

THE GAME OF LIFE. AN OLD POEM.

This life is but a game of cards,
Which mortals have to learn:
Each shuffles, cuts, and deals the pack,
And each a trump doth turn.

Some bring a high card to the top,
And others bring a low one;
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps,
While others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practiced hand,
And pack their cards with care;
So they may know, when they are dealt,
Where all the leaders are.

Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues,
While rogues each other cheat;
And he is very wise, indeed,
Who never meets defeat.

When playing, some throw out the ace,
The counting cards to save;
Some play the deuce and some the t.
But many play the knave.

Some play for money, some for fun,
And some for worldly fame;
But not until the game's played out
Can they count up their gain.

When hearts are trumps we play for love,
And pleasure rules the hour;
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy
In beauty's rosy bower.

We sing, we dance, sweet verses make,
Our cards at random play;
And whil's our trump remains at top
Our game's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the top
The players startle at the cold,
And heavy sum are lost and won
By gamblers young and old.

Intent on winning, each his game
Dots with each e'er eye;
How he may see his neighbors' cards,
And beat them on the sly.

When clubs are trumps look out for war
On ocean and on land;
For bloody horrors always come
When clubs are held in hand.

Last game of all is when the spade,
Is turned by hand of Time;
He always deals the closing game
In every age and clime.

No matter how much each man wins,
Or how much each may save,
The spade will finish up the game,
And dig the player's grave.

THE SURGEON'S COWARDICE.

BY SARA B. ROSE.

It was in a handsome stateroom of the steamer Tenasserim that a lovely girl was sitting, with her beautiful eyes of the deepest blue lifted to Capt. Harter's grisly face with a look of indignant sorrow.

She was Harrie Harter, the old Captain's only child, whose lightest wish had ever been a law to her father before; but now, in his daughter's estimation at least, he was not only unkind but unjust.

"The man's a coward," said Capt. Harter. "Why, he looked as pale as a sheet when Jack's limb was set, and his teeth fairly chattered with fear."

"But, papa, it might not have been fear. I'm sure my nerves would never allow me to stand by, even while a broken bone was set, much less set it."

"Why, you little minny, the man pretends to be a surgeon, and a surgeon should delight in chopping and sawing into human beings just as if they were sausage meat!"

"Why, papa! How horrible! For my part, I like Dr. Harrington all the better for being tender-hearted."

"Tender-hearted!" sniffed the old sailor; "I tell you the man is a coward, and you never shall marry him while I live. Why, if he gets into a quarrel or anything, he'll sneak off like a whipped hound. I never will trust my girl with a man who would not dare to defend her if danger should arise," said the old fellow, determined.

"But that's because he is a gentleman, father. Do you suppose he wishes to mix in all the low disputes with the sailors?"

"Upon my word, Harrie, you take the part of the young saw-bones finely. Now I can tell you who you are going to marry, and I don't want any more talk about it. You shall marry my first mate, Adams, as soon as we reach New York. He is a brave man, and will take care of you, and him you shall marry."

So saying the Captain hopped upon his feet and left the young lady to her own reflections.

"He'll see whether I will or not," said Harrie to herself, with a spirited toss of her pretty head. And then she looked off over the blue rolling water from the little window of her stateroom until she grew drowsy with the undulating motion, and sank down upon the blue satin divan in a sleep as calm and sweet as an infant's slumber. She made a beautiful picture as she slept, surrounded as she was by all that money could buy to make her home on the blue waves a pleasant one, and by all the beautiful shells and corals and curiosities that Capt. Harter had gathered in a lifetime of sailing on every sea upon the globe.

She had been with her father for the last ten years since she was a child of eight, and she knew almost as much of a ship as the Captain himself, and she was the pet of every sea man on board, from the egotistic first mate to the boy who blacked the passengers' boots. But Mr. Harrington, the young surgeon of the ship, alone had won her gentle heart, and it was a wonder to her that her father should so dislike the young man, and favor the addresses of his first mate, Mr. Adams, who, although a good sailor, was the most egotistic and sarcastic of men.

She was awakened from her sleep by the voice of Joanna, the young Irish damsel who kept the staterooms of herself and the other ladies in order, who came in saying:

"Shure an' the sailors said to tell Miss Harrie the land was in sight, and Maister Harrington told me to ax were you coming up to see the sunset."

Harrie sprang to her feet and smoothed out the folds of her dress of dark, wavy, blue blanllet, arranged her tumbled hair, and the dainty coral ornaments among the soft white lace at her neck, seized her broad hat, and followed Joanna to the deck.

There she found a group of ladies and gentlemen chatting pleasantly together, and the young surgeon came forward to meet her, regardless of the angry scowl with which the mate Mr. Adams regarded him.

"We shall be in the harbor of Madras a little after sunset," said he. "What a lovely landscape there is along the shore there."

"Yes, indeed," returned Harrie,

spiritually. "And Madras itself is full of curiosities to one who has never been there before."

"I have never been in this port before," answered Mr. Harrington. "This is the first voyage I have made as ship's surgeon, you know."

"And will be the last on board the Tenasserim, I hope," thought the mate, Adams, who was lingering just within earshot; and then, with a half-concealed smile on his face, he turned and went below.

"I hear the Hindoos have temples very near to the outskirts of Madras," said Mrs. Atherton, a pretty young married lady who was one of the passengers. "How I should like to see one!"

"And you might see something you did not like; such as a box constrictor or a lion," added her husband.

"Oh, there is no danger," said the Captain. "Harrie has always been wishing to go and see one of them, and I have almost a mind to gratify her with this time, and get up a party and go out."

"How splendidly nice that would be!" said Mrs. Atherton. "Don't forget to invite me, Captain."

Just then there was a loud report, at which everybody started, and Dr. Harrington sprang clear of the deck and his face became deathly white.

"What is the matter, Harrington? You look as if you were scared," said Mr. Adams, with a covert sneer, as he picked up the remains of a cartridge which had been thrown at Harrington's feet.

"What was that?" asked the Captain. "Only a cartridge which I dropped," answered Adams.

"You, must look out, Harrington, or people will think your nerves are out of order," said the old Captain, bluntly.

"I am a very nervous man," returned the surgeon, coloring deeply.

"I wouldn't own it," laughed the sarcastic voice of the mate. "We want only brave men on board ship."

"Nerves have nothing to do with bravery," said the surgeon, regarding the mate with a steady look.

This last assertion made little Mrs. Atherton shiver as she held up her white hand, saying, "No more, please; I declare, I am afraid to go back now!"

The sable guide showed his white teeth, and at a word from Mr. Adams proceeded on the way.

They found the temple situated on the south side of the eminence, in the midst of cocoanut trees. An old man went before them with a torch, and all were obliged to assume attitudes of reverence when they approached the hideous figure of Boodha. As he sat upon his pedestal he must have been eight feet in height, and was painted in many grotesque colors, and ornamented with almost priceless diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, which were about his neck and arms.

Upon either side was a smaller statue, the one of Vishnu and the other of Siva, while upon every side were paintings of different gods, and at the doors were images of two giants and of two lions placed as guards.

The party lingered about the place viewing the curious structure from the outside, and the attractive scenery, until the guide approached Mr. Adams, saying:

"The sun hangs low in the heavens."

And then came the scramble down the steep hillside, and every one got into the conveyances, and the bearers began to retrace their steps. Mr. Adams still kept close by Harrie's side, and Dr. Harrington never left her, and despite the laughing glances of the rest of the party, started home in the manner they came.

"Do you suppose I am going to trust her to the care of that cowardly surgeon?" asked Mr. Adams, of one of the ladies.

"But what if she likes his company best?" persisted the gentleman.

"You heard what her father said," was the reply of the angry sailor, and then he bore the amused looks of the company with a determined look laughable to behold.

They had lingered longer than they had thought, and the twilight was approaching before they had got out of the temple.

Looking out at the court-yard I saw a gentleman whom we had passed on the road, standing bare-throated and dripping wet by a bucket of water, in which he had been washing. He had only at this critical moment discovered that the Japanese do not regard the towel as an absolutely necessary appendage to a toilet set.

"Towel!" roared the wet and angry Briton to the trembling Japanese who stood there ready and willing to go anywhere and do anything, if he only knew what. "Heich!" the Japanese said, aimlessly hovering about. "Towel!" the Britisher roared, trying all possible forms of accentuation in the hope that one might strike a chord of intelligence in the mind of this ineffectually stupid man. The Japanese evidently began to think that whatever might be wanted, it would be safer for him to go and look for it inside, and not be in a hurry coming back. "Towel!" the Englishman roared again. "Heich!" said the Japanese, and ran nimbly into the house. But he did not come back again, and the Englishman, after stamping around, disappeared in his own room, partially dried in the wind. I learned from him later that he had had a good deal of trouble from the unpardonable and unaccountable ignorance of the English language among the Japanese in the interior. He had walked for fifty miles through glorious scenery, heading for Nikko—the only word he could pronounce in the Japanese tongue was Nikko—and by dint of repeating this he got along moderately well. His chief difficulty was the matter of food. He lived chiefly on rice and tea, and had arrived at the tea-house on the previous night half-finished. I fancy that in the best of circumstances he was naturally of an irascible temperament. But after living on rice and tea for two days to reach Nikko and find no towel after he had trustfully washed himself was, he admitted, more than he could bear without protest.—*London News*.

The sight upon the outskirts of the city to foreign eyes were very interesting, but ere long they were traversing a more uninhabited country, where on each side of the pathway were large cinnamon gardens of the wealthy Hindoos, while tall palms and cocoanut trees bent their graceful branches above their heads. But at length they came to a place where all civilization seemed to cease, and they were in a thickly wooded country, with patches of thick jungle in every direction.

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The wife of a boarder at one of our hotels belted her husband over the head with a wash-bowl the other day. When his friends ask him what ails his head, he mutters, "Inflammatory room-mate-ism," and adroitly guides the conversation into another channel.

"Now look out for a white elephant," said out Harrie, merrily.

"If we can find one, our fortune is made," answered Mrs. Atherton, in the same voice. "The showmen are offering hundreds of thousands for a specimen."

But it was all so wild and new that the spirit of jest did not rule to any great extent, for every one was engaged in admiring the strangely beautiful plants and shrubs of this strange land, and gazing with wonder upon the exuberant vines that seemed to bind together clumps of bushes, of acres in extent. The path had grown very narrow through these bits of jungle when the bearers came to a steep hill, and there they stopped and dismounted.

"We shall walk the rest of the way," announced Mr. Adams, offering his hand to assist Harrie to dismount, but she was a little piqued at his attentions, offered, as they were, in the face of her accepted cavalier, and she quietly overlooked the outstretched hand, saying, "May I have the assistance of your strong arm, Doctor, in climbing this precipitous hill?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered the delighted Harrington, with a smile on his lips; but the angry Adams walked resolutely on the other side of the path.

"Mr. Adams has the tenacity of the 'Old Man of the Sea,'" said the amused Mrs. Atherton in a whisper to Harrie.

"Yes, but I may find means to dislodge him," returned Harrie, smiling in return.

When they reached the Tenasserim, under the pale white light of the moon, they found a great commotion caused by Mr. Adams' excited story, and poor Capt. Harter was indulging his grief to the full, when the little boat came alongside, and Harrie and the surgeon came on board.

"Harrie, my girl, I thought the tiger had killed you. How did you escape?"

Mrs. Atherton told the whole story, including a graphic account of Mr. Adams' excitement.

"So you ran, did you?" asked the blunt old Captain. "I rather think you must be the coward, after all."

"Lyn' divil," said Joanna, carried away by the turn of the tide. "Faith, an' if it wasn't for him nobody'd said a word agin the Doctor at all at all, an' nary cent will I take for my part of the bizzness."

It was six months before Harrie became Mrs. Harrington, but during all this time Mr. Adams could not again accuse the Doctor of cowardice.

Benedict Arnold and John Andre.

The story of Arnold's treason and of the part played by Andre is too well known to need recital here. It will be remembered that Andre was tried by a numerous and very able board of officers Sept. 29, 1780, who made the unanimous report that Maj. Andre, Adjutant General of the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and suffer death. The sentence was approved by Washington and ordered to be carried into effect the next day.

Sir Henry Clinton had already in a note to Washington asked Andre's release, as one who had been protected by a flag of truce and passports granted for his return." Washington replied by inclosing to the British commander-in-chief the report of the board of inquiry, and observed, "that Maj. Andre was employed in the execution of measures very foreign to flags of truce, and such as they were never meant to authorize."

Bancroft then narrates as follows the events immediately subsequent: "At the request of Clinton, who promised to present a true state of facts," the execution was delayed till the 2d day of October, and Gen. Robertson, attended by two civilians, came up the river for a conference. The civilians were not allowed to land, but Greene was depicted to meet the officer. Instead of presenting facts, Robertson, after compliments to the character of Greene, announced that he had come to treat with him. Greene answered: 'The case of an acknowledged spy admits of no official discussion.' Robertson then proposed to free Andre by an exchange.

Greene answered: 'If Andre is set free, Arnold must be given up; for the liberation of Andre could not be asked for except in exchange for one who was equally implicated in the complot.'

Robertson then forgot himself so far as to deliver an open letter from Arnold to Washington, in which, in the event Arnold should suffer the penalty of death, he used these threats: '(I shall) think myself bound by every tie of duty and honor to retaliate on such unhappy persons of your army as may fall within my power. Forty of the principal inhabitants of South Carolina have justly forfeited their lives; Sir Henry Clinton cannot in justice extend his mercy to them any longer if Maj. Andre suffers.'—*Inter Ocean*.

In a Japanese Hotel.

At daybreak I was awakened by an unmistakable British voice crying aloud for a towel.

Looking out at the court-yard I saw a gentleman whom we had passed on the road, standing bare-throated and dripping wet by a bucket of water, in which he had been washing.

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