WHO KNOWS?

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

Why must we, then, be sad,
When nature is so glad?
Nor half can utterance all her joy unfold,
Though she runs o'er and o'er
The strings tried long before,
To body forth the life that's never old.

Not for our sakes arrayed,
Though we would fain persuade
Our foolish hearts that she, in servant guise,
Spreads all her varied show
Before us as we go,
To win approving glances from our eyes.

Ah, no! Though in broad glee
She laughs where all can see,
In leagues of dandelions all dewy wet,
All to herself she smiles
In far-off ocean isles,
And in dim nooks in shy blue violet.

And though she dances still
Along the sheer brown hill
In scarlet glow of swinging columbine,
In gentian she smiles slow,
As happy maid might go,
Who sings, "I love him, and his heart is mine!"

She wants no added bliss,
No praise for this, or this;
Simply she is so glad she cannot rest,
But still must evermore
In every way outpour
The exceeding bliss that stirs within her breast.

No care for us has she;
And we, alas!—and we
Unlock but sadly at her innocent play;
Shut out from paradise,
We see with other eyes:
The flaming sword has rent all veils away.

Is there, then, for us, too,
No life forever new?
Or is that life new but in living care,
Till on His far-off throne
Our God is not lear alone
One cry of pain uprising everywhere?

Yet had it better been
We still had staid within,
Nor tasted fruit that time to us not forget?
God knows if it be so.—
The days go on be low,
And overhead the stars, they rise, they set.

—*Harper's Magazine for August.*

THE GAMBLER'S END.

Beyond the balsam thicket the gambler made his stand. Carson, the detective, was in full pursuit, and as he burst through the balsams he found himself within twenty feet of his antagonist. Both men stood for an instant, each with a pistol in his hand, each looking full at the other. Both were experts. Each knew the other.

"You count," said the gambler, coolly.

"One, two," said the detective, "three. Fire!"

One pistol alone sounded. The gambler's had failed to explode.

"You've won; you needn't deal again," said the gambler. And then he dropped. The red stain on his shirt front showed where he was hit

"There's some lint and a bandage," said the detective, and he flung a small package into the gambler's lap. "I hope you won't die, Dick Raymond."

"Oh, it was all fair, Carson," said the other, carelessly: "I've held a poor hand from the start——"

He paused; for the detective had rushed on, and he was alone.

Twenty rods further on the detective caught up with the trapper, who was calmly recharging his piece. On the edge of the ledge above the half-breed lay dead, the lips drawn back from his teeth, and his ugly countenance distorted with hate and rage. A rifle, whose muzzle smoked, lay at his side, and the edge of the trapper's left ear was bleeding.

"I've shot Dick Raymond by the balsam thicket," said the detective. "I'm afraid he's hard hit."

"I'll go and see the boy," answered the trapper. "You'll find Henry furder up. There's only two runnin'. You and he can bring 'em in."

The old trapper saw, as he descended the hill, the body reclining on the mosses at the edge of the balsam thicket. The earth gave back no sound as he advanced, and he reached the gambler, and was standing almost at his very feet ere the young man was aware of his presence; but, as the trapper passed between him and the shining water, he turned his gaze up to the trapper's face, and, after studying the grave lines for a moment, said:

"You've won the game, old man."

The trapper for a moment made no reply. He looked steadily into the young man's countenance, fixed his eyes on the red stain on the left breast, and then said:

"Shall I look at the hole, boy?"

The gambler smiled pleasantly and nodded his head, saying: "It's the natural thing to do in these cases, I believe." Lifting the hands, he unbuttoned the collar, and unscrewed the solitaire stud from the white bosom. The trapper knelt by the young man's side, and, laying back the linen from the chest, wiped the blood-stain with a piece of lint from the white skin, and carefully studied the edges of the wound, seeking to ascertain the direction which the bullet had taken as it penetarted the flesh. At last he drew his face back, and lifted himself to his feet, not a shade in the expression of his face revealing his thought.

"Is it my last deal, old man?" asked the gambler, carelessly.

"I have seed a good many wounds," answered the trapper, "and I have noted the direction of a good many bullets, and I never knowed a man to live who was hit where ye be hit of the lead had the slant inward, as the piece had that has gone into ye."

For a minute the young man made no reply. No change came to his countenance. He turned his eyes from the trapper's face and looked pleasantly off toward the water. He even whistled a line or two of an old love ballad; then he paused, and, drawn, perhaps, by the magnetism of the steady gaze which the eyes of the trapper fixed upon him, he looked again into the old man's face, and said:

"What is it, John Norton?"

"I be sorry for ye, boy," answered the old man. "I be sorry for ye, for life be sweet to the young, and I wish yer years might be many on the arth."

"I fancy there's a good many who will be glad to hear I'm out of it," was the careless response.

"I don't doubt ye have yer faults, boy," answered the trapper, "and I dare say ye have lived loosely, and did many many deeds that was better undid, but the best use of life be to learn how to live, and I feel sartin ye'd have got better as ye got older, and made the last half of yer life wipe out the first, so that the figures for and agin ye would have balanced in the judgment."

"You aren't fool enough to believe what the hypocritical church-members talk, are you, John Norton? You don't believe there's any judgment day, do you?"

"I don't know much about church-members," answered the trapper, "for I've never ben in the settlements; leastwise, I've never studied the habits of the creturs, and I dare say they differ, bein' good and bad, and I've seed some that was sartinly vagabonds. No, I don't know much about church-members; but I sartinly believe, yis, I know, there is a day when the Lord shall jedge the livin' and the dead; and the honest trapper shall stand on one side and the vagabond that pilfers his skins and steals his traps shall stand on the other. This is what the Book says, and it sartinly seems reasonable, for the deeds that he did on the arth be of two sorts, and the folks that do 'em be of two kinds, and atween the two the Lord, ef he notes anything, must make a dividin' line."

"And when do you think this judgment is, John Norton?" asked the gambler, as if he was actually enjoying the crude but honest ideas of his companion. The trapper hesitated a moment before he spoke, then he said:

"I conceit that the jedgment be always goin' on. It's a court that never adjourns, and deserters and the knaves and the disobedient in the regiment be always on trial. But I conceit that there comes a day to every man, good and bad, when the record of his deeds be looked over from the start, and the good and the bad counted up; and in that day he gits the final jedgment, whether it be for or agin him. And now, boy," continued the old man solemnly, with a touch of infinite tenderness in the vibrations of his voice, "ye be nigh the jedgment day, yerself, and the deeds ye have did, both the good and the bad, will be passed in review."

"I reckon there isn't much chance for me if your view is sound, John Norton." And for the first time his tone lost its cheerful recklessness.

"The court be a court of marcy, and the Jedge looks upon 'em that comes up for trial as ef he was their father."

"That ends it, old man," answered the gambler. "My father never showed me any mercy when I was a boy. If he had, I shouldn't have been here now. If I did a wrong deed I got it to the last inch of the lash," and the words were more intensely bitter because spoken so quietly.

"The fathers of 'arth be not like the Father of Heaven, for I have seed 'em correct their children beyond reason, and without marcy. They whipped in their rage and not in their wisdom; they whipped because they was strong, and not because of their love; they whipped when they should have forgiven, and got what they 'arnt—the hatred of their children. But the Father of Heaven be different, boy. He knows the men be weak as well as wicked. He knows that half of 'em haven't had a fair chance, and so He overlooks much; and when He can't overlook it, I conceit He sorter forgives in a lump. Yis, He subtracts all He can from the evil we have did, boy, and ef that isn't enough to satisfy His feelin's toward a man that might have been different ef he'd had a fair chance, He jest wipes the whole row of figur's clean out at the askin'."

"At the asking?" said the gambler; "that's a mighty quick game. Did you ever pray, John Norton?"

"Sartin', sartin', I be a prayin' man," said the trapper, stardily.

"At the asking?" murmured the gambler, softly.

"Sartin', boy," answered the trapper; "that's the line the trail takes, ye can depend on it; and it will bring ye to the end of the great clearin' in peace."

"It's a quick deal," said the gambler, speaking to himself, utterly unconscious of the incongruity of his speech to his thoughts. "It's a quick deal, but I can see that it might end as he says, if the feeling was right."

For a moment nothing was said. The trapper stood looking steadfastly at the young man on the moss, as he lay with his quiet face turned up to the sky, to whose color had already come the first shade of the awful whiteness.

Up the mountain a rifle cracked. Neither stirred. A red squirrel ran out on the limb, twenty feet above the gambler's head, and shook the silence into fragments with his chattering; then sat gazing with startled eyes at the two men underneath.

"Can you pray, old man?" asked the gambler, quietly.

"Sartinly," answered the trapper.

"Can you pray in words?" asked the gambler, again.

For a moment the trapper hesitated. Then he said: "I can't say that I can. No, sartinly, can't say that I could undertake it with a reasonable chance of gittin' through; leastwise, it wouldn't be in a way to help a man any."

"Is there any way, old man, in which we can go partners?" asked the gambler, the vocabulary of whose profession still clung to him in the solemn counseling.

"I was thinkin' of that," answered the trapper; "yis, I was thinkin' ef we couldn't sorter jine works and each help the other by doing his own part himself. Yis," continued the old man, after a moment's reflection, "the plan's a good un—ye pray for yerself and I'll pray for myself—and if I can git in anything that seems likely to do ye service ye can count on it as ye can a grooved barrel. And now, boy," said the trapper, with a sweetly-solemn enthusiasm, such as faith might give to a supplicating saint—which lighted his features until his countenance fairly shone with a light which came out of it, rather than upon it from the sun overhead—"now, boy, remember that the Lord is Lord of the woods as well as of the cities, and that he heareth the prayin' of the poor hunter under the pines as well as the great preachers in the pulpits, and that when sins be heavy and death be nigh, His ear and heart are both open."

The trapper knelt on the moss at the gambler's feet. He clasped the fingers of his great hands until they interlaced, and lifted his wrinkled face upward. He said not a word; but the strongly-chiseled lips seamed with age moved and twitched now and then, and, as the silent prayer went on, two great tears leave the protection of the closed lids, and roll down the rugged cheek. The gambler also closes his eyes; then his hands quietly stole one into the other, and, avoiding the bloody stain, rested on his breast, and thus the old man who had lived beyond the limit of man's day, and the young one cut down at the threshold of mature life—the one kneeling on the mosses with his face lifted to heaven, the other lying on the mosses with his face turned toward the same sky, without word or uttered speech—prayed to the divine mercy which beyond the heaven and the sky saw the two men underneath the pines, and met, we may not doubt, with needed answer the silent upgoing prayer.

The two opened their eyes nearly at the same instant. They looked for a moment at each other, and then the gambler feebly lifted his hand put it into the broad palm of the trapper. Not a word was said. No word was needed. Sometimes men understand each other better than by talking. Then the gambler picked the diamond stud from the spot where it rested, slipped the solitaire from his finger and said, as he handed them to the trapper:

"There's a girl in Montreal that will like these. You will find her picture inside my vest when you bury me. Her address is inside the picture case. You will take them to her, John Norton?"

"She shall have them from my own hand," answered the trapper, gravely.

"You needn't disturb the picture, John Norton," said the gambler; "it's just as well, perhaps, to let it be where it is."

"I understand," answered the trapper, solemnly; "the picture shall stay where it is."

"The pistols," resumed the gambler, and he glanced at the one lying on the moss, "I give to you. You'll find them true. You will accept them?"

The trapper bowed his head. It is doubtful if he could speak. The end was evidently nigh. The trapper took the gambler's hand as if it had been the hand of his own boy. Indeed, perhaps the young man had found his father at last; for surely it isn't flesh that makes fatherhood. Once the young man moved as if he would rise. Had he been able he would have died with his arms around the old man's neck. As it was, the strength was unequal to the impulse. He lifted his eyes to the old man's face lovingly; moved his body as if he would get a little nearer, and, as a child might speak a loving thought aloud, said, "I am glad I met you, John Norton," and with the saying of the sweet words he died:—*Rev. Mr. Murray's Story, in Golden Rule.*

A LATE Chinese Masonic funeral in Eureka, Nev., was the most gorgeous barbaric display ever seen in Eastern Nevada, in which brass bands, Chinese bands, heathens in their robes, and hired female mourners were inextricably blended. The defunct one was Ah Hing, a big Mason, and he went out in a blaze of glory.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

FOWLS like newly-cut grass; give them all they want of it. The clippings from a lawn mower are just the thing for them.

WHEN turkeys are two months old they can successfully withstand the severest weather, if dry. In wet weather they should be confined in a yard under cover.

LIME has been used for apple orchards with great benefit at the rate of twenty bushels per acre. One who has tried for many years deems it very beneficial, as his trees have been very productive.

SPRINKLE rose bushes with a solution composed of a teaspoonful of Paris green in half a gallon of water, and they will not be troubled with any vermin. The wash will not hurt the roses or bushes. Apply with a fine sprinkler.—*Sacramento Record-Union.*

THERE is no occupation which is so sure of a return for labor as agriculture. The risk of manufacturers and middlemen is three-fold that of farmers, but their enterprise is so great that they seldom succumb to pressure till it becomes crushing.

SPRUCE butter-tubs are the best; white hemlock makes a sweet tub; acids from the oak color the butter and injure its appearance; white ash gives the butter a strong flavor if kept long, and increases the liability to mold; maple smells and cracks badly. Soak all tubs four to six days in brine before using.—*Franklin County Times.*

THE washing of stems and large branches of trees with a solution of carbolic-acid soap dissolved in lukewarm water, and a portion of the flour of sulphur mixed with it, is a good method for destroying the insects. The best time to do the washing is after the spring opens. It will then stick to the trees, and when the insects come out the poison kills them in their infant state; and by that the foliage and fruits of the trees may be saved.

ALTHOUGH an underground milk-house may not seem damp, and may be well ventilated, yet the presence of an adjoining ice-house will certainly give rise to moldiness, and this will affect the milk. To get rid of the trouble temporarily, close the milk house tightly, and burn four ounces of sulphur in it upon some live coals. Keep it closed for a few hours and then open and air it. To remove the trouble permanently, the ice-house must be got rid of.—*American Agriculturist.*

IT is one of the advantages of keeping good stock that not only is more flesh gained for the quantity of food consumed, and a better quality of flesh produced, but the waste in the shape of offal is greatly reduced. The short-horn heifer Miriam, bred by Mr. J. Stratten, which was awarded first prize for the best female at the butchers' show at Islington, England, last year, weighed alive 1,868 pounds. The dressed weight was 1,346 pounds, giving over 72 pounds dressed to the 100 pounds live weight. Perhaps there is no other animal than a very good short-horn that would dress so well, and an instance so well authenticated as this shows the value not only of the breed, but of good feeding as well.

LOSSES in farming are readily incurred by letting the crowded weeds eat up the plant-food while the crops are starving; letting the tools rust and rot for want of proper shelter; keeping poor breeds of stock that cost as much in care and food as good ones, but yield less produce, lay on less fat and bring less money from the butcher; selling the best animals instead of improving the stock by breeding from them; selling coarse grains instead of feeding them with hay and straw, thus increasing the nutritive properties of these and the fertilizers on the farm; neglecting a careful system of rotation in crops, the advantages of which all acknowledge, while many foolishly omit its practice; cultivating crops which a little calculation would show are unprofitable, owing to the nature of the soil, or the drain they make upon it, the cost of transportation to market or from other local causes; neglect of drainage, fences, repairs and other permanent improvements; inattention to barnyard manure, liquid and solid, and to the compost heap; carelessness in keeping an exact account of receipts and expenses, and consequent ignorance of the crops that pay best, and of many means of retrenchment and economy; neglect to select, each fall, the best seeds from harvest crop for planting the next one; neglect to take and read a good agricultural paper, so as to get posted on current improvements and discoveries, as well as to keep up with the times and acquainted with the markets.—*Rural New Yorker.*

About the House.

CURRANT CAKE.—Two cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, whites of two eggs, yelks of four eggs, and one-half pound currants.

CURRANT ICE.—Boil down three pints of water and a pound and a half of sugar to one quart; skim, add two cups of currant-juice, and, when partly frozen, add the whites of five eggs.

SCOTCH OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Scotch oatmeal porridge is made with milk and water, in proportion of one part of the former to two of the latter. Allow two ounces of oatmeal to a pint and a half of milk and water, and boil half an hour.

CUCUMBER SALAD.—Peel and slice cucumbers; mix them with salt, and let them stand half an hour; mix two tablespoonfuls salad oil and the same quantity of vinegar, and a teaspoonful of sugar, and one of pepper, for the dressing.

TEA ICE CREAM.—Pour over four tablespoonfuls of Old Hyson tea a pint of cream; scald in a custard kettle, or by placing the dish containing the cream in a kettle of boiling water; strain into a pint of cold cream, scald again, and when hot mix with it four eggs and three-quarters of a pound of sugar, well beaten together; let it cool and freeze.

TO MAKE good oatmeal cakes, work three parts of fine oatmeal and one part flour into a stiff paste with treacle (golden sirup), with the addition of a very small quantity of lard, and sufficient baking-powder to impart the desired lightness. Bake the paste in the form of small flat cakes much resembling the ordinary "ginger-nuts" of the biscuit-baker.

THERE is scarcely any ache to which children are subject so hard to bear and difficult to cure as the ear-ache; but there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip in sweet oil, and insert into the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

CARROTS.—This wholesome vegetable makes an appetizing dinner dish when prepared as follows: Wash, scrape, cut the carrots lengthwise and boil until very tender, which will take from an hour and a half to two hours. When done, slice the carrots very thin into a sauce-pan with one or two table-spoonfuls of butter and a small cup of cream—if milk is used, thicken a very little with corn-starch, add pepper, salt and cook about ten minutes; serve in a covered vegetable dish.

Danger in the Ice-Pitcher.

About this time cautions in regard to the use of ice-water are in season. An exchange remarks, most truly, "The number of immortal beings who go hence to return no more, on account of an injudicious use of ice-water, can hardly be estimated." No doubt drinking ice-water arrests digestion just as surely as a refrigerator would arrest perspiration. It drives the natural heat from the stomach, checks the flow of gastric juice, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact. Especially is it dangerous to drink freely of ice-water when the body is overheated and the whole system fatigued. Wait a while in such cases, even enduring some discomfort meanwhile with patience, and then take a swallow or two slowly. You will find yourself, on the whole, more surely relieved of thirst and heat in this way, and secured from many dangers which often follow the injudicious and abundant use of ice-cold drinks.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SUNSTROKE.

How to Avoid It, and How to Treat It.

Dr. De Wolf, Health Commissioner o Chicago, was recently interviewed upon the subject of what people should do in hot weather. He said that, first of all, direct exposure to the heat of the sun should be avoided. If pain were felt in the head, the vision became distended, faintness or nausea were felt, then warnings should be heeded. Sunstroke had no pathology. There were no changes in the tissues of the dead from this cause. There was a change in the condition of the blood, produced by extreme heat. The temperature of the body, in cases of sunstroke, was raised to 104 deg. or 108 deg. In this lay the danger. To prevent such increase of temperature, or in case of actual sunstroke, cold applications should be made to the head and chest. In cases of very feeble constitutions, the patient should not use cold applications with freedom. Some gentle stimulant is needed for the system. Aromatic spirits of ammonia may be sniffed, or mustard plasters put to the stomach and feet.

When a person is sunstruck, he should be conveyed to the nearest cool, shady spot, his head raised, and the clothes stripped from his chest and cold water applied. The best professional talent should be secured without a moment's delay. The patient should not be moved or carried about until reaction has set in. As the cases require professional treatment, it was unnecessary to give the medical treatment required. Personally, the doctor believed that bleeding was valuable in cases of sunstroke of strong, plethoric individuals of vigorous constitution, and that a full dose of quinine, in many conditions, is a very valuable adjunct in the treatment.

As to preventives, he strongly urged that beer and all alcoholic beverages should be avoided. The reason was that these drinks contained carbonaceous matter, with which the blood was already filled, and which it was trying to work off. The alcohol paralyzed the capillary blood vessels of the brain and nervous system, and increased the tendency to brain disease. For moments it destroys the tonicity of the capillaries. Cathartics should be avoided during the hot season, and lighter forms of saline water, on account of their milder influence, are desirable.

The violent perspiration removes certain ingredients from the body that may be taken in by the use of these mineral waters. The bowels should be kept open. During such heated terms strong persons do not need much nutriment. Meat should only be eaten once a day. The food should consist mainly of starches, fruit, fish, vegetables and milk. Acid drink, especially claret and water, in a moderate amount is good for feeble persons. Large draughts of ice water should not be taken, as they cause a revulsion, throwing the blood in the direction of the head, where there is the least resistance, and therein lies the danger. It forces the blood to the brain and tends to cause the congestion which ought to be avoided. Small doses, or ice held in the mouth, are not detrimental. Some have conceived a prejudice against drinking a large amount of water, believing that it is the cause of the profuse perspiration. The drinking of an abundance of water, if it is not too cold, is a good thing and useful in supplying the waste by perspiration, and in cooling the body.

Gen. Sherman's Son Goes Abroad to Become a Priest.

The following letter, says the St. Louis *Globe*, explains itself, and settles a question which has of late been the subject of a good deal of newspaper comment:

912 GARRISON AVENUE }
ST. LOUIS, MO., June 1, 1878. }

The Hon. Samuel Reber:

DEAR SIR: . . . For some time past I have had a strong leaning for the ministry, and so, having now reached the age when every man has to choose his own career in life, and, having weighed this important matter of a choice with all the care and deliberation of which I am capable, I have decided to become a Catholic priest. How long ago I reached this decision, what means I have taken to test and confirm myself in my resolution, and why, having finally decided, I now choose to go to England to make part of my preparation for the priesthood, are inquiries which are of no interest to anyone but myself, and to answer them would be apart from the object of this letter. I write to inform you, and to beg you to communicate the information to those who may inquire concerning me, that I assume to myself the whole responsibility of my choice, as with me alone rested the duty and the burden of choosing a path in life; so with me alone rests the blame or praise of having chosen the church instead of the law. My father, as you know, is not a Catholic, and, therefore, the step I am taking seems as startling and as strange to him as I have no doubt it does to you, my dear sir. I go without his approval, sanction or consent; in fact, in direct opposition to his best wishes in my behalf—for he had formed other plans for me which are now defeated, and had other hopes and expectations in my regard which are necessarily dashed to the ground. In conclusion, my dear sir, I have one request to make, and I make it not only to you, but to all our friends and relations to whom you may see fit to show this letter or communicate its contents. It is this: Feeling painfully aware that I have grieved and disappointed my father, I beg my friends and his, one and all, of whatever religion they may be, to spare him inquiries or comments of any sort, for I cannot help feeling that anything of the kind would be illtimed and inappropriate. Trusting to your delicacy and to theirs to appreciate my motive in this, and to comply with a request so easily fulfilled, I remain, with great respect, affectionately and sincerely yours,

THOMAS EWING SHERMAN.

Chance.

Chance works very favorably at times in the acquisition of wealth and property for those who least expect such luck. A Versailles wine-shop keeper was at work in his cellar, when suddenly the ground gave way and he fell into what was at first thought to be a well; but, on lights being brought, the hole was found to be the entrance to another wine-cellar containing some of the best vintages of France and Spain. The archæologists of Versailles were aroused; and their examination proves that this mysterious subterranean wine-cellar formed part of the Pavilion de Rendez-vous, which Louis XV. annexed to the Parc-aux Cerfs about which so many queer things are related by the court chroniclers of the period. The wine is said to have attracted connoisseurs from all parts. A farmer in the neighborhood of Tavistock was as lucky in another way. In repairing an old mahogany secretaire, knocked down to him at an auction, he discovered a secret drawer containing 40 sovereigns, a gold enameled ring, and a lot of securities for money, one of which was a certificate for over £500 3-per-cent. consols. An old scrap of paper dated 1700 led to the belief that 40 guineas had originally been placed there, but had been taken out in modern times and replaced by the sovereigns. A Hastings chemist was even more lucky than the Tavistock farmer, all owing to an accident that befell a lady's pet dog. He treated the animal so successfully that, when the grateful owner died, which happened not long afterward, she left the lucky chemist a good many thousand pounds, which enabled him to change the cares of business for the pleasures of retirement.—*Chambers' Journal.*

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

His Extraordinary Career.

Benjamin Disraeli, now nearly 73 years old, has been before the English public as a literary man or as a politician for fifty-four years. He began life with neither wealth or title nor family influence to aid him. He achieved extraordinary success as an author, became the leader of the House of Commons, then Minister of Finance, then Prime Minister, then leader of the Government party, and finally, Prime Minister again. Now, with the rank of Earl, and honored as one of the most brilliant of European diplomatists, he returns from Berlin, the scene of his triumphs, the most popular man in England.

Disraeli's Jewish ancestors went from Spain to Venice in the fifteenth century, and, giving up their family name, took that of Disraeli. His grandfather removed to England in 1748, where his father was born in 1766. Of Jewish descent, Benjamin Disraeli has been most thoroughly an Englishman in his instincts, prejudices and ambitions, and from the time he wrote "Vivian Gray," in 1826, he has been a favorite in English society. In his earlier political struggles his opponents taunted him with being a Jew, and the celebrated O'Connell said of him: "For aught I know the present Disraeli is the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died on the cross." For this, or on account of the quarrel that grew out of it, Disraeli challenged O'Connell's son, but the challenge was not accepted.

In 1831 Disraeli made an attempt to enter Parliament as a Tory Radical, but was defeated. In 1834 he made another attempt, and was again defeated. In May, 1835, he made another attempt, as a thorough-going Conservative, and was again defeated. At last, in 1837, in the first Parliament of the reign of Queen Victoria, he entered the House of Commons as a Conservative. His maiden speech was a complete failure, and the House, refusing to listen, clamored him down. It was on this occasion he said. "I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." Four years later Disraeli was a rising member, and his speeches were praised for their ability. In 1847 he began to take a leading part in the House of Commons, and in 1849 he became the recognized leader of the Conservative party, and had the reputation of being one of the most powerful debaters in the kingdom. In 1852 he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and became the leader of the Ministerial party in the House of Commons. He went out of office with the Derby Ministry, but returned to office in 1858, and in 1859 brought forward his plan of electoral reform, which extended suffrage to the whole body of the educated class without regard to property. This was defeated. In 1866 Disraeli was the leader of the opposition in the House, but again become Chancellor in 1867, and pressed his electoral-reform bill in modified form to a successful issue. In February, 1868, Disraeli became Prime Minister, but was succeeded by Gladstone in December. He became Prime Minister again in 1874, and since that date has shaped the policy of the Government, and has carried England, without risk, through a great European crisis, securing the greatest diplomatic triumph of the century.

Lawyers' Fees in San Francisco.

The heaviest legal incomes in the city vary from $50,000 to $60,000 per annum. On the other hand, there are plenty of lawyers struggling for a practice who do not average $30 per month the year round. Some of our leading attorneys require a fee of $1,000 before having anything to do with a case. Important fees in criminal cases range from $250 to $2,500, and instances are common where much larger sums have been paid. In 1874 Wm. H. Patterson and the late John B. Felton received $40,000 for defeating the Local Option law before the Supreme Court. They only worked on the case about two weeks, and worked in very leisurely style at that. The money was placed on deposit beforehand, and when a favorable decision was announced all they had to do was to go to the bank and get it. Each of them received about $20,000, equal to about $300 an hour, or $5 a minute that he was actually occupied with the case. In the celebrated city slip cases, Mr. Felton's fees amounted to $250,000. On another occasion he received $30,000 for his services in a Spanish land-grant contest, and on still another occasion was paid $10,000 on condition that he would not appear as attorney in a certain pending case. In 1870 S. W. Sanderson resigned the high position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of California in order to become attorney of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. The inducement offered was in proportion to the sacrifice, and consisted of a permanent salary of $1,000 per month, which was subsequently increased to $2,000 per month.—*San Francisco Call.*

Whisky Drinking in New York.

A New York correspondent says: The proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel told me that his bar receipts were $175 a day. If we suppose the average receipts at the bars to be $20 a day, about $220,000 would have been spent every day for liquor in New York by tipplers alone. This is equal to $70,000,000 a year. It is computed that 1,260,000,000 drinks are taken in New York, and a tariff of 2 cents on spirits and ½ a cent on ale will aggregate $9,100,000 city revenue. We spend for liquors in the United States $735,000,000 a year, or nearly four times the cost of running the General Government; and yet the English exceed us in guzzling by $59,000,000.

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BEEVES	$8 00	@	10 25
HOGS	4 50	@	4 70
COTTON	11¼	@	11¾
FLOUR—Superfine	3 50	@	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 04	@	1 06
CORN—Western Mixed	45	@	48
OATS—Mixed	32	@	33½
RYE—Western	60	@	61
PORK—Mess	10 25	@	10 40
LARD	7	@	7¼
CHICAGO.			
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	5 00	@	5 10
Choice Natives	4 50	@	4 90
Cows and Heifers	2 50	@	3 50
Butchers' Steers	3 10	@	3 90
Medium to Fair	4 00	@	4 40
HOGS—Live	3 50	@	4 50
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter	5 75	@	6 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	4 80	@	5 12½
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	96	@	97
No. 3 Spring	86	@	87
CORN—No. 2	38	@	39
OATS—No. 2	25	@	26
RYE—No. 2	49	@	50
BARLEY—No. 2	58	@	60
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	17	@	19
EGGS—Fresh	6	@	7
PORK—Mess	9 20	@	9 30
LARD	6¾	@	7
MILWAUKEE.			
WHEAT—No. 1	1 04	@	1 05¾
No. 2	1 02	@	1 03
CORN—No. 2	38	@	39
OATS—No. 2	24	@	25
RYE—No. 1	49	@	50
BARLEY—No. 2	74	@	75
ST. LOUIS.			
WHEAT—No. 3 Red Fall	89	@	90
CORN—Mixed	33	@	37
OATS—No. 2	26	@	27
RYE	48	@	49
PORK—Mess	9 50	@	9 60
LARD	6¾	@	7
HOGS	3 90	@	4 35
CATTLE	2 50	@	5 50
CINCINNATI.			
WHEAT—Red	90	@	92
CORN	41	@	43
OATS	27	@	30
RYE	50	@	52
PORK—Mess	10 00	@	10 25
LARD	6¾	@	7¼
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 07	@	1 10
No. 2 Red	98	@	1 00
CORN	40	@	41
OATS—No. 2	27	@	29
DETROIT.			
FLOUR—Choice White	4 75	@	5 25
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 14	@	1 15
No. 1 Amber	1 07	@	1 08
CORN—No. 1	43	@	44
OATS—Mixed	30	@	31
BARLEY (per cental)	1 00	@	1 25
PORK—Mess	10 00	@	10 25
EAST LIBERTY, PA.			
CATTLE—Best	5 00	@	5 20
Fair	4 40	@	4 50
Common	4 00	@	4 25
HOGS	4 00	@	4 83
SHEEP	3 00	@	4 85

HE who seeks a market for his wares by using false statements, to influence the credulity of the infirm, raises false hopes and fills his purse thereby, is a wretched leper upon society; his advertisements tend not only to deceive the sufferer and prolong his disease, but also to endanger life itself by creating suspicion against the faith of printed facts.

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