

# The Chatham Record.

VOL. III. NO. 19.

PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., JANUARY 20, 1881.

H. A. LONDON, Jr., Editor and Publisher.

## Winter.

There's glory in the screaming blast,  
A beauty in the frosted tree;  
A mystery in the lake that's glassed  
With ice, and awe upon the seas;  
Enchantment on the far-off hills,  
A music in the snowflake gale,  
Beneath the ice, the ringing rills,  
Sing many a song, tell many a tale.

I always know—I scarce know why—  
But know that superhuman power  
Was in the snowdrift 'neath the sky,  
As well as in the little flower,  
Knew it when first I saw the snow  
Lie like a shroud upon the earth;  
When I, all the gentle south winds blow  
And newborn roses spring to birth.

And I have learned to love the time  
When nature wears its iron crown;  
The sleighbells in their merry chime,  
O'er hills and valleys, up and down,  
I like to hear the schoolboy's shout,  
The sparkle of the last eye;  
And mark their footsteps on the route  
That leads beyond the winter's sky.

## A GREAT, TALL FELLOW.

I had known my sister-in-law Adeline Eliza in a desultory way ever since my fourteenth birthday—June 15, 1872—when I was brought home from boarding-school to be present at her marriage to my eldest brother; but never until that dreadful Fourth of July, 1877, had I had the slightest idea of her extraordinary capability and endurance as a story-teller. Nor do I suppose I should ever have known of them—our ways in life lying far apart—had not Adeline Eliza's annual visit to New York happened at the very time I had my first serious quarrel with Gabriel Haviland.

That occurred the evening before the above-mentioned anniversary of the declaration of American independence, and was about—dear me!—the silliest thing. Looking back, it seems almost impossible to believe that we could have been so extremely foolish as to quarrel as we actually did—But I'll tell you all about it, and you can judge for yourself. Gabriel had been reading aloud from some English paper or other—the *Sunday Review*, if I remember right—an article entitled "Mothers-in-Law," and as he laid down the paper he said: "I fully agree with the writer that the jokes—many of them very stupid ones—at the expense of mothers-in-law have been carried quite far enough, and I also agree with her—"

"Or him," I suggested.

"—or him, that there are lots of splendid women among them, but at the same time I must confess that I'd prefer a home without a mother-in-law."

Now I had been an orphan ever since I was five years of age, and what possessed me to feel so angry at Gabriel's remark I cannot imagine; but angry I was, and with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes I raised my head from his shoulder—of course we were engaged—and asked, indignantly, "Do you mean to say you would not have liked my mother?"

"Nothing of the sort," said he, with a smile. "I know I should have liked her. She must have been charming, to have had so charming a daughter."

But I refused to return his smile, and with head very erect, went on: "But you would not have shared your home with her?"

"No, darling, frankly, I would not."

"Then I would never have lived with you if you refused to allow my mother to be one of the household," cried I.

"Ah, your affection for me must be deep indeed," said he, with provoking coolness. "But in spite of your touching declaration, my dear, I still repeat, no mother-in-law in my house. I've seen too much of that arrangement in my own family. A man may be a good fellow, and his wife's mother may be a good fellow, while apart, but bring them together under the same roof, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred fire and sword would be amiable companions in comparison."

"Other families might be better-tempered than yours," said I, with an attempt at sarcasm. "Mine might be."

"No mother-in-law, my love," was Gabriel's sole reply.

"Then no Caroline Frower," said I, in a perfect rage. "And what's more, you needn't wait any longer. I won't go to your sister's. So there, now!"

"Very well" (why do people say "very well" when they mean quite the contrary?). And at last, quite provoked, my lover seized his hat, and was gone in a flash.

Did you ever hear of a sillier quarrel, taking into consideration, as I said before, that I had no mother, and, as I didn't say before, Gabriel was also motherless?

The bells were ringing merrily when I awoke the next morning (I had shut out the moon, and cried myself to sleep the night before), and when I drew up my shade the sunshine came in as gloriously bright as though Gabriel and I had not quarrelled. But its brightness could not make me forget that we had. I was thinking of it all the time I was dressing, and wondering what I was to do with myself all the long, hot, noisy day.

It had been arranged a month before that Gabriel and I should spend the Fourth with his only sister, who lived in a charming country house in a pretty Connecticut village, and Gabriel had called to escort me thither on the morning of the third, when, unfortunately, having a little time to spare, he regaled me with the article on "Mothers-in-law." That reading, as I have already

narrated, resulted in my staying at home. "I suppose," I said, bitterly, to myself, "that Gabriel has gone, and that that Price girl, with eyebrows like interrogation points, will be hovering about him all day, as she always does;" and I gave my wrapper such a pull that two of the buttons came off, when Adeline Eliza came in.

"Why, Caroline," said she—everybody else called me "Carrie"—"ain't you gone?"

"No," replied I, shortly, resisting an inclination to make some sarcastic remark on that most obvious fact.

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't want to"—pettishly and ungrammatically.

"Had a tiff with Gabriel?" (Everybody else called him Gabriel.) And then seeing I would not answer, she continued, good-naturedly—to do her justice, she was the soul of good nature—"Well, don't stay moping here. Take a cup of coffee, put on your things, and come with Gus and me. My folks are all a-comin' to meet at Hillside and have a good old-fashioned picnic. You know granddaddy and mother and heaps of my relations live there. Hurry up and come along."

And I hurried up and went along, for, as I quickly reasoned, spending the day with daisy-dotted fields, fine old trees, green hills, and an old-fashioned picnic would be much better than being nearly driven crazy by cannons, fireworks, smoke and boys.

Hillside looked cool and inviting as we stopped at the depot, but my heart sank within me as I stepped from the train. I seemed to be so far from Gabriel, and the thought that the Price girl was no doubt so near afforded me anything but consolation.

And now while we are walking single file along the narrow sidewalk shaded by round old apple trees, I'll go back a little in my story to tell you that a week before this Fourth of July a burglar had been caught in granddaddy's house. Adeline Eliza caught him, but unfortunately had been obliged to let him go before assistance had arrived. Since the eventful night I had heard her tell how she "woke up, about twelve o'clock—Gus being away—"feeling as though something" was going to happen, and there stood a great, tall fellow, with big black whiskers, at the bureau;" and how she "sprung for him, and lunged around his neck till he began to choke, screamin' 'Murder!' all the time;" and how he "got away, and jumped out of the back window on to the grape arbor, just as the policeman came in the door;" and how "he had a pistol, and if he could have got it out of his pocket, he would 'a' shot me" (before that dreadful day was over I almost wished he had)—so many times that I was as awestruck as "Marians in the moated grange." And when I heard Adeline Eliza begin, to a relation who had met us at the station, and in whose footsteps she followed, "A great, tall fellow," I groaned in spirit. Not that I had any idea how that burglar would pursue me all day. If I had had, I should have silently turned and fled, and taken the next train back to the city.

After a quarter of an hour's walk we arrived at the house of the particular aunt who was to be our particular hostess, and found her and her whole family awaiting us on the simple porch, while before the gate stood a large and comfortable-looking carry-all. Into this, after numberless hearty welcomes, we were helped, and in a few moments were upon the grounds selected for the picnic. Pleasant, grass-covered, undulating, tree-shaded grounds, with a little brook running along at the back of them, glittering, splashing, and chattering in a most delightful manner.

Beneath a grand old hickory which partly overhung this brook I sat me down, and Adeline Eliza and several of her brothers, and a few of her sisters, and two or three of her cousins, and her aunt, and her bright-eyed old mother, grouped themselves before me.

"Isn't this lovely?" exclaimed one of the cousins.

"Beautiful!" said Adeline Eliza. "But I must tell you about the burglar; never came so near being killed in all my life." I gently swung my feet over the bank on which I was sitting. "I went to sleep that night awful tired"—I dropped almost into the brook below—"but something made me wake up"—I stole away on tip-toe—"and there stood a great, tall fellow" reaching my ears as I descended into a Lilliputian valley with my sparkling little companion.

I walked with the happy brook a mile or more, and then turned back as the dinner-hour sounded. And such a dinner! or, more properly speaking, such a breakfast, lunch and dinner all mingled into one huge meal, as met my astonished vision when I again joined the party!

Giant loaves of home-made bread; biscuits, buns, crackers; pork and beans together; beans without the pork; pork without the beans; chickens roasted, broiled, and in salads; beef boiled and baked; peas, corn, and more beans skillfully combined, or in separate dishes; young beets, cucumbers, lettuce; cakes—a legion of cakes; pies—a host of pies; berries—bushels of berries; coffee, tea, and lemonade—galions of them all! If ever table did groan beneath the weight offered, those tables should have groaned with a groan more appalling than ever was heard from the ghost of Hamlet's father. Never saw I so bountiful a repast before, and, truth to tell, it was a welcome sight, for, notwithstanding my grief at being separated from my Gabriel,

youth and country air asserted themselves, and I was decidedly hungry.

"Set right down here, Caroline," called my sister-in-law, the moment I came in sight, pointing to a vacant seat on her right. I obeyed, unfolded my napkin, took a cup of coffee somebody handed me, said, "Yes, thank you," to an offer of roast chicken, when Adeline Eliza, with her mouth full of succotash, turning to her neighbor on the left, resumed the story which my arrival apparently had interrupted for a moment: "A great, tall fellow with big—" I jumped up hastily. There was an unoccupied chair at the children's table. "I'll help take care of the little ones," said I, and fled once more.

Dinner lasted about two hours, and shortly after a stalwart, brown-faced young farmer bashfully proposed a swing, or a "scup," as he called it. I eagerly accepted his invitation. Anything, anything, I thought, to get away from those "big black whiskers," and keep Gabriel and that forward Price girl out of my mind. Besides which, I was very fond of swinging. So in a few moments I was merrily flying up among the tree-tops, and in another few moments a shrill, too well known voice followed me. I glanced down. Adeline Eliza stood beneath an adjacent tree, talking to her dead old granddaddy.

"No, no, I didn't say black sisters," she screamed; "black whiskers—big black whiskers."

And thereafter, no matter how high I soared, that wretched story soared with me.

"I gave him a choke," yelled Adeline Eliza.

"No, no, not 'joke.' It wasn't no 'joke,' but a real burglar."

"Let the cat die," murmured I to my former friend, and before it was fairly dead I sprang from the swing, and precipitately joined a noisy party who were playing "Follow my leader" with shouts of laughter that could have certainly been heard a mile away.

Supper. Another heavily-loaded table, and people eating as though they had had no dinner. Adeline Eliza sat opposite to me. An elder sister, who had just arrived on the scene of action—her carriage having broken down and tumbled herself and children into the dust five miles up the road, from whence they had all trudged, while "pa" went to look for a blacksmith—took her place at my side.

"I declare, when that wagon went to pieces," I said, "I was almost scared to death."

"Scared to death!" repeated my sister-in-law, with an accent of scorn.

"Guess you'd 'a' waked up and seen a burglar in your room, as I did 't'other night—"

"No!" exclaimed her sister.

"No 'no' about it," replied Adeline Eliza, gushing down her ice-cream in such a hurry that her nose turned blue, and I shivered. "A great, tall fellow—"

I started to my feet, plumped an open-eyed, open-mouthed urchin into my place, handed him my cake and ice-cream, and rushed out into the old-fashioned garden. Even there my evil spirit seemed to pursue me, and I fancied the crickets chirped over and over again. "A great, tall fellow," and the treetops and katydids joined in with "Big black whiskers, big black whiskers."

"Oh, Gabriel! Gabriel!" said I, "if you but knew what I have suffered, you wouldn't even speak to that Price girl, let alone play croquet with her, as I suppose you have been doing all afternoon!"

"How many times have you been punished?"

"About a dozen times, I guess."

"And still you are lazy and impudent and quarrelsome?"

"It isn't for me to dispute you, sir," continued the deputy, "and I have come to put you in charge of the smallpox hospital. You are too lazy to catch the disease, and too mean to let anybody else have what you can't get your traps together."

"Say, deputy," replied the man, as his eyes began to bulge, "this is the first time I've been here that you have appeared directly to my honor. When I was ordered and commanded and compelled, I felt aggravated and obstinate. Now that you appear directly to my sense of honor and duty, I shall cheerfully obey. I think I can point more chairs than any three men in the shop."

"You do?"

"I do, sir, and I'll prove it."

He was given a chance, and he hasn't given occasion for reprimands since.—*Free Press.*

Mr. A. Bronson Alcott says that his daughter Louisa, author of "Little Women," was a bright child and got most of her education at home. She kept diaries and filled them with short stories. With her three sisters she established a theater in the garret, and wrote "no admittance" over the door. Soon the neighbors heard of her theatrical performances, and wishing to see them, the little actors had recourse to the barn, which they fitted up with platform and scenery. Love was the role in the Alcott family, and the office of servant was unknown. In order to learn what it was to be a servant she entered the household of a former senator and was put at all kinds of drudgery. A young theological student boarded in the family. Shortly after her time as a servant had expired he asked her to black his boots. Her reply was that while studying divinity he should have learned humanity. Her literary career was commenced with writing stories for magazines and papers.

the earnest face of a young nephew who sat at her feet, she said: "Let me see. Where was I? Oh yes. A great, tall fellow—" But what cared I? The spell was broken. I never heard another word of the story, although I believe she told it again to the very end, for my heart was singing loudly, "Gabriel is here! Gabriel is here!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

### Russia in Christmas Time

When the leaves fall the Russian winter sets in at once, imprisoning the serfs in their cabins for seven dreary months. This is their period of domestic life. Home has to be made the most of. Deep canon-like cuts lead from house to house, and there are frequent gatherings of young and old.

When Christmas comes the father of marriageable children arrange with their neighbors, and the girls are all taken to one house with their parents. A Christmas tree is set up on the table, where brandy is dealt out to each member with prore—a meat biscuit. Then the marriageable girls are placed in a row on a long bench, each one veiled. The young men, who have been kept in an adjacent room, are let in one by one by the master of the house.

With throbbing heart each girl awaits the entrance of the youth to whom she has already given her heart. Will he be sure to recognize her in her disguise? We do not know whether the heart of the true lover is preternaturally keen, or whether in these cases there is some preconcerted signal, but it rarely happens that when a young man bows low before a maiden she does not raise a veil to meet his glance with blushing looks of love.

Yet it sometimes occurs that a blundering dolt hits upon a girl whom he does not love, or who eyes him with scorn. The unfortunate fellow is then the butt of ridicule from all sides, and can escape only by a considerable present in the way of damages.

When the couples have all been satisfactorily told off, each bride and groom proceed to their parents' cabin, where they enter veiled. The oldest of the family then exchanges rings between them three times, a holy picture is given to them to kiss, they embrace one another, and are recognized as betrothed.

As the Russian government always gives a young married couple farmland and wood for a house the marriage follows soon after the engagement. On the wedding day the friends of the bride dress her up, taking off her maiden attire to invest her with that of a married woman, on which they lead her to her groom. The wedding always ends in copious libations of brandy.

The next day the parents enter the house of the new-married couple to wish them happiness, and offer them bread and salt. Thus peace and happiness enter the new home the best of Christmas gifts.

### An Appeal to Honor.

Several weeks since a prisoner was received at the Detroit house of correction who seemed determined to have his own way at every cost. In twenty-four hours he was in disgrace for obstreperous conduct, and he was no sooner out of one scrape than he got himself into another. He was locked up, tied up and punished in different ways, and the other day when he committed some new breach of discipline the deputy called him into the office in despair and began:

"John, how long have you been here?"

"Two months."

"How many times have you been punished?"

"About a dozen times, I guess."

"And still you are lazy and impudent and quarrelsome?"

"It isn't for me to dispute you, sir," continued the deputy, "and I have come to put you in charge of the smallpox hospital. You are too lazy to catch the disease, and too mean to let anybody else have what you can't get your traps together."

"Say, deputy," replied the man, as his eyes began to bulge, "this is the first time I've been here that you have appeared directly to my honor. When I was ordered and commanded and compelled, I felt aggravated and obstinate. Now that you appear directly to my sense of honor and duty, I shall cheerfully obey. I think I can point more chairs than any three men in the shop."

"You do?"

"I do, sir, and I'll prove it."

He was given a chance, and he hasn't given occasion for reprimands since.—*Free Press.*

Mr. A. Bronson Alcott says that his daughter Louisa, author of "Little Women," was a bright child and got most of her education at home. She kept diaries and filled them with short stories. With her three sisters she established a theater in the garret, and wrote "no admittance" over the door. Soon the neighbors heard of her theatrical performances, and wishing to see them, the little actors had recourse to the barn, which they fitted up with platform and scenery. Love was the role in the Alcott family, and the office of servant was unknown. In order to learn what it was to be a servant she entered the household of a former senator and was put at all kinds of drudgery. A young theological student boarded in the family. Shortly after her time as a servant had expired he asked her to black his boots. Her reply was that while studying divinity he should have learned humanity. Her literary career was commenced with writing stories for magazines and papers.

### FOR THE FAIR SEX.

#### Finger Rings.

The practice of wearing rings has been very prevalent in different countries and at different periods. Rings have been used to decorate the legs, fingers, toes and nose, which last fashion was very prevalent among Israelitish women. The form of the ring symbolizes eternity and constancy. In the Saxon period, and even after the Norman conquest, 800 years ago, a ring around the neck was the recognized badge of personal serfdom. The Egyptians wore finger rings, the signet being an emblem of authority. The dark-eyed Jewess, in the days of the prophets, delighted to adorn her slender fingers with glittering rings set with rubies, emeralds and chrysolites. The Greeks used finger rings in connection with marriage rites. There are some specimens on which are brief inscriptions. A Greek ring has engraved on it "Faith immortal." There are Roman nuptial rings in the cabinets of the curious, on which are engraved, in rude Latin letters, "Love me," "I love you," "Happy life," etc. Among the ruins of Pompeii was found a gold ring, picked up in Diomed's house, on which was cut the device of a man and woman joining hands. This is supposed to have been a wedding ring. The custom of inscribing short sentences, called "Posies," on wedding rings is noticed by Chaucer, Shakespeare and other dramatists. The Grmel ring as a marriage ring was at one time in great favor. It was a double or triple ring, formed of two or three links turned upon a pivot. At the betrothal the parties concerned broke the ring sunder, each retaining a link to serve as a reminder of the engagement until they raffited it at the altar, when the parts were reunited, and served for the marriage ring. This ring is mentioned in the "Beggars' Bush," by Beaumont and Fletcher. It is undeniable that finger rings look remarkably well upon a lady's delicate and well-formed pretty little hand or hands. They become them, and what a neat way they have for exhibiting the rings—there, that is sufficient.—*Troy Times.*

#### Fashion Notes.

Some of the short petticoats worn with little sacks for morning dress are quilted.

Link sleeve-buttons do not sell as well as the single buttons, in spite of the favor of fashion.

The powns with plain straight trains and fronts opening over trimmed aprons are in high favor.

Puffs of colored satin are inserted into the outer seam of black dress sleeves when they are worn in the evening.

Collars for the outer garments worn by small children are pointed on the right shoulder and fastened on the left by a steel clasp.

Aleatian bows for the hair are simply shirred to form their loops instead of being held together by a band of ribbon.

Veils of red gauze are much worn in Paris, although they injure the eyesight and make the face look as if painted.

It is a mistake for a young lady who wishes to appear slender to wear a very large cord about her waist, and a fat woman should content herself with a vest.

Webbing or stockinet, of silk, and in all the new colors, is sold by the yard for corsets and sleeves.

Cardinal, old gold and heliotrope satin line many of the most elaborately set embroidered dolmans.

Dresses continue to be narrow. Wide sleeves, gathered at the top, are much worn, and new combinations are combined with old ones.

Some of the most elegant ball dresses for the winter are of black tulle, embroidered with gold, amber and iridescent beads, and have a most dazzling effect.

#### one washed on Sunday.

He only whispered it to a lady friend who sat beside him in church, but it cost considerable trouble.

"There comes Mr. Proud's wife. Do you know she washes on Sunday? I've seen her do it," is what he said.

"Heavens! Can it be possible?" ejaculated the lady.

"Yes, but please don't say anything about it."

She didn't.

In exactly seven days by the clock everybody in church knew it. It came to the ears of Mr. Proud, and he set about tracing the story to its origin. Mrs. Proud was being snubbed by nearly everybody in the congregation. Even the minister forgot to take off his hat when he passed her in the street.

There was some talk of dropping Mrs. Proud's name from the roll of church membership.

Mr. Proud became furious. He went around town with a pistol in his pocket.

He finally found the lady who had started the report, and asked her who her informant was. She referred him to the gentleman who had mentioned it to her in church. Mr. Proud jammed his hat over his eyes and sought the miscreant.

"Did you say that my wife washed on Sunday?" asked Mr. Proud, with murder in his eye.

"Certainly," responded the man, without bugging a muscle.

"I want you to take it back."

"I can't. It's a fact, and I don't see anything to get mad about. I wouldn't let a wife of mine come to church without washing. Would you?"

Tableau.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

The marvelous accomplishments of electric telegraphy at the present day are seen in the following schedule of times and places, as given in a French paper of recent date: A telegraphic dispatch sent from Paris will reach Alexandria, Egypt, in five hours, Berlin in one hour thirty minutes, Basle in one hour and fifteen minutes, Bucharest in five hours, Constantinople in five hours, Copenhagen in four hours, Cuba in ten hours, Edinburgh in two hours and thirty minutes, Dublin in three hours, Frankfurt-on-the-Main in one hour twenty minutes, Geneva in one hour fifteen minutes, Hong Kong in twelve hours, Hamburg in one hour thirty minutes, Jerusalem in six hours, Liverpool in two hours, London in one hour fifteen minutes, Madrid in two hours thirty minutes, Manchester in two hours and thirty minutes, New York in four hours, New Orleans in eight hours, Rio Janeiro in eight hours, Rome in one hour thirty minutes, San Francisco in eleven hours, St. Petersburg in three hours, Saigon in eleven hours, Southampton in three hours, Sydney, Australia, in fifteen hours, Valparaiso in twelve hours, Vienna in one hour forty-five minutes, Washington in six hours, Yokohama in fourteen hours, and Zanzibar in seven hours.

In Mr. Gladstone's household, at Hawarden, was an old woman servant who had a son inclined to go wrong. The mother remonstrated and advised her boy, but all to no purpose; he seemed determined on a headlong course to ruin. At last the mother, in her desperation, caught the idea that if she could persuade the premier to take him in hand, perhaps the prodigal might be reclaimed. "Screwing her courage to the striking point"—for what will a mother not do for her child!—she approached her master, and, in trembling tones, preferred her request. Mr. Gladstone responded at once, and though the affairs of the greatest kingdom in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character he had the lad sent to his study, when Le pope-lander, "words of advice and reproof," and eventually kneel down and prayed a higher power to help in the work of redemption. This kindly action was effectual, and the lad became a reformed character.

The recent earthquake at Agram, Austria, was almost as terrible as similar convulsions in South America. The damage to private buildings in that city alone amounts, according to the best estimate, to upward of 4,000,000 of florins. Among the minor inconveniences consequent upon the disaster, the total suspension of lighting by gas was severely felt. But the inhabitants were not simply deprived of light by night, but even of fire by day. The chimneys of most dwelling-houses fell down, and though the cold was very severe the citizens did not venture to light their fires as usual. The loss and damage in works of art and antiquities in the city is very great. A most extraordinary natural phenomenon was observed at a spot about nine kilometers from Agram. There a number of fountains of hot water burst out from the earth. These geysers, which resembled the well known hot springs in Iceland, were, however, only temporary. It was also noticed that all the rivers and streams within a certain radius of Agram suddenly rose more than a yard above their previous and usual level.

Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame, is a tall and well-proportioned man, with black hair and beard, shining black eyes, a genial smile, and very gentle and courtly manners. His wife—an exceedingly pretty woman—was a Miss Hubbard, and although she is what is called a deaf-mute, she both talks and understands her interlocutor as well as those who have always heard and spoken. Her mother, acutely distressed by the indifference between her child's future and that of more fortunate children, bent her whole energies to the task of discovering methods of communication by the use and observation of muscles of the lips and throat, and was largely instrumental in developing and perfecting the system by which the educated deaf now talk themselves and understand what others say.

### His Diamond Pin.

A fashionable young man, belonging to one of the first families of Galveston, was seen on the street yesterday without his magnificent diamond pin, and a friend asked him: "Why, Gus, what has become of your big diamond pin—soaked it, eh?" "No, I've just lost it." "Why don't you advertise for it? You ought to offer five hundred dollars reward to the honest finder." "I don't want it found. I am scared to death for fear somebody will find it." "Why so?" "People would find out then that it is one of those thirty-five cent diamond pins you buy at a hardware store. Keep quiet about it until I get a duplicate."—*Galveston News.*

King Louis, of Bavaria, has summoned Richard Wagner to Munich to consult with him about the theater which is to be a part of the new royal residence upon an island in the lake of Herrenchiem. This palace is to cost \$10,000,000. Attached to the theater will be spacious and comfortable lodgings for all the artists who will be annually engaged to perform before the king. Only such guests will be invited as in King Louis' opinion are competent to appreciate Wagnerian music.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Lo' diet—Indian gruel.

Afghans are generally worsted.

A name for a female base-ball club we have read of—The Fem-nine.

All reports to the contrary, the ice crop for 1881 has not yet been damaged by frost.

A Michiganander sneezed from his nose the other day a minie ball that entered his eye years since, during the civil war.

Next.

An exchange says: "Threshing season is over"—in the very teeth of the fact that the schools have just opened for the year.

The man who bet he could jump across the Mississippi River in three jumps has postponed his attempt until mid-winter.

Quite right—A correspondent, who owns a valuable horse, objects to turning him into a pasture for fear he should graze his knees.

A queer old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied: "An appetite, good company, something to eat and a napkin."

A Boston musical critic lately remarked of a professional organ playing that he not only could handle Bach, but actually Beet-hoven.

A North Carolina woman stabbed the man who attempted to hug her. This story which all women are not enthusiastically in favor of a free press.

An old lady in New Scotland, hearing somebody say that the mails were irregular, said: "It was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

A poor young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is to "live within his income," whereas the difficulty experienced is to live without an income.

Mrs. Harriet Cooper, colored, aged 115 years, and weighing 400 pounds, died at Cheltenham, one of the suburbs of St. Louis, recently. Her husband, who is still living, is 101 years old. She was the mother of twenty-five children, the youngest being 62.

One of Hartford's popular dry goods merchants was asked the other day how he spent his evenings. His reply was, "At night I store my mind, and during the day I mind my store." He was alive at last accounts.

"I can't go to the party to-night," said Jones; "the truth is my shirt is in the wash." "Shirt in the wash!" shrieked Smith. "Why, man alive, have you but one shirt?" "One shirt!" exclaimed Jones in his turn; "you wouldn't want a man to have a million shirts, would you?"

### Sword-Wearing in Japan.

In Japan, the sword, until a recent date, has been considered a badge of the aristocracy. The etiquette which regulated the wearing of the long and short sword was expressed in a number of minute rules. Since the contact of the Japanese with Europeans and Americans these weapons are not so generally worn, and the rules have fallen into disuse. But the following narrative shows what was their character:

The most trivial breach of these minute observances was often the cause of murderous brawls and dreadful reprisals. To touch another's weapon, or to come into collision with the sheath, was a dire offense, and to enter a friend's house without leaving the sword outside was a breach of friendship.

Those whose position justified the accompanying of an attendant invariably left the sword in his charge at the entrance, or, if alone, it was usually laid down at the entrance.

If removed inside it was invariably done by the host's servants, and then not touched by the bare hand, but with a silk napkin kept for the purpose.

The sword was placed upon a sword-rack in the place of honor near the guest and treated with all the politeness due to an honored visitor who would resent a discourtesy.

To exhibit a naked weapon was a gross insult, unless when a gentleman wished to show his friends his collection.

To express a wish to see a sword was not usual, unless when a blade of great value was in question, when a request to be shown it would be a compliment the happy possessor appreciated.

The sword would then be handed with the back toward the guest, the owner and the hilt to the left, the hilt wrapping the hilt either in the little silk napkin always carried by gentlemen in their pockets, or in a sheet of clean paper.

The weapon was drawn from the scabbard and admired inch by inch, but not to the full length unless the owner pressed his guest to do so, when, with much apology, the sword was entirely drawn and held away from the other persons present.

After being admired it would, if apparently necessary, be carefully wiped with a special cloth, sheathed and returned to the owner as before.

The short sword was retained in the girdle, but at a long visit both host and guest laid it aside.