

## Ned Clopper's Little Game.

OF LOVE AND LUCK.

BY C. M. FARMER.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.  
(Continued.)

Ned's office (he had of course taken office in an upper loft of a town building) and remarked in suave and kindly genteel manner that a certain little game had better be stopped. He didn't like to interfere in a gentleman's business, and far be it from him to dictate, but he thought it would be safer for all parties (without specifying the parties) that the little game be stopped. He was a gentleman of friendly and persuasive accents, and Ned being open to conviction under the argument, it was presently agreed between them that it was perhaps better for all parties to stop the little game.

Ned concluded that he would quit business for a season—take a holiday, and see the sights of the town. He therefore closed his office, discharged his clerks, adorned himself in fashionable attire, and went one evening to the theatre. In one of the boxes close before him sat an old gentleman, a young gentleman, and a young lady. What! Not Squire Bruce, Angelica and the devoted Van Dyke Nostrand? No doubt of it. Ned could not stand it. He did not care any more for the play, and went home, leaving his dollar in the play house treasury and his heart in the proscenium box. On, Angelica!

He tried another species of dissipation next morning, and went into a gay looking saloon in the Bowery and called for a brandy smash. The barkeeper, who was reading the morning paper behind the counter, rose to wait on him. What! Not the gay and festive Van Dyke Nostrand with a castle on Murray Hill and a cottage at Long Branch? None other, by all the gods of mythology! Instead of white kids, and dazzling jewellery and generally perfumed operative case of the previous night, he now wore a calico shirt and checked linen apron.

"I beg your pardon," said Ned, when he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to speak, "but do I address Mr. Van Dyke Nostrand, the betrothed lover of Angelica Bruce?"

"—really—well—I don't exactly understand you, sir," stammered the mixer of drinks.

"Now look here, old fellow," said Ned, "you're pretty sharp, I've no doubt. But you're a little too sharp to last. I expect to marry that young lady myself in a few months (he didn't expect anything of the kind) and though I have no castle on Murray Hill and no cottage at Long Branch, I think my claim will be preferred to yours—especially when you write and tell her that circumstances over which you have no control will prevent you seeing her again. Write it at once, and I'll take it to her. I respect your feelings as a gentleman, and while I'm compelled to trip you up in this little game of yours, I'll not expose you to the squire who would cut your throat on sight and hunt you all over the town to do it."

"The infernal scamp! Where is he?" roared Squire Bruce. "I'll murder the vagabond—I'll ruin him!"

"Gone to Salt Lake," quietly answered Ned. "He has seven wives there and they have been rather urgent of late for him to come home and take care of the babies."

"Oh, good gracious me!" cried Angelica sinking back on the sofa in her father's parlor. "To think he should be such a—oh my—the idea!"

"Hold on, cried Ned, stepping forward and grasping the squire's hand, "Hold on. No harm's done. I'm your natural born son-in-law. I've saved you from an awful disgrace. Angelica never loved the fellow—she told me so this morning when I brought her his letter. I've no establishment on Murray Hill, but I've got a few dollars in bank and can take care of her in an honest sort of way. What do you say, old man?"

"Ned Clopper," replied the old man in a sudden burst of friendship, "you're a brick! Take her if she's willing, and God bless you both!"

"Angy," said Ned turning to the little beauty and holding out both hands, "will you have me?"

"I don't mind," answered Angelica "you're a good sort of boy, and I always liked you. But goodness gracious me! The idea of being so fooled."

"I've played a little game of Love and Luck," said Ned, "and have won—"

"What?" asked Angelica, looking up into his face with the sweetest of smiles.

"A wife," said Ned.

### THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

**A Short Crop and Heavy Speculations.**

There is a large speculation in Japan tea in progress, and within a few days the transaction at the Importers' and Grocers' Board of Trade, in New York, have involved 4,250,000 pounds. A short time ago the sale of 50,000 pounds was considered quite a large business. Now the speculation is so brisk that 1,800,000 pounds are sold in a single day. The trading in black tea is not so large, yet 585,000 pounds have been sold within three days. Prices have been advancing steadily, owing to the speculative excitement, and are now three to four cents a pound higher than recently. Besides the business on the Exchange, fully 30,000 chests of oolong have been sold to speculators within a short time.

"An advance of three cents a pound in tea," says a broker, "means a rise of \$125 a chest, and if a speculator has 10,000 or 20,000 chests on hand it is an important matter. The advance is not due to fears of prolonged trouble between France and China, whereby the great tea ports of Shanghai, Amoy and Foochow might be closed by blockade. The season is over there, and there is no tea to export. It is due solely to a marked decrease in the crop. Last year the exports of black tea to this country from China were 22,129,992 pounds; but while we received 80,000 chests of Amoy oolong, only 40,000 chests will be sent here this year. There will also be some decrease in the supply of Japan, of which 34,314,000 pounds were sent here last year. Some think the quantity will be 2,000,000 pounds less. But it is in green that the largest decrease is expected. Last year we received 18,000,000 pounds; this year only 12,000,000 pounds are expected. Less green tea is being raised in China, partly because of the exclusion of the Pinguey tea that excited so much complaint here last year, and principally because of the extreme cheapness of tea in this country. Chinese planters say there is too little money in tea at the present prices.

### FOOD AND BRAIN WORK.

An organism which is doing brain work as well as muscular work requires higher food than an organism in which the brain is comparatively idle and only the lower centres and the muscles do the work. Undoubtedly the effect of brain work is to strengthen the brain and render it less likely to become abnormal in its structure or disorderly in its activity than if it were idle. Such exercise as the brain receives in education, properly so-called—that is, development of the faculties—stimulates nutrition, and in so doing increases the need for food. Excessive activity with anxiety is not good at all, and ought to have no place in the educational process. Worry is fatal to good work, and to worry the growing brain of a child with work is to maim and cripple its organization, doing irreparable, because structural, mischief, the effects of which must be life-long. "Tension" in work is not a proof of strength, but of weakness. A well developed and healthy grown brain works without tension of any kind. The knit brows, straining eyes, and fixed attention of the scholar are not tokens of power, but of effort. The true athlete does not strain and pant when he puts forth his strength. The intellectual man with a strong mind does his brain work easily. Tension is friction, and the moment the toil of a growing brain becomes laborious it should cease. We are, unfortunately, so accustomed to see brain work done with effort, and to regard "Tension" as something tolerable, if not natural. As a matter of fact no man should knit his brow as he works. The best brain work is done easily, with a calm spirit, an equable temper, and in jaunty mood. All else is the toil of a weak or ill-developed brain straining to accomplish a task which is relatively too great for it.

**HYDROPHOBIA FROM SKUNK'S BITE.**—Several New Jersey farmers have lately lost a number of cattle and hogs, hydrophobia showing itself in an unmistakable manner, and their conclusion is, that the bite of a skunk was the origin in some cases.

### Bulwer's Gambling.

Early one morning Bulwer, the novelist, returned to his hotel from a gambling-house, where he had been passing the last hours of the night. For the first time in his life he had played high; and, with the invidious good fortune so frequently attendant on the first steps along what would otherwise be the shortest and least attractive pathway to perdition, he had gained largely. The day was dawning when he reached his own rooms. His writing-desk stood upon a console in front of a mirror; and pausing over it to lock up his winnings, he was startled and shocked by the reflection of his face in the glass behind it. The expression of the countenance was not only haggard, it was sinister. He had risked far more than he could afford to lose; his luck had been extraordinary and his gains were great. But the ignoble emotions of the night had left their lingering traces in his face, and as he caught sight of his own features still working and gleaming with the fever of a vicious excitement, he, for the first time, despised himself. It was then he formed a resolution that, be the circumstances what they might, no inducement, whether of need or greed, should again tempt him to become a gambler.

**Dr. Moffat's Ammoniphone.**

A remarkable discovery is reported on the authority of a fellow of the Royal Meteorological society, to which the attention both of the faculty, and of the society, can not be too speedily directed. Dr. Carter Moffat, cousin of the late Dr. Robert M. F. fat, claims to have invented, after nine years' study, an instrument known as the ammoniphone, which contains an absorbent material saturated with peroxide of hydrogen combined with condensed ammonia and other ingredients, through which a current of air is drawn into the lungs. This is said to be in reality a highly concentrated artificial Italianized air, in an extremely portable condition. Dr. Carter Moffat's voice was originally very weak, harsh, and destitute of intonation. By the use of the ammoniphone it has now become a pure tone of extraordinary range. He noticed that after experimenting on himself for only fourteen days an expansion of the chest took place to the extent of over half an inch, with a feeling of increased lung space and power of voice, which has since been maintained. Experiments have been made upon choirs in Scotland with extraordinary success. As there are a good many choirs in England, to say nothing of the opera companies, which stand in great need of improvement, the ammoniphone is certain to be in great demand.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

**An Inconstant Moon.**

An account of the halting, for pecuniary reasons, of two stage-coaches in Texas says that a passenger named Moon levelled a pistol at one of the three robbers "but desisted from firing upon discovering a Winchester pressed against his own ribs by a highwayman." The passenger's reason for changing his mind seems to have been so ample that any observations as to the inconstant Moon would be out of place.

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