Seven Keys to a Safe.

"I tell you what," I said, "I shan't come for the account any more. This makes six times I've called for those $470, and I shall put it in my lawyer's hands."

"No, no; quite righte you, sabbee. Pay dollar all soon. Call again."

I was reminded of all this by seeing the Chinese Ambassadors the other day, and it carried me back to San Francisco full five years ago, where I was dealing largely in various commodities which were much affected by the Heathen Chinee.

I found them a patient, civil, industrious class of people, ready to bargain and get things as cheaply as possible, but scrupulously honest, and ready to pay with the greatest promptitude as long as I dealt with one man. When I had to do with a partnership concern it was terrible work.

For instance, I had trusted one firm with goods to the amount of nearly $500, and no money was forthcoming.

I bullied my collector terribly, for he alway came back with an excuse instead of money, and the same tale, that the firm was perfectly honest and trustworthy, and that the money would be paid.

"Then why don't they pay, Johnson?" I exclaimed.

"I wish you would give them a call yourself, sir," said Johnson.

And I said I would, and did, going to the Hongor Mercantile Company seven times, and always being put off.

It was always the same; they were perfectly willing to pay, and messengers were sent, but to return sometimes with two, or even three or four men, members of the firm; but while these Chinese spenlows professed themselves es ready to pay, there was an obstacle in the shape of the absence of that heathen Chinee, Jorkins.

At last I expressed myself as I have said at the beginning of this story, and was going out of the place when a smiling Chinaman came up to me, and, holding his head on one side he exclaimed—

"Ingly Hong man, come again a morrow. Payee then all—payee ebbery dollar, oh, ciss."

"Well, look here," I said, "I will come in here to-morrow at 11 o'clock, and shall expect to be—"

"Oh, ciss, payee all dollar. Give long, big order, lot. Goode thousand dollar."

"I'll talk about taking your order, my Chinese friend, when you pay for the last," I said gruffly; and I went away.

"The fellow looks honest," I said; "but there's no trusting these foreigners. They take delight in tricking an Englishman or a Melican man as they call it. Perhaps to-morrow, when I go, they'll all have pulled up stakes, and gone east."

It was with some satisfaction, then, that on reaching their great shed ware-house the next morning, I found Mr. Pigtail in his long blue gown and bland smile, standing at the door, ready to salute me with a dose of Pigeon English which I could hardly understand.

"Well, Mr. Ah Ree," I said as I followed him into the bale-crowded warehouse, which certainly looked as prosperous as the great iron safe in the corner was substantial—"well, Mr. Ah Ree, I hope you are prepared to pay my account this morning."

"Ciss, ciss—readee payee," he said.

And, placing a wicker chair for me, he went off and dispatched a couple of messengers, with urgent orders given in his barbarian tongue to each.

This looked bad, for it was only a repetition of the tactics followed on former occasions—tactics which always resulted in a put-off.

I looked terribly gruff; but Mr. Ah Ree, who was the senior partner, smiled and rubbed his hands as he beckoned me to follow him to the farther parts of the warehouse, and then showed me specimens of silk and samples of tea, with coarse Chinese pottery.

"Well," I said to myself, growing a little more easy in my mind, "there's plenty to seize, at all events."

The result was that after my bland friend had talked to me for about a quarter of an hour, I booked a thousand dollar order for what an Englishman would call sundries.

"There," said I, closing my book with a slap, "this order shall be executed as soon as your last account is settled."

"Ciss, ciss—payee alle dollee," he said, smiling, and pointed to a seat.

Meanwhile, by slow degrees, five respectable-looking Chinamen had come into the warehouse or store; and they came round me, smiling and talking in a bland, smooth way.

"You mean mischief," I said to my self; and my hand went involuntarily to my pocket, where, in accordance with San Francisco customs, I carried a revolver. "You mean to get rid of me and your debt together, my friends. Very good, but if you do, I'll take one of you by way of receipt."

I suppose my face did not betray what I felt, for they closed round me in the calmest manner, making excuses, and asking me to be patient a little longer, for their messengers were out, as I understood them, to collect the amount I needed.

It seemed to me that they were getting me farther and farther from the door into the gloomy obscurity of the ware-house, under the pretense of showing me fresh goods, till at last I felt that the time for action had come. In fact one of the biggest of the party whispered something to his companions, and I seized my revolver, and was about to draw it as a fresh Chinaman entered the building, and they hurried to meet him with a look of relief.

Lucky for some of you, my friends," I said, drawing a breath of relief, and following them toward the door, meaning to take the first opportunity that offered to make a run for it.

To my great surprise, though, Mr. Ah Ree came, and taking my arm, led me toward the great safe.

"Iron coffin, eh?" I said to myself.

"Countee out de dollar, said Mr. Ah Ree.

And the last arrival of six companions went up to the safe, placed a key in a hole, and turned it.

Then a second did so with another key in another hole, and so on, till six had unlocked six locks of the great safe, when Mr. Ah Ree took out a similar key to his companions and went up to the safe, smiling, as he said to me:

"Great Hong Company—poor Chinamen. Big safee—big dollar. Seben partnee take seben key, open, get de dollar."

As he spoke he unlocked the safe, and turned the door on its massive hinges, and then pulling out a drawer, he drew forth a bag marked 470—the amount in dollars of my account—and handed the bag to me.

"No trusty no man," he said, smiling, as he shut and locked the door, his six partners locking it in turn, "No trustee once mans: all come at once, open door—all right."

From which I understood that, as in our trading communities, two or three or even four partners have to sign a check to make it negotiable, my seven Chinese friends, all partners in their Hong or trading community, could make no payment without every man was present to help unlock the treasure safe.

I laughed at the plan, for the heavy dollar bag made me feel in a very good temper. They laughed too, and shook hands very warmly, after the English fashion, as I took my departure.

"No once man run away all dollar," he said, laughing.

"I see," I said laughing. "You shall have your goods in soon."

I sent them; and for a long while after the Hong of Ah Ree and I did a good deal of business; but it always took seven keys afterwards when I wanted money to open that safe.

Antiquity of Man.

'Mr. Sydney B. T. Skertchly, of her majesty's geological survey, who is stationed at Brandon, Suffolk has recently discovered some flint instruments in that neighborhood, in beds formed before the close of the glacial period. One was picked out of the beds in a pit at Culford, Suffolk, and two others were dug out of like beds in a pit at Botany Bay, on the Norfolk side of Brandon. It was not till Mr. Skertchly himself found another implement at Culford, and saw the boulder clay above the bed from which he extracted it, that the importance of the discovery dawned upon him. Alongside the Culford implement he found a deposit of broken and scraped mammalian bones and some fresh-water shells. These bones were all in a circumscribed area. A jaw-bone containing teeth had been forwarded to London to be examined. Underneath the bones the clay was found to be burned. Mr. Skertchly's explanation is that we have here preserved the one solitary instance in the whole world of a camping ground occurred below the boulder-clay which belonged to the paleolithic men, and this camping ground occurred below the boulder-clay which belonged to the earliest part of the glacial period. These remains were thus far older than anything previously discovered. Tracing the boulder-clay and the beds beneath across the country, he saw that the implements found at Botany Bay were of the same age. The men who lived before the boulder-clay appeared to him to be more intimately connected in time with the men of the paleolithic gravels lying upon the boulder-clay, than were the latter with the men of the neolithic age, who scooped out these ancient flint mines near Brandon called 'Grimes Graves.'"

A good story is told by a Covington, Ky., gentleman, to this effect: A country merchant visited the city a few day ago, and, going to Cincinnati, purchased from a dollar store a table-caster, which he took home with him, and after putting a tag on it marked '$14' made it a present to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The reverend gentleman took the package home, opened it, and examined the contents. The next day he brought the caster (with the card attached) back to the groceryman, and said to him: 'I am too poor in this world's goods to afford to display so valuable a caster on my table, and if you have no objections I should like to return it and take $14 worth of groceries for my family in its stead.' The merchant could do nothing but acquiesce, but fancy his feelings.

The Ohio papers publish the last letter written to his wife by Mr. A. Toland, who committed suicide at his home, near Decatur, Ill., last week. His wife was visiting friends at London, Ohio, and he wrote her that having been unable to keep his pledge not to drink intoxicating liquors, and having been drunk several times since her departure, he had concluded to shoot himself that he might not further disgrace her and his child. The letter explains how he was tempted to break his pledge, and concludes as follows: 'You must believe me when I say that I am sorry for you and Bessie for the disgraceful manner of my death. But I am so heartily ashamed of myself that I really cannot help doing so. Now, farewell forever, for you and Bessie are too good and true.'—There is a whole temperance lecture in this tragedy, and a warning for those who fail to encourage the reformed drunkard in well-doing.

Two Irishmen, on a certain occasion, occupied the same chamber. In the morning one of them inquired of the other, "Dennis, did you hear the thunder in the night?" "No, Pat; did it really thunder?" "Yes; it thundered as if hiven and earth would come together." "Why the duce then, didn't ye wake me for ye know I can't slape when it thunders?"

Passage of the Dardanelles.

The London *Standard* publishes the following letter, written by an officer on board one of the iron-clads, describing the manoeuvers of the fleet when ordered to the Dardanelles:

The morning of the 24th was calm and sunshiny as the fleet lay quietly at anchor in Vourlan Bay, expecting the arrival of the mail and news from Europe, of which there was a most considerable dearth. Toward noon the wind began to rise to a stiff breeze, and while lunch was on a telegram arrived, the upshot of which was that the signal went up to prepare instantly for sea. Before 5 o'clock the fleet, consisting of the Salamis, the yatch of the Commander-in-Chief; the Agincourt, flagship of Sir J. C. Commerell; the Swiftsure, Temeraire, Sultan, Rupert, Hotspur, Rubd and Research were under weigh, any proceeded to the north, past the Island of Lesbos. The orders were to pass through the Dardanelles peacefully if possible, but to resist any attempt at obstruction. It was a prevalent idea in the fleet that permission had been granted in the first instance by the Turkish government, but that it had been subsequently rescinded. The night of the departure was stormy, and the day dawned bleak and rainy when the Island of Tenedos came in view. The Salamis steamed into Besika Bay for the latest telegrams, and, on coming out, the Admiral lifted his flag to the Sultan, the Vice Consul from Chanak also arriving and embarking on board that ship. The fleet then received orders to prepare for action without any outward demonstration, so that, though the upper yards were sent down, the topgallant masts were left standing. The Salamis then steamed ahead to Chanak, to give warning of the approach of the fleet. Early in the afternoon the entrance was reached; the fleet halted for a short time at the Rubicon, and then, in good order, column of divisions line ahead, steamed quickly into the Dardanelles. No attack was expected from the forts Seddul Bahr, or Castle of Europe, and Kum Kalch, Castle of Asia, at the entrance, as in any case the fight for the passage must have really taken place at Chanak, the narrowest part of the strait, the entrance being only two miles wide. The guns were now loaded and run not quite out, but only level with the ship's side and with the the tampions in them. Those ships possessing Gatling guns hoisted them into the tops so as to bring them to bear on the embrasures of the forts. The men were cheerful and steady, though at the moment every man believed that fighting must ensue with the terrible forts at Chanak; and yet none knew whom they were going to fight, whether Turks or Russians, nor why they were going to fight them, for in the fleet there was no news of what was going on in the world ashore. At length the terrible Chanak was approached; and then at the last moment was seen a signal hoisted from the Salamis, which told that the passage would not be desputed. The Sultan then saluted the Turkish flag and proceeded with the Salamis; yet, to the general disappointment, the remainder of the fleet were ordered to return to the nearest anchorage, Besika Bay. During the journey the largest iron-clads had all of them their steam anchors ready, so they might be anchored bow and stern off the forts, to assault them if required. There is an old castle and a strong earth fort on the opposite side of the narrows to Chanak, and the stream is known to have torpedoes laid down, so that the most sanguine could not have expected a bloodless victory had it been necessary to force the Dardanelles. The fleet had certainly a most imposing aspect, and there was much that was striking to be seen from the fleet itself. On its return the day cleared up, and there was seen the grand island of Imbros basking in the sun, "*Est in consp ectu Tenedos,*" for the peak was not lost sight of from sunrise. If every one at home only knew how anxious the crews of the ships are to get some real news about the war they could not but admire the cheerful obedience with which the men execute orders that are unintelligible to them. It is interesting, as well as important, to know that as the fleet passed between the castles of Europe and Asia the guard turned out and presented arms to the ships. There was a strong feeling in the fleet at the time of the advance that the passage of the Dardanelles could certainly have been forced had it been required. But at Chanak there are two low forts, stated to mount forty ton Krupp guns, and there is an upper fort, with a plunging fire, so that it would have taken sometime to destroy them.

A queer thing happened in the Virginia Senate the other day. William N. Stevens, a full-blooded negro, arose to make some remarks on the debt question. He had spoken but a few minutes when the Democrats opened their eyes in astonishment. Stevens, in an address of an hour, demonstrated that he was the best orator in the Legislature, and the members sat spell-bound through his speech, one of the ablest yet delivered on the debt question. This Virginia orator was born a slave, and is now about 30 years of age. He is a graduate of a Philadelphia college, and also of a college at Richmond, Va.—*Inter Ocean.*

"You doan' nebber hear of nobody failing on me, does you?" "Not as I remember on." "In course you doan.' Why? 'Cause I has bin right down fine on business principles ebber since the crash ob '57. Now, Misser White, look me in the eye while I tell you dat de proper way is to keep your eyes rollin' around de business horizon. If you owes a firm an' dat firm is shaky, doan' pay de debt, but wait till dey fail. If a firm is shaky an' owes you, sit on de doah step till you get de money. Now, go 'long wid your whitewash."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A quaint writer says: 'I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride, for fear of the horse running away; afraid to sail, for fear the boat might upset; afraid to walk, for they might fall, but I never saw one afraid to be married, which is far more riskful than all the others put together.'

The jewels in Queen Victoria's crown were estimated at £111,000 forty years ago—at the time of her coronation. Since then they have much increased in value; four diamonds at the top of the crown are worth £10,000 each.

A master advised his drunken servant to put up his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much he had saved. "Faith, none at all. It rained yesterday and it all went."

Pleasant Homes.

Some years since we recollect hearing a man relate how he had in twenty years made a comfortable fortune. He had a wife of taste, enterprise and industry. He would buy a farm which had been run down by neglect and slovenness—house unpainted, fence broken down and the front yard a hog range. He could always buy cheap, as such owners were always in debt and had to sell. He would then repair it by painting and other small but important items. But he said his main dependence was on his wife. She would soon have the old garden brilliant with flowers, while she would improvise cheap rustic porches or piazzas, and have them just laughing with the sweet vines. Then the place would be sold for nearly double the price of purchase six months previous. Then he would buy again, thus buying and selling continually. We do not however, introduce these things to be followed in all respects, but to illustrate the increased value attached to a farm adorned by a little tasts and industry. But that is not all. There is real enjoyment in having the home in which one is to live and die adorned in a manner which no gorgeous upholstering nor gilded moldings sustaining costly lace can compete with. The dark green ivy leaves and vines, which can be taught to twine about walls, pictures and windows, add refinement and comfort and contentment to any home. And yet how cheap these priceless companion ornaments, to which Solomon in all his glory could not compare. Plant flowers and train the vines if you would have the world envy you in your home, and seek to obtain that by that which he can command, but which will never perpetuate its beauty. How few there are who really appreciate the materialized smiles of God unless they can buy them with money.—*Iowa State Register.*

Agricultural Items.

On New Years day, new potatoes sold in San Francisco at ten cents a pound—$6 a bushel.

As animal heat is kept up by consumption of food, shelter and warmth are to some extent substitutes for food.

It is asserted that, notwithstanding the unusual rains, the sugar crop in Cuba will exceed last year's crop in quantity and quality.

A farm hand in central Italy gets seven cents a day for harvesting, and is glad to find employment even at that rate.

Missouri supplies Chicago with large quantities of apples this season, while very few are received from the east.

An organization of land owners near Naples, Ill., is being formed to construct a levee along the Illinois river, to which eight thousand acres of rich bottom land will be reclaimed from overflow and break-water.

Dryness is one of the essential requirements in a poultry house. Exposure to damp, particularly at night, frequently produces attacks of that most fatal, and, in its severest stages, contagious disease termed roup.

The Chinamen in California are the best farmers and gardeners there. In 1877, one of them, on Sherman Island, netted $5,000 from twenty acres in potatoes, onions, and cabbage, 'of a size and quality altogether superior to any other in the market.'

The object of the science of education is to render the mind the fittest possible instrument for discovering, applying or obeying the laws under which God has placed the universe.—*Wayland.*

There are in Kentucky 125,000 farms, requiring 150,000,000 panels of single panel fence to inclose them.—The number of rails required is 2,000,000,000, costing $75,000,000. Estimated cost of annual repairs, $10,000,000. The live stock now in Kentucky is worth $24,121,861. It will be seen from this that more than one-third of the value of this is expended in repairing inclosures. About 10,000,000 of timber trees are annually used to keep up the fences.

Good wheat ought to furnish at least 74 per cent of fine flour. The best samples often furnish 76 to 80 per ct. and in a few rare instances as much as 86 per cent. of flour has been obtained. Inferior varieties seldom produce more than 68 per cent., and in instances only 54 to 56 per cent. of flour has been obtained from bad samples. On an average, wheat may be said to yield 72 per cent. of fine flour and 25 per cent of bran and middlings.

A Connecticut farmer finds Guinea hens the best potatoe-bug destroyer he has tried. He keeps fifty of these fowls, and they do the work thoroughly.

A stick of wood loaded with gunpowder, charged by a farmer whose pile was too often visited by thieves, exploded in the stove of the Congregational church at Bellevue, Ohio, on Sunday, much to the consternation of the people and the scandal of the deacons.

A letter from a Chinese youth in this country contains this: 'I am try to be good. Meet you up to heaven there. Mrs. Rigdon to teacher my class Sunday school here every week. She has very kind. All boys to like her very much. Now must close this time. I will try write you sooner.'

He gave her a hearty smack. "Don't kiss like that," she said. "I want a sweet tender pressure when I'm kissed. I don't want any fire-works." He left out the explosion in the next act.

The tendency of clubs in all times has been to destroy our youth. Hardly had our first ancestors been driven from Eden before Able, a young man, was killed by a club.

Canon Farrar says in reply to some of his critics: "I expressly repudiated Universalism as a dogma, as I also repudiated the dogmas of purgatory and conditional immortality. I merely gave reasons for refusing to assert that a soul is necessarily doomed to endless torture if it dies in sin."

Poor young thing! She fainted away at the washtub, and her pretty nose went kerslop into the soapsuds. Some said it was overwork; others, however, whispered that her beau had peeped over the back of the fence and called out: 'Hello, there Bridget, is Miss Alice at home?'—*Ex.*

SWORN EVIDENCE.

The following Cure is probably the most remarkable ever effected by any medical preparation for the treatment of Catarrh:

Gentlemen,—I hereby certify that I have had Catarrh for ten years, and for the last six years have been a terrible sufferer. I was rendered partially deaf, had buzzing in the head, pains across the temple, dizzy spells, weak and painful eyes, swollen and ulcerated tonsils, hard and constant cough, severe pain across the chest, and every indication of consumption. My head ached all the time. The matter accumulated so rapidly in my head and throat that I could not keep them free. Frequently at night I would spring out of bed, it seemed to me, at the point of suffocation. I would then have recourse to every means in my power to dislodge the mucus from my throat and head before being able to sleep again. For a period of six years my tonsils were ulcerated and so much inflamed that I could with difficulty swallow. I finally consulted an eminent surgeon in regard to an operation on them, but upon his request postponed it. The constant inflammation and ulceration in my throat caused by the poisonous matter dropping down from my head had so irritated and inflamed my lungs that I coughed incessantly.—a deep, hard cough. Meanwhile my system began to show the effects of this disease, so that I lost flesh, grew pale, and showed every symptom of an early death by consumption. When matters had reached this stage, or about six months ago, I began the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH. After using the first bottle I began to improve rapidly. The first dose seemed to clear my head as I had not known it to be for years. It seemed gradually to arrest the discharges, and *stopped my cough in three days.* By using it as a gargle it soon reduced the inflammation and swelling of my tonsils, so that they ceased to trouble me. The soreness across my chest disappeared, the buzzing noises in my head ceased, my senses of smelling and of hearing were completely restored, and every symptom of disease that had reduced me to the verge of the grave disappeared by the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH.

I have been thus explicit because, as a druggist, I have seen a great deal of suffering from Catarrh, and hope to convince many that this is a great remedy.

I am familiar with the treatment of Catarrh as practised by the best physicians, and have consulted the most eminent about my case. I have used every kind of remedy and apparatus that have appeared during a period of six years past, and have, while following their use, taken great care of my general health, but obtained no relief or encouragement from any of them.

BOSTON, Feb. 23 1875. GEO. P. DINSMORE.

SUFFOLK, ss. Feb. 23, 1875.

Then personally appeared the said George F. Dinsmore, and made oath that the foregoing statement by him subscribed is true. Before me,

SETH J. THOMAS, Justice of the Peace.

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