

stranger, as near as I can. I used to take a red cent and change it into a ten-dollar gold piece.

"Oh," said the professor, "that is quite simple, a mere trick of sleight of hand."

"Wal, I know it's not very difficult, but as I forgot how, will you show me: at the same time handing a cent to the wizard.

"Oh, yes, sir, if it will oblige you, I will show you in a moment. Hold out your hand," said the wizard. "This is your cent, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Close your hand."

The down Easter closed his hand fast.

"Are you sure you have it?" said the wizard.

"I guess I have, and I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a ten-dollar gold piece."

"Done!" said the wizard. "Now hold fast!"

"Yes, sir! I reckon I will—but stop! down with your dollar! here is mine!" said the Yankee. The wizard covered his dollar.

"Now, sir, are you ready?" said the wizard.

"I aint nothing else!" said the down Easter.

"Change!" said the wizard. "Now, sir, open your hand." He did so, and to his utter astonishment, he held a *bona fide* ten-dollar gold piece.

"Well, sir," said the wizard, "you see you have lost your dollar!"

"I guess I have," said he, handing over the two dollars.

"Now," said the professor, "I'll bet you another dollar I'll change the ten-dollar piece into your cent again, much quicker."

"No, yer don't!" said the agent from Maine, placing the ten dollars in his pocket and buttoning up tight. "I'm much obliged to you, purfessor, but I reckon I'll leave it as it is! Good morning, old hoss!" said he, walking out of the office; and, turning round as he reached the door, he placed his digitals in close approximation to his proboscis saying, "I guess there aint anything green about this child!" and left the professor in utter amazement at his coolness.

A NEW WAY OF APPLYING MUSTARD PLASTERS.

—A few evenings ago a medical man was called in to attend a patient, and thought it necessary to apply a mustard plaster. After having prepared the plaster he laid it on a chair for a few moments, while he was engaged in compounding some other preparation. A certain gentleman in the house, feeling a little tired, thought he would take a seat, and, not noticing that the chair was already occupied, sat down on the plaster. Having a light pair of trousers on, the mustard began to exercise its wonderful medical powers, making one portion of his unmentionables rather warm; not knowing what was the occasion of it he changed chairs, but the next one was considerably warmer than the first, and he made another move, at the same time remarking:

"I wonder what is the matter with the chairs, they all seem to be hot!"

Walking about for a little while and not experiencing any relief, he again seated himself, and still the plaster stuck to him like a trusty friend. A few minutes elapsed and he said:

"Doctor, don't you think it is rather close this evening? I feel very warm."

The doctor replied, "No, I don't feel uncomfortable."

"Well," he said, "I must go out for a minute and get cooled off."

But there was no cooling for him; the "evening" kept getting warmer, and he couldn't account for it in any way.

The doctor, changing his mind as regarded applying the plaster, and forgetting to put it away, went off without thinking about his having left it on the chair, and it was not until sometime after his departure that the gentleman discovered that he, in taking a seat, had unwittingly applied the plaster to his corduroys.

A NOBLE REVENGE.—The coffin was a plain one—a poor, miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top; no lining of satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crumpled cap with its neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You can't; get out of the way; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute," cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the box; and, as he gazed into the rough face, agonized tears streamed down the cheek on which a childish bloom ever lingered. Oh, it was painful to hear him cry; "Only let me see my mother—only once!"

Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stopped, panting with grief and rage, his blue eyes distended, his lips sprung apart, a fire glittering through his tears, as he raised his puny arm, and with a most unchildish voice, cried, "When I am a man, I will pay you for this."

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child. A monument, much stronger than granite, was built in his boy-heart to the memory of the heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lip tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindly eyes to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger, but from his first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced. The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir—I cannot."

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I believe you are unknown to me."

Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy.

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me, then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went from the presence of magnanimity as grand to him as it was incomprehensible.