

## GAIN AND LOSS.

BY C. BROOKER.

[From the Sunday Magazine.]

When we are weary with the world's rough teaching,  
Too weak to press our way among the rest,  
Too tired to guess at life's perplexed meaning,  
Too worn to follow in its eager quest,

We seek but room beneath still summer skies  
To dream in rest, and, waking, dream again,  
Calmly to bear what still before us lies,  
Suffer no harm the world's woes that yet remain.

"Thou, I think, God sends His special spirit,  
Who straightway open our cold slumbering hearts,  
With love that yields far more than it inherits,  
With love that claims as much as it imparts."

No winged troop of angels, pure and sinless,  
Nor saints, who, too, grew weak and true;  
But little souls whose life is fresh and guileless,  
Of human weakness and of human truth.

The little children, with their wistful pleading  
For love and a strength to feed their tender growth,  
Yet give us warmth and sunshine, all unheeding  
Of unconscious teachers of life-giving truth.

When baby fingers twine within our own,  
We can not push their clinging love away;  
We can not walk the tedious path alone  
When little feet want strengthening on the way.

When child eyes grow brighter with the sun,  
How can we shut the glowing golden light?  
With little thoughts unclouding one by one,  
We dare not shut the truth out from our sight.

Their tender love, dependence full and sweet,  
We needs must feed with tender love and power;  
And aching this will bring us to His feet,  
Who leads the birds, untaught, the opening flower.

And doubting souls first know a God above them  
When they have felt the spirit's mother-bless,  
And weary hearts find rest in His love,  
When in His father love He sends us this.

She took the brown seeds in her hand,  
And softly turned them over on her palm,  
Saying, "For these I only want  
A little rain, a little sun."

A short-lived seedling on the earth  
Until the winter frosts be done.  
"Quickly the spring days come again,  
Quickly the snowdrops follow sun,  
Perchance my little buds shall peep  
Flowers where I plant these seeds now;  
God send Thy mother's rain to feed  
Those flowers when they together grow."

Bright shown the sun, fast fell the rain,  
The hands that sowed were clasped in rest,  
Over some flowers a baby's hand  
Had laid upon its mother's breast;  
God took the seed His hand had sown,  
And planted it where flowers grow best.

## NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Vice digs its own voluptuous tomb.  
Iowa can boast of 3,763,166 miles of railway.

Minkato, Minn., has an artesian well 1,800 feet deep.

Where the woodbine twines—on the new bonnets.  
Kiss shots in billiards are now called "Brooklyn caramas."

The currency of Cuba is getting to be worth so little that it does not pay to counterfeit it.

Come, young man, trot out your new hat, and let's see how it compares with the bonnets.

Green peas have got as far North as Macon, Ga., and are Macon rapid progress hitherward.

Uncle Sam has raised seven hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars worth of cotton in three years.

Josh Billings and Petroleum V. Nasby probably feel that this spelling mania is a personal reflection on both of them.

One of the great attractions of the centennial will be Susan B. Anthony's relation of her personal recollections of the Pilgrim Fathers.

They sued a man in France for a libel he wrote with a sharp stick on a green pumpkin growing in a field. The indictment was squashed, however.

Brownlow is warming up with his work, and the way he calls contemporary "a toothless, fangless old reptile" would make a Cincinnati editor envious.

Young Walworth, the parricide, now confined in the Auburn asylum for insane convicts, is rapidly declining in health, and it is said he can not long survive.

Owing to a late severe storm, Orange City, Iowa, was ten days without a mail. The inhabitants will never catch up in reading the proceedings in Judge Nelson's court.—Philadelphia Times.

Worcester Press: It is said that Jayne, the notorious ex-detective for the treasury department, will appear as a witness in the scandal trial. If Tilton has had his arm around Jayne let's know it.

Susan B. Anthony wants to find the author of the story which placed her in an improper attitude toward Theodore, and proposes to be a mother-in-law to him in all that the name implies.—Detroit Free Press.

The residence at Washington, in which Bancroft is completing his History of the United States, has had for its tenants James K. Paulding, Washington Irving, John P. Kennedy, William Wirt, Peter Force and Jared Sparks.

Washington were a set of false teeth made from a solid block of ivory. This is a statement of fact, and it isn't wonderful that the father of his country didn't have a kindly expression of countenance under the circumstances.

Gen. McClellan will remain abroad with his family until August. They have been up the Nile, and special attentions have been paid them by the Khedive.—Cincinnati Commercial. All quiet on the Nile, else Mr. wouldn't be there.

A gentleman in Oswego, New York, has an earthen tea-pot presented to his grandmother by Gen. Israel Putnam in 1776, on the occasion of her marriage to a lieutenant in Putnam's command. It bears an eagle, shield and patriotic mottoes.

At a sale of merino sheep at Fresno, Cal., the other day a single ram brought \$500, and fifty ewes were sold at forty dollars each.—New York Sun. Now let the sterner sex brace up for a blast from Aunt Susan. Why should the male sheep sell so much higher than the female is a question that should be settled by the sorosis.

John Paul Jones must have had a wonderful collection of crockery on his ship, if the auctioneer's catalogues are to be believed.

We notice in an account of a recent sale in London a pair of flat Oriental vases, supposed to have been painted at Chelsea, which are said to have come off the Bonaparte Richard. They sold for £15.

The Baronne de Talleyrand, who is described as a lovely Circassian, with melting dark eyes and pearly white shoulders and arms, wore so many jewels at a recent costume ball in Florence that she took gendarmes along with her to escort her. There were jewels everywhere on her Odyssean dress, which looked one shimmering cascade of diamonds, rubies, sapphires and emeralds.

Parson Newman, who has recently re-

turned from Palestine, testified his sympathy with Mr. Beecher by forwarding him, in care of a trust messenger, a bottle of Jordan water. The pastor promptly drew the cork, tasted the precious fluid, and, after smacking his lips, to be sure of getting the flavor, he turned to the messenger and said: "Tell Brother Newman I prefer Vichy."

Brookers should taste this in their hats for reference when purchasing the fragrant Havana. How many smokers know what the brands on the cases of Havana cigars mean? The names Regalia, Londres, Damas and Entrepas, do not refer to quality, but to sizes. The quality is indicated by super-fino, fino, superior, and bueno. Maduro means the tobacco is very strong, oscuro for that not so strong, colorado for medium, and claro for mild.

## SOCRATES SECOND.

THE HEMLOCK POISONING CASE.  
TESTIMONY OF THE PHYSICIAN WHO TREATED THE PATIENT WHO DICTATED HIS SYMPTOMS WHILE DYING FROM AN OVERDOSE OF CONIUM.

Concerning the case of hemlock poisoning in Brooklyn already reported in the Sentinel, the New York Sun has these conditional details: The case of F. W. Walker, the electrician, who died from a draught of hemlock which he took on Saturday as a remedy for spasms of the facial muscles and the twitching of the eye lids, which were the result of an accident in New York in 1871, was the talk among medical men in New York and Brooklyn yesterday. Coroner Simms received a telegram from Dr. Seguin asking him to spare no pains to make a thorough investigation in the interest of science. An inquest was begun in the afternoon in Dr. Walker's parlor, 339 B. Street. The jurors were Dr. B. A. Segur, superintendent of the board of health; David Chauncey, president of the Mechanics' Bank; Dr. A. N. Bell, editor of the Sanitarian; Samuel Bell, ex-postmaster; J. J. Sturges, Alderman Ripley; Ropes, D. D. Whitney, William Richardson, Dr. Albert Vickers, and W. P. Libby, president of the Brooklyn City Gaslight Company. They viewed the body, which was laid out in the coffin, the handsome face expressing the expression that the stimulating and fatal poison gave to it in the last moments of life. Drs. Webster and Agnew noticed the similarity of the death to that of Socrates and Phocion, and especially to that of the former, inasmuch as he drank the poison and spoke to his disciples up to the last moment, and the dead electrician uttered the passing symptoms of his approaching end to his wife, the only known cases in which the victims conversed about themselves until death closed their lips. Other physicians deny that.

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## UNDER THE DAISIES.

It is strange what a great deal of trouble we take,  
What sacrifice most of us willingly make,  
How we strive to smile, though the heart may ache,  
And we bend to the ways of the world for the sake.

Of the poor and scanty praises,  
And time runs on with such pitiless glow  
That our lives are as a dream before we know  
What work we have done and what we have done.

And too often we fall in a useless fight;  
For wrong is so much in the place of right,  
And the end is so far beyond our sight—  
Tis as one starts on a chase by night.

An unknown slide pursuing,  
Even so do we see, when our race is run,  
That the work we have done shall never dawn,  
And all the work our strength has done.

How little we work the doing,  
So most of us travel with very poor speed,  
Falling in thought where we conquer in deed,  
Lost in the hour of the greatest need.

And making a slide that few may read  
Of our poor life's intricate mazes,  
Such a labyrinth of right and wrong,  
Is it that a heart, once brave and strong,  
Should falter at the end of the day?

For a calm sleep under the daisies?  
But if one poor troubled heart can say,  
"His kindness softened my life's rough way,"  
And the tears fall over our lifeless clay,  
We shall stand up in heaven in brighter array.  
Than if all earth rang with our praises.

For the work we have done shall never dawn,  
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AN ANOMALY.  
DICTATING DETAILS OF ONE'S OWN DEATH.

SEQUEL TO AN EVENTFUL LIFE—A CHRONIC INVALID TAKES POISON AS A REMEDY AND DIES WHILE DICTATING HIS SYMPTOMS TO HIS WIFE.

The Sentinel has already announced by telegraph the death of Mr. F. W. Walker, grand master of the Masonic fraternity of Illinois. The New York Sun has the following particulars of his eventful life and strange death: A most remarkable death in Brooklyn Sunday morning, April 12, 1875, was that of F. W. Walker, an electrician, who died from a draught of hemlock which he took on Saturday as a remedy for spasms of the facial muscles and the twitching of the eye lids, which were the result of an accident in New York in 1871, was the talk among medical men in New York and Brooklyn yesterday. Coroner Simms received a telegram from Dr. Seguin asking him to spare no pains to make a thorough investigation in the interest of science. An inquest was begun in the afternoon in Dr. Walker's parlor, 339 B. Street. The jurors were Dr. B. A. Segur, superintendent of the board of health; David Chauncey, president of the Mechanics' Bank; Dr. A. N. Bell, editor of the Sanitarian; Samuel Bell, ex-postmaster; J. J. Sturges, Alderman Ripley; Ropes, D. D. Whitney, William Richardson, Dr. Albert Vickers, and W. P. Libby, president of the Brooklyn City Gaslight Company. They viewed the body, which was laid out in the coffin, the handsome face expressing the expression that the stimulating and fatal poison gave to it in the last moments of life. Drs. Webster and Agnew noticed the similarity of the death to that of Socrates and Phocion, and especially to that of the former, inasmuch as he drank the poison and spoke to his disciples up to the last moment, and the dead electrician uttered the passing symptoms of his approaching end to his wife, the only known cases in which the victims conversed about themselves until death closed their lips. Other physicians deny that.

THE POISON THAT SOCRATES DRANK was the same that was taken by Mr. Walker. Mrs. Alida Walker, who wrote down the record of her husband's approaching death, testified to the facts as they were related in yesterday's Sun. She said that after 5:15 P. M. no hemlock was taken, and that after that for an hour he slowly made known his symptoms as he experienced them. For a year he had been troubled with photophobia, fear of light, and diplopia, double sight. The directions for taking the hemlock were given to him by Dr. Squibb, from whom he purchased it. He had been told by Dr. Squibb that Dr. Webster had told him in detail all of the symptoms of its action, and when to cease taking it. She had not the slightest apprehension that the drug might prove fatal. Her husband had never complained of the ordinary diseases that might be expected as he experienced them. When his symptoms were given to him, he was given a glass of water, and he was told to take it. He was given a glass of water, and he was told to take it. He was given a glass of water, and he was told to take it.

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