

"Well!" continued Mr. David, "you have two sons—one of them a physician, and the other a Master of Arts. Why you must be proud of them!"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" returned the ground officer.

"And your excellent wife, Margaret, she will be very proud also!"

"Oh, yes, she is, poor body; but, if I had known," he remarked, in rising to leave, that my family would have attained such eminence, and become so distinguished, I would have married a lady, and had another mother for them."

### Great on the Piano.

"I think," said a well-known orchestral leader to a San Francisco friend, "that the best joke ever played in this town was on an ambitious amateur pianist when Gottschalk was here. The amateur's father was the owner of a large hall, and he offered the use of it to Gottschalk for his benefit. There was to be a piece for eight pianos, and the amateur was to play one of the instruments. I was leader. I thought Gottschalk would have a fit when I told him that the amateur couldn't play three straight notes of the piece. 'He is sure to throw us all out,' said I, 'and ruin the performance.' Gottschalk swore like a major, but it was no good. The bills were out, and he couldn't go back on his programme, even if the gift of the hall for the night was no consideration to him. At last I hit on an idea that fixed the whole business. The amateur came down to rehearsal, and we praised him until he thought he was to be the star of the night. As soon as he left, we took the hammers out of his piano and made it as dumb as an oyster. I guessed he would never know the difference with several pianos going at once. And, just as I thought, that amateur and his friends never discovered the trick. No; he just sailed in and pounded on that piano as if it was the worst enemy he had ever had. He was bound to show off among so many good pianists, and hammered on his key-board until the perspiration nearly blinded him. Now and then I looked at him approvingly to give him fresh courage, and every time I did so he gave the piano a lick that nearly made matchwood of it. His friends all around threw bouquets at him till he looked like a wedding arch; and when it was all over his fond parent fell on his neck in the green-room and slipped a check for two hundred and fifty dollars into his hand. The old man didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, he was so tickled. 'Didn't he do fine,' said he to me—'among so many first-class professionals too?' 'I never heard an amateur do so well in public,' said I; and, what's more, I meant it."

### Anecdote of Lord Clyde.

On returning to camp it was quite dark. Not a tent was pitched; the baggage was coming up in darkness and in storms of angry voices. As the night was cold, the men made blazing fires of the straw and grass of the houses of the neighboring hamlet, in which Nana Sahib's followers had long been quartered. At one of these fires, surrounded by Beloochees, Lord Clyde sat, with his arm in a sling, on a cheryoy which had been brought up to feed the flames. And as he rose up to give some orders for the disposition of his troops, a tired Beloochee flung himself full length on the crazy bedstead, and was jerked off in a moment by one of his comrades, "Don't you see, you fool, that you are on the Lord Sahib's cheryoy?" Lord Clyde interposed, "Let him lie there; don't interfere with his rest," and took his seat on a billet of wood.—*The Life of Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde) by Lieutenant-General Shadwell, C. B.*

**THE GARDENER'S LESSON.**—Two gardeners had their early crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them was very impatient about the loss, and fretted about it very much. The other went patiently to work to plant a new crop. After a while, the impatient man went to his neighbor. To his surprise, he found another crop of peas growing finely. He wondered how this could be. "These are what I sowed while you were fretting," said his neighbor. "But don't you ever fret?" "Yes I do; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief that has been done." "Why, then you have no need to fret at all!" "True," said his friend: "and that's the reason I put it off."

"Faix, Patrick, don't ye cross the ford,  
Ye set me in a shiver."

Said Bridget to her liege and lord,  
Who eyed the rolling river.

"Ah Biddy dear, ye must cross first,  
And don't get in a fidget;  
And then if worst must come to worst,  
I think that I will bridge it."

Texas has a local option law; under it the county of Rockwell has been for three years trying the experiment of running a county without whisky. The *Greenville Independent* gives the following results: "The experiment is a successful demonstration of the evils of dram drinking. Crime has so notably diminished that first-class people are coming here to find homes. A recent session of the court had no criminal docket. A new jail built two years ago has never had an inmate save one, and he came there through whisky clandestinely got. So clear is the gain socially, morally, commercially, universally, that even old toppers are now temperance advocates. Men who would get drunk the very first day a saloon was opened, now say, 'For God's sake keep them closed forever.'"—*The Signal*.

### The Holy Well at Mecca.

When Mohammed captured Mecca, which had been regarded for ages by his countrymen as a place of peculiar sanctity, he interfered with the worship of the Black Stone (probably a meteorite) which the angels had brought from heaven, and of Zemzem or Holy Well of Hagar, only so far as to suppress the ancient polytheistic rites. This well is close beside the Caaba or Square House, the chief sanctuary of the Mohammedan world.

The princes of Islam maintain at Mecca keepers of the Holy Well, who annually supply them with water to be used on great occasions and in great emergencies, as when stricken with disease. Every pilgrim to Mecca—and thousands come thither from all countries—visits the well and is purified by drinking the water or pouring it over his person, or both. The water is described as unpleasant in taste and cathartic in effect—qualities which are not to be accounted for without recourse to miracle.

With Occidental irreverence the British Consul-General at Jeddah has sent a bottle of the water to the Royal College of Chemistry at South Kensington to be analyzed. Dr. E. Frankland, in his report of the analysis, says that the water is of the most abominable character. "In fact, it is sewage more than seven times as concentrated as London Sewage, and it contains no less than 579 grains of solid matters per gallon. Knowing the composition of this water, and the mode of propagation of Asiatic cholera by excrementitious matters, it is not to be wondered at that outbreaks of this disease should often occur among pilgrims to Mecca, while it would scarcely be possible to provide a more effective means for distribution of cholera poison throughout Mohammedan countries."

It would be interesting to know the composition of the waters of other holy wells of which Islam has by no means the monopoly.

**POLITICS AND MATRIMONY.**—The death of Mrs. Millard Fillmore serves to recall a singular incident connected with her two husbands. In 1847, while she was the wife of Ezekiel McIntosh, of Albany, Mr. Fillmore was candidate for the position of State Comptroller of New York. Some persons who desired to defeat his election raised about twenty thousand dollars for the purpose, and placed it in the hands of McIntosh, instructing him to place it in a bank in his own name and not to make the matter public. He did as desired, but before the fund could be drawn out to use for election purposes the treasurer fell sick and died. Mr. Fillmore was elected Comptroller, and many years afterwards married Mrs. McIntosh, and received, as a part of her dowry, the money that had been raised to defeat his election. The ex-President used to enjoy telling the story, and often remarked that "the money was placed where it would do the most good" to him.—*Lowell Courier*.