

**THE FAMILY DOCTOR.**

If we add a pint of pure water to a pint of impure water, we dilute the impure water, and it is made that much the more pure. If we add a dozen pints of pure water to it, we dilute it still more, and bring it nearer purity yet; but if we add a certain number more, instead of the impurity becoming diluted, it is absolutely destroyed, and Dr. Letherby, of London, says that the water is perfectly pure. It is the same way with impure air. A certain quantity of pure air added to it, dilutes the bad air and makes it less noxious, while if a certain quantity more is added, the impurity of the air is destroyed, as is the case with impure water. Any person can judge of this from the good effect of much pure air upon bad air.

The following hints concerning the use of tea may prove useful: 1. Whoever uses tea should do so in great moderation. 2. It should form a part of the meal, but never be taken before eating, between meals, or on an empty stomach, as it is too frequently done. 3. The best time to take tea is after a hearty meal. 4. Those who suffer with weak nerves should never take it at all. 5. Those who are troubled with inability to sleep should not use tea, or, if they do, take it in the morning. 6. Brain-workers should never goad on their brains to overwork on the stimulus of tea. 7. Children and the young should never use tea. 8. The overworked and underfed should never use tea. 9. Tea should never be drunk very strong. 10. It is better with considerable milk and sugar. 11. Its use should at once be abandoned when harm comes from it. 12. Multitudes of diseases come from the excessive use of tea, and for this reason those who cannot use it without going to excess should not use it at all.

DR. DAY says in a late lecture: Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon rest is the first principle to inculcate in very severe headache. Rest, which the busy man and anxious mother cannot obtain so long as they can manage to keep about, is one of the first remedies for every headache, and we should never cease to enforce it. The brain, when excited, as much needs quiet and repose as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye; it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and arresting the pain will depend on our power to have this carried out actually. It is a practical lesson to keep steadily in view in that there may lurk behind a simple headache some lesion of unknown magnitude, which may remain stationary if quietude can be maintained. There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all headaches. It is that the head be elevated at night, and the pillow hard; for if it be soft the head sinks into it and becomes hot, which, with some people, is enough to provoke an attack in the morning if sleep has been long and heavy.

Except a Turkish bath, nothing is more efficacious in the sore throat of children or adults than a wet compress to the throat. Double a towel two or three times, so as to make a pad that will fit snugly under the chin and over the throat, and let it extend around from ear to ear. Then bind a thickly-folded towel over the wet pad, having the towel wide enough to overlap the edges of the pad. It is best to pass this outer covering over the head, and not around the neck after the style of a cravat, the object being to exclude the air so as to keep up a perspiration over the diseased parts. But if the soreness is low down on the throat, the outside towel may be passed around the neck; yet, when this is done, it is much more difficult to exclude the air. The wet compress may be put on cold or warm; but, when cold, it soon becomes warm from the heat of the skin, and is really a warm vapor bath. When the pad is taken off, the throat should be washed in cold water to close the pores, and then well dried with a towel. This is applicable to croup and to all kinds of sore throats, and will be found more cleanly and equally as efficient as grandmother's stocking filled with ashes.

**Work Doesn't Hurt.**

Made crazy by hard work is the report concerning a very active business man in Troy. It will do to call it that, although the trouble comes generally from another direction. It is not so much the hard work that crazes and kills men of business as it is the close application and the inevitable worry of mind. The man who cannot possess his soul in patience has no right to carry on a large business. It is suicide, slow, perhaps, but not the less certain. There are some men who manage their business until it reaches a certain magnitude, after which it manages them and runs away with them. Plain work seldom hurts people, be it ever so hard. It is the mental anxiety, caused by the perplexities of an unmanageable business, that vexes and frets and worries a man out of his equilibrium. No amount of pecuniary success can ever pay for this.—Philadelphia Times.

**The Mail in Early Days.**

Boston's first newspaper, the *News-Letter*, contained the following advertisement in one of its early issues: By order of the Postmaster General of North America. These are to give Notice, That on Monday night the Sixth of this Instant, December, the Western Post Between Boston and New York, sets out at once a Fortnight the Three Winter Months of December, January and February, and to go Alternately from Boston to Saybrook and Hartford to Exchange the Mayle of Letters with the New York Ryder on Saturday Night the 11th Current. And the Second Turn he sets out at Boston on Monday Night the 20th Current to meet the New York Ryder at Hartford on Saturday Night the 20th Current to Exchange Mayles. And all persons that send Letters from Boston to Connecticut from and after the 18th Instant are hereby Notified first to pay the Postage on the same.

"Is it Right?"—So long as any person seriously asks this question of himself, in regard to all his acts, the danger of any great departure from the path of rectitude must be small; and we wish that a system of education might make it as common and controlling among our people in after years as now appears to be in youth.

**ONE OF MANY.**

The American Rural Home.

No one would have dreamed of calling her a heroine, or of attributing any heroic qualities to the slender, sad-faced woman robed in gray, who daily passed to and fro from her boarding place to the little white school-house 'neath the maples, where for nearly a year she had taught the young belligerents of Westdalehamlet.

Few knew ought regarding her, and none were acquainted with any of the facts pertaining to her past, or its history.

Bearing testimonials relative to her calling from the faculty of a seminary in a distant State, she had been engaged to fill the position as instructor in the rural district of Westdale. Faithfully performing her duty and silently going her way, the inquisitive could only speculate as to what they in no way understood—her reticence and deeply sorrowful countenance and demeanor.

That she failed to be popular among her patrons was not to be wondered at, as few persons admire, or love, what they fail to understand; and Darcia Tresswell was an inscrutable and unsolved enigma to the simple country folk among whom she dwelt.

Of a deeply religious nature, cultured and refined, her thoughts, tastes, and desires in no way assimilated with those of her employers, though she patiently and conscientiously endeavored to do her duty to their children, and sought to instill in their youthful minds some of the principles which actuated her own.

But when it was ascertained that the new teacher "read and prayed," she was eyed askance by the irreligious of the community, and finally ignored; public sentiment being more truthfully than politely expressed by the neighborhood oracle—"prayers may convert the South Sea Islanders, but nothin' short of beech and hick'ry will tame the young ones of this ere town!"

As said "young ones" were fully as precocious and observing as children in general, and fully aware of the opinion entertained by their elders, they were not slow to take advantage of their teacher's mild rule and merciful disposition; neither did they scruple to make her life almost unbearable from its daily martyrdom.

She was harassed and annoyed, her persuasions disregarded, her authority defied, till she would have gladly bidden adieu to so unpleasant and unfruitful a field of labor where her tireless efforts had proved so unavailing and unappreciated. Though none would ever know how much heroism and forbearance she displayed, still she remained faithful to what she considered to be her duty till the time should arrive for her honorable release from the year's engagement.

"How long before school will be out?" inquired a flaxen-haired, freckled-faced girl, who made a point of asking the same question as often as once each day.

In even, pleasant tones came the reply, as if it were the first time the teacher had ever heard the question. "In one week, my dear!"

"Then we can have a new teacher," was the coarse and unfeeling remark of a great, boisterous, over-grown boy, as he cast a wicked eye towards the pale-faced woman by the recitation desk who was quietly gathering up books and papers for the night, having dismissed her scholars.

Her dark gray eyes turned upon him a reproachful look for a single instant; then indignation's fire leaped from their depths as she arose and silently pointed towards the door.

For once the impertinent stripling concluded to unquestioningly obey; perhaps from a feeling of contrition for his unfeeling words; and with considerable noise and widely extended arms he swept the promiscuous crowd of juveniles before him, through the open door way.

There was a sharp metallic clinking of dinner pails, a variety of "Oh, dear's!" and "Oh, my's!" as somebody's feet proved too large or too numerous for such a stampede. There was a confused fluttering of pink sunbonnets and torn straw hats; the high-keyed voices gradually died away in the distance, while the weary woman, with a deep-drawn, quivering sigh sank into a seat, alone in the deserted school room.

Her wistful eyes did not look through the uncurtained window upon the long stretch of field and meadow where the dry grass and stubble rustled in the late afternoon breeze. Neither did she see the distant woodland, gorgeous in its autumnal coloring; for the heavy eyelids drooped; the nervous fluttering hands dropped upon the sombre gray dress; the head with its masses of dark braids sank upon the desk in front, while memory held its mirror before the weary and half-unconscious toiler.

company me, obtain a certificate, and teach school at the Corners,' this winter," was the elder sister's reply to the passionate out-burst of the younger. "But," she expostulated, "that profession is over-crowded, and there are three teachers in our family now!"

"True in both cases. But what else can you do?"

"Ah, indeed! What could she do to earn her living. And she sees herself, a timid, self-distrusting girl, arraigned before one of that class of officials who are elected mainly for their sympathy with half informed, embarrassed school girls and lone women who desire to earn their own living in a genteel way.

She smiles even now at the remembrance of her frightened, ambiguous answers, and the awe with which she regarded the supposed savant who so mercilessly propounded such unanswerable questions; some of which were as unanswerable as her ability, which the slip of paper she obtained vouches for; entitling the possessor to teach at "the Corners" or elsewhere.

Thus, early in life she had taken up her burden and become one of the world's toilers—one of its unrecognized and uncrowned heroines. For five, long, weary years she followed the monotonous life thus accorded her, because she could do no other. Then like a golden sunset after a day of gloom came the one happiness of her life, which it were joy even yet to remember, though its brightness faded and left life all the more dreary.

A smile parted the tightly closed lips which were accustomed to express so much, as there arose before her inner vision the reflection of a perfect, clear cut face with broad brow and the fire of genius in the dark eyes, that lighted up the almost deathly pallor of an otherwise faultless face.

How well she remembered the hour when she first met Wayne Tresswell, and sat entranced by the strains of delicious harmony which his skillful fingers evoked, and gave herself up to the dream which this man and his talent awoke in her heart.

Memory shifted the scene. The semi-conscious woman beheld a girlish figure with a glorified look on her face, leaning on the arm of the man with whom she had cast her lot, as they stepped from the shadow of the old church portal where the words had been spoken that bound their lives together.

Wayne Tresswell's eyes beamed upon her like beacons which she was only too happy to follow the radiance of, even while friends demurred and shook their heads at what all considered an unwise choice.

Again she saw the rose-embowered cottage 'neath the sheltering locusts where she was, oh, so happy, as she sat at eventide and listened to the exquisite harmonies which the young musician drew from the responsive, quivering strings of the instrument he so dearly loved. The evening star looked tenderly down upon the sweet and hallowed content which dwelt within the inmates of the lonely cottage. And when, a year later, a babe, with its father's eyes, lay upon the young wife's breast, in the fullness of her heart she thought none more favored than herself.

But, alas! A quivering sigh, e'en now breaks the stillness of the deserted school-room as the slumberer lives over again the sorrow and woe that followed so closely upon the happiest days of her life.

The handsome face of Wayne Tresswell grew paler and thinner; the slender form became attenuated and feeble; a hacking cough broke the stillness of night and brought a terrible foreboding to the young wife's heart. His eyes grew larger and brighter, like the reflection of the light from the immortal shore he was so rapidly nearing. His trembling fingers refused to do his will, and the longbow oft fell with jarring, discordant twang upon the instrument closely clasped to his breast.

The young wife and mother with hopeful smiles upon her lips while dull despair clutched her heart, put her babe aside and nerved herself to the task of supplying their daily needs; and while ministering to the invalid her deft fingers plied the needle which kept want from their door.

But it all too soon came to an end. Even that poor consolation was denied her. There came a time when the eyes of love looked into hers no more. The beautiful pallid face was confined. The slender, shrunken fingers lay clasped upon the pulseless breast, and the beloved Cremona lay with broken strings, silent as its master.

A sob broke from Darcia Tresswell and shook her slight form as the memory of that great sorrow came back with such overwhelming force. She saw herself with her fatherless babe in her arms following the confined form of her husband to its last resting place. She seemed to hear the stereotyped expressions of sympathy and condolence.

She saw the little cottage sold to liquidate the indebtedness her husband's death and sickness had entailed. Then she faced the world again; this time with a babe in her arms.

There was no alternative, and once more she became a teacher. Slowly the years wore away one by one, while from her earnings she carefully laid by, little by little, a sum for the education of her child; who, inheriting the great beauty of her father, early in life showed that she also possessed his talent.

Early and late the mother labored. She spared neither pains nor expense. She denied herself that her daughter might have the benefits thereof. And at last, after many years, the time came when instructors and professors considered their pupil prepared to make her debut, as it had been decided by fate that Alice Tresswell's career should be a public one.

The half-slumbering woman's heart beat tumultuously as she saw again the densely crowded house, and looked upon the sea of coldly criticizing faces waiting to pass judgment upon the talent of her darling.

No one had noticed the lone woman who sat so still and cold, and to whom the triumph or defeat of the youthful aspirant for public approval was more than to all the world beside; for in her heart she realized that if the public

gained a favorite, she would lose her child. Few indeed are they who do not eventually let popular adulation usurp all other ties.

The curtain rose at last. The mother held her breath as she gazed upon that vision of youth and loveliness. The willowy form was robed in a simple dress of fleecy white, which only served to rivet the beholder's attention upon the lovely face with its slumberous eyes and wealth of beautiful dark hair, amid which whited gleamed like flakes of snow, a simple spray of lily of the valley.

The little hands lovingly clasped the instrument with which she sought to win the heart of the public and the world's critics—the Cremonia of her dead father, whose genius was all he had to bequeath his child.

Softly the long bow swept the vibrant strings. Tenderly the slender fingers seemed to caress them as if seeking to persuade the inanimate strings to yield up their hidden melody. Beautiful, exquisite harmonies; passionate pleadings, sad, mournful minor strains, and at last jubilant notes of triumph attested the young girl's skill, and her mastery of the productions of the world's most famous violinist.

Then came the prolonged encore which testified how appreciative were her auditors. And while the mother's heart beat high with joy for the success of her child, yet her tears fell fast that night, which seemed so long ago, for those lustrous eyes had been for the multitude and not for the lone watcher who had made so many, many sacrifices for the one who would never know or appreciate them.

The world saw and recognized the grand result without seeking to know aught of the cause producing it.

The mother's fear had not been an idle one. The child she loved so fondly soon drifted away from her, out of her life and its current.

With a groan of anguish Darcia Tresswell stirred, as the cool breeze swept over the bowed head, and one hand instinctively sought the folds of the gray dress wherein a rustling paper made known her contact with its touch. Bringing it forth she raised her head and read for the second time that day the words which were branded upon her heart with ingratitude's serpent tooth.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20. DEAR MOTHER:—Before this reaches you I shall be Alice Tresswell no longer, and shall have sailed for Europe to remain three years or more, and where I hope to achieve success. Would have visited you, but thought likely you were in some horrid, out-of-the-way place, and my time has been wholly occupied. Will try and see you on my return, and shall expect you to visit me when I am at last established in a home of my own. Be sure and provide an elegant wardrobe against that time, as Mr. Graham is very fastidious in matters of dress.

Yours affectionately, ALICE.

This from the daughter whom she had not met and rarely heard from for over two years; who was changing her name and forming new ties without ever asking her mother's consent, advice or blessing; who dwelt upon prospective wardrobes with interesting interest in any way as to how they were to be obtained. And what could be thought of an affection that did not seek its object even if in "some horrid out-of-the-way place."

"Bitter tears fell upon the delicately perfumed but now crumpled sheet ere it fell from the trembling fingers and fluttered to the floor; and bowing her head once more, this woman, whose life had been freighted with grief and disappointment from first to last, wept as if her heart would break, so wounded and grieved by the thoughtlessness and ingratitude of her only child.

No, the world would never call Darcia Tresswell a heroine, or sing the praises of her unselfish, self-abnegating spirit. And there are thousands of just such tender, loving, sacrificing mothers who take the brightness from their own lives to lighten the way for those near and dear to them.

An arm stole round her neck, and a trembling voice freighted with sympathy, said: "Teacher, I'm sorry you feel so! I think Tom Brown is an awful mean boy to say such hateful things and make you cry."

Looking up Darcia Tresswell beheld the little freckled-faced girl who had always tried her patience so sorely—who never was known to have a perfect lesson, and whom she had always regarded as being wholly devoid of human sympathy and kindly feeling, so annoying she had proved, but who now said:

"And I'm sorry I've been so hateful, too. If you'll let me begin now, I'll try and be good, as you pray we will be; I really will!" and the homely little face looked almost beautiful with its new light of resolve, to the sad and tearful teacher who tenderly kissed the child as she replied:

"Thank you for your good resolution and your sympathy. Make one more resolve—that you will never cause your mother to weep for the neglect and ingratitude of her child," and she picked up her own daughter's commendation letter, while hastily brushing away her tears.

"I'll try and be good to mother, surely!" was the surprised reply.

"And that makes me think—she sent me to ask if you would please take tea with her to-night; and," hesitatingly, as if ashamed, "I guess she wants you to pray—about little Johnnie's death, you know. She cries as you did a little while ago. You looked so sad, I forgot my errand," and the child's voice trembled and her pale blue eyes searched her teacher's face as she vaguely wondered why everybody had trouble and tears.

The woman who was not a heroine—the woman who could assist and comfort others while her own heart was heavy with grief—the one of many, gratefully accepted the unexpected invitation with the feeling that perhaps others were not so well prepared to bear their burdens as she; that possibly some human heart would be better or happier by doing her duty conscientiously and well.

She also knew that kindred sorrows make people sympathetic; and that the bitter showers of grief bring forth abundant harvests of good deeds.

**The Great Monument to General Grant.**

Ex-Gov. Cornell of New York, contributes to the Brooklyn Magazine some very sensible and timely suggestions regarding the proposed memorial to Gen. Grant. The governor's views are in accord with some ideas on the subject previously expressed through these columns. He rightly thinks the great deeds and the example of the illustrious dead "can be best commemorated and preserved in perpetual honor by combining with a monumental structure some institution in architectural harmony that shall keep in view every visible illustration of the grand and beneficent results achieved under his leadership as soldier and statesman." To that end he proposes that the memorial shall consist of a monument, a library and a museum, "all connected and embracing within one grand edifice and enclosure the following subjects:—

First—A majestic column of appropriate design and commanding proportions, containing a memorial chapel, within which shall be deposited the mortal remains of the illustrious dead. This section of the structure would naturally bear the principal portion of the elaborate decorations in stone carving, and thus be made the chief object of the whole design.

Second—A library containing especially the publications written by Gen. Grant and other credited authors concerning his military operations, civil administration and travels, and also a complete collection of the accepted literature and published illustrations of the great war for the preservation of the Union, and relating to subsequent events proceeding immediately from it. Likewise any authentic book or writing appertaining to the discovery of America and its early occupation, to our colonial history, the formation and conduct of the national government at every stage of its history; the erection and development of the several states, cities and civil divisions. Everything, in fact, that would constitute a great American library, and serve to enlighten future generations on the origin, growth and progress of the American people, begun by a few brave, resolute and God-fearing men, and become one of the great nations of the earth.

Third—A museum in which shall be deposited, as opportunity may offer, interesting relics and mementos of the war for the Union, as well as those of our earlier conflicts, including specimens of every available implement of war employed by the opposing forces; and such other collections as may be made from time to time as will lend interest to those portions of our history to which such relics belong. In addition to these warlike symbols, there might, with propriety, be emblazoned upon the interior walls of the edifice, in memorial tablets, the names of military and naval leaders whose valor and achievements entitle them to conspicuous and grateful recognition and honor along with the illustrious Grant.

Mr. Cornell thinks that should be created not only an enduring monument, but an institution which every citizen of the republic would wish to visit.

**The Climate of Santa Fe.**

Letter to N. Y. Sun.

Santa Fe, the capitol of New Mexico, is on the river of the same name, which, although this is the rainy season, is now quite dry. On all sides of the city are mountains, either towering up near at hand or in the distance, blue and hazy. It is 7,000 feet above the sea, and the air is so pure that the very act of breathing is a delight. On first coming here people say, "What a lovely morning!" But this soon grows monotonous, for nearly all the mornings are lovely. There has been but one real rainy day this season, and a great treat it was. The sun shines with a brightness that those who have always lived here cannot appreciate. But people coming to Santa Fe from much lower altitudes generally have to become acclimated before they feel very well. A little boy whose parents have moved here from Washington, and who had no doubt heard a good deal about the elevation of the place, said to a neighbor the other day that his mother was "very sick," for she had "a bad attack of high altitude." This illustrates the fact that strangers here, when they do not feel as well as common, always attribute it to the altitude. It affects people in various ways. Some cannot breathe at all here. Others, after a few weeks of puffing, get use to the air, and have no further difficulty; while others still do not notice the change. Judge Fleming, the newly appointed Associate Justice of the Territory, says he cannot appreciate any difference between the air here and that in Kentucky. Some people cannot sleep in this altitude; they say the air is too exciting. Chief Justice Vincent says that his brother, a perfectly well and strong man, was obliged to leave Santa Fe because he could not get any sleep here. Others want to sleep all the twenty-four hours; it requires an absolute effort for them to keep awake.

The climate is said to be a sure cure for throat and lung troubles, if the patient comes in time, and many advanced cases have been cured. People with diseases common in the East often receive great benefit here. But there is rheumatism in Santa Fe, and once in about seven years the small-pox rages, though the latter is chiefly confined to the poorer Mexicans, who live in filth and rags.

An imperfectly prepared witness.—"So you swear that at the time this theft was committed on the south side you saw the prisoner on the north side?" "Yes, sir." "Was he going toward the south side or was he coming from that direction?" "I can't answer that now." "Why not?" "Because the prisoner's lawyer forgot to tell me which way north is."—Chicago News.

**A GREAT WORK.**

Drilling Through Twenty-eight Miles of Solid Rock.

The New York Herald gives the following account of the progress of the work of constructing the new tunnel from Croton lake to the reservoir in Central Park, a distance of thirty-one miles: Deep down under the rustling cornfields, green meadows and peaceful woods, by the faint yellow light of innumerable smoky lamps, and the intermittent cold gleaming from white electric lights, six thousand grimy men are tunneling night and day, so that the water supply of New York may flow through miles of solid rock. It never ceases, this grinding and clanking and whirring and dull booming of powder explosions, save for two hours out of the twenty-four, when 3,000 men drowsily crawl out of the dim shafts on the surface of the earth and eat their meat and bread and go to sleep, while 3,000 other men take their places. Since the first of the year these cold, trickling caverns and shafts have been drilled and blasted continually. Hundreds of powerful steam drills, driven by streams of compressed air from wonderful, shining engines, eat into the hard rocks like so many steel parasites, and mountains of torn gneiss and shining mica have been piled up around the shafts as the work went on. In two years from next September a tunnel will reach from Croton lake to the reservoir in Central Park, through the brick and stone lining of which will gush a body of crystal water more than enough to supply the metropolis plentifully. For all these blessings and the proud distinction of owning the longest rock tunnel in the world, the city will have to pay at least \$33,000,000, or perhaps \$60,000,000. The Mount Cenis tunnel is seven miles and a half long, and cost about \$15,000,000, while the St. Gotthard tunnel is nine miles and a quarter long and cost very little more. Few people in the city have any idea of the marvelous rapidity with which the aqueduct tunnel is being made. Indeed, the speed which is kept up has attracted the attention of miners all over the country for nothing even approaching to it has ever been seen before. Over eight thousand men are employed in the work—6,000 under the ground and 2,000 on the surface. At the bottom of each shaft the miners work in two directions, so that while one set of men are drilling southward there is a set of men in another shaft working northward to meet them. The shafts are about a mile apart, and yet so delicate and accurate are the plans of the engineers that in no case, they declare, will the line of the tunnel be more than an inch out of the way, when the miners in the different tunnels meet each other under ground.

**A Great Game of Poker.**

Dr. Montreville M. Hedges, formerly of Newburg, N. Y., who sat in the great poker game at Newburg in June, 1881, with William M. Scott and Francis P. Weed, by which Weed lost \$150,000 to Scott, was allowed to take the poor debtors' oath at Providence R. I. The detaining creditor was Mr. Joseph Silsby, of Boston, who refused at the hearing to produce his claim. Mr. Hedges left for Philadelphia, but will return shortly, and says he will bring suit against Mr. Silsby for false imprisonment.

Dr. Hedges had an elegant place at Newburg in 1881, and practiced dental surgery. He was a lover of fine horse-flesh and had many racers, which were at that time entered in Western circuits. Francis P. Weed was a neighbor who had been left \$500,000 by his father, and one night in June, 1881, as the story was told by Mr. Weed in Court, Mr. Hedges, Mr. Scott and Mr. Weed played a friendly game of poker in the doctor's laboratory. After playing several games with light betting Mr. Weed left the room momentarily, and when he returned, he says, it was proposed to have a stancher game. Mr. Weed had three aces in his hand and drew to them, getting the fourth ace. Hedges stood "pat" and Scott drew one card, and they began betting in sums of \$50 to \$1,000. When the pot was \$60,000 Mr. Weed says he declared the game was foolish, because no one would pay so much.

The betting continued until the amount put up was \$150,000, when Weed called his opponents, and Weed and Hedges lost to Scott's straight flush. Mr. Weed said he offered to compromise by paying \$20,000 cash, but finally signed a note for \$100,000, and promised to pay \$20,000 in cash, and did pay \$12,500 a little later. His note got into the hands of the Cashier of the Stissing National Bank at White Plains, and Mr. Weed was forced to pay \$50,000 cash and give his note for the balance, and afterwards paid \$35,000 in money and gave a new note for \$15,000.

On consultation with lawyers, he refused to pay the \$15,000, and on June 13, 1882, he swore out a warrant before Justice Barnard, of the Supreme Court against Hedges and Scott, alleging that they "put up" the poker hands that night when he was out of the room. Hedges and Scott were held to the Grand Jury and indicted at Poughkeepsie. Their bail was \$2,000 on a criminal suit and \$15,000 on the civil suit. Scott afterward went to California suffering from consumption and Dr. Hedges moved away. He has been interested in race-horses since, but his name has not otherwise come before the public very prominently.

Mr. Edmund Hudson, the editor of the Washington Capitol and Army and Navy Register, is just completing a memoir of his wife, Mary Clemmer Hudson, which will be called *An American Woman*; *Her Life and Work*. The many friends who knew Mary Clemmer personally, and the thousands of her readers, will look forward with interest to this account of a life, with its many hardships, which had only become sweet to her as death, which for years she had been fighting, overtook her.