

The Poet

Attention! The following are the latest fashion in... There was an old school... Who rode out each day... He said he'd more soon... In a laud or bougain... But the pichion was more ele... There was a young lady named... And her lovers all bothered her... That she thought it befitting... To give them the mitten... And replied to them all, "No; for Jaux."

A Quiet Game of Cards.

Sometime about the commencement of the year 1871, a train was passing over the Northern railroad, between Oskosh and Madison. In two of the seats, facing each other, sat three lawyers engaged at cards. Their fourth player had just left the carriage, and they needed another to take his place. "Come judge, take a hand," they said to a grave magistrate, who sat looking on, but whose face indicated no approval of their play. He shook his head, but his apparent refusal only increased their eagerness to secure him. "O, yes, yes! We can't get along without you, judge! Come, only just one game." They persisted in their urgency, until finally with a flushed countenance, the judge slowly rose and took a seat with the players, and the playing went on. A venerable woman, gray and bent with years, sat and watched the judge from her seat near the end of the railway carriage. After the game progressed a while she arose, as if urged by some strong impulse, and tottered forward along the aisle until she stood face to face with the judge. "Do you know me?" she said in a tremulous voice. "No, my good woman," said the judge, while he and his companions looked at her inquiringly. "Where did I ever see you before?" "You mean court at Oskosh, when my son was tried for robbing somebody, and you sentenced him to prison for ten years—and he died there last June."

quired, "what is the harm of a social game of cards, judges play cards, fashionable people play cards; what hurt does it do. Could they have witnessed that scene, and marked the anguish of that broken-hearted mother; and could they read the history of hundreds of young men who have been allured to their ruin by these "harmless games of cards" however strong might be their confidence in their own ability to withstand temptation, they would, for the sake of others who are weaker, and are in danger, put away these implements of temptation and say in the language of the apostle, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."—Rom. viii. 13.

AN INTRICATE PROPOSITION

With Which Major Max Greatly Puzzled His Wife.

"Did it ever occur to you, my dear, that a person going overland would have to mail two letters a day from the train in order to have one letter a day return to San Francisco?" asked Major Max the other evening, after the cloth was removed from the table and his wife was pouring out his glass of two-thirds benedictine and one-third curacao, which the Major contended was the only civilized drink with which to prepare for the after-dinner cigar. Mrs. Max passed the Major his cordial and waited a moment before replying: "Why, no; it seems to me that if a person travelling east mailed a letter each day by a westward-bound train a letter would arrive here each day."

"Why, yes," Mrs. Max continued, somewhat assured, "if you mailed a letter on the first day out, it would get here the next day; if you mailed one the day following it would arrive here a day after the first, and the letters, being mailed twenty-four hours apart, would of course, continue to arrive here a day apart. They couldn't grow further apart on the road could they, Major?"

Mrs. Max wound up this sequence of feminine logic with a triumphant accent, and felt sure she had posed the Major, for he did not reply until after lighting a cigar. Then he said, slowly, "You post a letter the first day out."

"That letter arrives here the day after you leave?"

"Certainly. One day gone, one letter received."

"Exactly. Well, the next day—a little curacao, straight, please—the next day you post another letter from the train, and—"

"And that arrives here the day after the first, of course, making two days out and two letters received, and so on to New York. Eh, Major?"

If Mrs. Max had not been examining a new pattern of lace she had in her sleeves she might have noticed the satisfied smile the Major had as he leaned back in his chair and said: "The second day out you would be at Ogden?"

"Yes."

"Wouldn't it take as long for a letter to return to San Francisco as it did taken you to go to Ogden?"

"I suppose so."

"Then the second letter would arrive here two days after you arrived at Ogden and four days after you left here?"

Mrs. Max looked up and said, hesitatingly: "Well, I don't see how you make that out."

"I did not make it out, Mrs. Max. I only asked if I was right."

"No, you are not; if you post a letter on a returning train each day I say that a letter must arrive here each day, and I don't care."

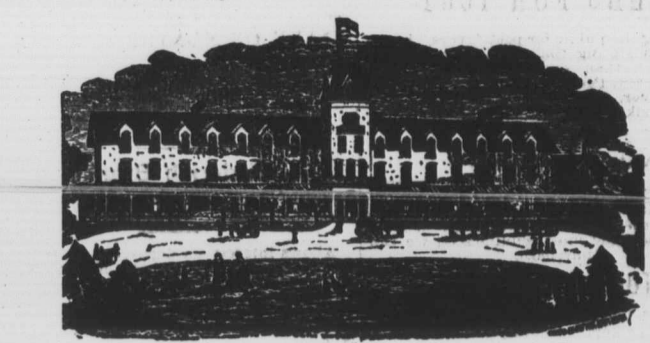
"Mrs. Max, how long does it take to go to New York?"

"Seven days, I suppose."

"Then a letter a day would be seven letters. You would post your sixth letter on your sixth day out, and it would take six days more to return, being twelve days after you left here. Now, as you had only mailed five letters before the one which arrived on the twelfth day, how could a letter a day have arrived?"

Mrs. Max thought a moment, and then asked with considerable warmth: "Do you mean to say, Major Max, that if a person going to New York posts a letter on a San Francisco-bound train each day that it takes two weeks for all those letters to arrive here?"

"It certainly would," replied the Major, glowing comfortably behind his cigar. He knew Mrs. Max acknowledged her defeat by the way she rang for the tea, but she would not ask for further explanation.—[San Francisco Chronicle]



THE POINT FARM, GODERICH'S FAMOUS SUMMER RESORT.

Dr. Wild on the Thorn in the Flesh.

The thorn in Paul's flesh was not a literal thorn. Some say it meant false apostles and my father had that idea; but Paul gloried in this thorn, and he would hardly glory in false apostles. Others say it was his littleness; but he prayed for the removal of the thorn, and he would hardly pray to be made bigger at the age of forty years. Others say it was a stammering tongue. I don't believe it. Paul was a very fluent speaker; he did not speak like a stutterer, when he was before King Agrippa. Some say the thorn was earache or headache, and I read a book some years ago which said that it was a bad wife. I will say that the thorn in the flesh was sore eyes. Paul himself says it was given to him through the abundance of the illumination of the revelation which he received on the way to Damascus, and its purpose was to keep him humble.

A correspondent who differs from the Dr. writes: Now, had his eyes been affected by the appearance of the Lord while Paul was on his way to Damascus, that proof of affliction of the eyes would, no doubt, have convinced the apostles at Jerusalem that the Lord had appointed him an apostle, and referred them to his eyes in confirmation. But we read he never did. Now, I understand the thorn in the flesh to which he alludes is common to all humanity, saint and sinner, and kings are not exempted, and is very largely displayed by many calling themselves preachers. This thorn is vanity. Men became vain on their reasoning; professing to be wise they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God, for the likeness and imagine of corruptible man. Hence the confusion that exists in the present day in regard to heavenly and divine things.

JOSEPH GIBSON.

The Appearance and Condition of Brigham Young's Gang of Strains.

But of all the ill-conditioned, God-forsaken, hapless-looking people I ever saw, the women here beat them all. Yesterday was supply day for the Mormon Farmers living outside the city. They bring their wives into town in dead axle wagons, and all in the vacant room with children who look fully as bad as their mothers, if not worse. Many of them are lame and humpbacked, and all look sickly and are ill clad. Two out of every three women on the streets yesterday had nursing infants on their arms, and four out of the children are said to be girls. One of the saints had thirteen wives and ninety-four children, which he exhibits with all the pride I should take in a lot of fine horses. I never realized the infernal nature of the institution nor its effect upon society as I do now. The sooner our government crushes it out the better for humanity. It is a blot upon the face of the earth, particularly in this lovely valley, so green and beautiful, with apple, peach, pear, and plum trees in full blossom—grass waving in the wind, bees humming and birds singing, like our July weather, while just beyond this in the background are the mountain tops covered with snow. It is the prettiest sight I ever saw and one which I shall never forget.—[Salt Lake Letter]

The man with the temerity to inaugurate a Guiteau fund has been found at last. He was seen at Sixteenth and Green streets, Philadelphia, by a policeman, going from door to door. The officer made some inquiry and found that the fellow was deaf and dumb, and was soliciting aid for the defence of Garfield's assassin during his trial. The mute was taken in the station house where he gave the name of George W. Seward, and when asked why he was interested in Guiteau's behalf he wrote on a pocket slate: "Guiteau is a Frenchman. I am a Frenchman. He is all right to kill Garfield." Seward, who resides with his wife and son at North Eighth-street, Philadelphia, was committed to prison by Magistrate Brown for thirty days. When arrested the prisoner had \$2.25 in his pockets.

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