

### OUT OF THE WINDOW.

Out of the window she leaped, and laughed.  
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,  
Foolish and idle, it dropped like a bell,  
Tinkling on the noise of the street.

Up he plucked at the hanging floor,  
Who had caught the laugh as it fluttered and fell,  
And eye to eye for a moment there,  
They held each other as if by a spell.

All in a moment passing there,  
And into her idle, and foolish and sweet,  
All in that moment something new,  
Suddenly seemed to find its way.

And through and through the clamorous hours  
That made his clamorous busy day,  
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,  
Into every bargain found its way.

And through and through the crowd of the streets,  
At every window in passing by,  
He looked a moment, and seemed to see  
A pair of eyes like the morning sky.

### BEYOND A DOUBT.

BY NICHOLINO HAYN.

Paul Wayne was a bachelor of forty-five. Not one of the wayward, nomadic sort, but who occupied a splendid house and took excellent care of an orphan who called him Uncle Paul. He was blessed with the best heart in the world, and possessed so many of the requisites of a good husband and father that it was a matter of great surprise among his friends that he remained single. Those who knew him best rightly traced his single blessedness to his one fault—most wonderful obduracy and unwillingness to give up an impression once fully entertained. This characteristic injured him in his business affairs too, but those with whom he had business differences attributed it to what, for a better term, they called eccentricity.

Paul Wayne had his love passages in his earlier manhood, but they came to nothing but disappointment, because of this obdurate and unalterable determination to abide by his first impressions, whether these agreed with subsequent facts or not; indeed, whether it suited the other party in the love affair or not. Young girls do not generally like a lover who is not the least bit pliable. While their natures demand strong, manly love, for something that shields, there is intermingled with it all a touch of the conquering spirit to be recognized. Paul Wayne's lordly way of wooing, a way which to his lady friends seemed to say, wait until I am ready and I have only to name the day, brought him at least one ridiculous jilt, but to it all he only said, as he put the girl out of his memory, "She will regret it, beyond a doubt."

Mary Dale did regret it; for she married a man who broke her heart by brutal treatment and deserted her while she lay helplessly sick with a girl-baby in her bosom. That girl-baby was given to Paul Wayne with the last breath of the dying mother, and it was baby Mary Dale who, at seventeen, called him Uncle Paul.

"Mary, Philip Hastings is a bad man. I know it beyond a doubt, I am not deceived."

"How do you know it, Uncle Paul?"

"Well, how do we know anything? Why, there are many ways and reasons for knowing and thinking so; one is—well, it don't matter. I know it beyond a doubt."

He knew it, and that was enough for him. And Mary knew him well enough to end such an argument at once. It was just at the proper moment, too, for Philip Hastings, the "bad man," was announced. While we leave the lovers together enjoying a brief morning call, we will go out with Paul Wayne, and down town.

"Bad man, beyond a doubt. Bad company. He is always with that man Quigley; what in the world brought that man, that wretch Quigley, back, when we all thought him dead and buried these years?" He ought to have died long ago." And Uncle Paul thrust his cane against the pavement with a nervous, impetuous motion, and looked up to see Quigley.

They passed, Paul Wayne looking straight ahead down the street, the other casting quick glances at the stern face of the bachelor, hoping for a word of recognition, then stopping to look after the retreating figure, as if to be certain that it was the man. A few yards separated them, and then Paul could not resist the curiosity to look back, and their eyes met. It was awkward, but only for an instant, the bachelor turning quickly and proceeding on his way.

"If I could only talk to him a moment. But the poor get but few words and these not kindly one; I will let him alone," and the man Quigley threaded his way among the throng of men bearing strange faces. He had been gone for years, and a new generation had sprung up. Few gave him a look betokening recognition. Now and then a man with whitened hair and bowed form would half stop, gaze at him an instant with a curious, inquisitive look, as if trying to recall something of the past, then pass on. Farther away from the bustle of the business streets the stranger paused in his walk, and said again, aloud, to himself, "If I could only talk to him a moment." The half-piteous tone fell upon the ears of two light-hearted girls who were passing, and a shade of melancholy passed over the face of the younger, and both returned to look at the speaker, and we recognize our Uncle Paul's Mary. Not a superbly handsome girl with oriental eyes and the soft, sensuous languor of the famed east, but a good healthy, pretty girl, something to love fondly, something tangible to stand the wear and tear of life, something worthy of man's striving efforts. That evening there was an icy party at Uncle Paul's. Mary had been amusing him in the earlier hours with "old-fashioned songs," as Paul called them, and the two were in the midst of these pleasures

when Philip Hastings was announced. Uncle Paul could not escape. He had nowhere to go but to bed, and it was too early for that. Young ladies need not be told how really disagreeable the position when a young gentleman is present who loves her, while an elder member of the family is immovably anchored in the room, and who in turn heartily dislikes, or thinks he does, the young man as a "bad man." She was afraid of an explosion as she nervously undertook the task of directing the conversation. She endeavored to steer clear of the quicksands, but in trying to draw Uncle Paul into the conversation she precipitated just what she was so anxious to avoid.

Uncle Paul had sat quite still for a while, in a half-drowse, brown study, but he awakened suddenly when Mary said, "Susie and I met such a strange looking, unhappy old man to-day."

"A what—that old man—beyond a doubt a bad man."

"Why, Uncle Paul, have you waked at last?" asked Mary. "I am glad something can fix your attention."

Paul did not look as though he cared to listen, as Mary went on. "So, old and feeble, and yet about him a something telling of better, happier days; in his face curves worn deep by patient sorrow. Just as we passed him he was saying: 'If I could only talk to him a moment, as if some old friend had refused him sympathy. Who could it have been, I wonder? I pitted him.'"

Uncle Paul fidgeted, but said nothing, though he felt the thrust so unintentionally given, while Philip Hastings seemed happy and yet uneasy at the turn things had taken, so different from what he desired. The two talked of the strange old man, while Uncle Paul grew uneasy at every word, until finally he rose upon his feet and began pacing the floor in an agitated way that he could not conceal.

Mary watched her uncle for a few moments, and, wondering what there was in the talk about a strange old man, while Uncle Paul grew uneasy at every word, until finally he rose upon his feet and began pacing the floor in an agitated way that he could not conceal.

"Miss Wayne, the old man of whom we have been talking is one entirely worthy of your sweet sympathy, and in a word, is my best friend."

Uncle Paul halted suddenly, utterly dumfounded at the declaration. He raised both hands, as if the effrontery of the avowal had filled him with surprise and indignation too deep for expression.

"Tell me, Philip Hastings, that at least you do not know this old man's history."

A thousand frightful questions suggested themselves to the mind of Mary. She leaned forward to catch Philip's denial, a denial which she hoped he would make, and she shared Paul Wayne's horror when Philip said: "Every line and passage of it, sir."

"Why, sir, he's the wickedest man alive, and if you—well, if he is your friend, if there is any community of thought with him, why—well, I'm right, beyond a doubt. But there cannot be. He has given you his version, and when I tell you all, you will cast him off."

"He has told me all, and I have found that he has told me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. When men assume a character it is not a bad one. The old man Quigley has made a clean breast of it all. He arrested me in my downward career, and I cannot, would not cast him off."

There was something in this speech, so earnest, so manly, that Mary was proud of her lover for having uttered it, and even the lines in Uncle Paul's face softened, and he was almost ready to acknowledge that he might be wrong, when Philip resumed his story:

"I spent last winter in New Orleans, as you know. One night I visited a gaming table and was induced to play. I lost heavily, and, becoming desperate, I was about to risk my purse, and its contents upon a single throw, when a servant stumbled against me and we fell. As I stooped to aid him he whispered: 'I did it purposely. Play no more. Meet me outside the door.' I withdrew from the game and met him, and he said: 'Your antagonist there, pointing inside, was cheating you; I saw it all. Don't go back. I was ruined there; I used to play with thousands, now I sweep the floors.' 'Why do you stay there?' I asked. 'I must eat and drink, and who will take me with a character from there as my last place?'

Mary felt relieved and her Uncle Paul said, "The servant was Quigley; but he doubtless did not tell you that all these thousands he stole from his deserted wife, or gained on forged paper."

"No, sir, not then. But I took him as my servant and then he told me that I could not trust him, and why. He told me what you have just stated. I did trust him and I have never had occasion to doubt him or regret my choice."

Uncle Paul paced the floor for a moment, muttering, "It will come out beyond a doubt; I had better tell it all," then went over to Mary and caught her to his heart as if he would shield her with his life, and looking at Philip said: "You believe in this man's reformation—this man Quigley. One more test and that will settle it beyond a doubt. Would you marry his daughter?"

"If I were not engaged and"—he stopped. Surprise was flushing Mary's face when Uncle Paul answered the questioning face before him. "There she is—yes, my ward, my more than child, is Quigley's daughter, given me by his deserted wife, and Mary's dying mother. Prove your sincerity in this man."

Philip took the poor amazed girl in his arms and saved her from falling. Uncle Paul hopped about the room as

one possessed, dashing a tear from his eye and exclaiming: "It's all right now, beyond a doubt."

Quigley, by the aid of a gift left him by a dying relative, was enabled to repay those he had wronged in purse, and with a lovely daughter to caress and comfort his old age he was a happy end. We should never distrust the ability of any man for reformation, and no one's repentance should be despised.

### In the "Tiger's" Lair.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing of the private gambling-house at Baden, says: "The shrine contains two rooms, opening into each other, one consecrated usually to *tranche et quarté*, but in which faro and other games of hazard are also played, and the other devoted to roulette. They are very quietly though comfortably furnished, and the only thing that strikes one as at all unusual about them—except, of course, the tables—is that the various pier-glasses are employed, of all odd places in the world, for posting the placards containing regulations with regard to the different games and other official notices. This novel use of a mirror certainly looks like business, and prepares one for the discovery that no ladies, whether 'from Paris' or elsewhere, are admitted, as they are to the hotel roulette-tables which I have in a former letter discussed. Their presence might lead to trifling and frivolities incompatible with the serious objects of the meeting. In the same earnest spirit there is no flourishing about, as at the hotel, of iced champagne. Any such public house parade is carefully eschewed, not merely as showy and vulgar, but as a reflection on the game itself, as tending to imply that the genuine gambler and gentleman has to be tempted into losing his money by any other excitement or pleasure than that of the loss itself. But as, of course, being human and reasonable, he must drink, such simple and serious liquors as brandy and soda, beer, and light wines are provided without stint. I have no doubt that anybody who liked to ask for it could have champagne, or for the matter of that, Johannisberg or Tokay. But there is very little drinking—wonderfully little, considering how many Englishmen are in the room. The courteous waiters, gliding swiftly and noiselessly from chair to chair, are generally carrying only seltzer water or a cigar. There is not, however, much money—at least what an ordinary player of business would consider money—lying upon the tables. The small strong box in the centre, over which the noble host himself presides, may indeed contain, for aught I know, untold millions. But lying visibly about in confused heaps among the players, or near the banker in carefully arranged rows, are endless bone counters, some plain white, others tastefully inlaid with rings of various colors, from red to the most delicate mauve. Their intrinsic value is not great—not more, perhaps, than that of a bank note—and they look charmingly innocent and pretty playthings for children. Still a good deal of mischief may be done with them."

### Novel Expedient of Besieged Men.

A private letter from an officer at Fort Sill, Indian territory, gives the following account of an ingenious expedient adopted to aid some soldiers in a strait: "Corporal John Smith, of the Fourteenth infantry, with four men, was employed on some detail some twenty-five miles from this post. While thus engaged he was surprised by a body of some hundred or more mounted Indians, he thinks either Kiowas or Comanches, from this reservation. As their purpose was unmistakably hostile, he and his men lost no time in taking to the only available shelter, an old buffalo wallow, where, in a very uncomfortable, constrained position, they managed to protect their bodies and keep their enemies at a distance for the day and night. The next morning, however, their sufferings for want of food and water became rather serious, and something had to be done. Corporal Smith was equal to the occasion; taking a piece of his own white shirt, the only substitute for paper to be had, he wrote a note describing their situation, secured it with cats to the neck of a small, shaggy, mongrel dog which had followed them from the fort; then battering up a canteen he fastened it to the animal's tail and let him go. The dog, to quote the corporal's own expression, 'just jumped himself.' The Indians, taking it to be a mere act of bravado, I presume, made no attempt to stop him, and within two hours from the time he started the dog reached the post. Succor was immediately sent and the brave corporal and his comrades brought in, the Indians making off at the first sight of the rescue party, at the distance of several miles."

### Emigration Statistics.

The statistics of emigration do not show that the natives of Great Britain feel any frantic sort of adoration for her. During the past sixty years she has seen a population of exactly 7,871,897 depart to other lands. In 1873 alone the number of emigrants was 310,612. The greater part of these people came to this country, while the rest tried fortune chiefly in Australasia. It is curious how completely French sentiment is the reverse of English on the subject of emigration. Only about 180,000 French people have settled in Algeria, and France has had possession of that country for forty years. French population is, however, constantly decreasing. During five years, and for reasons independent of emigration and the cession of Alsace, it has declined by half a million.

### THERE'S MONEY IN BLOOD.

Pastures of the Old, Imported Thoroughbreds.

The late rebellion furnished the very strongest evidence of the superiority of the "blooded horse" over the cold-blooded animal, for it is an undisputed fact that the horses that carried the southern cavalymen were much better campaigners than those taken from the north to meet them. The cavalry horses of the union army were generally large-framed, heavy-bodied, coarse-limbed, clumsy scrubs; while those of the south were medium-size, light, clean-made, active, enduring, well-bred, and many of them thoroughbred. And although the former were much better fed and cared for than their opponents, they could not travel as many miles in a day, as many days in succession nor with as much ease to themselves and rider.

In the north and west many consider the fact that a horse was captured during the war, or his sire and dam came from the south, sufficient evidence that the animal is well bred, and in our market to-day a horse known to have been bred in Kentucky or Tennessee, even without a well-substantiated pedigree, will sell for fifty per cent. more than one bred in Indiana, though in size, gait, age and general appearance there may not be a particle of difference between the two. And this is easily accounted for from the fact that it is generally known that breeders in the south have been our heaviest importers of thoroughbreds from Europe, are devoted patrons of the turf, and would not waste their time and money in the production of an inferior animal.

Some of those who sneer at pedigrees, and boast of their ability to discover with the eye all the virtues or defects that the horse can possess, are disposed to question the purity of the blood of the early importations, and argue that as there was no American turf register previous to 1829, there is no guarantee for the fidelity of a pedigree that traces back to an animal brought to this country from Europe before that year. But, unfortunately for this theory, Mr. Bruce, the compiler of the American Stud Book, has obtained an abundance of well-substantiated documentary evidence to prove the authenticity of the pedigrees claimed for all, or nearly all, the horses imported before and since the war for American independence.

Moreover, the very first importations were of the very best, and nearest the fountain-head, and among these may be cited, by the Londale bay Arab, although twenty-one years old, crossed the Atlantic and got some good stock, and he was followed the next year by Jolly Roger by Roundhead, out of a mare by Crotch's Partner. In England he was called Roger of the Vale, and his descendants there are highly prized. He died in Greenville county, Va., in 1772, and in this country was considered second only to the great Fearnaught, by Regulus out of Silvertail, who was imported into Virginia by Col. John Baylor in 1764, and died in '76, twenty-one years old. In 1750 Lord Baltimore presented Mr. Ogle, governor of Maryland, with Spark, and about the same time the governor imported Queen Mab, by Musgrover's gray Arab. During this year Col. Tasker, of Maryland, imported Selima, a daughter of the Godolphin Arabian, and the dam of Partner, Ariel, Stella, Ebony, Braham, Little Jupiter, Black Selima, Camilla and Selim. She was one of the very best mares ever brought to the country, and her blood is sought after till this day. Then came Miss Colville, known in the "English Stud Book" as Wilkes' old Hantbury mare, Jenny Cameron, Routh's Crab, Morton's Traveler by Partner, dam by Bloody Buttcock's Arabian, and many others whose names appear in the pedigrees of our modern race horse.

The love of racing was soon implanted in the colonies of Maryland and Virginia, from whom it spread to North and South Carolina, and immediately after their first settlement, Tennessee and Kentucky imported some very celebrated horses, and turf sport became the most popular amusement. New York joined in at a later period, although there was a small race course at Newmarket and one at Jamaica before the revolution. From 1800 to 1845 the great stables of the north and south were carried on under a most honorable rivalry; but about this time the turf in the north was abandoned by its principal supporters, and racing was carried on as a business, regardless of that honorable spirit which had previously distinguished it, by professional trainers and jockeys. In fact it may be said that from 1845 to 1856 racing was entirely confined to the southern states, where it continued to deserve and receive the patronage of all classes of society up to the breaking out of the rebellion.

The result of this difference in the tastes and pursuits of the people north and south is that the north, or at least the northwest, have an abundance of low-bred horses that cannot be sold for enough to pay their raising, while Kentucky and Tennessee—especially Kentucky—attract buyers for their stock, not only from every state in the Union, but from Europe and the Caucasus. It is an uncommon occurrence for a Kentucky yearling to sell for as much money as would buy ten of our best matured common horses. In Favette county, Kentucky, during one week in October last, two hundred head of yearling and weanling colts were sold for an aggregate sum of \$70,000, being an average of \$350 a head. Dr. L. Herr, near Lexington, Ky., during the past three years has sold less than one hundred colts, the get of Mambrino

Patchen, for \$125,000. L. L. Dorsey, of Jefferson county, Ky., sells annually about \$70,000 worth of two and three-year-old Goldust at an average price of \$550 per head. A. J. Alexander, of Woodford county, Ky., sells annually at public auction, about forty head of thoroughbred yearlings at prices ranging from \$900 to \$2,500, and yearling colts of trotting stock at an average price of \$400 per head.

But we cannot even attempt to enumerate all the sales made annually by such extensive breeders of fine horses as James Miller, of Bourbon county; T. E. Moore, D. Swigert, of Woodford; J. W. Hunt, Reynolds, of Frankfort; the Burfords, Blackburns, Harpers, Colemans, A. Keene Richards, Richard West, Ten Broeck, Matt Clay, and hundreds of others, who sell on private terms, and often realize as much for a single animal as many of our farmers make on their stock during a life-time.

This state of affairs is not chargeable to climate, for in this there is but little difference between Indiana and Kentucky, and our lands produce the finest bluegrass, as well as an abundance of all other food required for growing stock. It is not owing to the crops, for our farmers have raised fine crops, for which they have received high prices, at least for the past fourteen years; but it is because they have stood in their own light in ignoring the claims of "blood"—because they ignominiously willfully refuse to recognize the advantages of breeding horses for all purposes from sources purified in the alchemic of the race-course.

We are pleased to see that a few intelligent breeders in this state are waking up to this interest, and introducing some high-bred stallions and mares; but a general revolution is needed, and our citizens who purchase horses for use cannot do much to bring it about. Let them subvert their own interests by purchasing from Kentucky when in want of a roaster or carriage horse, and these mongrel breeders may be induced to change their tactics in self-defense.

### French and German Losses in the Late War.

M. Chenu, medical inspector general of the French army, reports the losses sustained by the French in the war with Germany to have been as follows: Killed, disappeared, or died of wounds and diseases, 138,811; wounded by the enemy's fire, 143,000; men disabled by marching, 11,491; 11,914 missing and treated as dead. These figures include 2,281 officers killed or who died of wounds and disease and 96 missing, with 17,240 prisoners who died in Germany, 1,701 in Switzerland and 124 in Belgium. While 17,240 deaths, then, occurred in captivity only 1,220 soldiers were killed at Gravelotte, the bloodiest battle of the war. The German losses were: Killed or died of wounds and disease, 40,741; missing and treated as dead, 4,990; wounded, 127,867. To these have to be added 1,795 killed, 6,690 wounded, and 1,539 missing in skirmishes, patrols, and slight engagements. The Germans had 44,000 deaths, the French 138,871; the Germans 127,000 wounded, the French 143,000. The French had 11,421 men disabled by *plagues de marches*—that is, through defective socks, boots, and gaiters, while the Germans suffered but little from this cause. M. Chenu shows that in the Crimea and Italy, as well as in the last war, disease was more fatal than the sword, this being partly attributable to commissariat, outfit, and hospital shortcomings.

### Playing it on an Old Man.

The Cincinnati Saturday Night has the small joke in a new form: "Yesterday morning a nice young man got into a car on the Dayton Short-line railroad, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat in the coach was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He reached for the seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his delighted looks; but just before he got there, an elderly party from the other end of the car waltzed up the aisle and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady. 'How is your brother?' he asked. 'Is he able to get out?'" "Oh, yes," she said. "Will he be very badly marked?" he continued; and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested. "Oh, no," said the fair deceiver; "with the exception of a few small pits on his forehead, you would not know he had ever had it." Were not you afraid of taking it?" The young man went on, while the old gentleman broke out in cold perspiration. "Not at all," she replied; "I had been vaccinated, you know." The seat was vacated instantly, two young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" drew that part of the car, while a gray-haired old man scowled upon them from the hard accommodation of the wood-box."

### Give the Child a Light.

If a child wants a light to go to sleep by give it one. The sort of Spartan firmness which walks off and takes away the candle and shuts all the doors between the household cheer and warmth and the pleasant stir of evening mirth, and leaves a little son or daughter to hide his head under the bed-clothes and get to sleep as best he can, is not at all admirable. Not that the mother means to be cruel, when she tries this or that hardening process, and treats human nature as if it were clay to be moulded into any shape she may please. Very likely she has no idea whatever of the injury and suffering she causes, or perhaps her heart aches; but she perseveres, thinking she is doing right.

### FACTS AND FANCIES.

—At Cape May, the other day, five hundred snapping mackerels, weighing over four tons, were captured at a single haul.

—If you want to know whether your grandmother was cross-eyed, or where your great uncle stood in his ermine robe, just run for office and you'll know it all.

—In Paris there are six hundred and seventy-one women who serve as models for painters and sculptors. The age of the largest number is from sixteen to twenty years.

—A home without children is like heaven without angels, says a Kentucky paper. We just want him to get out of bed four times a night for a month to keep the baby's legs covered up.

—An Indiana philanthropist went to Arizona to argue with the Indians and to try to touch their better feelings, and he came home barefooted on top of his head and offered the government \$1,000 to help carry on the war.

—A Galveston man who died the other day left the sum of five thousand dollars as a fund to defend persons who kill southern railroad baggage smashers. We won't say that the man is in heaven, but we believe he is near enough to hear the best of the music.

—"You see," said a bar-keeper, whose hair turned off to the left with a massive curve like the baluster of a hotel staircase, and whose diamond ring was worth a monarch's ransom, "there's bar-keepers and again there's bar-keepers. Some of them ain't fit except to jerk beer and throw dead beats out of doors, but take some of the artists and they'd make Isaac Newton get behind a tree-box. There's New York Tommy—he never hands a glass, but just gives it a spin on the marble. I tell you it is worth traveling a mile to see him sling a tumbler. He used to smash \$40 worth of glass a week. He was old pie, he was."

—Mary Maple Dodge writes these pretty nursery rhymes:

Two little girls are better than one,  
Two little boys can double the fun,  
Two little birds can build a fine nest,  
Two little arms can love mother best,  
Two little boys and one little girl,  
Two little pockets have my little mail,  
Two little eyes to open and close,  
Two little ears and one little nose,  
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,  
Two little shoes on two little feet,  
Two little lips and one little chin,  
Two little cheeks with a rose set in,  
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,  
Two little legs running all day long,  
Two little pigtails do my darling hair,  
Twice does she kneel by my side each day—  
Two little lips and one little chin,  
Two little eyelids cast mopefully down,  
And two little angels guard him in bed,  
One at the foot and one at the head.

—In the memoir of Stanislas de Girardin, who owned the dominion of Ermenoville, there is an account of a visit to that place of the first Napoleon. At the tomb of Rousseau he said, as recounted in the memoirs, "It would have been better for the repose of France if this man had never existed." "Why?" said De Girardin. "He prepared the revolution," said Napoleon. "It seems to me," said the proprietor, "that it is not for you to complain of the revolution." "Well," said Napoleon, "the future will know if it would not have been better for France that neither Rousseau nor myself had ever existed." He was then first consul.

—Some conception of what has been achieved by the iron discipline of the German army may be had from this description of the German military bow: "Imagine an oak plank, six feet in height, with a hinge in the middle, draw itself up to a perpendicular, and with a quick movement snap the springs so that the upper part suddenly springs forward and back again, and you will have some idea of the gracefulness of the executed movement, and of the stoic one has at first, when he fears that the performer has been seized with a sudden cramp that is about to get the better of him at the very moment he is being introduced, and you wish to play this agreeable."

—It is rather curious, says a New York letter, that the best billiard players seemed to be of Celtic origin—French or Irish. American players account for this by asserting that it is because they were all originally billiard makers, and were therefore early and continually trained to the game. It is certainly true that this was the beginning of Pheasant Cavanaugh, Daly, Sloan, and Tim Flynn, and the great French players now in this country are said to have had a similar origin. The foreigners retort on Dion and other American players, with the assertion that it is not practice or training they want, but pluck and method. They criticize the American habit of "nursing" the game instead of making brilliant strikes and daring dashes into the heart of the enemy's country.

—The Navajos are remarkable people, and their history and advancement in certain branches of skilled workmanship have excited the curiosity of the ethnologist and the historian. For over 200 years they have been known by means of the curious blankets known by their name; and there is the best authority for stating that they had sheep among them at that remote period. Gov. Arny states that he has been told by some aged men of the nation that at a very remote period sheep were brought into their country from the northwest in the direction of Behring's straits. In 1849, when Gen. A. W. Doniphan went through the Navajo country in his expedition to Old Mexico, he procured a number of the blankets and other specimens of manufacturing skill, which he sent to Washington, where they attracted a good deal of attention and were considered a great curiosity.