

she perhaps would believe him, would intercede for him. He started up, resolved to go thither at once; hastily gathered together the scattered pieces of money, and locked them up in the drawer with the rest; ran down straight to the neighboring carriage stand; hired a vehicle to convey him to the railway station, and in less than half an hour he was on his way. In about three hours he arrived. He passed nearly the whole day in trying to discover the lady's address, and when he had found it, was told that she had been for the last two months at Vienna. It was a foolish journey with disappointment at the end of it! He came back quite late in the evening to Ems, and entered his room, utterly broken down with anxiety and fatigue.

In the meantime the baron, crimson with rage, had returned to his hotel, and told all the circumstances to his daughter. She could not believe in the guilt of her lover.

"He a gambler?" she exclaimed. "It is impossible!"

"But I saw the gold upon his table."

"He says he knows nothing of it, and he never told an untruth in his life. It will all be explained by-and-by."

"But I saw him playing at the tables."

"It was some other who resembles him."

"Will you believe it, then, if you see him yourself?"

"I will, my father, and I will renounce him forever; but not till then."

"Then you shall be convinced this evening."

The evening came, and the rooms were more than usually crowded. There was a ball in the *salon de danse*; refreshments in the ante-room; gaming, as usual, in the third apartment. The Baron Von Hohendorf was there, with his daughter and some friends. They made their way to the tables, but he whom they sought was not there. Eager faces enough were there around the old board; faces of old women, cunning and avaricious; faces of pale, dissipated boys, scarce old enough, one would have thought, to have a care for any games save those of the school ground; faces of hardened, cool, determined gamblers; faces of girls, young and beautiful, and of men, old and feeble. Strange table, around which youth and beauty, and age and deformity, and vice, should congregate together and meet on equal ground.

Suddenly there was a movement at the further end of the room; a whisper went round, the spectators made way, and the players drew aside for one who now approached and took his stand among them. This deference is shown only to those who play high and play frequently. Who is this noted gambler? Albert Von Steinberg.

A cry of agony breaks from the pale lips of a young girl at the other end of the room, as she clings to the arm of an elderly gentleman beside her, and leans wildly forward to be sure that it is really he. Alas! it is no error—it is Albert! He neither hears nor heeds anything around him. He does not even look toward where she stands. He seats himself very quietly, as a matter of course, takes some rouleaux of gold and a packet of notes from his pocket, stakes a large sum, and begins to play with all the cool audacity of one whose faith in his own luck is unshakable, and who is perfect master of the game. Beside this, he carried his self-command to that point which is only attained by years of practice. It was splendid to see him so impassive. His features were fixed and inexpressive as those of a statue; the steady earnestness of his gaze was almost terrible; his very movements were those of a man not liable to human frailties and human emotions; and the right hand with which he staked and swept up the gold was stiff and mechanical as that of the commandant in Don Giovanni.

The baron could contain his indignation no longer. Leaving his daughter to the care of her friends, he made his way round the table, and approached the young man's chair. He extended his hand to touch the player's arm, when his own was forcibly seized and held back. He turned, and saw one of the most celebrated physicians of Germany standing beside him.

"Stop!" he exclaimed, "do not speak to that young man, it might injure him."

"That is exactly what I wish. I will disturb his calculations, the hypocrite."

"You will kill him."

"Pshaw! you are jesting with me."

"I am perfectly serious. Look at him, continued the physician, pointing to his pale face and set gaze; 'look at him. He sleeps! A sudden shock might be his death. You cannot see this, but I can. I have studied this thing narrowly, and I never saw a more remarkable case of somnambulism."

The physician continued for some time convers-

ing with the baron in an under tone. Presently the bank gave the signal; the players rose; the tables closed for that evening, and the Count Von Steinberg, gathering up his enormous winnings, pushed back his chair and left the room, passing close before the baron without seeing him. They followed him down the street to his own door; he entered by means of his latch-key, and closed it behind without a sound. There was no light in his window—no one in the house was awake—none but those two had seen him enter.

The next morning when he awoke he found a larger pile of gold than ever on his table. He was stupefied with amazement. He counted it, and told over 44,000 florins.

Again there came a knock at his chamber door. This time he did not even attempt to conceal the money; and when the baron and the physician entered, he was too much troubled even to feel surprised at the sight of a stranger.

"You have come again to tell me that I am a gambler?" he exclaimed despairingly, as he pointed to the gold, and leaned his head listlessly upon his hands.

"I said it, my young friend, because I saw it," replied the baron; "but at the same time I come to entreat your pardon for having accused you of it. You have played without knowing it; you have gambled, and yet are no gambler."

"Yes," interrupted the physician, "for somnambulists often perform the very actions which they detest. But it is with you a mere functional derangement, not a settled habit—and I can easily cure you. But perhaps," he added smiling, "you do not wish to lose so profitable a malady. You might become a millionaire."

"Ah, doctor," cried the count, "I place myself in your hands; cure me, I entreat you."

"Well, well, there is time enough for that," said the baron; "first of all shake hands, and let us be friends."

"I have a horror of play, replied the involuntary gambler, "and I shall instantly restore to the bank all that I have won. See, here is, altogether, 130,000 florins."

"Take my advice, Albert," said the baron, "and do no such thing. Suppose that in your sleep you had lost 130,000 florins, do you think the bank would have restored it to you? No, no; entertain no such scruples. Your father lost more than thrice that sum at those very tables—it is but a restitution in part. Keep your florins, and return with me to my hotel, where Emma is waiting to receive your visit. You have 130,000 there, I will excuse the other 70,000, upon which I formerly insisted, and you can make it up in love.—Are you content, or must you restore the money to the bank?"

History has not recorded the lover's reply; at all events, he quitted Ems that same day in company with the Baron Von Hohendorf and his pretty daughter. The prescriptions of the learned physician have, it is said, already effected a cure, and the Frankfurt Journal of last week announces the approaching marriage of Mlle. Von Hohendorf with Albert, Count of Steinberg.

**DYING FOR ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.**—Mr. L. resides in Henry street. His wife who is an economical body, has sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought the dress home, and unluckily, as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door.

"Is madame within?" asked the Frenchman.

The husband, who is of a jealous disposition, replied, "And suppose she is, what do you want with her?"

"I am dying for her."

"You dying for my wife—get out of my house you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest mechanic into the street, when the lady made her appearance and set the matter to rights.

Why is an avaricious man like one with a short memory? Because he is always forgetting.

Why is a cook like a barber? Because he dresses here. (hair.)

Why is St. Paul's like a bird's nest? Because it was built by a Wren.

Why has a glass blower more command over the alphabet than any other man? Because he can make a D canter (decanter.)

Why is Ireland likely to become very rich? Because its capital is always Dublin (Dubling.)

What occupation has the sun? A tanner.

What foreign letter makes the title of a noble lady? Dutch S.

Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.

If the alphabet were invited out to dine what time would U, V, W, X, Y, and Z, go? After T.

Why is grass like a mouse? Because the cat-eat it, (the cat'll eat it.)

Why should there be a marine law against whispering? Because it's private earnings.

Why is the letter G like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

**HUMAN LIFE ESTIMATED BY PULSATION.**—An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the number of pulsations he has strength to perform. Thus, allowing seventy years for the common age of man, and sixty pulses in a minute for a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life would amount to 2,207,520 000; but if by intemperance he forces his blood in a more rapid motion, so as to give seventy five pulsations in a minute, the number of pulses would be completed in fifty years, consequently his life would be reduced fourteen years.

**PRIDE.**—I never saw pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observe that God hath chosen the vine a low plant, that creeps upon the helpless wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all birds, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor in the sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane; but in a bush—a humble, slender, abject bush; as if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love like humility; nothing hate, like pride.

We may mention a funny incident which occurred in regard to a Government transfer draft on Boston, which was sold at San Francisco. It was issued in duplicate, first and second, for convenience and to protect the buyer against delay. The custom at San Francisco is to remit the first by the mail steamer, and the second by the Nicaragua route. The latter arrived a day or two in the advance of the other, and the "Second of Transfer" was duly forwarded to Boston for collection. It was drawn on the Assistant Treasurer of that port, who is evidently not very well posted up in commercial affairs, or who employs a paying teller not gifted in this respect, for the draft was protested, the Treasurer declining payment, unless the "first" was presented, or he was protected from it by a bond of indemnity! The news of this feat of the Assistant Treasurer created a general *guffaw* wherever it was made known. We understand that the Secretary of the Treasury promptly rectified the mistake, and we have no doubt he gave the Boston Solon a lesson on the subject which he will not forget to the end of his official career.—[Jour. Com.]

**NEW ARRANGEMENTS FOR EMIGRANTS.**—Castle Garden, in New York, has been appropriated for a landing place for emigrants. It is placed under the control of the Commissioners of Emigration, who have already taken possession of it and entered upon their duties. Such a place was much wanted to protect the poor emigrants from the hordes of landsharks in the guise of railroad and steamboat runners who pursued a regular system of plundering them. This place is now closed to all except the city authorities, and particularly against agents, runners, hotel keepers and others who have personal interests in view. On landing, the emigrants are examined by the health officer, and if their state of health requires it, are sent to the hospital. Their names are registered, the places from which they came, the ship that brought them, their point of destination, the route they prefer to reach it, the amount of money they bring, &c. Officers now point out to them the nearest routes to distant places, and the cost of getting there. Maps of States and of the various routes, railroad and steamboat handbills are hung about the rooms, so that every information an emigrant needs is before him, or can at once be furnished him. No officer is allowed to recommend one route above another, or to urge any particular line or conveyance. If the emigrant desires to stop in the city, he may leave his luggage, to be called for when wanted; but there are no sleeping accommodations there, and those who remain in the city must look out for themselves, for the Commissioners do not undertake to be their guardians after they have left the Castle and mingled with the population.

Most of the emigrants prefer to go at once to places in the west where they have friends, or where they had previously decided to go. When this is made known, they are directed to offices in the building where they may procure tickets. Their luggage is next selected, and without entering the city at all, are taken direct to the boats or cars without expense, and take their departure with the first boat or train.—[Prov. Journal.]

Cholera is spreading desolation and dismay through the fertile provinces of Navarre, Aragon and Andalusia. In other districts the public health is not affected.

## THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

It is now about a century since Benjamin Franklin, then Postmaster General of the Colonies, set out in his old gig to make an official inspection of the principal routes. It is about eighty years since Congress appointed him to his old office under the now independent Colonies, and when a small folio, containing but three quires of paper, lasted as his account book for two years.

These simple facts bring up before us, more forcibly than elaborate words, the vast increase in post office facilities within a hundred years; for if a Postmaster General was to undertake to pass over all the routes at present existing, it would require six years of incessant railroad travel, at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles daily; while, if he was to undertake the job in an "old gig," he would have the work of a lifetime before him. Instead of the small folio, with its three quires of paper, the post office accounts consume every two years three thousand of the largest sized ledgers, keeping no less than one hundred clerks constantly employed in recording transactions with thirty thousand contractors and other persons.

Even as late as the year 1790 the post office facilities were a mere trifle, at least as compared with the present time. There were at that period but eighteen hundred and seventy-five miles of post routes, or about the same number as there are now in Oregon, and only seventy-five post offices. The mail was often a week between New England and Philadelphia; a fortnight between Boston and Savannah; and in the winter almost as long in going between this city and Pittsburg. Even in 1800 the post office business of the whole United States was but little greater than that of Pennsylvania now. As late as 1810 there were but twenty-three hundred post offices, or only a tithe of the number there is at present; while the receipts were but little over half a million of dollars, against six millions now. In fact, fifty per cent. more postage is paid at the present time on newspapers and magazines (even at their present reduced rates), than was paid on letters, newspapers, and every description of mailable matter in 1810. The great impulse has been given since 1830. At that period there were only one hundred and fifteen thousand miles of post routes, whereas now there are nearly twice that quantity. Then there were less than nine thousand post offices, now there are over twenty-three thousand. The last five-and-twenty years have, therefore, exhibited a progress in this department of civilization that is in advance even of the growth of the population, rapid as that has been.

A good many curious items are to be found in the post office expenditures. We quote a few as the readiest method of showing how vast the transactions of the Department are. Thus, there is paid annually for mail-boxes, keys, and stamps, nearly thirty-two thousand dollars, a sum equal to the entire outlay of the whole Department in the year 1790. The stamped envelopes and postage stamps cost over fourteen thousand dollars; the mail bags fifty thousand; the blanks seventy-one thousand; the wrapping paper forty-one thousand. We think we can see Franklin's stare of astonishment if he could rise from his grave under the old flagstones at Fifth and Arch streets, and travelling to Washington, not in his "old gig," but behind one of Norris' locomotives, see the three thousand ledgers, the one hundred busy clerks, and the enormous amounts paid for "the sundries" which he used to buy for a trifle.

It is by comparisons like these that we realize what vast strides have been made within a century. Vague, general assertions of progress never have half the impression that facts such as we have quoted do. Franklin jogging along in the "old gig" and a railroad train rushing at sixty miles an hour—what a commentary on the difference between 1755 and the present!—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

**CAUSE OF WAVES.**—The friction of the wind combines with the tide in agitating the surface of the ocean, and according to the theory of undulations, each produces its effect independently of the other. Wind, however, not only raises waves but causes a transfer of superficial water also. Attraction between the particles of air and water, as well as the pressure of the atmosphere, brings its lower stratum into adhesive contact with the surface of the sea. If the motion of the wind be parallel to the surface, there will still be friction, but the water will be smooth as a mirror; but if it be inclined, in however small a degree, a ripple will appear. The friction rises a minute wave, whose elevation protects the wave beyond it from the wind, which consequently impinges on the surface at a small angle; thus, each in pulse combining with the other produces an undulation which continually advances.