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'Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where they May."

ASHEVILLE, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1882.

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Cransient advertisements payable in stvance. Yearly advertisements quarterly in

Row the Year Went. Cold lay the midnight, cold and black On sleeping earth and sea; break down, too. The moon paused on her pallid track, Robin is calling. Yes, little brother, And the stars crept out to see,

Editor.

As, bowed with age, and bent and blear, The Old Year took his way Across Earth's little atmosphere Toward the slow-moving day.

A sound of revel smote and rang In joyous, merry din. "The New Year comes," glad voices sang; "Arise and let him in."

Sadly she Old Year paused; a sigh Broke from his brave old heart. "The world cares not that I must die, And smiles to see me part.

"When I was young it welcomed me With eifts and song and praise.
I we I not see a faithfully.
The e many months and days?

Why should men joy to see me go-I, their old, loving friend, Departing, grieved and sad and slow. With none to watch my end?" But as the Old Year spoke, a sound

Of voices low and sweet Struck on his ear, and, peering round, He stayed his lagging feet.

Two lovers leaned them side by side. On either cheek a tear. And with a strong, sad voice, one cried:

"Good-bye, good-bye, Old year! Good-bye, Oh kindly friend and true. Who wove our lives in one. Other good years may come; but you

Are still our dearest one." Then smiled the Old Year, as he went, His misty eyes shone bright, And, fearless now and quite content,

He fared into the night. And when he met the New-born Year, All rosy, blithe and gay,

He cheered him with a father's cheer And sped him on his way.

Heaven go with thee, fair son, and keep; And this thy guerdon be, That at thy end some eyes may weep As they have wept for me." -Susan Coolidge.

Nan, the Pactory Girl.

NEW YEAR THE FIRST. I wonder does God care for us? They tell us He is kind and good, that He noteth even the sparrow's fall and ware we not more than many sparrows?" Yet they heed us not, they pass by on the other side, and still they say they serve Him. Old Joshua Marston cut us to-day another ten per cent. It is not the ten per cent. so much that tells, it is the "another." the tears, but failed. It was a meager enough pittance befere-it is beggarly now. Yet to-morrow-to-morrow is New Year-old Joshua Marston will go to church and, sitting in his comfortable pew, will pray. We can pray, too, they tell us. We have no time for praying, except Give us this day our daily bread,' and sometimes He does not even grant us that, I am growing hard, I fear, and skeptical-I am losing faith.

Robin is dying ! I know it is true, yet I sit and write large!" I spoke bitterly, but Jack straight on and not a tear drop stains | Marston looked very sad.

I am only twenty, but I have learned slready that there are some things worse than death. Robin will not be hungry where he is going, neither will did not thinkhe be cold. And yet this room is very "I do not think you are the one to stretch out their fiery arms to encircle small-only nine by twelve; I could be forgiven," he answered, quietly. than face the one here, for the prob- to me like that before, nor looked at ing, and that she loves him. She knows lem of living is harder to solve than me half so kindly.

ing yet; it is a reckless waste of oil -you have forgotten-that you are a calls. A voice answers through the -but to-night I am reckless myself. | factory girl! You are remembering smoke, "Nan." . It is Jack, and, fol-There is only one hour, more. I only that you are a woman.

and the new year in. It will not be a new year to me; the old year goes right on-only the ton-but in a very quiet way. I think heavy cross-piece from some machinery shadows that enwrap it are darker and if all factory owners were as good it fallen across his arm, pinioned and the weight of misery it leaves is would not seem so hard to work in a powerless. Yet he looks up at her, as beavier; another ten per cent.! Did mill, and-our wages have been raised. she enters, with a smile. that mean so much to you, Joshua I wonder what it all means. I am She scarcely heeds it, though—the it is nothing less! I wonder, Joshua Delia Lane talking to some of the girls and Jack Marston staggered to his feet. row to preach from the text, "Woe to him-him and me. him that coveteth an evil covetousness I-I-it made me very angry that to his house, that he may set his nest she should say such things of him. lose," she cries, and rushes toward the on high, that he may be delivered from Why are people so cruel? He has door. the power of evil. Thou hast con- been very kind-"flirting." Delia sulted shame to thy house by cutting | Lane, I hate you ! off many people, and hast sinned What she says of me I do not care, against thy soul. For the stone shall but she shall never have another. "Come into the office," he says. ery out of the wall and the beam out chance to say anything of him, for I of the timber shall answer it"-I won- will not let him be even kind. der if you would sit as quiet in your pew and pray? He will not preach night. It was very long, longer it from that text, however; he will tell seemed than it used to be, but no one nearer and nearer, the forked tongues

(what goodness could he tell of man of mind comfortable indeed, anddoctor's bills are too heavy to pay, and

the price of medicines too high. baby—it is wicked to wish you to stay; very lonesome, but then I remembered above the memory of the awfulness of housekeeping and plain needle-work, and yet, to come home at night, weary, what Delia had said. faint to come home, after toiling all "Please," I said, very much con- light that shone in Jack Marston's eyes, day among those looms, with the fused. "Oh, Mr. Marston, no-please and the happiness that rang in his never-ending whirr of machinery, and don't." For just one moment he voice as he answers, "With you, yes." only the shuttle flying back and forth- looked at me, then he raised his hat. A bending, a touching of lips, and to see -to come home and find-silence.

darkness—no little face, no patient ing." And then he was gone.

smile, no weak, tender voice—Robin! I felt like crying—I am not sure but "Nan!" She hears his voice as she

have I with feeling? Only a factory not call him "a flirt" because of that, comes back. girl, teiling from early morning till I have seen him again, but he was late at night, weaving into the fabric very grave. I am afraid he is angry. not only the threads from the shuttle, Why do you pause now, Nan?-turn I have not even seen better days. I To-day Delia Lane told me some- remembers well, and then it all comes their charge, provided they be not less

never shall-here. Where will it end? Why, here! inquired for Mr. Jack. Her hair ex- ten before-Cora. To-day a piece of machinery broke actly matched the little strip of sun- And she shrinks away from Jack down-it had run for years and years, shine that falls across my loom, and and covers her face with her hands. India will show that no fewer than and was very old. Joshua Marston her eyes are like the little speck of sky "You have no right," she says- 132 distinct languages are spoken looked at it and said: "Can't be used that I see through my window.

clasped around my neck-six-seven- Jack! eight—nine—he is growing very still
—ten—eleven—twelve! Robin's eyes Poor little Nan-poor, poor Nan! And

Nine o'clock-the last night of the sky? old year. You are all alone to night,

Nan. Ah, no-not quite; there is One besides who faileth not, One of whom alone" You tread it, too, but you "Nan!" have Him to help.

The little book is lying in your lap. the struggling candlelight falls on your face, the long lashes that hide the dark eyes are wet. Little Nan you rushing of feet and the noise of the engines rattling over the stones, and voices crying, "The mill is on fire- waiting, too. Seven. Nan lifts her have been crying.

now as they rest upon the open page -"Joshua Marston's nephew came home from Europe to-day." Well, what of stands, looking out upon the sky that that? Jack Marston-handsome, brave glows with a lurid light. ever saw." What business have you papers." to think him noble? Nan, Nan, re- Pierson is miles away, and it is only little Robin spoke before, "A happy member you are but a factory girl and 10 o'clock. Three minutes later a New Year, Nan."

-I was so lonely and wretched- the arms. buried my face in the grass and cried. I did not hear footsteps, did not know turning, cries, "Nan!" did not go away; instead, he came he utters. nearer and, bending down, read the simple inscription on the stone:

"Robin-aged five."

"I am sorry, Miss Nan," he said. It sounded so odd to hear a sympathizing voice, I tried hard to keep back "What was the matter?" asked Jack

Marston, after a pause. I did not heed what I said, did not think at all, but raised my head and answered:

" Poverty." Jack Marston gave a great start. "Uncle Joshua-" he asked, stopped; but I finished the sentence for him: "Had just paid his hands their week's wages. What did it matter to him that the doctor's bill was twice as

"I am very sorry," he said, simply. Looking at him, I remembered that this man was his uncle, and sprang up. "Please forgive me," I said.

wish to-night that it was only six by He walked out with me afterward, two. Robin, my brother, take me. I all the way home. He only said "goodcould better bear the mystery there night" at parting, but no one ever said it only that Jack Marston is in that build-

Eleven o'clock! My lamp is burn- earth! Ah, Nan, you are forgetting stops and, with a wildly-beating heart,

Nan. Read on:

I came home by the river road to- light of her eyes. the infinite goodness of God to man ever comes that way.

with you?" he asked. Oh, my brother-my darling, my I was going to say "Yes," for I was the memory of flames and horror,

"Excuse me," hesaid. "Good-even- then-a shadow growing darker and

thing. Such a pretty lady called and back to her, and what she had forgot than fifty in number.

longer; throw it aside and get another;" "She is going to marry Jack Marsand that is what he will say when one of ton," said Delia Lane; "they are his human machines shall chance to engaged now. Did you see the lovely Everything spun around for a rings?"

am coming. I went. I saw not the moment and something snapped in speak. hand that meant death alone, but de- my head as if some machinery had

One-two-I listened, holding Robin Only a factory girl! What right | Nan is struggling hard to be calm tightly; would God take him away have I with a heart, and how dare I and qu three-four-five-Robin's arms were love him? And yet-and yet-Oh, "How came we here?" she whis-

unclose—he looks up into my face and over in the great mill, in the little smiles—"Happy New Year, Nan," he office room, with his head lying upon whispers, faintly, and then—I lay him the desk, wearied with his paper and wish, for he could not from me, and a smile fixed upon his hardsome to now his herdsome his New Year had begun-in heaven, mouth. Cora? Is it her face that comes into your dream; the girl say after me what Litell you. " and I with the golden hair and eyes like the

It is a face from which two eyes look forth, and Cora's eyes could never wear that look of patient sorrow; but perhaps Cora- The lips part the waiting the great bell begins to it was said, "He trod the wine-press and the sleeper murmurs one word, ring-"I."

Fire! Fire! idanid size shong test There is the clanging of bells and three. Marston's mill!" Wake, wake, Jack head. There are tears dimming your eyes Marston! Why will you sleep still "Love you," she says, softly sup-

with just that smile upon your lips? | plying the last word herself. Over at the little window a woman

woman rushes into the throng, the red To-day I went to visit Robin's grave; light falls upon her face, deathlike in at down beside the little mound and lits pallor. She catches a man near by "Jerry," she gasps; and the man,

I saw-Jack Marston. He started girl is to him, and a sound in his the wilds of the native territory. A when he saw I had been crying, but he voice that shows how dear is the name half-caste named Barlow, desirous of he is called "fresh" by the city "boys," there-Jack Marston!"

pain-intense, despairing.

has rushed past him, through the crowd, right into the burning build-

For one moment Jerry stands mute, then staggers against a tree, with a face from which all light seems to have fled, and with eyes that, looking,

And through the blinding smoke that rolls in billows about her, and almost in the midst of the flames that her, goes Nan.

She has forgotten Cora, she has forgotten all the world; she remembers every nook and corner of the place; I think he is the noblest man on but before she reaches the office she lowing the sound, she goes right to will sit up and watch the old year out Ten o'clock! Turn over another leaf, him. In leaving the office and endeavoring to escape he had stumbled He is very kind to me-Jack Mars- against an iron bar, and lies now, a

Marston? You, with your millions; bewildered and cannot make it out. bar is heavy, but love gives her almost had you not enough? Must you again rob the widow and orphan—for been so happy, and now— I heard again rob the widow and orphan—for been so happy, and now— I heard again rob the widow and orphan—for been so happy, and now— I heard again rob the widow and orphan—for been so happy, and now— I heard the strength of a Samson.

Into an adjoining room as a witness, ecutioner came forth from his ghastly after which one of the company made, while and adjoining room as a witness, hole and slipped away. After hanging again rob the widow and orphan—for been so happy, and now— I heard the strength of a Samson.

And she pushes it aside at length, hole and slipped away. After hanging again rob the widow and orphan—for been so happy, and now— I heard the strength of a Samson.

And she pushes it aside at length, hole and slipped away. After hanging the strength of a Samson.

Marston, if the minister were to-mor- to-day. Oh, she was talking about "Nan," he cries, holding out his hands, but she grasps him by the arm. "Come, there is not a moment to

> The stairway is on fire. For a moment both stand silent. Then Jack draws her toward him. Nan is pale and trembling, but there is no trace of fear in the steady

She watches the flames creeping flashing out here and there through the dense smoke like flashes of lightning in your comfortable sleigh in a frame somebody said "Miss Nan," and, look- them sees a light that drives from her ing, I saw Jack Marston. I believe, all thought of flames or death. He Robin is dying-dying because the for a moment, I was glad to see him. draws her very close to him, and she "May I walk the rest of the way looks up into his face. "Are you

But they are not in the midst of fire -where-where are they?

The puzzled look upon Jack's face suddenly clears. "Did you think, Nas." he "that it was Cora?"

She nods her head, but does not "Cora is my uncle's ward," says "Nan," Robin says, "kiss me."

Then I went on weaving. Who will a lock, "and she is to marry my cousin."

Then I went on weaving. Who will be beads his a lock of the lock of

"Jerry saved us," says Jack. Yes, Jerry is safe ... fe from trials "Nan," says Jack, "I want you to

"Jack "herspered nord wine Nan looks up.
"Jack," she says, very softly.
"I"—a little longer pause, and in

There was no answer. and real-

"Love," said Jack.
There is no answer. One—two—

deed. And it is Jack who says, as

A Horrible Execution.

contain accounts of the execution of a

circumstances. Some years ago Winiobtaining the money set upon the head who have grown up to be sporting "Save him!" cries Nan. "He is in of the fugitive, recently entrapped him men, and men who would go their last and handed him over to the police au- dollar on a horse-race. The young thorities. Winiata was tried and con- man from the country goes about the opinion that the fertility of the soil of She has forgotten everything but thorities. Winiata was tried and con- man from the country goes about the opinion that the fertility of the soil of that he is the man she loves. Into the demned and executed. He protested city and attends to his business, and the Western praries will be exhausted eyes of the one beside her creeps a his innocence to the last. The convict when some city sharp stops him on sooner than that of the rocky lands in stepped out of the cell and walked the street, and endeavors to "work" the Eastern States. He acknowledges "Save him!" cries Nan, again. firmly toward the scaffold, nodding to him for a "snap," and play any confi- that the Western soils are richer in "Jerry, save him!"

He loves this woman, and she bids him save the only one who holds what he had hoped to win. Jerry Dougall turns away, and for a moment an evil light herid on the local decree on him, he simply says: "Oh, materials for stimulating plant growth dence on him, he simply says: "Oh, materials for stimulating plant growth and are capable of producing larger. But the city boy who is smart, and on to all the fine "rackets" plow, but affirms that that they are the confidence man will play him for the confidence man will be light, lurid as the baleful flames, glows pean; this is the end of my body. I the confidence man will play him for after they have produced several crops. have now a word to say to God." Rais- all he is worth, because the boy thinks They are rich in carbon and nitrogen, The next moment he is roused. Nan as rushed past him, through the "I am delivering my soul into Thy proportion of country boys who suchands; remember me when I come into ceed is greater than that of boys who latter substances are rapidly taken up Thy kingdom. This is all I have to are born and brought up in the city. by growing plants, and are permanentsay." The cap was then adjusted over The boy from the country is not so ly removed when small grains are raised his head and the wardens stepped from badly mashed on himself that he loses and marketed, as is usually the case the side of the convict, who was left his presence of mind and his common in the West. These materials are standing alone with the rope round his -Peck's Sun. neck. Behind him was the executioner with a mask on, and, as he placed his hand upon the lever, the trap-door flew open with a crash, and Winiata disappeared from view with a dull thud. Running nimbly down the steps the executioner entered by a door below the scaffold, and the novelty of this proceeding caused a number of the spectators to approach close to the foot of the scaffold. The sounds which met their ears were horrible. The drop had failed to cause instantaneous death, and the deep and stifled breathings of the half-strangled convict were distinctly audible through the crevices. The executioner could be plainly seen engaged in the horrible task of tugging at the hanging man's legs for the purpose of completing the strangulation, while Winiata writhed and twisted in a sickening manner. Gradually the sounds of choking and stifled breathing died away, the violent vibrations of the rope ceased, and ten min-utes after the rope was pulled the exfor an hour the body was cut down. two small pencil marks upon the walls oped an enormous appetite for eggs,

drawn tightly round the neck. Education of Indian Girls. Attorney-General Brewster has re ceived a letter from the board of lady managers of the Lincoln institution at Philadelphia, offering to change the institution into a school for the educa-tion and training of from fifty to one hundred Indian girls. The Lincoln institution was established in 1866 for the care, maintenance and education of To-night, coming home, very tired, in a sky of Egyptian darkness. Look- soldiers' orphans. Last year the pupils approvingly, and ride home afterward lonely—(the river road is so long)— ing up she meets Jack's eyes, and in were transferred to the Educational agers propose, therefore, to utilize their establishment and to give voluntarily their services for educating Indian ready to die, Jack?" she asks. Above girls, giving them a plain English edu-the memory of flames and horror, cation, teaching them all the arts of that time, she will ever remember the and keeping them in close contact with the civilization in the midst of which they will be, their moral and religious training being in no wise neglected. At the start they propose to draw experienced instructors from the United States training schools for Indians at Carlisle Barracks, Pa. The managers Only a factory girl! What business only simple kindness, and they shall ave I with feeling? Only a factory not call him "a dist" because of that the government designate the Lincoln institution as a training school for In-She sees a face as a figure glides dian girls, and to appropriate \$175 per away—a face with blue eyes that she annum for each child placed under

> It is stated that the recent census of within the limits of the Indian empire.

country boys who succeed in life is conceal an article. Mr. Cumberland, greater than that of city boys, who blindfolded, led him twice about the have by far the greatest advantages from, and twice into the hall, and then from the cradle up. It does seem as seemed greatly puzzled. "That is all," hough people would get that little beard said, "I had no object consecret pounded into them after it has cealed, but had in my mind the route century the poor of Scotland were in been told a few thousand more times over which you have traveled." by newspaper men and other philoso-phers who have given such matters a study all their lives. Take a boy who has grown up in the country, and either spent his time on a farm or worked around in a country town learning a trade, and he does not have the time trade, and he does not have the trade, and he does not have trade, and he peculiarities and the habits that become a burden to the city boy before six tons is hoisted at a speed that makes he has got half through life, but which the head swim, the time occupied in the city boy thinks he cannot live with- lifting a full car being only a little out. The boy in the country who works more than a minute. The hoisting and line and six female members. It is lowering of men into coal mines is lious steers, and being jetked over the stumps, is not busying his mind with only ten can stand on a platform at vent the money from going in another some scheme to paralyze a town. He once under penalty of a heavy fine. is not working up some plan to win in However, carelessness cannot be pres game of poker as soon as he finishes vented, and unaccustomeed visitors are his supper and gets downtown. The boy in the country may be busy thinknerves," says a correspondent, ing all day how he will beat his should not brave the ordeat marble squares, and having at one side neighbor's boy out of a certain by descending Pottsville shaft. The a pillar upon which the emperor used girl at singing-school that night, but machinery works as smoothly as a to sit in a circular stone chair to direct he don't want to learn a confidence hotel elevator, but the speed is so tergame that is surer than a lightning-rific that one seems falling through the the Duke of Weimar also used their rod peddler for taking in folks. The knees after a few seconds soldiers for chessmen. country boy may look outlandish in a become weak and tremulous, the ears suit of clothes made over from some ring as the drums of these organs are his father wore, pants that bag at the forced inward by the air pressure, and sold not by the pound, but by the yard. knees, only one suspender, and his the eyes shut involuntarily as the It is brought from the mountain dis-Eight-nine-ten-eleven-twelve! arms, and face, and neck, and for a beams of the shaft seem to dash up-"The New Year has begun," cries yard down his spinal column, where ward only a foot or two away. As one lack, with a great happiness thrilling his shirt opened, may be burned to a leaves the light of the upper day the through his voice, and looking up with delicate brown by the summer sun; transition to darkness is fantastic. where you work—a factory hand.
Nan, what is he to you? And again,
"Jack Marston is the noblest man I

She heard Jack Marston say that night: "I will stay in the mill until 12,
"Jack Marston is the noblest man I

She heard Jack Marston say that a smile upon his lips. Nan knows that the old year has passed away forever, and the cigarettes, and the pants, and the cigarettes, and the pants, and the city into night, but there is a kind of phostaking lessons in draw-poker, the coun- dimmer and dimmer. Half way down try boy is running a fanning-mill or a you pass, with a roar and sudden corn-sheller in the barn, and listening crash, the ascending car; and at last, to his uncle tell of the improved styles after what seems several minutes, but Recent New Zealand newspapers of sharpers and confidence men that is only a fraction of that time, the cities are thronged with nowadays. platform begins to slow up, halts at a Maori named Winiata under horrible And when, a few years afterward, gate, and through it you step into the country boy, with only a smattering a crowd of creatures with the shapes There is a look in the man's eyes at a murdered a young Englishman in of an education, but a large bulk of of men, but with the blackened faces, any one was near until I heard somebody say "Miss Nan," and looking up even now that shows how much the body say "Miss Nan," and looking up even now that shows how much the the wilds of the native territory. A and goes into business in the city, mies of fiends."

Mind-R ading.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland, of England, performed at the Everett house, in New York, some experiments in what is called mind-reading. The spectators were chiefly physicians and clergy-

ing into the mind, but only extraordinary keenness in perceiving the effect of cultivation, but by adopting the of intent mental action upon the body. Then Henry Ward Beecher submit- to be in grass a large part of the time.

eye-glasses hanging upon Dr. Clymer's breast, and upon which the subject said he had fixed his mind. In the next experiment Dr. Geo. M. Beard and the Rev. George H. Hepworth accompanied Mr. Cumberland

secreted in Dr. Ball's shoe.

"I am," Mr. Hepworth said.

date upon a coin, after which Mr. in the laundry business in West Ches Cumberland seized his hand, held it to ter, have been known to eat 240 eggs other hand, MORORUM JATURG

after I was wrong," the gentleman said. Mr. Cumberland then wrote 1866, which was pronounced correct. Several other experiments were tokens of your love. It is well worth given. With Dr. W. A. Hammond, while to learn how to win the heart of who was blindfolded, the exhibitor showed the difficulty of "locating" use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal that is never caught nor trated the false impression which the sense of touch may give. He caused by the care how to win the heart of they resolved to go down and spoil the infidel soldiers of their wives; and a body of them actually went, with a trated the false impression which the tamed but by kindness and pleasure. sense of touch may give. He caused Excite them by your civilities, and harem turned out with rife and bay-

he stuck about lifty pins near together socrates. in the top of a table. Being blindfolded Cumberland grasped Beecher by the denly Cumberland dropped the hand York uses \$18,000,000 worth.

City Boys---By a Countryman, and pulled out a pin, which Beecher Some one writes to a Detroit paper said was the one on which his mind was fixed. Dr. Beard said he would

The Deepest Coal Mine.

Exhaustion of Soils. The chemist of the national department of agriculture expresses the sense, or gets off his base, as it were, supplied to the soil by the disintegration of rocks in places where they abound, and the use of farming implements and the action of the elements operate favorably in restoring to land what is carried away in crops harvested and sold. Portions of the country that are broken and rocky possess in crude form all the materials for supplying the soil with plant food for all time. It is true that the rocks may not he professed to have no power of lookresting process, which allows the land ted himself as a subject. Mr. Cumber-and following a judicious course of ro-land, having been blindfolded, took tation, the fertility of the soil may be Beecher by the hand, led him to Dr. kept up without the application of in allowing them to become too much exhausted before undertaking to restore fertility .- Chicago Times.

Egg-Eating Chinamen.

It was then found that the noose, in- at different points and fixed his mind and the old idea that the average alstead of being behind the ear, was im- on Dr. A. B. Ball, who secreted a gold mond-eyed laundryman from the Celesmediately under the chin and was not piece in his shoe. By contact, as in tial empire lives on sixteen grains of the first experiment, Mr. Cumberland, rice per day, assisted down their throats still blindfolded, placed his finger upon with little sticks, must be abandoned the pencil marks, and then found the at least so far as those who live there gold piece which the subject had seen are concerned. It is only when eggs pathy with each other. If the young secreted in Dr. Ball's shoe. "Is any gentleman here suffering to the diet of Hong Kong and Peking, from a pain?" asked Mr. Cumber- The Philadelphia Chinaman sucks the "white," and uses the yolk as a dessert. once young, the world would be hap-It is a difficult matter to find out pier. The mind-reader seized him by the why the Celestials have taken to a Of riches it is not necessary to write hand, then dropped upon his knees and poultry diet in preference to any other, the praise. Let it, however, be replaced his hand on the gentleman's but it is a fact that they are great egg! membered, that he who has money to eaters, and the grocers say that a colony spare, has it always in his power to "He is right," Mr. Hepworth of ten Chinamen frequently buy eighty benefit others; and of such power a said. "I am suffering from the eggs per day, and often live on nothing good man must always be desirous.

gout."

One of those present looked at the lived in Philadelphia, and his assistant

The Bedowins' Mistake. his forehead for a moment, and, still in a week, an average of seventeen a grasping it, wrote "1861" with the day. The Chinamen say that eggs at fifteen to twenty cents a dozen are "I thought it was 1861 when I first cheaper than anything else they can looked at it, but found immediately buy, and almost as cheap as rice.

sense of touch may give. He caused Excite them by your desire, nothing spirit rappings by cracking the joints of show them that you desire, nothing onet, and very speedily thirty or forty bis hands and feet. Dr. Beard asked the privilege of pro-with all your soul that friend who has posing two experiments. For the first made you a present of his own.— were not again attacked by Arab

A statistician says that the value of hand, and Beecher was requested to the eggs used in the United States is fix his mind on a particular pin. Sud- \$75,000,000 annually, of which New FACIS FOR THE CURIOUS.

will fall noos od the II will be seen that he It has been ascertained that not one per cent. of criminals are fat persons. Most of them weigh less than 145

such a condition that Fletcher, of Saltoun, gravely proposed to elevate and benefit them by selling them into

With only 1,200 population Union Springs, N. Y., has eight churches, The last, new being built, has only one

direction. The kings of Burmah used to play chess with men instead of pieces. In Akbars palace, at Delhi, was a court marked out with black and white

In some parts of Spain where butter is a rare article of merchandise it is tricts in sheep's intestines, like sausages that are "tied off" with string in lengths as required by the buyer. To travelers butter by the inch seems rather curious bargaining; the product is usually neither palatable nor particularly clean,

In London a young man who wishes to be a swell goes to a tailor, offering him \$200 a year to clothe him. The tailor keeps him supplied with new suits as fast as the swell returns the old ones, which he cannot keep more than a month. They are but little if any worn, and the tallor sells them readily to ready-made clothing houses. At the end of the year the tailor has made \$200 from the swell, besides the profits on the sale of the clothes, and the swell has dressed exquisitely at

small expense. The first historical mirrors were made of brass. In Exodus we are told that the Israelitish women brought their brazen looking-glasses to Moses, and that he made thereof the foot of the "laver of brass." Those mirrors were probably similar to those used by the Egyptians, and which have been discovered buried with mummies. In and princesses, some anterior of the temporary, others posterior to Moses, in mirrors of mixed metal, chiefly copper, were found lying among the paraphernalia of jewels and rich apparel entombed with the mummies.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

To have ideas is to gather flowers. To think is to weave them into gar-

Wealth is the most dangerous arbitrator in political or social con-Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is often led by the nose

with gold, as I as a Knowledge will always prodominate over ignorance, as a man governs the other animals.

While we retain the power of rendering service and conferring favors we seldom experience ingratitude. If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things they possess

there would not be much envy in the Meredith Clymer, and seized a pair of commercial fertilizers. The trouble is Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man then this, e Chinamen who live in Philadel that when the injury began or his

Revenge is a momentary triumph, in which the satisfaction des at once, and is succeeded by remorse; whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all

revenge, entails a perpetual pleasure. Youth and age have too little symwould remember they may be old, and the old would remember that they were

A Cairo (Egypt) newspaper says: The Bedouins were greatly puzzled by the garb of the Highlanders, who they came to the conclusion were not soldiers, but the wives of the soldiers. Distance, of course, encouraged this delusion, as bare legs were obviously more discernible than the men's faces, Get not your friends by bare com-pliments, but by giving them sensible Redouing noticed that the soldiers' Bedouins noticed that the soldiers' women encamped by themselves, and were not again attacked by Arab sheikhs who wanted to replenish their harems with English moonfaces.

> A marked man-The fellow who sits down on a newly-painted stoop.