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Selected Miscellany.

WHY IS IT SO?

Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder which is best;
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,
And so the dreary night-hours go.
Some hearts beat where some hearts break;
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight—
Some love the tent and some the field—
I often wonder who are right—
The ones who strive, or those who yield.

Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so thro' ages and thro' lands
Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread,
In tireless march, a thorny way;
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek when others shun the fray.

Some swords rust where others clash,
Some fall back where some move on,
Some flags furl where others flash
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on while others keep
The vigils of the true and brave;
They will not rest till roses creep
Around their name, above a grave.

—*Father Ryan.*

WILLIE.

BY P. DEMING.

It frightened us a good deal when we found the little dead boy. We were three country lads going home across the lots at noon for our dinner. In passing a lonely pasture ground we saw a little basket lying ahead of us upon the grass. We made a race for it and Ed captured the prize: a little further on we picked up a small hat which we at once recognized as Willie Dedrick's. Then we turned the angle of the zig-zag rail fence, and there in the corner, jammed close under the bottom rail, was beautiful little Willie, only five years old.

His clothing was torn and bloody, and he did not move; we felt a little afraid because he was so still, but we went up to him. He was dead, and his plump little features were all blackened with great bruises.

It shocked us very much. Only three hours before we had been playing with Willie at the pond. We felt that it was a terrible thing to find him dead in this unlooked-for manner. We asked each other what Walter and Mary would do when they should hear of this; Willie was the only boy they had. And then the question came up what we ought to do under such circumstances. There was no one in sight to tell us. It was suggested that we might take up the body and carry it home to Walter and Mary; it was not far through the lot and down the bank to the pond, where their home was. It seemed natural and right at first that we should take the chubby little boy and carry him home. But we shrank from the presence of death even in the form of little Willie; and besides that we had certain dim and confused ideas, as country lads do who read the city newspapers, that somehow a Coroner was necessary, and that it would not be lawful or safe for us to meddle with Willie thus strangely found dead from an unknown cause.

So we sat down upon the large stones near by Willie and held a council. There was no chairman appointed and no secretary, and none of the surroundings that ordinarily belong to deliberative bodies; nevertheless in all the essentials of a great council this occasion was very eminent. Here were three lads seated upon three fragments of the ancient granite which strews the northern slope of the Adirondack Mountains, and below them stretched the wild woods, away to the valley of the mighty St. Lawrence; and in their midst, upon that bright summer day, sat the skeleton king with his awful scepter and his iron crown, pressing upon their young hearts those matchless terrors which have ruled the world since time began.

It was an august presence, and the boys felt their responsibility more than members of councils ordinarily do. Their final conclusion was that one of their number must go and tell Walter and Mary, while the other two watched the body. It required quite as much courage as wisdom to reach this conclusion, for to tell the parents was a task the boys dreaded.

The lot was cast, country-boy fashion, with three blades of grass, to determine who should be the messenger of evil tidings. The lot fell upon Phil, and he immediately rose up to start. Ed. suggested at this point that in sending word the death ought to be ascribed to some cause. The boys had been very much puzzled from the first to know what could have done it. They gazed about the pasture ground to discover what suggestion could be made. There were a couple of horses, some cows, and some sheep grazing in a distant part of the inclosure. As soon as it was suggested that one of the horses might perhaps have done it by kicking Willie, the boys accepted that as the natural and undoubted solution of the mystery. And so Phil took that word with him.

Phil went upon a little trot through the lot and down the bank, moving rapidly so that his heart might not have time to quail or shrink; and in less than five minutes he stood by the little house near the pond.

He looked in at the door, which was wide open upon this warm summer day, and there he saw Walter and Mary. Walter sat cleaning the lock of his rifle, while the gun itself was lying across his lap. Doubtless Phil's face was somewhat pale as he went in at the door, for Mary looked at him as if she saw something there, and dreaded it.

The lad had good sense; he did not blurt out the sad news suddenly. He said to Walter in a quiet way, "Will you please to step out of the door with me; I wish to see you."

It was the earnestness of the voice, perhaps, that caused the man to put aside his gun and obey so quickly.

When they were out of the house Phil said, "I have bad news for you; we have found your little son in the lot, kicked by a horse, and we are afraid that he is so bad that he is dead."

Phil had thought of this way of saying it before he got to the house. When he said dead, Walter gave a little start and said, "Is he dead?"

Phil had to say, "Yes, we are afraid he is, and we think he is."

Walter stepped into the cottage and Phil stood at the door to see how he would tell Mary. Walter said, without any preface, "Mary, our little Willie is dead!"

"That was not a prudent thing," the boy thought, as the tragic words fell upon his ear and fixed themselves in his memory.

The effect of the words upon Mary reminded the boy of the way he had seen a rifle-shot tell upon a rabbit or partridge. The woman passed through a kind of flutter or shudder for a moment and then sank straight down in a little heap upon the floor. Then followed a series of quick gasps and catching for breath, and short exclamations of "O dear! O dear!" and then the stifled shrieking began.

Walter took his wife up in his strong arms, and tried to undo in part the sad work which had been accomplished upon her by the few words he had so suddenly and imprudently uttered. He said that Willie might not be dead after all, but only hurt. And so he placed her upon a bed, and he and Phil left her there and started to go and see Willie.

Not many words were said as the man and boy climbed the bank and strode hastily along to the fatal spot. As they neared it there sat the two watchers, faithful to their post and as still as statues.

Phil and Walter turned the angle of the fence, and the father came up to the body of his little son. He had not seemed stricken with grief until now, but only excited. As he looked steadily upon the chubby little form, all battered and bloody and bruised, the lad who had brought him there felt that some word must be said.

"It's a kick, ain't it?" said he.

That was hardly the right thing to say at such a moment, perhaps. The poor father choked and trembled, and replied, "A kick or a bite or something—O dear!" And then he turned his head and looked away, and there was the sound of his sobbing, and a strange, moaning cry.

Walter would not stay by the body, but directed the boys to remain and watch while he himself went and brought his friend the doctor. And then he turned away and went off over the fields toward the settlement, uttering loud sobs and that same strange cry.

It was hardly more than ten minutes' walk down to the road toward which Walter directed his steps, and in a very short time the boys saw groups of men coming from the houses, up the acclivity, toward the fatal spot. They came hastily, two and three together, and soon a dozen or more were gathered around the three boys who had watched, and were gazing at the body.

After the first look the men made characteristic remarks.

"That is a rough piece of business!" said Dan.

"Fearful!" said Pete.

"That's mighty queer work for a hoss now, ain't it?" said Levi, a tall, keen fellow intended by nature for a lawyer.

"It don't look like a hoss to me," said another.

And so they went on to comment and examine. It appeared that the rail under which Willie was jammed was dented and marked as if hammered by many blows. The three innocent boys who had originated the "hoss theory," as the men called it, accounted for the marks on the rail by saying that the horse pawed Willie after he was under the fence.

The men said they knew better; they began to question the boys as if they entertained suspicions in regard to them, and the boys became very uncomfortable. The men asked repeatedly just how the body was lying when the boys had found it, and inquired again and again whether they had moved it at all. The lads felt these insinuations very keenly.

Men continued to come, and at length women came in groups, until quite an assembly was gathered there in the open field. Finally Walter returned slowly up the hill with a few friends, as if he were reluctant to come again to the place. Just as he reached the spot good old Father Mosely and his wife, a sharp, managing woman, came from the opposite direction and met Walter. Father and Mother Mosely lived down by the school-house, at the other side of the settlement.

Mother Mosely at once seized hold of Walter, and while she wrung his hand exclaimed in a high voice that seemed to the boys not a becoming or natural voice in which to express grief:

"Oh, Walter! we can't give him up; no, no, no; oh, dear!"

The gesticulation which accompanied this was tragic and stagey, and it was by far the most theatrical thing done on that occasion.

Father Mosely spoke a few words which interested the people very much. Hearing some allusion made to the "hoss theory," he said:

"The little boy down at the school says it was a sheep that did it."

And then it came out that Willie's playmate, Charlie Sanders, was "the little boy down at the school," and that Charlie had cried all the forenoon and dared not tell the teacher what the matter was; but finally at the noon-spell he told a little girl that Willie did not come to school because a sheep in the lot had chased them and knocked Willie down, and he could not get up.

Here was light indeed, especially for the three lads, who had begun to feel, since the horse theory was criticised, as if they themselves were culprits unless they accounted for "the murder."

Across the lot the sheep were still feeding. A young farmer stepped out of the crowd and called "Nan, nan, nan," and the flock, raising their heads, responded with a multitude of ba-a-as, and came galloping over the grassy field. At their head was "the old ram," a fine "buck" with great horns curling in spirals around his ears.

The young farmer held Willie's basket in one hand, and making a brawny fist of the other struck out toward the ram, offering him battle. The buck at once brought his head down in line of attack, squared himself for a big butt, and came on with a little run, and a charge that in an artistic point of view was quite beautiful. The farmer, stepping aside, caught him by his horns as he came, and that magnificent charge was his last.

There was a blood-thirsty feeling pervading the crowd, undoubtedly, but Buck had a fair trial. There on his white, bold face and horns were the bright carmine drops of fresh blood. No other witnesses were needed. In a moment a glittering, keen knife flashed from somebody's keeping in the bright sunshine, and in a moment more a purple stream dyed the white wool around Buck's throat, and there was a red pool upon the grass; and a little later, as Dan remarked, "some tough mutton."

The excitement abated; for the mystery was cleared up and Justice had its due. Kind-hearted Joe, who superintended the Sabbath-school and led the religious element of the neighborhood, stepped forward and said to the crowd:

"Well, boys, it is all right here, and no suspicion and no need of any ceremony; let us take him home."

And then Joe took Willie in his arms and held him closely with the little face against his own, as if he were still living, and started for the cottage. Some of the people followed in a picturesque procession, through the pasture lot and down the bank and along by the shore of the pond. When Walter's house was reached, a few of the women went in to soothe Mary; and Joe and the doctor went in also, and the people clustered about the door.

In the course of an hour it seemed that all had been done that could be done for Walter and Mary, and the people, except a few who remained as watchers and helpers, dispersed to their homes.

The three days that followed were bright, sunny days. A strange stillness and unusual hush reigned in the neighborhood of the cottage. The harsh, grating sound of the saw-mill was not heard as at other times, for the mill was stopped in token of respect for the great sorrow. Only the softly-flowing stream was heard, mingling its *susurrus* with the hum of the bees in the garden

Now and then groups of children, dressed in their Sunday attire, would come down the bank, and with hushed voices and fearful looks steal up toward the cottage door. Then kind Joe would see them and would come out and take them in to see Willie; and after a few moments they would issue forth again and walk sadly homeward, and as they went the sunlight dried their tears.

And farmers and hunters came from many miles away "to see the little boy that was killed by a sheep." Some of the rough men manifested their sympathy by exhibiting vindictive feelings toward the ram. After going in and viewing the bruised corpse they would come out with dark, determined looks, and grasping again the long rifles which they had brought with them and "stood up" by the door they would inquire of any bystander, with fierce emphasis, whether the ram that "did that" was dead. On being informed of his execution, they would say "That will do," with an air that implied how much they would have enjoyed it to have had a shot at him. Indeed, it appeared that if the poor brute had been possessed of fifty or a hundred lives, so that each irate hunter might have taken one, it would have been a great relief and satisfaction.

On the fourth day Willie was buried. Mary continued inconsolable. All of the social influences which the neighborhood could command were put in operation from the time of the funeral onward, in order to cheer her and bind up her wounded spirit. Social meetings were held and pleasant little gatherings made for her. Wherever there was enjoyment Mary must be. She gratefully submitted herself to all their kindness and tried to please her friends. But it seemed to do her little good. She remained pale, weak and dispirited.

After a few months Walter and Mary discovered that somehow they were not suited with their farm. They sold the place at the first opportunity and returned to their former home in New England, the remains of little Willie having been forwarded in advance to a cemetery there with which they in their early days had been familiar.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

How Humming-Birds Fight.

If two birds foraging come together, they usually fight; one drives the other away, and then goes on feeding as if nothing had happened, Mr. Gosse says: "If two vervain humming-birds are about the moringa-tree, one will fly off and suspend himself in the air a few yards distant; the other presently shoots off to him; and then, without touching each other, they mount upward with strong, rushing wings, perhaps for 500 feet. They then separate, and each shoots diagonally toward the ground, like a ball from a rifle, and, wheeling around, comes up to the blossoms again, and sucks as if it had not moved away at all. The figure of the smaller humming-birds on the wing, their rapidity, their arrowy course, and their whole manner of flight, are entirely those of an insect; and one who has watched the flight of a large beetle, or bee, will have a very good idea of one of these tropic gems, painted against the sky." Again he says: "I once witnessed a combat between two mango humming-birds, which was prosecuted with much pertinacity, and protracted to an unusual length. They chased each other through the labyrinth of twigs and flowers till, an opportunity occurring, the one would dart with fury upon the other, and then with a loud rustling of their wings they would twirl together round and round, until they nearly came to earth. At length an encounter took place pretty close to me, and I perceived that the beak of the one grasped the beak of the other, and, thus fastened, both whirled round and round in their perpendicular descent till when very near the ground they separated; and the one chased the other for about a hundred yards, and then returned in triumph to the tree. Sometimes they would suspend hostilities to suck a few blossoms, but mutual proximity was sure to bring them on again, with the same result. In their tortuous and rapid evolutions the light from their ruby necks would now and then flash in the sun with gem-like radiance. The war lasted fully an hour and then I was called away from the post of observation."—*Popular Science Monthly for July.*

—A gentleman had occasion to call on the Rev. Thomas Campbell when he was at Glasgow. "Is the dominie in?" he inquired of a portly dame who opened the door. "He's in the yaird, sooperintendin' Sauners, the carpenter. Ye can see him the noo if your business is vera precise." The gentleman walked into the yard, where he beheld a carpenter bri-kly planing away to the air of Bonnie Maggie Lauder, and the dominie standing by. Unwilling to intrude on their conversation, he stepped aside, and heard: "Sauners, I say! Can ye no hear me?" "Yes, minister, I hear ye. What's your will?" "Can ye no whistle some mair solemn and godly tune while ye're at your work?" "A-weel, minister, if it be your wull, I'll e'en do it." Upon which he changed the air to the Dead March in Saul, greatly to the hindrance of the planing. The dominie looked on for some minutes in silence, and then said, "Sauners, I hae another word to say till ye. Did the gude wife hire ye by the day's darg or by the job?" "The day's darg was our agreeing, master." "Then, on the whole, Sauners, I think ye may just as well gie back to whistling Bonnie Maggie Lauder."

The Monte Gamblers of the Overland Route.

Between Truckee and Ogden there are five regularly-organized bands of "three-card monte men." Not one person in a thousand has the slightest idea of the magnitude of their business, the number of passengers they fleece, or the amount of money they win. Their operations are confined exclusively to the smoking car and freight caboose, hence many who travel the road never get a glimpse of them. Those who lose by the game feel so mortified and chagrined to think they have been guilty of betting that they seldom make any complaint. Hence, though these men have infested the road for over two years, little attention has been paid to their movements.

The monotony of the long ride across the continent is admirably adapted to fit men's minds for the appreciation of anything that is droll or laughable. At Elko, Toano, Winnemucca or Battle Mountain, just as the passengers begin to find the hours tedious, the most comical figure imaginable steps aboard the stage. An old threadbare coat with the largest of brass buttons and the largest of swallow-tails, a pair of pantaloons that sport ample patches of divers colors, one leg of which is stuffed into a heavy cow-hide boot and the other torn square off at the knee, a flashy red shirt, an old-fashioned velvet vest, and a broad-brimmed hat whose sides are fastened up by means of guys, complete the costume. In his hand is a long blacksnake whip, and attached to his boot is a pair of heavy Spanish spurs. His long, black, matted hair and bristling beard, his awkward, stumbling gait, the jingling bells on his spurs—but, above all, the ridiculous, self-satisfied grin which overspreads his countenance—attract the attention of all.

He has evidently been running to catch the train, and as he pulls a red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the perspiration from his brow a dozen twenty-dollar pieces roll upon the floor. Picking them up, he puts them into a leather bag or purse full a foot long, that is literally crammed with glittering gold pieces. He giggles and laughs over the mishap, and informs the astonished bystanders that he had "lots more money than that" when he first sold his cattle. "He lost a right smart sum bettin' agin a game of keerds," but he didn't mind the loss because the fellows showed him how to do it, and when he got back to Texas he could win all the money he wanted, and he chuckled and grinned over the way he was going to nip those Texas boys. Just by way of illustrating the trick he takes three greasy cards from his pocket and commences to throw them clumsily backward and forward on the corner of his coat-tail, which he has spread across his lap. His nonsensical talk never ceases for an instant. He explains that the jack of diamonds is the winning card, and that the jacks of clubs and spades lose. "Here, now, you jest try it; jest bet in fun," he says to a well-dressed passenger near him. The man laughingly complies, and turns up the right card. The greenhorn laughs and giggles harder than ever, and protests that it was accidental, or at least that a little more practice would enable him to do better. Again they try for fun, and again the passenger wins. Some one else now tries the experiment, and likewise turns up the jack of diamonds. Just then a gentleman steps up who has a "through check" stuck in his hat, and offers to bet $10. Oh, no; the greeny couldn't think of it. He had just learned the game, and must practice it some more, but he "reckoned" he would be ready for the boys by the time he got to Texas. The stranger wanted to bet the cigars, and finally the fellow consented, and, of course, lost.

He took out that wonderful purse to pay the boy who brought the cigars, and in looking for a quarter turned out $9,000 in golden eagles, double eagles and gold notes into his lap. Attracted by the magical clinking of the coin every man in the car is standing around. The passenger who won the cigars is exceedingly anxious to bet. He urges that even if the greenhorn loses he will have enough money left. At last $50 a side is put up, and the stranger wins! A hundred dollars, and he wins again! The cards are shuffled so awkwardly that no one could possibly make a mistake. The greenhorn refuses to bet any more because he is too lucky. The first passenger now offers to bet, but the greenhorn will not accept a wager of less than $150, because he wants a chance to win back his money. The money is placed upon the card, and, when the latter is turned up, the stranger has won. Two hundred dollars a side is now wagered, and, while something at the back part of the car attracts the poor greeny's attention, the passenger lifts up the card, shows the crowd that it is the jack of diamonds, and for future reference pinches up one corner. The unsuspecting dealer loses the bet and hands over the money, but bars out this man also, as being, like the former one, too lucky.

Somebody else, lured by the tempting success of his fellow-passengers, offers to try his luck. No bets will be taken of less than $500. It is such a dead sure thing that the man planks down the coin. Of course he puts it upon the card with the corner dented and turned up. The imprint of the passenger's thumb-nail is as plain as day in the corner, and with it thus marked no one could be mistaken. The card is turned, and lo! it is the jack of spades, and the greenhorn pockets the money. No more bets are made. It is too evident that the dealer is not quite so verdant as was supposed.

There are some pretty angry words used by the group of friends who have gathered around the victim. With one accord they start toward the dealer's seat! He is missing! The train is under full headway. Its speed is not less than twenty-five miles an hour; yet the greenhorn has disappeared. The strictest search fails to discover his whereabouts. The mystery is told to the brakeman, who instantly explains it by saying:

"Oh, that was Jack Roach. He is chief among the monte sharps. He just now jumped off the train and is walking back to the depot."

The two passengers who won were "cappers." Their well-dressed, genteel appearance, their apparent ignorance of the dealer and his game disarmed suspicion and readily "roped in" the victim. The game is so perfectly sure that men will bet the last cent they have in the world. A few days since a man and his wife were coming to California, and the man, after losing all his money, borrowed his wife's watch and gambled it away. Sometimes, instead of turning up the corner of the winning card, a black spot or pencil mark is made upon its back. A man feels just as if several hundred dollars were offered to him as a gift and all he has to do to obtain it is to place his money on the marked card.

A professional faro gambler was one day betting at three-card monte, when the conductor came along and broke up the game. The professional was highly incensed, ordered the conductor out of the car, and told him if he interfered again he would get his brains blown out. "This drunken fool," he said, "is going to lose his money to some one, and I may as well have it as somebody else." Five minutes afterward the gambler had lost every dollar he possessed, and the "drunken fool" was wearing his gold watch and diamond ring.

Old Californians seem to be the most gullible. Their experience, instead of protecting them, is a positive injury. The rules that apply in draw poker, or in "fighting the tiger," have nothing to do with three-card monte. In those games there seems to be about equal chances in favor of the two sides; but in this one all the chances are apparently against the poor simpleton who deals. The railway officials do all in their power to prevent passengers from being fleeced. The conductors invariable go through the cars and warn everybody against the danger of betting. Frequently their kind admonitions are met with scorn and insult. "Do you think we have lived in California twenty-five years for nothing?" asked one man with a sneer. The conductor passed through the car half an hour later and the old forty-niner was minus his watch and sixty dollars.

One of the saddest cases in the history of the business is that of a young clergyman who was sent from one of the Western States to attend to the affairs of a deceased man. He came to California, collected the accounts, disposed of the property, and was carrying back the proceeds to the bereaved wife and children. Slim Jim entered the car and commenced to spell out the words of the "warning" which is posted up on all the cars of the Central Pacific Company. In a loud, drawling tone of voice, and with much hesitation, he read: "B-e-w-a-re! Beware of t-h-r-e-e-c-a-r-d——. Them's the very fellows that robbed me," he exclaimed. With well-feigned indignation he told the story of his woes to the preacher, taking particular pains to show that he had plenty of money left. Before he arose from the seat he had explained so fully that the preacher concluded to take care of Slim Jim's surplus cash in order to prevent the monte-men from robbing him again! He so far failed, however, as to part with every cent of the poor widow's money, and to be compelled to pursue his journey dead broke.

These monte sharps base their chances of success wholly upon the doctrine of total depravity. They act so stupidly, so ignorantly, so utterly unacquainted with their business, that people feel certain of winning their money. No man was ever yet beaten of a cent who did not deliberately attempt to rob the dealer. They look at the card on the sly, put marks on its back and sometimes even tear off a corner in order to swindle the foolish country clown out of his gold. How the dealer manages to substitute another card for the marked one, and how he completely eludes detection, and defies the closest scrutiny, is past finding out. He invariably succeeds, but further deponent knoweth not.

Into the smoking car, near Winnemucca, one time stumbled a drunken miner. Any one who has ever seen the blue shirt, slouched hat, muddy boots, unkempt hair, and unshorn beard of the "honest miner" would at once recognize the man as coming direct from the gold region. He makes a swaggering attempt at walking, but, catching his foot against something, stumbles heavily against a German passenger. As he falls, his purse slides from his pocket, and the man is fairly deluged with a shower of gold. The Teuton makes no attempt at resenting the insult, but helps pick up the coins and assists the miner to a seat beside him. He pays the utmost attention to his new-found friend. The miner several times attempted to go out on the platform, but the man quickly restrained him. "Mine Gott! mine friend!" he would say, "you goes out dere you falls right away off;" and, casting a longing glance at the pocket containing the purse, he would put his arms around the miner and carry him back to his seat. At the Humboldt House they took dinner, the German inducing the drunken man to agree to settle therefor. Prior to eating they walked up to the bar to take a drink. The miner placed a five-dollar gold piece on the counter in payment. The other watched his opportunity, slipped the gold piece into his pocket, and placed a half dollar in its stead. The drunken man took no notice of the transaction. Indeed, he was so far gone that he could not sit down without assistance from the accommodating Bavarian. After supper another V was laid on the counter, from which it soon disappeared into the same pocket, and a silver half dollar took its place. The drunken fellow seemed blissfully oblivious of the audacious robbery of which he was being made the victim. In the car he went to sleep. The German made three several attempts to take away the plethoric purse which projected provokingly from the miner's inner coat pocket. The pressure of the man's folded arms accidentally prevented. After enjoying a good nap the fellow took out three cards, and in a slow, bungling manner shuffled them about in his lap. A finely-dressed stranger, passing by, inquired the name of the game and the rule by which it was governed. "Three-card ante," was the reply. "Ante (hic) all the time; this card (hic) wins, these two chaps lose." Dealing away to an imaginary opponent he turned up a card and fairly shouted with glee to find that it was the right one. The stranger offered to take a hand and try it $20 worth. "Well, no (hic); got plenty of money (hic); don't want no more." After considerable parley, however, he relented, and $200 was put up on a side. The stranger won and pocketed the cash. The Teuton was frantic. Evidently the miner was going to lose all his treasures. "Mein Got! mein friend," he whispered, "you playsh mit dese bad fellars, and dey shust robs you like anydinks," and putting his finger alongside his nose and winking knowingly he added: "Bimeby we has von leetle game all by ourselves.' Thus urged, the miner declined further bets.

Twenty minutes later he and the German were sitting flat on the floor at the end of the car, having "von leetle game." The cards were spread, and the latter, to make assurance double sure, picked up the card while the miner's head was turned, saw that it was the right one, and then went down into his pocket for all the money he could raise. The miner gave the cards one more clumsy shuffle. The man watched the winning one and heaped his money upon it. Too greedy to be content with winning the miner's cash little by little, he raked and scraped his pockets for the last dime. Prominent among the coins were the two five-dollar pieces which he had stolen from the counter at the Humboldt House. The card was turned! It was the wrong one! A sweep of the miner's hand swept in the ducats. "Mine Goot! mine friend, hold on. It wash all a mistake," he repeated; "you shoost gives me back my monish and I says nothing at all about it." The miner, however, was suddenly sobered, and, leaving the other moaning and groaning like a dying man, he joined the stranger at the further end of the car. They were the famous Brown brothers, two of the most accomplished gamblers on the road.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Terrible Death from Hydrophobia.

Those who have doubted the existence of hydrophobia were taken aback yesterday by the death of William McCormick, of No. 309 East Fifty-first street, whose case exhibited all the most pronounced symptoms of that disease. A little over a month ago Mr. McCormick, who is a butcher, and also follows the express business, was bitten by a small dog. The wound was upon the hand, and so slight that it seemed to be only a scratch, and of no importance whatever. His wife and family expressed great anxiety on account of the stir about mad dogs; but he laughed at their fears, assuring them that the dog was not mad and that there could be no danger. The dog was taken to the pound and killed, so that there has been no chance to prove whether he had rabies or not.

On Monday Mr. McCormick began to experience pains in his neck and about his shoulders. He believed that he had rheumatism and again laughed at the fears of his wife and family. He continued to grow worse and applied liniments and fomentations. He did not consult a physician and continued about his business as usual.

On Wednesday at ten, Mr. McCormick complained of feeling a peculiar creeping sensation coming up his back and spreading over his shoulders and the back of his neck. He told his wife that he felt faint, and she brought him a glass of water. He took the glass in his hand and placed it to his lips to drink. His teeth closed upon the edge of the glass, his lips became purple, and his face presented the appearance of a person asphyxiated by choking. The muscles about his neck were contracted, and he caught his breath rapidly, and at intervals could not breathe at all. Dr. Heddon was sent for, and he reached the house as the spasm was passing off. The physician examined the patient carefully, and pronounced the case one of true hydrophobia. He prescribed anodynes and went out, promising to call again at ten o'clock.

Dr. Heddon called upon Dr. W. E. Leavitt, and requested him to call with him upon Mr. McCormick. At ten, as agreed upon, they met at McCormick's house and went to the patient's room without hesitation.

At 3:15 yesterday morning the convulsions were so terrible that the nurses could not control the patient. He would straighten himself out and then spring with his might and throw himself from the bed. His jaws snapped together and froth ran from his mouth in streams. Perspiration rolled from all parts of his body, wetting through his shirt and the bedding. His face was livid and from time to time his throat seemed to contract until the large muscles stood out in cords. His agony was intense, and even chloroform could not be given to quiet the convulsions. At length a patrolman was called in and sent to the Fifty-ninth street police station for help and a strait-jacket. Sergt. Fanning sent Roundsman West with the strait-jacket and to render such assistance as might be necessary. With their united strength the strait-jacket was applied, and then more control could be exercised over the patient.

During the afternoon Mr. McCormick was constantly in a state of spasm. So rapidly did they follow one another that the convulsions seemed almost continuous. About 4 o'clock signs of weakness were shown for the first time, and it became evident that a change was near. A little chloroform was administered, and afterward the patient was a little easier, and tried to speak. Before his sentence could be finished another spasm came on, more terrible than any. His back was bent like a bow, and the entire weight of the body rested upon the head and heels. His jaws crashed together, and once his teeth went through his tongue, causing it to bleed profusely. The blood and froth ran from his mouth, spattering over his face and the bed-clothes. Then giving a tremendous struggle, almost bursting the bonds of the strait-jacket, he threw himself over upon his side. His jaws were clenched so tightly that they cracked in the terrible strain. The agony was intense. In a few moments, just as the clock was striking five, an ashen hue began to spread over his face. The muscular contraction relaxed. The jaw dropped, and Mr. McCormick's terrible suffering was over. Death was welcome, for no person could have suffered as he did. He was evidently conscious all through the terrible struggle, as was shown by his attempt to speak just before his death. The strait-jacket was removed, and then the rigor mortis began to set in. No evidence could be gained as to the efficacy of any kind of treatment, the rapid progress of the disease to a fatal termination making every effort futile beyond man's control.—*New York Paper, June 26.*

It is now decisively demonstrated in physiological science that colds are the effect of derangements of the stomach and the blood. "When," says a writer on the subject, "the human body is at its prime, with youth, vigor, purity, and a good constitution on its side, no degree of ordinary exposure to cold gives rise to any unpleasant effects. All the ordinary precautions against colds, coughs, and rheumatic pains may be disregarded, and no ill effects ensue. But let the blood become impure, let the body become deranged from any acquired disorder, or let the vigor begin to wane, and the infirmities of the age be felt by occasional derangements in some vital part, either from inherited or acquired abuses, and the action of cold will excite more or less disorder of some kind, and the form of this disorder, or the disease which will ensue, will be determined by the kind of pre-existing blood impurity or the pre-existing fault of the organic processes."

CURRENT ITEMS.

The ladies' dress-reform question is now agitating the country to a greater extent than ever.

The Anthropometrical is the name of a new association. This is the scholastic way of saying journeymen tailors.

Two girls have gone into the green hide business in San Francisco, and are making money. Neither of them is over seventeen.

A girl arrested in Boston the other day for stealing an apple was so weak for want of food that she fainted away in the court-room.

Jackson Gerard, of Benton, Me., went to sleep soon after leaving the breakfast table a few days ago, and at last accounts all attempts to awaken him had proved unavailing.

Dorothy Williams, of Wyoming, started to walk three miles to church the other day, and they found her torn into about fifty pieces, the result of meeting a grizzly bear of low moral character.

Gen Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, proposes to donate a tract of land for a miners' school or school of miners, and measures are under way for the establishment of a National institute for practical miners.

A convention of workingmen, delegates from trades-unions, factory operatives and labor reformers generally, will be held in Worcester, Mass., about the middle of August, to nominate a State ticket.

It is understood that a number of lady students are to enter the Boston (Methodist) School of Theology next fall, the Trustees having assured candidates that the doors of the seminary are open to all, without respect to sex.

A Boston boss "scrub-woman," who has in her employ a hundred other women, has regular work for all, and has become rich, recently bought a $25,000 house on a fashionable street, and rides in her carriage in imitation of the fashionable and wealthy ladies.

A New England philosopher has discovered that the dull times are a blessing in disguise, because "there is probably no other way of checking the feverish intensity of American business life and compelling the busy workers to take it easy."

A little girl in Rowley, Mass., has earned a dollar and a quarter by catching woodchucks at twenty-five cents apiece. She snaps them up as they put their heads out of the hole. Such a live steel-trap will not be particularly safe to meet one of these days.

The Dallas (Tex.) *Herald* records the story of two young men who, while out riding, saw a pocket-book lying in the street, and they both jumped from the buggy to get it. The hurry broke a finger of one of them and dislocated the ankle of the other, and the pocket-book contained nothing.

Because he had been sued for $29, a Barton (Vt.) man committed suicide, declaring that if he had got so low that his name was not good for $29 he did not want to live any longer. Such sensitiveness is extremely rare in America, and our friends in England must not be misled by an isolated case like this.

The "Excelsior Magazine," one of the choicest and most artistic of monthlies, is published at $3.50 a year. New subscribers are offered a $4.50 field croquet set and the magazine for $4.40, only 90 cents additional. A handsomely-illustrated Fashion and Etiquette Supplement goes with it. Rare inducements to getters-up of clubs in money or premiums. Sample copies 25 cents. Office, Room 59, No. 157 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill. *

The Japanese have taken a sudden fancy to the German language. They learn rapidly, but they are fond of change and have no perseverance, so that the teachers are obliged frequently to alter the subject of study. Moreover, the best pupils leave them just as they are beginning to get on; directly a Japanese understands a few words of German he goes to Yeddo to seek employment. Fortunately the number of pupils is very great. Since the Emperor himself has taken to study, and Government appointments at Yeddo are only given to educated people instead of being sold to the highest bidder it has become fashionable to go to school.

There was a very sad occurrence lately, near the residence of Jonathan Herrington, a few miles northwest of Hillsboro, Mo. Elijah Burgess with his family were visiting Herrington's, and the boys were out on a steep hill side or bluff. They had been amusing themselves rolling stones down the hill, when two of them concluded to go to the foot of the bluff to see the rocks jump off. A large stone was started from above and warning given to the boys below, when a little son of Burgess, nine years of age, stepped out from behind a tree and the rock struck him on the head, smashing his skull and killing him instantly.

A prominent oculist says that the contagious Egyptian or granular inflammation of the eyes is spreading rapidly throughout the country, and that he has been able in many, and, indeed, in a majority of cases, to trace the disease to what are commonly called rolling towels. Towels of this kind are generally found in country hotels and in the dwellings of the working classes, and, being thus used by nearly every one, are made the carriers of one of the most dangerous and, as regards its symptoms, most troublesome diseases of the eye. This being the case, it is urgently recommended that the use of these rolling towels be discarded and thus one of the special vehicles for the spread of a most dangerous disorder of the eyes—one by which thousands of workingmen are annually deprived of their means of support—will no longer exist.

Of all places in the world to select as a retreat from the scorching heat of a June day, an ice-chest is perhaps the last, and yet George Straubel did it. George had formerly been bar-keeper at Apollo Theater, but on Monday was living at 615 South Fourth street. He had been suffering to some slight extent from colic, and was also perspiring profusely. Do what he would, he could not keep cool. The more he tried to keep cool, the more he perspired, and at last the brilliant idea struck him that a brief retirement in the ice-chest would set him up all right. It did the lager good, and why shouldn't it do George Straubel good, too? So he got into the ice-chest, and very soon felt cool enough. The perspiration was checked, and when Straubel got out of the ice-chest the perspiration didn't return. On the contrary, he couldn't get warm, and he continued to get colder and colder, until in a short time George Straubel was not only as cold as death, but he was dead.—*St. Louis Republican.*