

# The Carolina Watchman.

## DYSPEPSIA.

It is necessary to become aware that we possess a magnificent arrangement called a stomach, the stomach is the reservoir from which every fibre and tissue must be nourished, but any trouble with it will have the same preliminary symptoms, dyspepsia, or indigestion, or, as it is called, "stomach trouble." Those who are afflicted with it should be careful to take the following hints:—

The underlying cause is in the LIVER, and one thing more is equally certain, no one will remain a dyspeptic who will.

**SIMMONS' REGULATORY**

It will correct Acidity of the Stomach, Expel foul gases, Alleviate Irritation, Assist Digestion, and, at the same time, start the Liver to working, when all other troubles soon disappear.

My wife was a confirmed dyspeptic. Some three years ago by the advice of Dr. Steiner, she was induced to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She had never before had such relief. It is a good thing for her, and may all who read this and are afflicted in any way, whether chronic or otherwise, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is a good thing for her, and may all who read this and are afflicted in any way, whether chronic or otherwise, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

**Ely's Catarrh Cream Balm**

Ely's Catarrh Cream Balm. Ely's Catarrh Cream Balm. Ely's Catarrh Cream Balm.

**CATARRH**

A disease of the mucous membrane, generally originating in the nasal passages and maintaining its stronghold in the head. From this point it sends forth poisonous virus into the stomach and through the digestive organs, corrupting the blood and producing other troubles and dangerous symptoms.

**THIS AGE**

A full of humbugs, and that remedy that professes this charge is a God-send to humankind. B. B. B. has never failed, and that ought to count for something to him who wants to be cured of what B. B. B. sets itself up to cure.

**UTTERLY SURPRISED!**

MERRIMAN, Miss, July 12, 1887.

For a number of years I have suffered unagon from the effects of blood poison. I had my case treated by several prominent physicians, but received but little, if any, relief. I resorted to all sorts of patent medicines, spending a large amount of money, but yet getting no better. My attention was attracted to the cures said to have been effected by B. B. B. I commenced taking it as an experiment, having but little faith in the results. To my utter surprise I soon commenced to improve, and soon myself to-day a well and hearty person, all owing to the excellent qualities of B. B. B. I cannot examine it too highly to those suffering from blood poison.

**AN OLD MAN RESTORED.**

DARROW, Ga., June 30, 1887.—Being an old man and suffering from general debility and pain in the joints of the shoulders, I had difficulty in attending to my business. I had a bottle of B. B. B. and used it. I received a letter from B. B. B. and used it. I received a letter from B. B. B. and used it. I received a letter from B. B. B. and used it.

**WE ARE RECEIVING OUR**

all and Winter Stock,

Consisting of choice selections in black, blue and brown worsted suits, also a full line of summer suits for men, youths, boys and children.

**I. BLUMENTHAL & BRO.**

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## Girls Who are in Demand.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—Good from the heart to the lips; Pure as the lily is white and pure. From its heart to its sweet leaf tips. The girls that are wanted are home girls—Girls that are mothers' right hands. That fathers and brothers can trust to. And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the heartstone, And pleasant when nobody sees; Kind and sweet to their own folks. Ready and anxious to please. The girls that are wanted are wise girls. They know what to do and to say. That drive with a smile and a soft word The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense, Whom fashion can never deceive, Who can follow whatever is pretty, And dare what is ally to leave. The girls that are wanted are careful girls, Who count what a thing will cost, Who use with a prudent, generous hand, But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts Wanted to cradle in love and joy, The strongest and frailest lives. The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl, There are few who can understand: But, oh! for the wise, loving, home girls, There's constant, steady demand.— Washington Hatchet.

**The Eclipse,**

AS SEEN FROM A GOOD POINT IN THE PATH OF TOTALITY.

San Francisco Cor. N. Y. Times.

The event of this New Year's Day which will long be remembered in California was the total eclipse of the sun, visible throughout a belt 93 miles wide, extending diagonally across the northern part of this State. Trained observers from all parts of the United States, provided with all necessary instruments, were stationed at various points in the path of totality, and as the weather was favorable at most places, their observations were made under exceptionally favorable circumstances, and will prove of great scientific value.

The principal work was done by the Harvard University party at the William Lick Observatory, astronomers at Norman, Prof. Swift near Chico, the Chabot Observatory and people at Cloverdale. The Times' correspondent accompanied the latter party, which was in charge of Prof. Charles Buckley, and included no less than 25 experienced amateur photographers. Besides cameras and smaller instruments, observers were with ten half-inch reflectors of Chabot University and a sideral clock set to automatically record the time.

The station was accurately determined to be in latitude 38 degrees, 17 minutes, 30 seconds; longitude 124 degrees, 57 minutes, 25 seconds. The observers were placed in a large vacant lot covered with the greenest of grass, and containing several giant white oaks with long streamers of gray moss clinging to their leafless branches. These features of the landscape were brought out with weird effect during the solar obscuration.

At 12:23 p. m. the first contact was noted. The sky was clear with the exception of a few lucid cirrus clouds, which, however, did not except at rare intervals, cross the face of the sun. Slowly the moon crept onward until the sun was a narrow crescent, like the thinnest of new moons. Then the face of nature assumed a ghastly aspect. Faces became of a sickly, greenish-yellow hue, though this effect may have been partly due to the reflection of the dim light from the emerald lawn.

Six minutes before the totality, Venus came to view. A moment later Jupiter could be seen near the zenith. At this moment, while all eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the corona, the silence became so perfect that the ticking of the sideral clock was plainly heard. The air grew chill, and then all at once, so quickly that none could note how the change was made, there hung poised in the sky the great black body of the moon, surrounded by a ring of glittering, burnished silver, from which extended long rays and irregular bands, like remnants of golden and rose-tinted satin ribbons with raveled ends.

This was the marvelous corona. Mercury and Mars now came out to join the two larger planets previously noted. One shout of "Oh!" went up, then all was still again save for the ticking of the clock and the voice of the time-calling off the seconds to the busy company of photographers. It was dark; it was rather twilight—the uncanny twilight of another world. Objects could plainly be discerned, and the motionless, moss-covered arms of the old oaks were the least awe-inspiring feature of the landscape.

One hundred and four seconds were told off, and then, on the lower circumference of the black ball hanging in the heavens appeared a tiny speck of fire, bright as molten steel, which soon expanded into a crescent. In another second the wonderful spectacle was ended. The total phase had ended. Three cheers were given with a tiger for the eclipse of the sun and moon. The corona was observed through the instruments seven seconds before totality, which began at 1:40:45 p. m. A large number of excellent photographs were obtained which will be turned over to the Lick Observatory. Observers at other points report very favorable results. It is expected that to-day's eclipse will aid in solving many long-disputed astronomical problems.

## Our Coming Men.

By Maxville Frazier, LL.D.

One of the grandest lines ever penned is: "An honest man is the noblest work of God." Where will you find this line? In Pope's "Essay on Man," and many other lines well worth committing to memory, but no one equal to that which I have now quoted. "Honesty is the best policy," but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man. A. Whatery adds, "The maxim that 'Honesty is the best policy,' is one which perhaps no one is ever habitually guided by its practice. An honest man is always before it, and a knave is generally behind it.

Antonius thus specially speaks of honesty: "Put it out of the power of truth to give you an ill character; and if anybody reports you not to be an honest man, let your practice give him the lie; and to make all sure, you should resolve to live no longer than you can live honestly; for it is better to be nothing than a knave."

It is easy, coming men—oh, so easy, to be honest. It is so much easier than being what is commonly termed "crooked." It requires no apprenticeship, no study, no effort. It is only after a man becomes dishonest that honesty seems difficult to practice. The title of "Honest John," or Tom is higher and of more worth than My Lord Duke. It causes dignity, respect and honor. Listen to Robert Burns: "A king can make a titled knight, A Marquis, Duke, and a knight, But an honest man's above his might, Good faith he may not fail."

Burns, the plowman, wrote this immortal verse—a verse that shines like God's sunlight. Tillotson tells us: "The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them, whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practices it, the greater service it does him by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life."

And Swift puts it: "The most plain, short and lawful way to any good end is more eligible than one directly contrary in some or all of these qualities." While Johnson exclaims: "Wisdom without honesty is mere craft and cozenage; and therefore the reputation honesty must first be gotten, which cannot be but by living well—a good life is a main argument."

Be honest, coming man, and you will be happy, you will be respected, you will be trusted, and even in this world reap a harvest gracious—oh, so gracious to the eye of the Master. What can be more honorable than honesty—more honorable than courage enough to execute the commands of reason and conscience, to maintain the dignity of our nature and the station assigned him, to be proof against poverty, pain, and death itself? I mean so far as not to do anything that is scandalous or sinful to avoid them; to stand adversity under all shapes with decency and resolution! To do this, is to be great above title and fortune. This argues the soul of a heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity.

Coming man! Propose to yourself an object that is honest and noble, pursue it from motives that are high, let what is best in you take the mastery, and you will be ranked with the wise and good long before you are fully either. And, as you go on in the course of improvement, the idea of your better self will become more definite, and the life of this idea of wisdom and goodness will be dearer and stronger in you.

There is no time to be dishonest, or for working in the dark and dangerous ways of dishonesty. Life is short, considering how much is to be done in it, how much there is to be put into it. Its work requires dispatch—the prompt thought, the decisive will, the instant deed. The winged hours, the approaching end, rebuke our dawdling and punish sloth.

Always bear in mind, oh, coming man, an honest man is the noblest work of God.

**No Dunning by Means of Postal Cards.**

At Pittsburg, Pa., Assistant United States District Attorney T. B. Alcorn has notified W. R. Ford, delinquent tax collector, to discontinue the sending of postal cards as notification to delinquent payers, as in his opinion the issuing of them came under the meaning of the new law making it a misdemeanor to send postal cards of a threatening nature through the mails. Attorneys express the opinion that not only will tax collectors have to quit using these notices, but secret organizations also which are in the habit of sending out semi-threatening notices to delinquent members.

**We Tell You Plainly**

that Simmons' Liver Regulator will rid you of Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation and Biliousness. It will break up chills and fever and prevent their return, and is a complete antidote for all malarial poison—entirely free from quinine or calomel. Try it, and you will be astonished at the good results of the genuine Simmons' Liver Regulator, prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co.

## A Prairie Storm.

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF A TERRIBLE BUT ENTRANCING SCENE.

There is one thing beyond man's control, and the grandeur of a prairie storm can only be imagined by those who have seen it or witnessed a storm at sea. Such a storm swept over the prairies in August last. The morning was warm and bright, but shortly after noon there came an un-definable change. The sun still shone but its rays threw an altered light and brought the prairie flowers into brighter relief, while it cast a darker shadow where shadows fell. Away toward the horizon the wavering glimmer that curtained the meeting place of sky and plain became more tangible and a thin black line framed the landscape. Gradually it grew broader and higher, and as it overlapped the bright, blue sky the birds flew hurriedly before it and such cattle as were in sight drew closer together for protection. Gusts of wind that shook the train followed each other at intervals that grew shorter and shorter, and the frame of black was once in a while illumined with flashes of summer lightning which, as they came nearer, threw heavy banks of sulphurous-looking clouds into bold relief. Still there was no rain, and the thunder of the train was all that broke the stillness.

For nearly two hours the clouds maintained the same slow approach, and left the spectator to run fancy free and imagine the outstretched fingers of some great ghoul to be slowly closing to crush him. So strong did the feeling become that the more nervous passengers drew back and shuddered at each succeeding gust, while others clustered round windows and gazed, fascinated at the coming storm. At last it came. One huge cloud shot out from the approaching bank and for a moment poised in mid-air. Fleecy-clouds that looked ghastly by contrast hung round it like fringes on a funeral pall, with a crash that outweighed the roar of the train, it seemed to be rent in two with one streak of fire that turned the entire cloud into gold. From that on and for nearly an hour it was one continuous rumble, broken occasionally with a sharper crash, and accompanied by the patter of the rain that fell in torrents. Both sheet and forked lightning played continuously and while the former turned the clouds from blackness into light the latter seemed to rend them in fragments and stand out in lines of fire for seconds at a time. At last it passed away, and the flickering flames that illumined the southern horizon seemed like the volley-firing of a retreating army; but so great was the expanse of prairie that they were never entirely lost sight of, but again grew more and more vivid, until eight miles further west the storm again crossed the track, moving northward with diminished force. Slowly as it appeared to move it had in five short hours traversed the half of a circle not less than one hundred miles in diameter which would give it a rate of upwards of thirty miles an hour.—Omaha Bee.

**After the Inauguration.**

Upon the expiration of his term of office, Governor Seales will return to his home at Greensboro where he will be president of the Piedmont Bank and also consulting partner in the law firm of Seales & Seales of which his nephew, Mr. Wallace Seales, present executive clerk to the Governor, will be the junior partner.

Governor Seales has not only made one of the best, most conservative, faithful and capable Governors that North Carolina has ever had but he has proven a good and useful citizen in the community and one whom Raleigh deeply regrets to lose, and in the removal of his family from the city some of the pleasantest ties and associations are broken up.

Mr. Wallace Seales, who has stated will enter into the practice of law at Greensboro, is a young man of the highest talent, intelligence and culture, and success is assured for him in the field of his chosen profession.

Mr. C. H. Armfild, than whom there was never a private secretary who filled the position with more ability and credit, and certainly never one who was a more thorough gentleman, will return with his excellent family to his home at Statesville where he will succeed his father in the practice of law, the latter having been appointed Judge to succeed Judge Montgomery.

Mr. Armfild during his four years' residence in this city, has made many warm friends who will always welcome him back to the city.—News and Observer.

**Is Consumption Incurable.**

Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was with down Abcess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jessie Middleton, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottle free at T. F. Klitz & Co., Salisbury, N. C.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sore Eyes, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by Klitz & Co., Salisbury, N. C.

## Crop Rotation.

A single system of rotation is not applicable in all localities. The only true test of any system is its continued success. In planting a judicious rotation it is advisable to alternate with the narrow-leaved cereals, such as wheat, oats, barley or rye those having broad leaves, such as clover, peas and the root crops. Perpendicular rooting plants, and such as root horizontally ought to succeed each other. Two plants favorable to the growth of weeds ought not to succeed each other. Grain and oil plants should only be grown at intervals unless the soil is in excellent condition. Plans which prove to be the least exhaustive should invariably be alternated with those of an opposite character.

As the most important elements of plant food are nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, it is necessary that such crops be grown in succession as do not require the same substances in equal amount. For example, while the cotton crop appropriates much more nitrogen than the corn crop, it takes up as much potash and phosphoric acid. Or, as stated by Prof. Pendleton, there is taken up by one crop of cotton, 81,000 nitrogen, 9,030 phosphoric acid, 11,060 potash; for crops of corn, 35,000 nitrogen, 10,080 phosphoric acid, 8,580 potash. Thus it seems that cotton and corn feed alike on these substances, the main difference being to the quantity of each. A double crop of corn would consume about as much of these substances a half a crop of cotton. Of the other principal crop in the South, the oat crop destroys more potash than the others, and the field pea less phosphoric acid, while each of these crops consume more nitrogen than corn or wheat.

Among the many special advantages of rotation, a very decided one is that it affords the means of destroying weeds and noxious insects. The latter, if deprived of their special food for two seasons in succession, usually die of starvation. Clover is of special value in a rotation, as the shade produced by its rank growth of foliage favors the development and storage of nitrogenous matter near the surface. Another advantage gained by rotation is that it affords the land an opportunity to rest. The length of this rest should be determined by the supply of vegetable matter in the soil. The less the quantity, the more frequent should be the periods of rest and recuperation. As a general rule, a system involving rest every fourth year is the best. However, the leading object in any system of rotation should be to realize the highest profit from our land, and at the same time to preserve or increase its fertility. While it cannot be consistently claimed that rotation is indispensable, it is undoubtedly the best economy of manure, time and labor. A rotation of manures may be substituted, in part at least, for one of crops, but the most skillful farmers are those who combine a rotation of crops with one of special manures for special crops.—Farm and Fireside.

**The Honor and Dignity of Labor.**

Wilmington Messenger.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times in our State and the South, is the encouragement given to labor through the disposition shown everywhere to honor and dignify the laborer.

The charge used to be brought against the Southern people that they discouraged labor by always persistently discrediting it, and looking down upon those who performed it. While this was never really true in the sense that the allegation implied, the universal necessity to labor did not exist under the old order of things as it does now, and there were many who did not duly appreciate the dignity of labor.

But if the charge was ever laid against us, it does not lie against us now. We are all a working people—men, women and children. They are earning their livelihood in every community of North Carolina, who, as ladies and gentlemen of culture and refinement, are the equals of any in the broad land.

We shall all work—men, women and children. Existence without avocation is worse than useless. Children should all be taught habits of industry and frugality, from the earliest moment of their understandings.

The hope of the State lies in the thrift, energy and industry of its sons and daughters. The good order of society depends upon it. It is the safeguard to the morals and good behavior of every neighborhood. Work was ordained of God, and an industrious, thrifty people are a religious people. Progress and prosperity are the work of human hands, always. The forward movement of our State is now experiencing, socially, intellectually and materially, is the result of the earnest and pushing work of her men and women.

We want an enlarged sphere of industries, more diversified and congenial employments, in our State, and they are coming.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve.**

The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sore Eyes, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by Klitz & Co., Salisbury, N. C.

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## The Origin of Lawn Tennis.

Football never became naturalized in France, but various other games flourished there. The most important of these was unquestionably the *jeu de paume*—the parent game of five, rackets and tennis. The ball used was a hard one, and was struck backward and forward by players ranged in two opposing lines. Later padded gloves were introduced, and later still the racket. In 1424 a girl named Margot excelled all men players of the game. She wore no gloves, and struck the ball indifferently with the palm and back of her hand. The name "fives" seems to point to a development of the *jeu de paume* in which there were five players aside; and it is on record that a match of this description was played at Elvetham by the Marquess of Hertford's servants for the edification of Queen Elizabeth, who, as in duty bound, expressed herself vastly delighted with the performance. But long before the days of Queen Bess tennis proper had burst into its complicated life. Her royal grandfather and father were both great exponents of the game, and it is to be noted with sorrow that the former pursued the reprehensible practice of having "something on the game." There may still be seen a paper of accounts with the entry, "Item, for the king's loss at tennis, twelve pence; for the loss of balls, three pence." The memory of Henry VIII's great game is still green in the annals of tennis. He played with the Emperor Maximilian against the Prince of Orange and the Margrave of Brandenburg; and eleven games were played, and then the parties agreed to leave off and consider the contest as undecided; though on what ground this last step was taken is not very obvious to the modern, who has a tendency to believe that one side must have the advantage after an uneven number of games. The direct descendant of tennis is the game known as the lawn tennis. Though comparatively recent origin, its authorship is not less obscure than that of Junius's letters; and the warfare already waged in pamphlets on the subject is probably but a forecast of the dispute that will be raised a few hundred years hence, when there will have been time for several more inventors to have claimed the credit of adapting tennis to the open air. Tennis proper fortunately still survives, though not with the same vigor which characterizes the equally ancient king of ball-games—cricket. Golf, hockey and trapball yet flourish in their own places; but bandyball, football, ringball, cabbal and pall mail—seems tottering into an early grave. Marbles still afford amusement, though not perhaps, in the same circles of society as in the fifteenth century, and the undergraduates of Oxford, in obedience to the statutes have left off playing the game on the steps of the school.

**Customs of the Omaha Indians.**

The Omahas, it appears, form a nation with a considerable body of ordinances. Their supreme chief is the "sacred stone." It is a cotton-tree which, wanting a ruler, they felled two hundred years ago, and having put hair on its head, invested with authority. It is regularly greased. A prominent warrior is believed to have lost his leg from omitting to grease the pole. Scapals are offered to him. Omahas are imaginative in their names. Among them are "Rusty-yellow" (orn-husk), "Stomach Fat," "Forked Lightning Walks," "She who is Returning Believing," and "She who is Made Muddy as She Moves." Omaha matrilial law is based, like that of most primitive clans, on the view that the community has all the same ancestors. An Omaha may not wed his deceased wife's sister unless the dying wife should have said to her brother, "Pity your brother-in-law. Let him marry my sister."

Polygamy, within limits, is lawful, with the first wife's consent. A man may not lawfully speak to his wife's grandmother. So strict is the Omaha etiquette about mothers-in-law that a son-in-law will fly from the room in which his mother-in-law happens to be. Omahas are cleanly in their habits; they bathe daily. An untidy man or woman is nicknamed "The man who does not wash his hands," or "The woman who does not comb her hair." They are so redoubtable as archers that they can send an arrow right through a buffalo. They are skilful in games, one of which, described as shooting at the rolling wheel, might be popular in Europe. Dancing, however, is their favorite pastime; and they have a variety of societies or clubs, each of which owns a characteristic dance. There is the rare buffalo dance, danced after the recovery of a patient by doctors, who may invite members of the horse dance, and not of the wolf dance. The grizzly bear dance has not been danced for ten years. Its dancers paint their bodies yellow, and one wears a grizzly bear's skin. The scalp dance is a woman's dance. In the ghost dance no woman may join.

For attaching moccasins and other light lumber, a new kind of nail has been contrived, which leaves no nail holes. It is made with a point at each end and with an outwardly projecting head or shoulder midway between the points. The nail is first driven into the wood by means of a punch which straddles the protruding point and bears on the head. When enough have been driven in, the mounding is placed over the nails and driven down.

"Jeerg" do the Indians always talk in single file. "I never saw but one, and he died."

**Stories About Great Builders.**

The finest real or original builders have hitherto come from the neighborhood of Syria, in Pagan. In Ceylon great numbers are found in the ancient deposits, but the original rock out of which they have been deposited has not been searched. Were this done, says the *London Standard*, there is little doubt that many more, and of much finer quality, would be obtained. At Damascus, in Syria, there is said to be a ruby mine, and the treasures of many of the oriental monarchs contain or did contain gems far surpassing any known in Europe.

A former King of Aracan possessed one in the form of a six-sided prism, about an inch in diameter, and terminated by a six-sided pyramid; while, if Tavernier, a traveller of two centuries ago, and a jeweler by trade, is to be believed, the throne of the great Mogul was adorned with 108 rubies of from 100 to 300 carats each. Marco Polo writes that the King of Ceylon owned one a span in length, as thick as a man's arm, and without a flaw. Thus truly remarkable gem has been lost, for assuredly no man has been able to set his eyes on it, and the story was an old one long before the Venetian traveller began roaming in the East. It has been floating about in India from the sixth century, and not improbably was even more ancient than that period.

For at least twelve centuries enchanter's spells to send another inquisitor to the moon—Kishu Kuan offered a city in exchange for it, and Ibn Batuta, the Moorish traveller of the thirteenth century, goes so far as to declare that he saw in the possession of Aryer-Chakravarta, a Tumul chief ruling at Patiam, a ruby bowl as big as the palm of one's hand. What grain of truth was in these stories it is now too late to inquire. It may be that they were not altogether baseless, though we are not called upon to credit Sir John Mandeville when he declares that the Emperor of China "sat in his chamber a pillar of gold in which is a ruby and carbuncle a foot long, which lighteth all his chambers by night," or Lazar Bartholomew, who relates how he saw a gem in the palace of the King of Pegu so light that it made all the bystanders' bodies transparent.

**The Man-Milliner in New York.**

The English man-milliner is not so lofty as the man-dressmaker. His scope is smaller, being limited to the headpiece. As a modified form of pneumaticist, he is more tolerant of the weaknesses of the human race and doesn't freeze up their little forms of civility as vivaciously every time they appear before him. There is a man-milliner now in New York who enjoys an immense vogue, quite as much for his rail and Anglians and jolly manner as for his hair and bonnets. He is quite an original type. He is not of the deadly up-to-date style, but has a lively and cheerful disposition—a sort of masonic air, fairly brilliant, "so innocent, so charmingly simple," with a keen appreciation of feminine charms and a knack of valuing discreetly. When a pretty woman comes into his shop on Fifth Avenue and tries on several hats he stands by looking on, writing in transports like the pythons on the tripod. She puts on a great coaching hat and being human, people at him "row water the king. He clasps his hands, throws into an ecstatic frenzy of admiration, and exclaims: "Oh, exquisite, beautiful, superb!" The assistant now brings out something very dashing and manly, shooting out wings from every angle—the sort of hat that wants squared elbows and a throaty voice. At this the little man grows quite giddy, him off, and says, with a sporting air: "Pon me too, now that's awfully jolly." There is, too, just adding a pleasant flavor to his universal *bouhonia*, a faint aristocratic aroma about him. It suggests all kinds of madening possibilities—a clean case of little women on the other side, a family connection with a live lord, a personal acquaintance with a genuine professional beauty—to whom heights will not be the unclaimed imagination seat?

**The Indian Sword Performer.**

The favorite sword for performing feats in India is the gambler-handled par. The swordsman will first show the keenness of his weapon, and his command of its weight, by cutting in two a leaf laid flat on the outstretched palm of a friend, or by cutting a cloth hanging loose in the air. He will put one sword on each hand, and so armed, springing from his feet on the bare ground, will throw some missiles backward and forward, following each movement with a wondrously complicated simultaneous gyrations of both swords round his head and body. He will have the naked sword, more than five feet long, double-edged sharp-pointed, and keen as a razor, stuck fast to the back of his neck down his back, and will again from his naked feet, repeat the somersaults. Again, with sword and shield in his hands, he will leap head foremost through the outstretched loop of a rope, held by two men at the height of their heads, as a circus rider leaps through a power hoop, and light safely on his feet. And it is no small wonder if the gaping crowd of spectators applauds vociferously; that the career of the plucky athlete is soon covered with a harvest of small change; and that the recurring festivals, with these profitable opportunities, prevent the knowledge of the old sword play from dying out.

A Cape Cod fisherman calls his boat "The Kib" because it is nothing but a smack.