LUCKY NUMBER.

Every one has a lucky number, said the old gentleman, Mine is twenty-one. Twenty-nine might have been, would have been, an unlucky number for me. Yet I don't know it; both were painted in black letters on a white oval. Twenty-one—twenty-nine. Not much difference, you see—21, 29; very like, indeed; and yet because I chose the number without a flourish and a long leg, I am here to-day, and have had a long and happy life. I should have been the occupant of a suicide's grave ever so many years ago had I chosen twenty-nine.

I really can't understand, said I. Was it a lottery or a draft, a conscription, or what? Was it a game—was it—

It was the number on a door, said the old gentleman. Wait a moment; I'll tell you all about it.

I was very much in love; everybody is at some time in his life. At twenty-five I was desperate. Talk about Romeo!—He was nothing to be compared with me.

I'm not ashamed of it. She was a worthy object. Not only because she was beautiful, but because she was good and amiable, and such a singer! She sang soprano in the church choir. And I've heard strangers whisper to each other, Is there really an angel up there?—When she sang her part alone, clear and sweet, and flute-like her voice was—I never heard its equal.

Well, I loved her, and I thought she liked me; but I wasn't sure. I courted her a good while, but she was as shy as any bird, and I couldn't satisfy myself as to her feelings. So I made up my mind to ask and know for certain. Some poet says:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all.

I agreed with him; and one evening as I walked home from a little party where we had met, with her on my arm, I stopped under a great willow tree, and took her hand in mine, and said:

Jessie, I love you better than my life: will you marry me?

I waited an answer.

She gave none.

Jessie, I said, won't you please speak to me?

Then she did speak.

No—O dear, no!

I offered her my arm again, and took her home, without a word. She did not speak either. She had told me before that she should start with the dawn to visit an aunt in New York, but I did not even say good-bye at the door. I bowed that was all. Then when she was out of sight, and I stood alone in the village streets, I felt desperate enough to kill myself.

What have I done to have so cold a refusal? Why should she scorn me so? O dear, no? I grew furious as I repeated the words.

Yet it stung me all the same. I tossed from side to side of my bed all night, and thought I could endure it no longer—But I would not pain and disgrace my respectable relatives by committing suicide in the place wherein they dwelt and and were well known and thought of. I would go to New York—even then a very large city—and, seeking some hotel, register an assumed name, and retiring at night with a bottle of laudnum and a brace of pistols, awake no more, and so be rid of my misery. I arranged my affairs to the best of my ability, and received an imaginary letter from a friend in New York, requesting my presence on a matter of business. I burdened myself with no unnecessary luggage.—What did an unknown suicide want of another coat and a change of linen?

I kissed my mother and sister, startled my grandfather by an embrace, and started upon what I mentally called my last journey, with a determined spirit.

There was a certain hotel to which many of the people of our village were in the habit of going. This I avoided.—Another, chosen at a hazard, seemed to be better. Thither I walked, determined to leave no trace of my destination to those who knew me—no clew to my identity to those who should find me dead.

I had to mark upon my clothing, no card, paper or letter with me. I had torn the hatter's mark from my beaver—As I ascended the hotel steps I felt, so to speak, like a person going to his own funeral.

A grinning waiter bowed before me. A pert clerk lifted up his head and stared. I was an ordinary traveler to them, that was evident.

It was late in the evening; the place wore an air of repose. Laughter and a faint chink of glasses in an inner apartment told of some conviviality. One old man read his newspaper before the fire. Nothing else was astir.

I asked for a room. The clerk nodded.

Do you care what floor? he asked.

I shook my head.

Number twenty-nine is empty, he said, and tossed a key to the waiter whom I followed at once.

We reached the room by two flights of stairs. At its door the waiter paused.

Thought he said twenty-nine, he muttered. The key is twenty-one.

Then open twenty-one with it, I said; I don't care what the number of the room is.

No sir—to be sure sir, said the waiter, and he passed along a few steps further.

Twenty-one, he said, and unlocking a door, pushed it open.

Shall I bring you anything, sir? he said.

I answered no, and he left me, having put the candle on my bureau.

The hour had come. As I shut the door a heavy sigh escaped me. Alas!—a that life had become so woful a thing to me that I should desire to be rid of it.

In the dim light of my one candle I paced the floor, and thought bitterly of the girl I loved so dearly.

It was in the days of curtained beds.—The bed in this room was hung with dark chintz; so were the windows. Over the looking glass was a portrait of a lady in puffed sleeves and high comb at the top by way of ornament. There were four stiff chairs, and a brass shovel and tongs stood guard beside the grate. I fancied myself lying dead on the bed amidst all these belongings, and felt sorry for myself. Then I took my pistols from my portmanteau, and leaving the door unlocked—for why should I put the landlord to the trouble of breaking it open—I lay down upon the bed, drew the curtains, took a pistol in each hand, and as true as I now speak to you, laid the muzzle of each to a temple, when some one opened the door, and

There, now, Jessie, said a voice; I told you you didn't lock it.

I did, said another voice; and sent the key to the office by the chambermaid.

I laid the pistols down and peeped through the curtains. There were two ladies in the room. One an old lady, in a brown front of false curls; the other my cruel lady love, Jessie Gray. For the moment I fancied I must be dreaming.

Sure it's the right number? asked Jessie.

Twenty-one—yes, said the other. And here's my band box. O, dear, I'm so sleepy.

I'm not, said Jessie; I wish I was, aunt.

You didn't sleep a wink last night, said the aunt. Nor have you eaten your meals to-day. You'll go into a decline if you go on that way. I'll see Dr. Black about you to-morrow.

I don't want Dr. Black to be called, sighed Jessie. I'd rather die.

What's the matter? cried the old lady. You are not yourself. You don't eat or sleep, and you cry perpetually.

I'm miserable, said Jessie.

Why? cried her aunt.

O, aunt, said Jessie, it's all your fault. You told me over and over again that a girl must never jump at an offer; that a man must be refused at least once, or he'd not value a girl. And I liked him so! And O, he liked me! And when he asked me I felt so glad? But I remembered what you said, and I—O, how could I do it!—I said, O dear, no! and he left me without a word. And I'm so sorry!—O, so sorry!—because I love him aunt.

You little goose, cried the old lady.

As for me, you can fancy how I felt.—I had no thought of suicide now. My desire was to live and ask that question of mine over again. I pocketed my pistols and crept down on the other side of the bureau and blew out the candle. The faint red light of the fire was still in the room. As I dashed out of the door I heard two female screams, but I escaped in safety.

I met the waiter on the stairs.

Found out the mistake, sir, he said, just coming to rectify it.

Don't mention it, I said. I'm very glad—that is, it don't matter. Here is something for your trouble, and I gave him a five dollar bill.

He said, Thank ye, sir; but I saw that he thought me crazy. He was confirmed in his opinion when, as I passed to the door of my own room, I cried:

Heaven bless twenty-one! It's a lucky number.

But I never was sauer than I was then and never half so happy.

Of course I proposed to Jessie the very next day, and I need not tell you that her answer was not O, dear, no; and that's why I call twenty-one my lucky number.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

We take two health journals and they worry us almost to death. The Sanitarian will come on Monday with an article showing that nearly all cases of consumption are attributed to keeping the bedroom window open at night. On Wednesday will come the Family Physician with an editorial demonstrating that bilious fever arises from keeping the windows open at night. As we must either close them or open them, it is clear that we have to choose between the positive certainty of consumption or bilious fever. On Monday the Sanitarian shows that tobacco is a deadly poison, and that a smoker is certain to have a cancer in the mouth and the entire destruction of his mental faculties sooner or later. On Wednesday when the Family Physician arrives, we find that a cigar may be used with advantage when there are sores in the mouth, and that moderate smoking braces the nerves and keeps the mind clear. The Sanitarium insists that suspenders make the shoulders round, and, and consequently injure the chest. Two days afterward the Family Physician declares that unless clothing is worn very loosely about waist the health will be ruined. In such a case it seems that there is nothing to be done but to go without trowsers; and if we consent to do this, some other health journal would come out with the statement that unless the legs are covered, inflammatory rheumatism is sure to set in. One says drinking coffee is certain death; the other asserts that it is the only way to perfect health. One affirms that people should drink a great deal of water before going to bed, and none when they rise in the morning. The other insists that water should be drunk upon rising and not upon retiring. One states that everybody should take a walk in the morning upon an empty stomach (a poor sort of thing to parade on by the way) and the other declares that thousands ruin their constitution every year by doing so. These things are calculated to perplex a man, unless he entertains that opinion of health journals which we have gradually formed, which is that they are, generally, publications of a particularly asinine nature.

THE CLERGYMAN'S WIFE'S PARROT

Last winter a Gratiot street saloon keeper went to Cincinnati on a visit, and while seeing the town he came across a saloon sporting the wildest old parrot that ever learned to speak the English language. He stood by and heard the bird rip and tear for a straight hour, and when he came home that parrot came with him. All the way up here the purchase went for the brakemen, ripping out oaths that Captain Kidd couldn't have handled, and the further north he came the more wicked he grew. Reaching Detroit his cage was hung up in the saloon, and Jack has been there ever since, up to Friday. It was a poor day when he did not learn some new oath or slang expression, and finally he became so that none but a hardened villian could talk with him. He was sold last Friday for twenty dollars, and his owner kept him about an hour, and sent him as a present to the minister's wife, who had been attentive to his family during sickness.—She was very grateful, having thought how nice it would be to have a talking parrot around the house. Jack seemed put out by the change of owners, and he sat on his perch all Friday night and refused to say a word. Saturday morning the minister's wife started for Pontiac, and she carried Jack's cage into her husband's study, that neither might be lonesome. She had been gone about an hour and the good man had been scribbling away, when all at once the parrot shouted:

Hearts is trumps!

The good man gave a jump and looked out of the window, thinking that a couple of bad boys were playing euchre under his shade trees. He could see no one, and supposing that he was mistaken, he seated himself and began to write again when the parrot shouted:

Not any gin, thank ye!

Horrified the clergyman looked around and saw Jack trying to wink at him.—Half doubting it it was the bird which had spoken, yet determined to find out he inquired:

What?

Shut up, or I'll put a head on ye! replied Jack, hanging to the cage with one claw and shaking his feathers.

Is it possible? exclaimed the good man drawing nearer to the cage.

Champagne Charley was his name,
Champagne Charley was his name—

sang Jack, swinging furiously on the stick.

Vile bird, you shall go out of here! said the minister, in an excited voice; I would as soon harbor with a highwayman.

Rouse mit him! cried Jack, and then he chuckled and cackled, as if he was laughing heartily.

It is a sin and a shame that men have taught an innocent bird to use such language, continued the good man as he picked up the cage.

Hit him with a beer tumbler, replied the parrot, trying to fasten his claws into the ministerial leg.

Little did my wife dream what a viper she was bringing into the house, mused the man. I shall hire some boy to carry you away.

Send for the Black Maria, replied the parrot, and while he was being carried out he continued, Who stole the wheelbarrow?

The minister reached the stoop, and called to a small boy who was playing mumblepeg on the grass.

Here, bub, take this bird somewhere and give him away, and I'll give you two shillings.

Oh, dry up now, growled Jack, seeming to know that he was to change places again.

Give him to any one who will take him continued the minister. I have received a shock which now fairly makes me tremble.

Check him under the table! called the bird, as he went through the gate, and when he was nearly a block away he could be heard singing, We won't go home till morning.—*Detroit (Mich.) Free Press.*

NO CHANGE RETURNED.

Parson Allen, of D., was quite a wag, as well as peculiarly interesting preacher. He was often called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, and his peculiarities on such occasions often furnished a supply of merriment long after the parties had retired from the parsonage.

On one occasion, after the marriage knot had been tied, the bridegroom, supposing that the parson was entitled by law to a certain fee, and would therefore return the change, handed the minister a ten dollar bill, which was carefully folded and placed in his pocket. The old parson having noticed the *X* in the corner of the old State Bank note, kept up his lively conversation, commenting upon the ups and downs of life, till the groom became somewhat nervous over the delay in relation to his change, and he venured to say:

Parson Allen, that was a ten dollar bill I gave you.

Yes, so I perceive; you are very generous. It is not often I receive so large a fee. A comfortable thing it is to have a bank note in one's pocket, and then he gave some amusing illustrations of selfishness, and another ten minutes of precious time was consumed.

Again the groom ventured to remind the parson that he had not returned the change he expected, and he hesitatingly suggested:

Perhaps you did not think that the bill that I handed you for your services was a ten, did you, Parson Allen.

Oh, yes, I noticed that it was; I assure you that I have not been so agreeably surprised for a long time. I always think on such occasions that the husband has an appreciative regard for his worthy partner, and I presume that you regard your wife, that now is, worth at least ten dollars, and I doubt if you would have the knot untied for twice that amount, would you, Mr. N.?

Not I, said the nonplussed groom.—But is there not a regular fee which the minister is allowed to take for married folks?

Not that I am aware of, said the parson. We always leave the fee to be fixed upon by the parties who get married.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A GORILLA.

BY PAUL DU CHAILLU.

He was about twenty yards off when we first saw him. We at once gathered together; as I I was about to take aim and bring him down where he stood, when Malaouen stopped me, saying in a whisper, Not time yet.

We stood, therefore, in silence, gun in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a minute or so out of his evil gray eyes, then beat his breast with his gigantic arms—and what arms he had!—then he gave another howl of defiance, and advanced upon us. How horrible he looked? I shall never forget it.

Again he stopped, but more than fifteen yards away. Still Malaouen said not yet. Good gracious! what is to become of us if our guns miss fire, or if we only wound the huge beast! Again the gorilla made an advance upon us. Now he was not twelve yards off. I could see plainly his ferocious face. It was distorted with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other, so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was drawn forward and back rapidly, which made his hair move up and down, and gave a truly devilish expression to the hideous face. Once more he gave out a roar which seemed to shake the woods like thunder; I could really feel the earth trembling under my feet. The gorilla, looking us in the eyes, and beating his breast, advanced again.

Don't fire too soon, said Malaouen; if you do not kill him, he will kill you.

This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. I was breathing fast with excitement as I watched the huge beast.

Malaouen said only, steady, as the gorilla came came up. Then he stopped. Malaouen said, now! and before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth, three musket balls were in his body. He fell dead almost without a struggle.

He was a monstrous beast, indeed, tho' not among the tallest. His height was five feet six inches. His arms had a spread of seven feet two inches. His broad, brawny chest measured fifty inches and three-quarters in circumference.—His arms seemed like immense bunches of muscle only; and his legs and claw-like feet were so well fitted for grabbing and holding, that I could see how easy it was for the negroes to believe that these animals, when they conceal themselves in trees and watch for prey, can seize and pull up with their feet, any living thing, leopard, ox or man, that passes beneath.

The face of this gorilla was intensely black. The vast chest, which proved his great power, was bare, and covered with parchment-like skin. His body was covered with gray hair. While the animal approached in its fierce way, walking on its hind legs, and facing us as few animals dare face man, it really seemed to me to be a horrible likeness of man.

A TERRIBLE MACHINE.

IT WILL BLOW A SHIP HIGHER THAN GILDEROY'S KITE.

Mr. Lay's torpedo, which it is expected will be bought by Congress, is a most remarkable instrument of war. One of them has been completed at Newport, and the results achieved with it are marvelous in the extreme. The machine is propelled by carbolic acid gas, generated on the boat, and can be sent in any direction under the water for a distance of two or three miles. A man on the ship or on the shore, guides it by means of a magnetic wire, by which he can explode it at any moment. It may naturally be asked, How is he to know where the machine is when it is submerged, and how is he to know if went direct on its mission? Attached to the boat, as in the case of harbor torpedoes, is a small stick, but, unlike the others, it exerts itself above the surface. By this, the director can tell the precise location of the boat, and when it touches the ship, bang, and away she goes. But this brings another question: Suppose those aboard the vessel should observe the stick and know what it is and attempted to destroy it, what is to prevent them from lowering a boat, getting behind the torpedo, and cutting the wires? simply this: Attached to the stern of the torpedo is a smaller one, and when the boat drawes near, the torpedo is moved in position, and the smaller one is discharged at the boat, smashing it to pieces and killing those in it. This is the Lay torpedo, a destructive, horrible engine, against which there is no escape.

The Ericsson torpedo has just been completed on Long Island, where its inventor has been privately experimenting with it. It is a large affair, about twelve feet long and three wide, and resembles one in a very striking manner of a huge coffin. Like the Lay, it is intended to be used from one vessel against another, but it differs from it in many details. It is operated by compressed air, on the ship it is sent from, through a flexible canvas pipe. Its position is ascertained in the same manner as Lay's and, when it has approached the object of attack, within two hundred feet, of the bomb, which has been contained in the coffin-like shell, is discharged by the compressed air, and, striking the vessel, is exploded by a percussion shell, shattering the ship to pieces.

SUDDEN WARMING.

A very dangerous, yet a very common winter practice, is that of sudden warming when very cold. We frequently read in the papers of little children falling down dead on suddenly going to the heated stove after a long walk. Others are often injured seriously who have no guess at the true cause of the difficulty. Every intelligent person knows that a frozen limb will become dead flesh if suddenly warmed. The temperature must be raised very slowly. The limb must be put into cold instead of warm water, or rubbed with snow. When limbs are half frozen, they cannot resist the injurious effect of sudden warming. Convulsions in children is occasionally occur; many more are made suddenly faint and sick without knowing the cause; the eyesight is often peculiarly affected, and people call it snow blindness. All skin difficulties are greatly aggravated by sudden warming, and sometimes very painful ones are induced. It is generally thought that chilblains are caused by the severe cold, but the true cause is sudden warming after they have been very cold. It seems as if this distressing malady were largely on the increase—even very little children suffer from it. Too great care cannot be taken in this matter of warming cold feet slowly, and by friction rather than putting them near the hot fire.

Sudden warming, too, makes the whole system so subject to cold for a long time afterwards that extra garments are always needed, and then the frame shivers in what was once very comfortable temperature. Physicians have observed this in their own cases, and say that they have suffered in this way for years from a single such act of imprudence.

Use proper precaution on your own part, and watch carefully over your children, who of course follow their natural impulse to rush to the fire when so very cold.

THE SCARLET FEVER.

Robert Christie, of the Potrero, suggests a remedy for the scarlet fever, which he avers has invariably proved successful. It is very simple, and lies within the reach of those whose limited means preclude them from employing the services of a physician. It is this:—Take an onion and cut it in halves; cut out a portion of the center, and into the cavity put a spoonful of saffron; put the pieces together, then wrap them up in a cloth and bake them in an oven until the onion is cooked so that the juice will run freely; squeeze out all the juice and give the patient a teaspoonful, at the same time rubbing the chest and throat with goosa-greese or rancid bacon, if there is any cough or soreness in the throat. In a short time the fever will break out in an eruption all over the body. All that is then necessary is to keep the patient warm and protected from draught, and the recovery is certain. Mr. Christie says he has been employing this remedy for many years, and never knew it to fail when proper care was taken of the patient after its application. One family in which there were five children down with the disease at one time recently used this simple remedy upon his telling them of it and every one of the little ones recovered in a short time.

Wm. B. Astor has walked Broadway for three-score years without indicating any sympathy with mankind. If you wish to make a trial, call at the office in Prince street. It is well understood that charity is not tolerated there. Mr. Astor's property enabled him fifteen years ago to pay a tax of $12,000, and at present he pays about $65,000, which is a small sum in proportion to his immense estate. When he was a boy his father's property was worth about $1,000,000. The old gentleman died in 1848, leaving $20,000,000, and the estate has much more than doubled since that time. Six hundred houses acknowledge Astor as landlord; but with all this wealth, why, just try him for charity! Thirty thousand women have been driven by poverty into prostitution during the time that Astor's property has thus grown into a colossal pile, and now, while poverty grinds the masses more bitterly than ever, the golden mountain increases still more rapidly under its owner's careful management. What a contrast to behold $80,000,000 in the hands of an old man just on the verge of the grave, while the direst poverty, reaching even starvation, is the lot of thousands?

In the spring of 1872, Fanny Fern left New York for the last time, setting up on the same stocking with Miss Nelson. The writer had the curiosity to visit the Cunard wharf to witness the departure of the two singling-sticks. Each was attended to the steamer by a large number of warm friends; and rival tugs with rival brass bands, accompanied the vessel down the bay. Just before the hour of departure the two prima-donnas took their places upon the quarter-deck and had a demonstrative leave-taking with their followers. It was evident that the usual professional jealousy separated two women who should have been warm friends, and there was something amusing in the studied manner in which each ignored the presence of the other. Fanny seemed jolly and uproarious, Nilsson queenly, but evidently conscious of and vexed at the presence of her rival. She did not wish the honors of the occasion divided.—*Hartford Courant.*