#### GAMBLING IN OLD TIMES.

#### Bow the Lords and Ladies amused Themselves in the Last Century.

If, however, we are compelled to confess that a love for gaming, or, as some mildly call it, for speculation, is not likely ever to be eliminated from the human heart, it can not be denied that in these times there is more decorum among the habitual votaries of the whist table or of the board or green cloth than prevailed in London toward the close of the last century. Such books as "George Selwyn and His Contemporaries," by Mr. J. H. Jesse, or "The Works and Correspondence of Horace Wylpole," or "Wharton's Queens of Society," reveal that the worst form of card-playing enacted in London during the reign of George III., was due to the faro tables kept in their own houses by ladies of quality. In a highly spiced and satirical volume, called "The Female Jocky Club," we are told that the Countess of Buckinghamshire, Lady Archer, Lady Bessborough, who was sister to the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, and Mrs. Crewe presided alternately at faro banks of their own, from which they reaped a golden harvest. The first bank at which the fascinating game of faro was played in London was set up at Brooks' club about the year 1780 by four partners, two of whom-Lord Cholmondeley and Mr. Richard Thompson, in Yorkshire-realized enormous profits. It is said that each retired with

A SUM NOT LESS THAN £300,000. But the other two partners could not resist the temptation of playing against the bank, and thus they lost upon one side what they gained on the other. "The partners," says Mr. Thomas Raikes, "would not trust the waiters to act as croupiers, but dealt the

cards themseles, one after the other, being paid three guineas an hour out of the joint fund for doing so. At this rate Lord Cholmondeley and other men of high rank were to be seen slaving like menials until a late hour of the morning. Before long this celberated faro bank had ruined half the town. A Mr. Paul, who brought home a large fortane from India,

LOST \$90,000 IN A SINGLE NIGHT,

and, being ruined, went back to the East to make another fortune." Lord Cholmondeley, in short, occupied the position which at a later period was filled by Crockford, seeing that both held mortgages upon houses, lands and property of all descriptions. It was said, indeed, that Mr. Coke, of Holkham-an estate which lay not far from Lord Cholmondeley's seat of Houghton -wrote to his rapacious neighbor to say that, "wishing to feel easy as to his own property, which he had inherited from a long line of ancestors, and knowing the various claims which Lord Cholmondely possessed upon the properties of others, he begged leave to inquire what sum he would be contented to receive as an indemnity for any claim he might hereafter think fit to make upon the Holkham estate." The answer of Lord Cholmondeley was couched in the same satirical vein. "With every wish," he replied, "to tranquilize the mind of an old and much-loved friend, he did not think that, in justice to his cwn family, he could consistently enter into any arrangement with Mr. Coke which might hereafter be detrimental to that family's interests." Of the scenes witnessed at the female faro clubs, very piquant descriptions appear in the "Memoirs of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall," in "Mocre's Life of Sheridan," and in other contemporary works. "About thirty years ago," wrote the anonymous author of a pamphlet which appeared in 1874, "there was but one gaming club in London. It was regulated and respectable. Few of the members betted high. Ladies were admitted, but there was only one that played, and she was regarded as an abomination. At present, however, how many females attend, and how many set up their own cardtables? The effects are too clearly to be seen in the frequent divorces which disgrace this country, and in the shameless conduct of ladies of fashion since they took to gambling."

The first check administered to the "Female Jockey Club" came from the lips of Chief Justice Kenyon, when in summing up he exclaimed: "The vice of gambling has descended to the very lowest orders of the people, who have caught the infection from their superiors. I wish the latter could be punished. If any prosecutions are brought before me and the parties are convicted I can promise them that, whatever may be their rank and station in the country—even though they should be the first ladies in the land—they shall stand in the pillory as a warning to others." That threat of the pillory killed the private faro tables kept by ladies. To them succeeded the famous clubs kept by Watier and Graham, upon the ruins of which Crockford's ultimately arose. Watier's club was established in 1807, by Lord Headfort and Mr. Maddox, of Cheshire. A house was taken in Picadilly, at the corner of Bolton street, and Watier, a superlative cook, was put in charge. The dinners were so excellent that all the young men of fashion and fortune were eager to become members. Macao took the place of faro, as, in our own time, baccarat has superseded all its predecessors, and thousands of pounds changed hands every night. The club lived until 1819. Mr. John Maddox, one of its founders, cut his throat, and Graham's club arose in its place. It was here that a nobleman of ancient lineage was accused and convicted of

CHEATING AT CARDS,

and huadreds of men owed their ruin to the mania for play which they found opportunities of indulging at Graham's and Crockford's. No clubs of similar position now exist, but who that knows the metropolis well can doubt that gambling is as rife among us as ever? If we cross the Atlantic the verdict will be similar. The late John Morrissey, the most celebrated gambler of the United States, is credited with the dictum that nowhere in the world has the art of cheating at cards been carried to such perfection as at New York and Washington. It has long been notorious that American cardsharpers are in the habit of haunting the steamers which ply upon the Mississippi, and also those which run from New York to Liverpool and back. The monotony of life on board ship predisposes passengers to kill time with cards, and the professional gambler turns his opportunity to good account. Not unfrequently the captain of a transatlantic steamer gives some young green-horn a hint that he is playing with a sharper,

who will strip him of his "bottom dollar" if they play long enough; but the goodnatured warning is often given in vain. So long as ships run across the Atlantic, it is certain that dupes will play card and bet heavily upon the issue, and occasionally some despoiled victim will betake himself to a police court and let the world know how many hundreds of dollars he has been foolish enough to drop on his passage out. -London Telegraph.

### Marital Vengeance.

Immediately below Paris there is a large island on the Seine which extends from the Point de Courbevoie to Suresnes, and which is not less than a mile long. It is now known as the Isle de Rothschild, because it belongs to the wealthy Jewish banker. This island was in the latter part of the last century the scene of an act of marital vengeance, whose hero died only a month ago at the age of 109 years. His name was Yves Coriedies, and he was the last survivor of the war of the Vendee, as well as of the bands of brigands who were the terror of France during the directory. This veteran was born in 1774, and, after having fought bravely under Cathelieu for the royal cause against the republicans, retired to Brest at the end of the war and married a cousin who had a small fortune, and there he opened a small grocer shop. One night his wife eloped with the contents of the till and a genda me. Yves determined to find the fugitives, and followed their trace on foot as far as Chartres, where, under the pretence of starvation, he enrolled himself with a band of brigands, who, during several years, carried on a successful campaign in the environs of that city. The chief was at last captured and guillotined, and then the band dispersed.

Yves, who had not forgotten his revenge, had now a snug little capital saved up from his share in the the plunder of the band. Accompanied by two comrades, he again began a search for his faithless wife, and at last succeeded in tracing her and her lover, who had gone into the milling busines on what is now the Isle de Rothschild. Yves and his two accomplices succeeded in surprising the ex-gendarme and his wife, and, having stripped them naked and fastened them down to the floor, they filled the room with straw, which they set on fire, and then went away and left the couple to their fate. After having satisfied his vengeance in this horrible manner, Yves Coriedie succeeded in escaping to Belgium, thence to England, where he made a moderate fortune. After the restoration he returned to France and settled down at Vannes. It was only through a manuscript entitled "History of My Life," which he left to his heirs, that the tacts which I have just related became known.—Paris Cor.

### How Old may a Man Live?

In a Bessarabian province lives one Savtchuk, who, at last accounts, was one hundred and thirty years old. He is what is called a little Russian by birth. His eldest son is eighty-seven years old, and is far more decrepit than the father. The one family is multiplied into fifty families. The age of the Russian is, of course, not as well authenticated as that of cld Parr, the Englishman. It has been noted that reported cases of extreme old age always occur in the ranks of the very poor, whose date of birth can rarely be verified, while kings, nobles and members of noted families, whose records are kept, in no age or country have ever lived a hundred years. Generalizing from this fact, a distinguished English writer, Mr. Lewes, gives it, as his judgment, that it is very doubtful if any human being can claim the distinction of being a centenarian. Yet from the analogy of the animal races, every child that is well born should live a century. The rule seem to be that animals live five times the length of their adolescence, that is, they ought to live five times longer than the period it takes to attain their full growth. There is no question but what the whole human race does not enjoy the health and vigor which it is possible to attain. There is some defect in the constitution of even the strongest of our race. In the golden age of humanity yet to come, every child will be well born. Its life and habits will conform to the scientific laws controlling our existence on this earth, and then men's environment will help him to achieve the highest possible physical vitality. To-day the great bulk of the human race are born with weak strains in their blood. They eat improper feod, use hurtful stimulants as drink. They are poisoned by malarias and subject to contagions due to their surroundings. The two great objects of the best men and women in this life should be first to improve the race itself, morally and physically, and secondly, to make this earth on which man lives a fit abode for the superior people who will then occupy it.

# Interested in Animals.

A four-year old boy was warned against eating meat for supper on account of its liability to produce bad dreams, but he still insisted on doing it. A few mornings ago the youngster was telling his last dream at the breakfast table. Bears had surrounded him, snakes had crawled down his back, a camel had turned a summersault over him, and a big elephant had assaulted him,

"There," said his uncle, "I told you if you ate meat at tea time you would have bad dreams."

"I don't care," promptly replied the boy; "I guess I want to see a circus once in a while."

# Bringing a Bashful Pair Together.

Jabez Lewis, of Williamstown, Mass., is 94 years old, has buried five wives, and says he would like to marry again if he could find a girl to suit him. We must send Jabez the address of Miss Sabra Phillips, a maiden of Norwood. R, I., who has just finished her 100th year, lives alone, does her own housework, saws wood for her own fire, and carries it home on her back from the woods. - Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

"When does a man become a seamstress?" "When he hems and haws." "No." "When he threads his way." "No." "When he rips and tears." "No." "Give it up." "Never, if he can help it."

### BOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Here is a new way to preserve eggs. rancheress of Washoe Valley, Nevala, has and a bed and never sleeps? A river. invented a novel method of preserving eggs for winter use. During the summer she for oleomarganise. There is no better butter breaks the eggs, pours the contents into bot- than the goat. tles which are tightly corked and sealed, when they are placed in the cellar, neck down. She claims the contents of the bottles come out as fresh as when put in.

South America is destined to be the next great beef-producing region of the world. It the other fixings. is estimated that in two years from now the number of cattle in the Argentine confederation will number twenty-eight million against thirteen million in 1877. The enormons increase in the number of cattle has brought down the price so that good fat steers are selling at \$6 to \$8.

Little cakes, called "love knots." are pice for tea: Five cups of flour, two of sugar, one of butter, a piece of lard the size of an that float are not good, of course. egg, two eggs, three tablespoonsful of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of soda; rub the it" when asked by his wife to buy her a butter, sugar, and flour together fine, add pair of diamond ear-rings was stone blind. the other ingredients, roll thin, cut in stripes one inch wide and five inches long, lay across in true love knots, and bake in a quick oven.

To Make Good Coffee. - Use a tin per colator. Take plenty of coffee, pour boiling water on it very slowly; meanwhile the percolator must stand in a hot place, so that the coffee does not get cold during the making. I grind my coffee at the last moment, and use no chicory. In France it is very this whiskey!" Boy who has brought the usual to make at least two days' supply at luncheon basket-"Na! The cooark wada time, and to warm up the coffee when re- na come oot!" quired, taking care not to boil it. I always do this and am frequently told how remarkably good my coffee is.

### Bad Teeth and Dyspepsia.

While every one is liable to suffer at times with indigestion, no matter how well constructed that they cannot jump. If he preserved their dental organs may have is a respectable young man, let him propose been, there cannot be found to-day one matrimony to one of the girls, and he'll soon whose teeth are decayed, broken off, and see her jump-at the offer. out of order generally, that does not suffer centinually with "heart-burn" or some of ounces of brain lsst week and still lives. the multifarious gastric troubles incident to Brain is a drug on the market in this State. such a condition of the oral cavity.

Persons having no teeth, or those whose imagine, but badly adulterated. teeth have been neglected and allowed to mixed with saliva (a very essential auxiliary) in the digestion of solid substances,) and therefore, this food, being carried into the stomach without proper trituration and insalivation, imposes double duty upon the gastric apparatus-that of mastication and

digestion. and about the organs until fermentation is in the tricks of the whites. set up. Friends, did you ever think of it, consequently produces an irritation of the Chinese parents and lives in China. lining membrane, which is the worst and not uncommon form of dyspepsia, which is man does not receive what is pneumatic or impossible to cure (not even with the 999, spiritual." A "psychic" man doesn't have 999,999 patent medicines now in the mar- much appetite to receive any kind of foodket), until the dental organs have first re- pneumatic or spiritual-but when he received proper attention. Indeed, cases of covers he should shoot the man who spell dyspepsia of years' standing have been per- sick, "psyschic." It is the worst orthomanently cured by judicious attention to graphical outrage we ever saw. the oral cavity, and without medicinal agents to any extent; when, on the contrary, all the medicines that can be given will not effect a cure until the cause is re-

there are tartar-covered and decaying teeth, strive to unsex themselves by becoming too there are millions of leptothrices buccalese masculine, so are there men who most ef-(microscopic parasites), which are also car- fectually unsex themselves by a general emried into the alimentary canal, and, it may asculation of dress and manner, which be, produces other complicated and serious would readily strike a stranger from andiseases the origin of many of which are now other planet as representing a transition unknown.

The Moral Influence of Good Cooking Some people may be inclined to smile at what I am about to say, viz., that savory dishes, hard-working man's ordinary fare, afford considerable moral, as well as physical advantage.

An instructive experience of my own, will illustrate this. When wandering alone in crossing the Kyolen tjeld, struggled on for twenty-three hours without food or rest, and arrived in sorry plight at Lom, a very wild region. After a few honrs' rest, pushed on to a still wilder region and still (very course oatcake,) and bilberries gather. desire to be philosophical and consistent. ed on the way, varied on one occasion with the luxury of two raw turnips. Then I reached a comparatively luxurious station, Ronnei, where ham and eggs and claret were obtainable. The first glass of claret produced an effect that alarmed me-a crav- ma West and Willfam West, living in

ing some brandy.

Science Monthly.

Why are babies like new finnel? Bycause they shrink from washing.

### ALL SORTS.

Wnat is it has a mouth and never speaks,

A goat ought to be a first-class material

Laureate Tennyson wrote his first verses where the average saloon-keeper puts his reverses-on a slate.

Courting a girl is paying her addresses. Marriage is paying for her dresses and all There is one good thing about leap year,

and that is that leap year jokes can only be used once in four years. A Yankee editor, observing that "the cen-

sus embraces 17,000,000 women," asks: "Who wouldn't be a census." Counterfeit silver dollars are floating about the city. - Hartford Times. Those

The man who said that he "couldn't see

A Western paper alludes to an opera star as a diamond-throated songstress. It probably alludes to the precious tones in her throat.

"Have you seen my dear love?" sings Ella Wheeler. We have indeed, and he was eating ice cream with another girl. There, now! Don't bother us afiy more.

Candid sportsman-"Boy, you've been at

The Chinese are bad!y in need of gunboats and it is possible that if we move quickly we may be able to trade our navy for a couple of genuine antique vases, which will hold water if they won't float.

A medical writer says that girls are so

A young man in Central Illinois lost six -Chicago News. Not wholly a drug, we

"What will you think of your beautifu become diseased, are unable to masticate wife twenty or thirty years from now ?their food properly, which is deficiently that is the question," according to Mgr. Capel, it is certainly a hard one, especially if a fellow has not one now as a basis for the computation.

The Indians who sell hay to the government out West have been detected placing large rocks in the bales. That comes of Again, carious teeth serve for lodgment teaching the Indians to read, so they can of particles of food which are retained in study the daily papers and become posted

We read of a child, only 3 years old, who those whose teeth are rotten and rotting, can speak the Chinese language distinctly. that your mouths are regular cesspools? There are many persone in this country, 60 And this putrescent matter is conveyed into years old, who don't understand a word of the stomach continually with the saliva, and | that language. The chind, by the way, has

A scientific journal says that "a psyschic

# Female Oddities.

Nor must we forget, says a writer in The Nay, more than this; in all mouths where Manhattan, that if there are women who period between the sexes. If a mannish woman offends our good taste and jadgment, a womanish men is an insipid embodiment of nothingness, and ought to be treated as a zoolcgical curiosity representing some hitherto unknown family of the asinary genue. From these considerations it therefore follows that if there are female oddities who furnish the weapons of satire to those who are opposed to the advancement of woman, there are also masculine oddities who show through Norway, in 1856, I lost the track how closely a man can sometimes resemble a monkey. Touching the important questions of life 12 the most remote and superficial manner, and representing a phase which can not be seriously treated, these peculiar creatures excite our risibility, and cause us rougher quarters, and continued thus to the to abandon ourselves to the calms of Demogreat Jostedal table-land, an unbroken critus, the laughing philosopher. Much as glacier of five hundred square miles; then the study of these superficialities may descended the Jostedal itself to its opening amuse us, they do not, however, and they on the Sogne ford-five days of extreme can not, reach those strata of evidence from hardships, with no other food than flatbrod which we must draw our conclusions if we

# Shocking Cruelty to a Child.

At the Thames police court recently, Em-

ing for more and for stronger drink, that Lydia street, White Horse lane, Stepney, was almost irresistible. I finished a bottle were brought up on remand charged with of St. Julien, and nothing but a violent cruelly torturing and ill-using their nephew, effort of will prevented me from then order Charles Martin, aged 9 years, and not providing him with adequate food and cloth-I attribute this to the exhaustion conse- ing. The prisoners had been formally requent upon the excessive work, and insuffl- manded for a week to see how cient, unsavory food on the previous five the unfortunate child progressed in days. I have made many subsequent obser- | Mile end Infirmary, but as he had become vations on the victims of alcohol, and have worse it was thought requisite to take the no doubt that overwork, and scanty, taste- boy's deposition in case of death. Mr. Biless food, are the primarysource of the crav. ron, the magistrate. accompanied by Mr. ing for strong drink thatso largely prevails Williams, the clerk, went to Mile-end Inwith such deplorable results among the class firmary to take his deposition. The boy's that is the most exposed to such privation. statement, taken down by George Young, I do not say that this is the only source of chief inspector of the H division at Arbour such depraved appetite. It may also be en- square, is as follows: "My name is Charles gendered by the opposite extreme of excess- Martin, and I am eight years of age. I ive luxurious pandering to general sensual- know when I am good I shall go to God, but if I tell a lie I shall not. I have lived with The practical inference suggested by this uncle and aunt for two years. My uncle has experience and these observations, is, that struck me on the nose with a slipper, and speech-making, pledge-signing, and blue- kicked me on the head. He held me and ribbon missions can only effect temporary beat me, and kept me without food, because results, unless supplemented by satisfying he wanted to get rid of me. He tied my the natural appetite of hungry people by hands with tarry ropes, and fastened me to supplies of food that is not only nutritious, a bedstead, and I was kept without food. but savory and varied. Such food need be My aunt helped to hold my hands, and held no more expensive than that which is com- them over a lighted lamp, burning my finmonly eaten by the poorest Englishman, gers. The cuts on my hands and arms were but it must be far better cooked .- Popular | caused by the ropes that my uncle and aunt tied me up with." Poobably the charge may resolve itself into manslaughter, and Mr. Biron again remanded the prisoners for a week to see how the unfortunate child progressed, -London Daily News.

## TELL-TALE VENUS.

### She Gives Away the Secret of the Glow. ing Sunset.

For several weeks past there has been a vast amount of speculation concerning the causes producing the crimson glories of the western skies at twilight's poetic hour. Sages have pondered long and deeply over the mysterious problem; scientists have wearied their practiced eyes gazing through their spectroscopes upon the brilliant garb assumed by the tired day when about to sink into the arms of resttul night; the fly. ing and floating ashes of mighty volcanoes, the smoke from burning torests, hitherto unknown magnetic disturbances at the frozen north pole, and various other theories have been advanced as the cause of the phenomena.

Learning that a professor at the Cooper Medical college had a theory, a Chronicle re. porter proceeded to investigate it, so that the public apprehension of dire calamity being evolved from the luminous heavens might be set at rest. At rive o'clock last evening the professor war found in an upper room of the college building, waiting, with a telescope in hand, for the star Venus to emerge just above the crimson hued atmos. phere of the western horizon. Soon the goddess appeared low in the sky, outshining in brilliancy all others of the starry host soon to follow.

"We will observe Venus now through the telescope before she is affected by the line of crimson below," said the professor. "You will observe that she now presents her usual normal appearance of bluish-white, with a mild yellow glow similar to that of the

The star of the eve was found to shine just as the professor predicted.

"Now," continued the professor, "I propose to show you what I believe to he the cause of the rare crimson sunsets we have ex. perienced recently, and to do so by observing Venus later, as her light is reflected through the intervening atmosphere, which, in my opinion, contains an unusual quantity of aqueous vapor that acts as prisms. In other words, we will find from her a continuous spectrum. Spectrum in physics does not mean a ghost, as the word might dicate, but the rainbow colors obtained hen the light of the sun or any other brilliant object is allowed to pass through glass

in a prismate form, through drops of liquid, or through vapor. Rain drops act as prisms, and hence we have the spectrum in the sky in the form of a rainbow. The light from Venus passing through this red atmosphere is refracted, and we will see the rainbow colors, red on one side, then the yellow and blue. This to me is satisfactory evidence that the red glow contains aqueous vapors in larger quantities than usual."

After receiving this explanation from the professor an hour was passed by the reporter in star gazing. Beauteous Venus was magnified by the telescope many times her apparent size as viewed by the naked eye. Sure enough, the evening queen took upon herself the prismatic colors of the rainbow, just as the professor had stated; at one time her upper third would be a bright red, her lower third blue, while a band of yellow divided the two; again, in a moment the red and the blue would change places; anon from the star would flash prismatic colorsa triangle of varied hues would seem to hang from her lower disc an instant to appear the next about her. So, until the twilight had deepened into darkness and the glow in the west had become purple, did the colors come and go, and the tell-tale Venus thus revealed the secret and vexations problem of how the crimson sunsets are caused. -San Francisco Chronicle.

#### How the Japanese Restore Faded Flowers.

Aftera bouquet is drooping beyond all remedies of fresh water the Japanese can bring it back to all its, first glory by a simple and seemingly most destructive operation. A recent visitor to Japan says: "I had received some days ago a delightful bundle of flowers from a Japan se acquaintance. They continued to live in all their beauty for nearly two weeks, when at last they faded. Just as I was about to have them thrown away the same gentleman (Japanese gentleman) came to see me. I showed him the faded flowers and told him that, though lasting a long time they had now become useless. 'Oh, no,' said he, 'only put the ends of the stem into the fire, and they will be as good as before.' I was incredulous; so he took them himself and held the stems ends in the fire until they were charred.

This was in the morning; at evening they were again looking fresh and vigorous, and have continued so for another week. What may be true agents in this reviving process I am unable to determine fully; whether it be the heat driving once more the last juices into every leaflet and vein, or whether it be the bountiful supply of carbon furnished by the charring. I am inclined howevdr, to the latter cause, as the full effect was not produced until some eight hours afterwards, and as it seems that if the heat was the principal agent it must have been sooner followed by visible changes.

# The Duke and the Toll-Keeper.

When a Scot meets a Scot, then comes the tug of war. The late Duke of Buccleuch, on one occasion, preferred riding on horseback, and unattended. He came to a tol!-

"The toll, sir, gin you please," said the gate-keeper. His Grace pulled up, and, while searching for the needful, he was accosted by the gate-

"Heard ye ony word o' the duke coming this way the day, sir?"

"Yes," was the reply, "he will be this way to-day." "Will he be in a coach an' four, or only

in a carriage and twa, think ye?" "In all probability on horseback," was the rejoinder.

"In that case, do you think that he wad be offended gin I offered him back the change should he gave me a sixpenee or a shilling to pay wi' as he passed?" The duke stretched forth his hand to re-

ceive the balance, and, with an erch and knowing look, replied: "Try him, friend, try him," and pocket-

ed his coppers, muttering to himself: "Not to be done in that way !"