The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One copy, one year, ... $2.00
One copy, six months 1.00
One copy, three months, ...50

The Chatham Record.

VOL. VI. PITTSBORO', CHATHAM CO., N. C., OCTOBER 11, 1883. NO. 5.

The Chatham Record.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, ... $1.00
One square, two insertions, ... 1.50
One square, one month, ... 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

The Skein We Wind.

If you and I, to-day
Should stop and lay
Our lifework down, and let our hands fall
where they will—
Fall down to lie quite still—
And if some other hand should come and
stoop to find
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,
Beginning where we stopped; if it should
come to keep
Our lifework going, seek
To carry out the good design,
Distinctively made yours or mine,
What would it find?

Some work we must be doing, true or false;
Some threads we wind; some purpose so
exalts
Itself that we look up to it, or down,
As to a crown
To bow before, and we weave threads
Of different length and thickness—some mere
shreds—
And wind them round
Till all the skein of life is bound,
Sometimes forgetting all the time
To ask
The value of the threads, or choose
Strong stuff to use.

No hand but winds some thread;
It cannot stand quite still till it is dead
But what it spins and winds a little skein.
God made each hand for work—not toil-stain
Is required, but every hand
Spins, though but ropes of sand.
If love should come,
Stooping above when we are done,
To find bright threads
That we have held, that it may spin them
longer—find but shreds
That break when touched—how cold,
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hand will hold
The broken shreds, and know
Fresh cause for more.

HIRAM'S VISIT.

"Going to git married, be you, Hiram?"

Hiram Honeydew colored at the abrupt question, but he answered, truthfully:

"I don't see what else I kin do, Aunt Peggy. Sister Susan is bent on a-marryin' the school-teacher an' a-goin' off to the Black Hills or som'eres away out of all creation. An' here's all the fall work a-comin' on—that medder hay to stack, an' corn to cut, pumkins to gether an' all them windfalls an' Siberian crabs to make up in cider fur the apple-butter, an' no help to be got fur love or money. An' it stands to reason I can't tend the farm and cook the vittles, too. So I thought soon as thrashin' was over—you've promised to stay till then, Aunt Peggy—an' then I thought I'd go round som'eres nigh about Clover Creek, where some of our kinfolks live, an' stay a week or so, an' git a—a—somebody that can housekeep an' the like—do the milkin' an' churnin', 'tend to puttin' up fruit, makin' apple-butter, take keer of the chickens an' ducks, an' do the cookin' an' cleanin'. Sister Susan was a powerful good housekeeper, an' she couldn't be beat a-cookin', either. If I could find a good sort of a woman that 'ud cook ekal to Susan, I wouldn't mind a marryin' her."

"Humph! So you expect to git a wife an' a good one, too, in a week or two, hey? You're a gump, Hiram Honeydew, an' nothin' else. Besides, you'd ought to git a wife you could keer fur, as well as a good housekeeper. Housekeepin' an' cookin' ain't everything, I tell you. There's sech a thing as affeckshin between man and wife."

But Hiram scouted at this idea.

"One woman is the same as another to me," he returned, loftily. "I want a housekeeper, an' that's why I'm a-goin' to marry at all."

"Wal then, Hiram, if you're bound an' determined to go an' hunt up a wife that a-way, mebbe I kin help you a little. I knowed the folks about Clover Creek like a book when yer Uncle Eli was alive, an' we lived on the old Honeydew farm. An' thar was Mahala Nutter. She married Job Perky, an' they bought a farm on Clover Hill, t'other side the creek. There wan't nobody could beat Mahala a housekeepin' them days, an' most likely her darter, Marthy Jane, hes tuck after her. They are sort o' kin folks o' yourn, too. Mahaly was yer Uncle Eli's own cousin. An' ef you like, I'll write 'em a few lines, an' tell 'em you're a-comin, an' sort o' perpare 'em, fur nobody likes to hev comp'ny onexpected."

And so it was settled, much to Hiram's relief, and he whetted his scythe and went out to mow a feed of green clover for his horses with a lighter heart than he had had for a week.

For he had made up his mind that if Martha Jane Perky was as good a housekeeper as Aunt Peggy said, he would bring her home with him as Mrs. Honeydew in a week's time, if she was willing.

And no doubt she would be, for Hiram was quite a good-looking man, with pleasant brown eyes, curly brown hair, and a thick, brown moustache.

Moreover he was "well-to-do," and almost any of the girls in his own neighborhood would have jumped at the chance of presiding over his broad acres and picturesque cottage farmhouse, half buried in sugar-maples and tall Lollard poplar-trees.

But to Hiram, as to most others, distance lent enchantment to the view, and he was "bound and determined, as Aunt Peggy had said, to seek his fate in some of the wide old farm-houses dotting the fertile borders of Clover Creek.

* * * * * *

"He'll be a mighty good ketch fur you an' no mistake, Marthy Jane," commented Mrs. Perky, when Aunt Peggy's letter had been duly received and read. "A mighty good ketch, an you must do your best to ketch him. 'Tain't often a gal has sech a chance throwed at her head, an' if you've got a mite o' pluck about you, you won't let them stuck-up Briggses git ahead of you. Delilah Briggs would give her ears to git ahead of you, I'll bet a button!"

To which bit of logic Martha Jane assented with a toss of her head, and the assurance that Delilah Briggs, nor no one else, wasn't a-goin' to git ahead of her.

Consequently, when farmer Perky drove his gray team to the gate, with Hiram Honeydew on the seat beside him, the necessary preparations had already been made—doors scoured, baking done, and a substantial country dinner, with a dessert of apple-dumplings and sweet-cream sauce, ready to be served.

While Martha Jane, in a pink plaid frock, with fluted ruffles, stood waiting to welcome the expected guest.

"She's mortal humly," thought Hiram, as he sat smoking, after dinner, on the porch, and mentally reviewing Martha Jane's narrow forehead, hard black eyes and high-colored cheeks. "But, then, I ain't a-lookin' out fur beauty, an' if she—in other ways, I reckin 'tain't no great matter how she looks. A girl with them kind of eyes an' a mahogany-colored skin kin do the chores an make butter, an' sech, as good as if she had blue eyes an' goldy-lookin' hair, like that girl they call Hitty, that brought in the dumplin's an' passed round the dip fur 'em at dinner to-day. She's the hired girl, I reckin. 'T any rate I ain't got time to hunt round much, an' I reckin Marthy Jane won' mind changin' her name to Honeydew afore long, an' I've got to hurry up I ain't got no time to waste a-courtin'. I reckin if nothin' happens we kin be married in a week, an' git back home. I don't like to stay here a settin' round doin' nothin', with all the fall work a-gittin' behind at the farm."

* * * * * *

"Oh, dear!"

Down through the long grass and crimson clover-heads, under scrubby haws and tall persimmon trees, went Hitty Mavis, a deep-caped sunbonnet shading her violet eyes and tangled yellow curls.

She was after the cows, standing knee-deep in the tall aftermath, where they had been turned for pasturage after the meadow hay was cut.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Hitty again. "I'm so tired, and here's the cows to drive home, milking to do, sponge to set for the baking to-morrow, and goslings knows what else, and—Oh!"

She started back, with a little scream, for seated on the fence, under the shadow of a crimson-leafed sassafras-tree, sat Hiram Honeydew, coolly watching her.

Hitty's cheeks turned from pink to scarlet as she met the admiring glances of his frank, brown eyes, and her heart beat fas er than common.

But Hitty was a sensible girl, so she said, "Good evening, Mr. Honeydew!" quite coolly, and began driving home the cows.

But Hiram sprang down from his perch on the rail fence and followed her.

"Let me help you, Miss Hitty!" he begged. "I ain't used to loafin' around, doin' nothin', like I've been fur some days now; and it'll be a treat to drive home the cows, even."

So they walked together through the velvety aftermath, dotted with scarlet butterfly-weed, and crimson-petaled "nigger-heads," the lowing cows filing slowly home, lazily chewing their cuds, and switching their tails at the flies.

Hiram let down the bars, and turned the cows into the yard, while Hitty brought out the milk-pails from under a bunch of burdock-leaves, where she had left them.

And somehow, in spite of the milking and setting the sponge, and doing up the chores, Hitty's heart beat more lightly than it had for many a day.

And instead of one week Hiram Honeydew stayed two, but still Martha Jane had not been invited to change her name.

"She's a mighty good housekeeper," thought Hiram, meditatively. "If little Hitty could only cook an' housekeep as good as her. I—don't—know—"

He ended by building a castle in the air, wherein Hitty Mavis, with her violet eyes, and "goldy" colored hair, was the chief figure.

* * * * * *

"Hitty Mavis!"

Martha Jane's hard, black eyes looked harder than ever, and her sharp features seemed sharper still as she bounced wrathfully into the kitchen where Hitty sat slicing a bowl of yellow Crawford peaches for supper.

"You kin pack up your duds and go! You a-settin' up to ketch a beau, as if Hiram Honeydew would look at you."

"I—Martha Jane, what on earth do you mean?"

Hitty's eyes expanded, and the pink in her cheeks deepened to a glowing scarlet.

"You know well enough what I mean!" sneered Martha. "You needn't to look so innercent, like butter wouldn't melt in your mouth, an' you a-strainin' every nerve to ketch Hiram Honeydew—a-cajolin' him to help you milk, an' drive up the cows, an' the like. It's jest like your owdacious doin's, an' you kin pack up an' leave—right away, too!"

"But I don't know where to go!"

Hitty's heart beat like a frightened robin's at the thought of being driven friendless into the world, but Martha Jane was implacable.

"It's nothin' to me where you go, so you leave here," she sniffed, as she flounced angrily away.

"Go with me, Hitty!" said a tender voice, and Hiram Honeydew stepped suddenly into the little kitchen. "Go with me, Hitty, and be my wife."

Hitty's cheeks grew redder than before, but she did not draw away from his offered embrace.

"Not gone yet?" cried a shrill voice, as the door was jerked viciously open. "Didn't I tell you to pack up—Oh, Mr. Honeydew, you here? Come and have tea—we're a-waitin' fur you."

"Excuse me!" was the cold reply. "I shall just have time to take my wife—that is to be—over to the parsonage. Will you come to the wedding?"

But, with a scornful sniff and toss of her head, Martha Jane flounced off again.

* * * * * *

"An' so you didn't marry Mahala's darter, after all!" cried Aunt Peggy, who was waiting to receive them.

"None!" stammered Hiram. Hitty kin learn to keep house, I reckin—"

"Learn?" cried Hitty. "Why, I did all the housekeeping at Aunt Mahala's. She is my aunt, though they wouldn't let me call her so. Marthy Jane never did a lick of work in her life."

And so Hiram Honeydew got a wife and a housekeeper all in one, after all.

Harvesting Throughout the World.

That the harvest of the world, or the reaping of the cereal crops on the earth, takes place in different periods on account of the different latitudes and consequent different seasons, is a well known fact; that these periods embrace altogether more than three-fourths of the year might not be known. In Australia, New Zealand, the greater part of Chili, and some districts of Argentine Republic, the harvest takes place in January; in the month of February it commences in East India, and progressing toward the north, terminates in March—Mexico Egypt, Persia and Syria harvest in April; the north Asia Minor, China, Japan, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco, and Texas in May. The following countries reap their harvests in June, California, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece and the south of France. In the other parts of France, in Austro-Hungary, the south of Russia, and the greater part of the United States the crop is gathered in July. In the month of August the following countries harvest: Belgium, Germany, England, the Netherlands, and Denmark; in September, Scotland, Sweden, Norway Canada, the north of Russia, the latter continuing until in October.

A Hen Hatches Snakes.

On the farm of George Logan, near Lebanon, in the county of Warren, Ohio, a hen has long evinced an ardent desire to become a mother, by persistent efforts to hatch door-knobs and anything else that bore the remotest resemblance to an egg, that her owner finally had pity on her, and placed in her favorite barrel fourteen curious eggs that he had discovered in turning a furrow. Then he went off to camp-meeting and thought no more about the matter until his return, when he was amazed to find that the hen had hatched into this wicked world fourteen little snakes for which she was caring with the utmost affection and solicitude and from which she received constant demonstrations of filial affection. Next.

THE TAPU AMONG MAORIS.

Weeping and Laughing in Church—Cause of Some Massacres—Drugs versus Cannibalism.

The Maoris are a people who not only weep in church at the pathetic passages, but laugh uproariously at anything in lessons or sermon that tickles their fancy. Mr Hay has seen a church full of them waving their arms, stamping their feet, grinding their teeth with rage, when the treachery of Judas was being related. To such people Christianity came as a new form of tapu (taboo). They are ready for any number of rites and ceremonies, and it was only when they began to read for themselves, and to contrast the teachings of the Book with the conduct of the land-grabbing pakehas round them; when, moreover, their implicit faith in the missionary had been weakened by the coming in of rival faiths, each claiming to be the only true way, that they got to be eclectic, giving up the New Testament in its practical portions, and sticking by the Old, because it allowed polygamy and revenge and strictly forbade the alienation of land.

This tapu had many uses. A river was tapu at certain seasons, so as to give a close time for fish; a wood was tapu when birds were nesting, fruit ripening, or rats (delicacies in the old Maori cuisine) multiplying. To tapu a garden answered—till Captain Cook brought in pigs—far better than the strongest fence. A girl, tapued, would be as safe amid the wild license of unmarried Maori life as if she had been in a nunnery. Tapu was probably never intentionally broken, so weird was the horror which surrounded it. But in this case sinning in ignorance was no excuse, and the most furious wars were those which arose from breaking it. The sign of tapu was easily set up—a bunch of flax or hair, a bone, a rag on a carved stick, that was enough. To lift it was much harder, needing the intervention of the tohunga (priest), who by muttering incantations, and, above all, by making the tabooed man eat a sweet potato (kumera) charmed it away.

Many a massacre of whites was due to an unwitting infringement of the tapu. The historic massacre of Du Fresne and his crew was brought about by a deliberate breach of tapu, and such outrages on native feeling were so dangerous that Governor Macquarie, of Sydney, in 1815, tried to make every skipper in the New Zealand trade sign a bond for £1000 not to kill treat Maoris not to break tapu, not to trespass on burial grounds, not to kidnap men or women. His efforts were fruitless. Maoris were fine, sturdy fellows, and though there was, as yet, no Kanaka labor market in Queensland no Queensland at all in fact, a ship that was short-handed was very glad to get some of them on board by any kind of device. The worst thing connected with the carrying off of native women was that the poor creatures were generally put ashore in some other port of the islands—i. e., among enemies. There slavery, or worse, was sure to be their fate. Another cause for bloody reprisal was the treatment of the men who were taken on board. "I'm a chief," said one, who was being driven by a rope's end, when incapable through seasickness, to some menial work. "You a chief!" scoffingly replied the master of the Boyd, for that was the name of the ill-fated ship. "When you come to my country you'll find I'm a chief," was the reply. The Boyd happened to sail into the harbor of Whangaroa, the very place to which the dogged chief belonged. He showed his tribesmen his scored back, and they vowed vengeance, for even a blow to a chief is an insult that can only be wiped out with blood. The captain and part of the crew, leaving some fifty souls on the ship, went ashore to select timber. The Maoris waylaid and murdered them, dressing themselves in their victim's clothes, went alongside to the ship, climbed on board, and killed every one except a woman, her children, and a boy who had been kind to the chief during his distress. The vessel was plundered, and the chief's father, delighted at securing some firearms, snapped a musket over an open barrel of powder and was blown to pieces with a dozen of his men.

Tapu was successfully broken by the early missionaries in the Bay of Islands. One of their settlements was up the Kerikeri river, the tapu of which for fish during the close months was very vexatious to them, for it blocked up their only road to Te Puna, the head station. Stores must be had; and at last, in defiance of tapu they manned a boat and rowed down, amid the rage and terror of the Maoris, who expected to see them exterminated by the offended atua (spirits). When the mission boat came back it was secured, and the crew bound ready to be slain and eaten. Happily, to eat the stores seemed the proper way of beginning, and these stores were partly tinned meat, jam, etc., and partly drugs. Having greedily devoured the former, the plunderers duly fell upon the latter, finishing off the jalap, castor-oil, salts, and so forth, as part of the ceremony. The result may be guessed. The "mana" of the missionaries began to work mightily, and with grovelling supplications the anguished Maoris released their prisoners and sought relief. The whole tribe was converted. How could they help it? Had not the gods of the stranger proved their superior might by utterly disabling those who had stood forth as the avengers of their own insulted deities?

Wonderful Precocity.

Oliver Madox Brown, a son of the well-known artist, was born in 1855. He seems to have been a precocious child, though his precocity never took the form of book-learning in any shape, and it was not till he was six that he began to read. But if backward with his books he was a born artist, with pencil and paint-brush first, as afterward with his pen. When he was eight he had completed his first picture in water-colors, and when he was fourteen he exhibited "Chaucer Receiving the Infant Jason from the Slave" at the Dudley gallery. He painted three other notable pictures, "Olestimacy," "Prospero and Miranda" and "Silas Marner." But Oliver Madox Brown was beginning to show himself as an artist in the world of letters. Before he was fourteen he had written some sonnets of singular beauty, and at seventeen he had written a tale called "The Black Swan," which was first given to the world as "Gabriel Denver." The history of this book is rather curious. Oliver had shown it to Mr. Williams, who was connected with the firm of Smith, Elder & Co., and Mr. Williams had been much impressed with it and was anxious to assist in its publication. Nothing could have been kinder, but nothing less judicious, than Mr. Williams's conduct. He first insisted on the singularly picturesque name of "The Black Swan" being altered into the very unmeaning one of "Gabriel Denver." He then insisted on the beginning of the story being altered, on a deserted wife being changed, on grounds of propriety, into a deserted cousin, and on the terrible tragedy at the end becoming a comfortable marriage—in short, with the best intentions, he did everything possible to spoil the book. He watered it and toned it down, but the strange, nerve power of the plot and the vigor of the writing still remained. It was greatly injured as a work of art, but as a work of imagination it was a remarkable production. It was not, however, it could never be—an agreeable book. It was too crude and violent. Some of the scenes were simply horrible, and some of the incidental remarks seemed to show a strange knowledge which repelled sympathy. But when it was known that this was the work of a mere boy the feeling of dislike passed off into a stronger feeling of wonder and admiration. What was painful and repulsive was the fault of an unfortunate story. The essential matter was the literary power, which might prove itself equal to very great efforts and might produce works of lasting value.

Stock Speculation in Japan.

The Japanese government forbids stock speculating, and the authorities recently determined to arrest at the same moment all offenders on the stock exchanges at Osaka, Yokohama and Kobe, as well as on the rice exchanges at Tokio and some other important centers. The police received their orders only on the morning of the day fixed, and in strong force, all wearing some sort of disguise, proceeded to the vicinity of the exchanges and mingled with the crowd so as to escape observation. At a little after 11 o'clock all was in readiness, a sign was given, and before the amazed spectators could make out what was going on the exchanges were in possession of the police, the doors locked and the prisoners secured. All the books, papers, etc., were then taken possession of, and the police's whole "haul" removed to the central police station. Over 700 delinquents were sent to prison, their offense being "speculating in margins."

The Strongest Electric Light.

The strongest single light that burns in the United States is suspended in front of the Philadelphia Record building, ninety-five feet above the Chestnut street sidewalk. Its power is equal to 10,000 candles. At night the entire block between Ninth and Tenth streets, is made so light that under the powerful rays of the lamp a person standing anywhere within these limits can read editorial print with ease.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Mosquitoes are accused by Professor A. F. A. King of originating and disseminating malarial disease.

By a comparison of analyses of soils from different vineyards, the last report of the Scottish Horticultural association shows that the soils on which the grape-crops fail are deficient in lime and potash.

Professor Delgado of Lisbon has come to the conclusion that the aborigines of the modern Portuguese were cannibals. He has found the remains of 110 persons whose bones were blackened by fire, split lengthwise to secure the marrow, and bearing other probable marks of having served as food for man.

The deepest sounding ever made was in the Pacific ocean in 1871 near the entrance to Behring's sea. The depth was 4655 fathoms, and the cast was made from the United States ship Tuscarora. The shallowest water in the middle of the Atlantic, 731 fathoms, showed the existence of submarine mountains 10,556 feet high.

Herr Wieler, experimenting at Tubingen, has discovered that the growth of plants is more rapid under diminished atmospheric pressure, all other external conditions being the same, than at normal pressure. On the other hand, increasing the pressure lessens the rate of growth, the minimum being reached at two or two and one-half atmospheres.

Deaf-mutes have been taught to speak and to understand speech by noticing the movements of the lips. It is stated that M. Wancrke has produced photographs showing the form assumed by the lips for each sound, and that these pictures have enabled inexperienced persons to recognize the different articulations, such photographs ought to be of great value in giving instruction to deaf mutes.

Dr. Bremer in a German journal advocates exercise in the high, fine air of the mountains as the best protective against the diseases contracted in city life. The characteristics of the mountain climate are the low temperature and air pressure, the low relative humidity, the high per cent. of ozone, the strong light and isolation, the freedom from dust and bacteria. All these act well on the bodily health. The lungs work with greater strength, the heart beats faster, the blood circulates more quickly, appetite is increased, perspiration becomes freer, the muscles become more energetic, and the whole body gains in strength and endurance.

A Fruitless Search.

One day there visited Buddha a woman who had lost her only child. Wild with grief she begged the prophet to give back the little one to life. He looked at her tenderly for a long while, and then said, "Go, my daughter, bring me a mustard seed from a house in which death had never entered, and I will grant thy wish." The woman at once began her search. She went from house to house, saying "Grant me, kind people, a mustard seed for the prophet to bring back my child to me." And when they had granted her request she asked, "Are you all here around the hearth, father, mother, children, none missing?" But the people shook their heads with sighs and looks of sadness, and far and wide as she wandered, the story always was a vacant chair by the hearth. Thus gradually, as she passed on, the wave of her grief extended before the sight of sorrow everywhere, and her heart, ceasing to be occupied with its own selfish grief, flowed out in strong yearnings of sympathy with the world's suffering. Tears of anguish were changed to tears of pity, passion melted into compassion, she forgot her own sorrow in looking upon that of others and in doing herself for others, and she really found herself.

The Influence of Forests.

The influence of forests upon climate and fertility is as yet but poorly understood by even the most profound classes of farmers. It is a problem that can be solved only by observations extending over considerable periods of time. But the influence is plainly observable and its explanation simple. Strip the hills of their protecting forests, and the thin covering of soil which overlays their rocky slopes will soon be washed down into the valleys and into the beds of streams and rivers. Periodical freshets will result which will eventually carry away the best soil from even the valleys. One authority declares that if the destruction of the hill forests is continued in Ohio, half the area of that state will be sterile in less than fifty years.

Connecticut devotes 18,000 acres to the cultivation of the oyster.

Loveliness.

I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
She might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Paled and blanched, or sought repose;
She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent;
So fell many a beauteous thing,
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Lovelier grew
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul reflected light
Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
Poor or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth,
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.

HUMOROUS.

Green corn—a young bunion.

High-toned. The screech of an eagle.

When does a tree feel contented? When its sappy.

The only difference between one yard and two is a fence.

Just so long as woman retains her maiden name, her maiden aim is to change it.

"Emily," asked the teacher, "which animal attaches himself most to man?" Emily, after some reflection—"The leech, sir."

The tailor's apprentice, when commencing his trade, finds there is truth in cloth at that. "What a man sews he shall also rip."

"Snopes says that when he asked the girl who is now his wife to marry him she said, 'I don't mind,' and she never has minded.

A Lowell man had his head fractured by a lath that fell upon him. This will teach him hereafter not to feel around a contrivance that he is not familiar with.

"Yes," said the father, "I like to have my daughter have a beau on the score of economy. If she didn't, some one of the family would occupy the parlor and burn the gas."

A young man who went into the kitchen, where he saw his girl baking, and inadvertently sat down on a hot pie just from the oven, now boasts that he "descended from the upper crust."

"What are you going to do when you grow up if you don't know how to cipher?" asked a teacher of a slow boy. "I'm going to be a school teacher and make the boys do the cipherin'," was the reply.

The *Popular Science Monthly* ask: "What are crowds?" It is not quite certain how science will handle this question, but the average common sense educated man knows that under some circumstances three is considered a crowd.

Sending Their Dead Back to China.

Wong Foo, the editor of the Chinese American, published in New York, explains why Chinamen wish to be buried in their own country. He says:

"If any one going back to the old country has dead friends here he takes them along. I do not believe that more than five per cent. of the Chinamen who die in the United States are permanently buried here. Friendless Celestials can't live here, and no one cares whether they go to heaven or not." "Cannot one of your race get into Paradise unless his bones rest in Chinese soil?" "No, sir; Chinamen believe that the only road to heaven lies through their country." "But if a good, virtuous Chinaman who has kept his pigtail and his conscience intact dies in a strange land, will he be excluded from heaven because he is poor and friendless?" "That's the doctrine," said Mr. Wong. "According to Christians, no man can be saved except through a certain belief, no matter how good he is; according to Chinamen, there is no salvation outside of China. One belief is about as rational as the other." "When you dig up the remains of your countrymen do you have any services at the grave?" "We burn a little incense-paper, maybe, and take a drink, just as Americans do on all occasions." "What does the drink signify?" "It's what you would call a toast. We drink peace to the soul of the departed, and a prosperous journey to the body. We use any liquor that comes handy. Sometimes tea, or whisky, or in extreme cases, water." "How are the bodies prepared for shipment?" "They are embalmed if they are fresh enough. If not, the meat is scraped off and the bones only are carried away."