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## SONG OF TIM.

How warm a theme is that of time!  
Then why do I begin to rhyme  
Upon it now?  
Because to-night the air is filled  
With voices that will not be still—  
They will not cease.  
And always sing the same refrain  
Of time that never will come again,  
Of time that flies.  
Of all that time sweeps in its flight  
The voices sing to me to-night,  
Time comes all care—  
That is what I would fain believe,  
My heart therewith I do deceive,  
With faith in time.  
Oh, voices singing, be you mute,  
You touch a chord on my heart's lute  
But seldom played;  
Yet filling all the air around  
With a sweet melancholy sound,  
A song of time!  
Of time that was, of days so fair  
When all was young, and love was there—  
Long days ago!  
Be still! be still! that sad refrain!  
I do not listen once again  
To that same song—  
Maybe I hold those days too high,  
And yield them far too oft a sigh,  
Those days long since!  
Yet as they were the fairest yet  
Of all my days, then why forget  
That happy time?  
Though if it still should be my faith  
To live yet happier days, the date  
Of that sweet time.  
I'll bury, then, within the grave  
Which holds all things forgotten, save  
The present time.  
Nor heed a voice which whispers low,  
"The sweetest song is that you know  
Of long ago."  
So with the voices in the air  
I mingled mine, and, lo, was there  
A song of time.

## HUMBLED BY ADVERSITY.

"After all," Celandine Bellairs said, as she leaned back in her chair, her slipped feet half-buried in the silky pile of a white Angora rug, her dimpled hands clasped carelessly upon her head, "it was only a joke!"

Miss Bellairs was a beauty—one of those radiant blondes with complexions of snow and rose-blond, liquid, hazel eyes and hair of shining brown, all interwoven with gold, whom Titian and Peter Paul Rubens would have delighted to paint.

And being, without of an artistic temperament, she robed herself in pale blue tissues, cream-white nun's veiling and fairs of Spanish blonde, with here a deep-colored ribbon, there a spray of blood-red roses—a perfect carnival of color, on which the eye rested with unconscious delight.

Mrs. Hatfield sat opposite, the pale, plain married sister who had all her life served as a sort of foil to brilliant Celandine. Mrs. Hatfield was a widow, and therefore she dressed in black; she was poor, and therefore the crapes were rusty and the bombazine shabby to behold. Celandine, the child of her mother's second marriage, was one of life's butterflies; she herself, poor soul, was passively content to be a chrysalis, and nothing more.

"A joke?" said Mrs. Hatfield, reproachfully. "Celandine, I think you grow wilder and more irresponsible every day! What do you suppose he is doing now?"

"Probably congratulating himself upon his escape," said Celandine, with a laugh; "for it is an escape, if only he knew it."

"But he loved you, Celandine."

The beauty shrugged her shoulders. "Men don't die of love in this nineteenth century," said she. "And I'm sure he never could have supposed that I was going marching around the world after a half-starved army regiment, living upon a lieutenant's pay!"

"Then you shouldn't have allowed him to become engaged to you."

"I knew I could always get rid of him when I pleased," said the hazel-eyed coquet. "And he was the handsomest man at the Blue Sulphur Springs; and it was rather amusing to get him away from all the girls here and bring him an humble slave to my chariot-wheels."

"But, Celandine, stop and think," pleaded Mrs. Hatfield, who was, in her humble way, sort of second conscience to her beautiful half-sister. "If you read this thing in a novel, you would think it a cruel and wicked thing. To deliberately lay yourself out to charm and attract this young officer—to win him to a declaration of love, to accept him, and see his ring—"

"And a very pretty ring it is, too!" murmured Celandine, dreamily, glancing down at the flash of the diamond on her tapering finger.

"To plan to go with him to a picnic the very next day, and then deliberately, during his temporary absence, to take the train and go away, leaving neither message nor address! Ah, Celandine, think of it!"

"It was time the thing was brought to an end," said Celandine, composedly; "and I was tired to death

of the Blue Sulphur Springs—and of Lieutenant Erskine!"

"Celandine," cried Mrs. Hatfield, "what on earth do you suppose he thinks of you?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the cream-skinned blonde, in an accent which distinctly implied, "and I don't care, either."

"Don't you think you ought to write?" hesitatingly questioned Mrs. Hatfield.

"Write? What on earth should I write for?" scornfully cried Celandine. "The affair is over with, and it is a good thing that it is. Do let it rest in its grave. I shall write its epitaph in my diary. Flirtation No. 1001 came to a natural end July 8, 18—." And I do not suppose that I shall ever think of it again."

So Miss Bellairs and her sister went to New York, renewed their toilettes, took a trip to the wave-washed rocks of old Witch Hill, listened to the roar of the surf and the merry clash of the land at Newport, and then came home-sated with summer raptures, to Philadelphia.

Came home to discover, to their infinite chagrin and dismay, that the silver-haired old gentleman who had been Celandine's guardian and adviser since her father's death, had practiced on her the same extremely skillful device which she had so enjoyed at the Blue Sulphur Springs, and had disappeared, leaving no trace behind, except ruined credit, an empty exchequer, and a whole realm of penitential confessions, in letter shape.

"What am I to do?" said Celandine, turning with a pale, frightened face to Mrs. Hatfield.

And that lady, never very prompt at an emergency, answered only with a fit of impotent hysterics.

There are fortunately a number of ways, now that the world is growing wiser and more tolerant, in which a woman can earn her bread, and to these, in hapless succession, Celandine Bellairs turned her attention.

Mrs. Moneyland, one of her rich friends, wanted a companion.

"To be like my own daughter," said that lady, all fat, self-satisfied smiles.

And Celandine rashly believed that all toil and trial were at an end now. But at a month's end poor Celandine resigned her position.

"I am sure I don't know how you could easily secure an easier position," said Mrs. Moneyland, bridling up. "An ample salary and really nothing to do but to solace my loneliness."

"Yes, I know," said Celandine. "But nobody could endure being called up at 3 o'clock in the morning to read aloud to you, to mend lace all the afternoon and superintend servants all the morning; to sit steadfastly in the house, for fear that I might be wanted, and to lose night after night of rest taking care of invalid sky-terriers and sick parrots. Washing or scrubbing would probably be harder work, but it would always come to an end."

"You are an ungrateful young viper!" sobbed Mrs. Moneyland. "When you know, too, how well your voice suited me, and how dear Gygis, the dog, liked your ways?"

Celandine tried a position as a telegraph operator next and failed. Telegraphing required practice and nerve, and poor Celandine had neither.

She took in bead-work and fine embroidery and broke hopeless down at the end of a week.

Mrs. Hatfield, who had accepted a situation as housekeeper in a gentleman's family, viewed her poor little sister's successive failures with dismay.

"I'm sure, Celandine," said she, "I don't know what is to become of you! Couldn't you get in somewhere as shop girl or lady attendant in some fashionable emporium, or—"

"I do not think I could endure the fatigue," said Celandine, faintly.

"Poor folks can't afford to be too particular," said Mrs. Hatfield, pursing her lips.

But just about this time Mrs. Bridgeby, the fat and comfortable preceptress in whose "institute" Celandine Bellairs and her sister had been educated, lost her English governess, and graciously consented to allow Miss Bellairs to fill the vacancy at a merely nominal salary.

"Just until something else should turn up, you know, my dear," said Mrs. Bridgeby, smilingly.

And here, for two mortal years, Celandine drudged on, wearing out soul and body alike in the wretched servitude of an unloving task.

For Celandine was one of those nervous, sensitive creatures, who are the least adapted to teaching of all conceivable professions.

And yet life, insipid though it was, must be purchased on some terms; and the girl went mechanically through her task-work like some automaton, day after day, week after week, month after month.

Until, one day, a gleam of possible deliverance appeared on the horizon. Mrs. Bridgeby waddled into the room and announced that a governess was wanted at Lisle Tower, on the very edge of the Adirondacks.

"And of course, my dear," said Mrs. Bridgeby, "I recommend you at once. Five hundred dollars a year, only one little girl to educate and amuse, and delightful country air. My dear, it's a chance in a thousand. An officer's lady—stay! where is the card? I declare, I thought I had it in my pocket. I must have dropped it somewhere. But the address is Lisle Tower, near Caldwell, Lake George. You're to take the cars to Caldwell, and there you are to be met with a carriage. And here's your car-ticket, all bought and paid for."

So Celandine, much rejoicing, was borne out of the atmosphere of scholastic toil into a newer, brighter world, and alighted on the shore of blue, beautiful Lake George in the gloaming of a soft summer evening.

The carriage was there, waiting—a dark, wine-colored landau, drawn by prancing black horses, all glittering with plated harness, in which sat a lovely little girl and a handsome young brute, netted of two or three and twenty.

"This is your little pupil, Miss Bellairs," said she—"my daughter, Irene Erskine. I am Mrs. Erskine, and I hope that we shall be the best of friends. My husband is a lieutenant in the army, so that I am necessarily much at home, and your society will be the greatest of all boons to me."

Celandine felt sick and giddy. The blue hills that surrounded the lake seemed to swim around her. The golden sunshine became as blue before her eyes. Had the idiotic folly of her butterfly days then found her out? Was she going to Charlton Erskine's very home, a dependent and a drudge, to work out the recompense of her sins? Ah, how hard it was to smile and say "yes" and "no" as pretty young Mrs. Erskine chattered on!

Yet it was not altogether the shame and the keen mortification which stung her so keenly. She knew now—she had known, alas!—that Charlton Erskine's image had been tenderly cherished in her heart all these years. She had flung him away like a broken toy in the haughty triumph of her beauty, and now she knew that—she loved him!

A circular, stone tower, rising up against the dark hemlock woods; long low wings, where the welcoming lights twinkled brightly; crimson, balustraded doors thrown open, and Celandine entered, her eyes blinded by the soft glow of candles.

"It's the new governess, Charlie," said Mrs. Erskine; and then, in an aside—"The prettiest creature you ever saw, and with the prettiest name, too—Miss Celandine Bellairs."

And then, to her horror, Celandine found herself face to face with—Lieutenant Erskine himself, the old lover she had known so long ago!

"My engaged wife!" he said, holding out both hands, with a smile not entirely devoid of mischief. "Celandine, why did you run away from me four years ago?"

With a throbbing heart she tried to draw away her hand.

"You are Mrs. Erskine's husband?" said she. "Let me go—for heaven's sake, let me go!"

"I am not Mrs. Erskine's husband," said he. "The Mrs. Erskine does not live who has any claims on me."

"Then who is this lady?" said Celandine, scarcely crediting her ears.

"I am Mrs. Lieutenant Erskine," said the pretty brunette. "My husband is in A. S. A. This gentleman is my brother-in-law, Colonel Erskine, who has just arrived from Washington. And now, dear Miss Bellairs, come upstairs, and let them bring you some tea, for I am sure you must be fainting from fatigue."

But the radiant face which Celandine turned toward her disabused her from the idea.

"I do not think I shall ever be tired again!" said Celandine, softly.

"One minute, dearest," Colonel Erskine whispered, as his sister-in-law delivered little Lillian into the care of the plump French nurse. "You are still my engaged wife? Say that you are!"

"Oh, Charlton," she cried, "I do not deserve after the cruel way in which I have treated you, that you should ever speak to me again!"

"I love you, Celandine," he said, simply—"I have always loved you!"

"Even when I went away from the Blue Sulphur Springs?"

"Yes, even then."

She put her hand in his, with ineffable tenderness in her eyes.

"And I," said she, "have always loved you, Charlton, although I discovered it too late."

"Not too late, Celandine," said he. "Heaven is more merciful to us than our deserts."

And so, in the pine-scented shadows of the Adirondacks, Celandine Bellairs solved the riddle of her life and discovered the secret of her own heart.

**CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.**

Titles have been abolished twice in France; in 1789 and 1848.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in the United States was made soon after the war of 1812.

The first temperance society in the United States was organized in Saratoga county, N. Y., in March, 1808.

Confucius was born 551 B. C., but his precepts did not form the Chinese state religion until five centuries later.

An exchange says that a set of paper wheels under a truck of an engine of the Central Vermont railroad have been in use twelve years, and are still apparently sound.

The first Union flag was unfurled on January 1, 1776, over the camp of Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red, and retained the English cross in one corner.

The Persians used sculpture principally upon the buttresses of the steps placed before palaces. Processions of men from different countries bringing tribute to the monarch were the favorite decoration, or else files of guards.

As is often the case with men of his stamp, Bismarck is somewhat superstitious. He is a firm believer of good and bad days, and does not think that any undertaking will prosper if begun on Friday. He also dislikes exceedingly to sit at a table when there are thirteen.

Originally, the Aryan nations lived in the highlands of Central Asia east of the Caspian sea and north of the Hindu Kush mountains. The climate of this country was then much more agreeable than it is now, and the soil was much more fertile. The dispersal of these tribes probably took place about 3000 B. C.

Some curious facts were lately related regarding hydrophobia before the Academy of science, Paris, by M. Bert. It seems that inoculation with mucus from the respiratory passages of a mad dog caused rabies, but that with the salivary liquids did not. Reciprocal transfusion of blood between a healthy and a mad dog caused no rabies in the former.

**Effect of the Comet in China.**

The appearance within the last two years of two comets has been regarded as a menacing portent by Chinese politicians. The comets' resemblance to flaming swords is regarded as emblematic of the vengeance of heaven on an unworthy nation. It is stated that in consequence of the last comet, an urgent decree has been promulgated in the name of the young monarch, stating that it is a clear indication that the officials are lax in making proper reports to the throne, and have been keeping the emperor in the dark as to pestilences and other calamities among the people. His majesty has reason to believe that improper officials have been appointed; he has, moreover, in the seclusion of his palace, judge his imperial heart to a rigorous examination, and he is much disquieted at the result. The people, he finds, are poverty-stricken, and await relief, and the present is a time of great anxiety and embarrassment. The crisis must be met with prompt measures and a reverent heart; the ministers are accordingly enjoined to exhibit loyalty and justice, and to strenuously guard themselves against the trappings of official routine. They are to discover the real state of the country, and to make such dispositions as may give rise to all possible advantage, and eradicate all possible evil. If all this be done, we have the imperial assurance that the people will live in peace and quietness, till heaven be in harmony with earth, and all harmful influences allayed. If decrees were always obeyed, the comet will have exercised a beneficial influence on the condition of the Chinese people.

**Public Letter-Writers.**

One street sight that interests me specially, says a Rome (Italy) letter, is the public letter-writer, who still plies his trade as in the old, old days of which I read so long ago. I had quite forgotten there were such people, but one morning as we were trying to find a short cut to the Pantheon, we came suddenly into a quiet little open square round which were established seven men, each with his table and writing materials, waiting for customers. Of course I insisted on waiting to see whether people did really engage in this vicarious style of correspondence, and I was quickly gratified by the arrival at one table of an aged woman, and at another of a young girl, who gave the scribe their sentiments and their soul, and sat watching his slow-moving fingers with evident satisfaction.

**FIVE HUNDRED AN HOUR.**

The Marvellous Celerity With Which Hogs Are Killed in Chicago Packing Houses.

A Chicago letter contains an interesting account of the methods of operation in the big packing houses of the Western metropolis. Says the writer: We began where the hogs were driven from the stock-yard pens and followed them until they were cut into pork, made into sausage or the hams put into the smoke-house. The killing was not a pleasant sight, but it was a wonderful one. The hogs were driven into a narrow pen, some fifty at a time. There half-grown boys fasten a clamp, resembling a handcuff, about a hind leg, hooked it to a chain and a man at the bench above them touched a lever. Thus the animal was raised by machinery until the snout was about waist-high, when another lever threw it upon an incline and it slid toward the sticer, who stood, knife in hand, ready to sever the jugular vein. As the hog passed him, by a quick turn, applied the knife and the animal passed on to the scalding vat, and the man killed the next before the first had hardly passed him. Thus a constant string of hogs was passing continually. Five hundred hogs an hour is the average work for ten hours each day of each of the two men who officiate as executioners in this house. It is expert work, and the men receive \$5 a day for their work. From the moment the hog is hoisted to the slide it never stops until hung up thoroughly cleaned. It is dead when it reaches the scalding vat, and when the procession begins to move in the morning the machine is constantly throwing hogs in and out with the certainty of clock-work. As they are thrown out of the vat men scratch the bristles off and lay them carefully by. Machinery then takes them up and scrapes the hair off. At the end of the cleaning table a man stands knife in hand, who must sever the head with the exception of enough flesh to hold it, with one blow. He strikes the joint every time, and gets \$3.75 per day for his work.

A man opposite hoists the hog off the table to another slide and down it goes in the long procession that never halts until the hogs are finally dressed, for the heads are fully severed while moving by men who stand, knife in hand, to do the work. The entrails are taken out much in the same way. It is many hundred feet from where the animals go to the slaughter to the cooling-out room, but they never stop from the time they start until they reach it. Not a word is spoken by the hundreds of men who take part in the killing and dressing. Every man knows what to do and does it without orders. It is a feature of the whole establishment that there is no talking in any of the departments. The work is so systematized that orders are not necessary, and the business is so driving that there is no time for frolic.

The cattle are killed and dressed in much the same way as the pork, except that they are first shot and then hung up by machinery and dressed. It takes from three to five minutes from the time an ox is shot until it is hung up cut in half. From 1,000 to 1,500 cattle are slaughtered every day.

**Home Looks.**

Many people have a set of home looks which they regularly put on when about home, the same as they put on their common clothes. With some it is a care-worn look; with others a complaining expression; with many a sickly appearance, as if they were caving in; and with not a few it is an ugly, cross visage. When some neighbor happens to come in or when they put on their good clothes and go out you would not know them if you had become acquainted with them when wearing their home looks. Now, what we have to say as hygienists on this subject is that it is not healthy to wear such expressions. They certainly affect not only the health of the wearers, but of the other members of the family. They are especially depressing to children. If worn by a husband, to a wife they are agonizing; if worn by the wife they make the husband feel as if he did not care to hurry home. Our outside admirers our good neighbors and others are entitled to no better facial expressions than our home people. If we must in some instances change our clothes for economy's sake, let us not change what does not cost anything—a cheerful countenance. Carry that home; at home preserve it; go to bed with it; get up with it; gather the family around the table with it. It is a good tonic for self and everybody.—*Dr. Foster's Health Monthly.*

The United States spends \$600,000,000 a year for alcoholic drinks. It is estimated that more than 200,000 people are engaged in selling that amount of liquor.

**THE FAMILY DOCTOR.**

**Vegetable Diet.**

Gunshot and other wounds never heal as quick in flesh-eating nations as in vegetable-eating nations. Flesh-eaters are especially subject to inflammatory diseases, particularly fevers and dysentery. Overindulgence in animal food gives an unnatural life, leads to sensuality, sensuality brings on exhaustion, exhaustion demands stimulation, ending in sickness, insanity and death. A vegetable diet, based on physiological principles, with a sound mind in a sound body, may be considered an absolutely certain safeguard against fevers, blood complaints, cholera, smallpox and similar diseases. Abstinence from animal food, tobacco, snuff, alcoholic and fermented beverages is conducive to piety, moral goodness and long life.—*H. H. Rutley, M. D.*

**Treatment of a Cold.**

The *London Monthly Magazine* reports Dr. Graham as saying that it is not correct practice, after a cold is caught, to make the room a person sits in much warmer than usual, to increase the quantity of bedclothes, wrap up in flannel and drink a large quantity of hot tea, gruel or other slops, because it will invariably increase the feverishness, and in the majority of instances prolong rather than lessen the duration of the cold. It is well known that confining inoculated persons in warm rooms will make their smallpox more violent, by augmenting the general heat and fever; and it is for the same reason that a similar practice in the present complaint is attended with analogous results, a cold being in reality a slight fever. In some parts of England, among the lower order of people, a large glass of cold spring water, taken on going to bed, is found to be a successful remedy, and, in fact, many medical practitioners recommend a reduced atmosphere and frequent draughts of cold fluid as the most efficacious remedy for a recent cold, particularly when the patient's habit is full and plethoric. Dr. Graham further says: "It is generally supposed that it is the exposure to a cold or wet atmosphere which produces the effect called cold, whereas it is returning to a warm temperature after exposure which is the real cause of the evil. When a person in the cold weather goes into the open air, every time he draws in his breath the cold air passes through his nostrils and windpipe into the lungs, and, consequently, diminishes the heat of these parts. As long as the person continues in the cold air, he feels no bad effect from it; but as soon as he returns home, he approaches the fire to warm himself, and very often takes some warm and comfortable drink to keep out the cold, as it is said. The inevitable consequence is that he will find that he has taken cold. He feels a shivering which makes him draw nearer the fire, but all to no purpose; the more he tries to heat himself the more he chills. All the mischief here caused by the violent action of the heat. To avoid this when you come out of a very cold atmosphere, you should not at first go into a room that has a fire in it; or if you cannot avoid that, you should keep for a considerable time at as great a distance as possible, and, above all, refrain from taking warm or strong liquors when you are cold. This rule is founded on the same principle as the treatment of any part of the body when frost-bitten. If it were brought to the fire it would soon mortify, whereas, if rubbed with snow, no bad consequences follow from it. Hence, if the following rule were strictly observed—when the whole body or any part of it is chilled, bring it to its natural feeling and warmth by degrees—the frequent colds we experience in winter would in a great measure be prevented."

**Mob Law Near London.**

Mob violence by no means peculiar to this country. The village of Hounslow, near London, was lately the scene of something not unlike an American lynching. This was an incident of the Edwardes-Whitmarsh case. Dr. Edwardes, a popular young physician, committed suicide, leaving a letter which stated that a lying charge of dishonorable conduct had been brought against him by a woman; that Dr. Whitmarsh, his partner, had taken advantage of it to crowd him out of a thriving practice, and concluded with the words, "May God curse Michael Whitmarsh." Edwardes had been popular, and Whitmarsh was disliked. Day after day, there was rioting in Hounslow, and Whitmarsh was forced to hide himself and all his family. He was burned in effigy by bricks were hurled through his windows until not a pane of glass was left, his brougham was demolished and preparations were being made to burn his residence when the police finally restored order.

**"MOOLLE-EN-NEBBEE."**

How the Moolle-En-Nebbee is Celebrated in Egypt.

A recent Cairo letter to the New York Herald says: During the past ten days Cairo has presented a most lively and ultra-oriental aspect. The great Arab metropolis has abandoned itself to the delights of celebrating the grand religious festival of the Moolle-En-Nebbee, the birthday of the Prophet, 800th of the innumerable sects of dervishes with their banners, torches, pipes and drums have been marching and countermarching about the brilliantly illuminated mosques; returned pilgrims and venerable sheiks from the four corners of Islam have been riding to and fro on great white donkeys; the fair and frail successors of the now almost extinct ghazewehs or public dancing girls, who have danced at feasts since times even before the exodus, and whom Lane, the king of Orientalists, says "are altogether the finest women in Egypt," promenade the streets on foot and in barouches, and the ardent but timid Circassian inmates of princely harems, wearing transparent white veils and delicately tinted silk dresses, and guarded by those other "lilies of the field," the sleek black eunuchs, drive about in closed broughams and listen to the Song of Solomon chanted by the Ahmud-derwishes, squatting cross-legged on mats of straw.

At noon I went to the large vacant space beyond the southern suburbs of Cairo that had been set apart for the Moolle-En-Nebbee. Here hundreds of colossal tents, pitched in the form of a square, inclosed a space of over thirty acres. In the center of the square were a dozen huge mats, supported by hundreds of shrouds and gayly decked with green and red flags and glass balls. In the middle of the northern row of tents was that of the khedive—a vast walled canopy, sixty yards square by ten yards high, and the whole interior lined with the most delicately woven crimson texture of pure silk. On the ground under the tent was spread an enormous French carpet. Twenty or thirty crimson silk arm-chairs were arranged inside the tent in the form of a horseshoe. At the bend of the horseshoe and facing the entrance to the tent was an enormous arm-chair surmounted by the khedive's arms, which served as a sort of throne. Seated in this chair was the khedive. His highness was dressed in a plain black official coat, dark trousers and white waistcoat. He wore, of course, the tarboush, or fez. Seated in the chair on the khedive's right was the famous Sheikh El Bekry—the lineal descendant of Abu Bekr, the first Khalif and chief of all the dervishes of Egypt. His holiness was dressed in a stuff-colored cashmere gown and wore a snow-white turban. The other chairs were occupied by the Sheikh 'U Islam, the cabinet ministers and higher officials of the palace.

At 1 o'clock over a thousand dervishes, headed by their respective sheiks, filed solemnly past the khedive. Conspicuous among these was the sheik of the Saadeeh-derwishes, a wrinkled old man with coal-black eyes and a long white beard. It was this sheik of the Saadeeh-derwishes who used to perform the ceremony of the doosh—that is, he used to ride his horse over the prostrate bodies of about one hundred dervishes. Some of these poor fanatics would have their brains dashed out by the animal's hoofs, but the majority often escaped with merely a few bruises on the backs and legs. This terrible feature of the Moolle-En-Nebbee has for the past two years been forbidden by the khedive and is replaced by the present procession of dervishes. These dervishes are sallow-faced, san-timonious-looking fellows, with deep bass voices. Their dress is very much the same as other Egyptians, and many of them are barbers, dyers and tradesmen, and attend to their daily work like other ordinary mortals. Their tenets, rules and ceremonies are similar in many instances to those of the Freemasons, and, like the latter, are not to be divulged to the uninitiated. Some of the dervishes who confine themselves to religious exercises submit by begging. These are much respected by the folk, and resort to all sorts of tricks to make people believe them capable of performing miracles.

The Russian and Mennonite colonists in Minnesota have solved the fuel problem for a time at least by burning refuse straw and grass. At first dry prairie hay was abundant, and could be had for the gathering. Later, as this has come into greater demand, they grow a late crop exclusively for fuel. It is burned in great stoves having such capacity that the fire needs renewing only two or three times in twenty-four hours. But it remains to be seen what effect the continuous burning of the hay, straw and corn will have on fertility.