

The Cigar he Didn't Smoke.

Of all the many interesting stories told of and by the famous old man to whom the United German Empire owes its existence, none leaves a more pleasing impression of the old soldier, statesman, martinet and smoker.

After dessert, when coffee and cigars were handed round: "Ah, yes," said Bismarck, as he proceeded to light an excellent Havana, "the value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another. At Koniggratz I had only one cigar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle, as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors, in my mind, the happy hour when I should enjoy it after victory. But I had miscalculated my chances."

"And how?"

"A poor dragoon. He lay helpless, with both arms crushed, moaning for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found that I had only gold, which would be of no use to him. But stay—I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one I did not smoke."

Unexpectedly Efficacious.

Rev. S. Baring Gould, in the *Sunday Magazine*, tells the following story:

A poor woman came to the parson of the parish with the request:

"Please, pass'n, my ou'd sow be took cruel bad. I wish now you'd be so good as to come and say a prayer over her."

"A prayer! Goodness preserve us! I cannot come and pray over a pig—a pig, my dear Sally—that is not possible."

"Her be cruel bad, groaning, and won't eat her meat. If she died, pass'n, wha'tiver shall we do i' the winter wi'out bacon sides and ham? Oh, dear! Do'y now, pass'n—come and say a prayer over my sow."

"I really, really must not degrade my sacred office, Sally. Indeed, I must not."

"Oh, pass'n, do'y now," and the good creature began to sob.

The parson was a tender-hearted man, and tears were too much. He agreed to go to the cottage, see the pig, and do what he could.

Accordingly he visited the patient, which lay groaning in the sty.

The woman gazed wistfully at the

pastor, and waited for the prayer. Then the clergyman raised his right hand, pointed with one finger at the sow, and said, solemnly: "If thou livest, O pig! then thou livest. If thou diest, O pig! then thou diest!"

Singularly enough, the sow was better that same evening and ate a little wash. She was well and had recovered her appetite wholly next day.

Now, it happened some months after this that the rector felt very ill with a quinsy that nearly choked him. He could not swallow, he could not breathe. His life was in imminent danger.

Sally was a visitor every day at the rectory, and was urgent to see the sick man. She was refused admission, but pressed so vehemently that finally she was suffered just to see him; but she was warned not to speak.

She was conducted to the sick room and the door thrown open. Then she beheld her pastor lying in bed, groaning, almost in extremities.

Raising her hand she pointed at him with one finger, and said: "If thou livest, O pass'n! then thou livest! If thou diest, O pass'n! then thou diest!"

The effect on the sick man was—an explosion of laughter that burst the quinsy, and his recovery.

Tortured by Drops of Water.

ONE of the Chinese modes of punishment, especially when a confession is wanted from a criminal, is to place him where a drop of water will fall upon one certain spot in his shaven crown for hours, or days if necessary. The torture this inflicts is proved by an experience of Sandow, the strong man. When he was in Vienna a few years ago a school-teacher said that he would not be able to let a half-litre of water drop upon his hand until the measure was exhausted. A half-litre is only a little more than a pint. Sandow laughed at the very idea of his not being able to do this. So a half-litre measure was procured, and a hole drilled in the bottom just sufficient to let the water escape drop by drop.

Then the experiment began. Sandow laughed and chatted gaily at first. The school-master kept count upon the number of drops. At about the 200th Sandow grew a little more serious. Soon an expression of pain crossed his face. With the entrance into the third hundred his hand began to swell and grow red. Then the skin burst. The pain grew more and more excruciating. Finally, at the 420th drop, Sandow had to give up and acknowledge himself vanquished.