JAS. C. NUTTY, Publisher.

VOL. L

LENOIR, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1876.

TO THE "BOUQUET CLUB."

elving bedsets bedse Who sak for a song from me, To what sweet sir shall I set my lay? What shall the key-note be? The flowers have gone from wood and hill; The rippling river lies white and still; And the bird that eang on the maple bough, afar in the sputhland singeth now!

O Bosebud garland of girls ! If the whole glad year wege May; If which sang low in the clustering leaves, And roses bloomed alway ; If youth were all that there is of life. If the years twought nothing of care or strife, Nor even a cloud to the other bine. It were easy to sing a song for you! Tot, O'my garland of girls ! Is there nothing better than May? The golden glow of the barvest-time !

The rest of the Autumn day! This thought I give to you all to keep: Who soweth good seed shall surely reap; The year grows rich as it groweth old, And life's latest sands are its sands of gold -B. Nicholas

A Ruse of War.

"You'd better make up your mind to do it, Frank. I give you my word for it, you'll find Laurelton' not a bad place, and the girls are—well, there are no finer girls than my granddaughters." Old Judge Ransom looked earnestly over his gold-rimmed glasses at Frank Hazelton's handsome, indifferent face.

"You certainly are very good, judge, to press upon me such a friendly invitation to visit 'Laurelton,' and under any other circumstances than those we have discussed, I would be delighted to accept. As it is -I confess I haven't the cheek to go down to your place, see my pretty cousins, be entertained by sunt Sarah, and all the while feel that my object, and your object, is to select me a wife from among the young ladies.'

"That's the sheerest nonsense, boy. Why on earth shouldn't you marry one of your cousins, and thereby secure 'Laurelton' in the family? Somebody'il get the fine old place with one of my girls-why shouldn't it as well be you? "I suppose you call yours a very sensible view of the case, Judge Ransom. But, how can a fellow expect to curb and harness his fancy and affection to suit-even with 'Laurelton' thrown in

the bargain?" "Who's talking of fancies and affection? I only ask you to run down to the homestead for the holidays and get acquainted with the girls; then, if you fall in love with one of them, well and good. There's not much danger but at all. that they'll take to you, Frank. You're very greatly to your popularity."

"Thank you, judge. Surely I ought to be grateful, and oblige you by falling in love with one of my charming

"Then we'll consider it settled, shall we? The Thursday before Christmas.

"I guess we'll manage it between us, Sara, Frank's agreed to come, and, what's more, has half-promised to fall in love with one of the girls.'

Judge Ransom sat reading his village paper beside the cheery open grate; and fat, motherly Mrs. Ransom sat in her

capacious chair, busily darning socks. "Promised to fall in love with one of the girls! Henry, the idea! Who ever heard of such a thing? You never went and told him you wanted him to marry

one of them?" "Of course I did. There's nothing like being open and above-board. like young Hazel, and told him so; and told him he was welcome to one of my granddaughters, and 'Laurelton' in the

bargain." "Well, Henry Ransom, I never would have believed you were such a-a fool! Don't you know you've ruined our little arrangement by going and telling him?

Why there's not a man living who'll take a fancy to a girl that is recom-mended to him! Well, if you aren't a "I can't see what I've done so dreadful. I'm sure you are as anxious to

have him in the family as I am." "Of course I am-and that is why I hate to see anything spoiled so. My word for it, Frank Hazelton is of too noble a nature to deliberately make love to a girl because she is rich; and, at the same time, I know he will take a dislike

to 'em simply because he knows he is expected to do the other thing." Seems to me I have put my foot in it, Sara, according to your way of thinking.

I am sure I meant well enough." "Oh, I know that. Now, if you'll just leave it to me, and agree to do just what I say, I think it'll end all right, yet. Listen, now, and see if a woman can't beat even a judge in love affairs."

And he sat and listened, his fine face

gradually broadening until it was one big smile from eyebrows to chin. If you don't deserve a diploma," he

declared, jubilantly.

A magnificent December night, with myriads of frostily-twinkling stars above, and a snow-bound landscape below them; and Frank Hazelton, wrapped in his Astrachan overcoat, and his seal-skin cap cozily jammed over his forehead, thought as he was driven from the depot to "Laurel" behind the judge's fast trotters, and in the 'Laurel's' big double-seated, warmly-cushioned sleigh, that the lines might fall to a fellow in a far less pleasant place than that to which he was going; where the judge met him at the door, in the broad banner of warm

"Come right in, my boy—right in!

You're as welcome as the first flowers in spring. Here's annut flow and the rest of stubborn creatures, who are sure to do just exactly contrary to the way. in spring. Here's aunt Sara waiting to

escorted to the parlor, where four nies that it is ever at the full.

young girls were sitting in apparent

ready welcome.
"What! have I four cousins? judge, you've got the best of me. I had no dea my courage was to be put to such a

"Indeed, you needn't think you are so blessed as to pessess four pretty cousins.

These are all you need by claim to—
Maud and Ida, my two dear granddaughters. These other two young ladies are Miss Florence and Irms Cloudesley-visiting 'Laurelton,' to assist in

entertaining you."

After such an informal introduction, the ice was immediately broken; and, before the merry little circle broke up that night, Frank caught himself internally offering congratulations to himself that he had come to 'Laurelton.'

"Pretty girls of course they're pretty all of them," he soldequized, mentally, as he carefully arranged his necktie, one bright, merry morning, a month after he had come to the farm-house.

"There's Maud, with her matchless grace and her stately dignified manner. She should wear a coronet and never feel but what the strawberry leaves were honored by her acceptance. But not for a thousand 'Laureltons' would I spend a lifetime with her; when an hour ex-hausts all her entertaining and instructive ability."

"I wonder what aunt Sara and the judge would think if they knew of my private opinion of Maud and Ida? To sure, Ida is a nice, ladylike little thing, and has about as much mind of her own as a butterfly. I doubt if she ever really does think beyond the arrangement of her pretty yellow hair, and the fit of those marvelously tiny slippers of hers.

From which it will be seen Mr. Frank Hazelton had been very observant. "There's the Misses Cloudesley-sen-

sible, intelligent girls as I ever saw; only Florence will persist in tyrannizing over dear little Irma-"

Then the dinner-bell abruptly dispelled his mental criticisms, and he went down to find them all gone in but Irma Cloudesley, who, with a suspi-ciously tearful face, stood before the mirror. She started, half-guiltily, as he entered.

"Oh, I thought you had gone in. You're late, Mr. Hazelton." "And so are you. What has kept

vou?" He saw the flush surge over her cheeks.

"I-oh-nothing-much."
"Has Flo been teasing you again?" He went close up to her, looking down into her face.

"No-nothing at all. Pleace go into dinner, Mr. Hazelton." She looked really distressed, he saw;

but the headstrong fellow did not obey "I'll go, in a moment, Irma. Tell me

only now, Irma, but always. You avoid me continually."

She blushed rosier than ever and turned her face away. "No, Irma! you must answer me.

Have I offended you?" "No, Mr. Hazelton, you have not.

Please go to dinner. They won't like it, and Maud will think-" She hesitated, and looked painfully confused.

"Irma, I positively will not go to dinner until I know what is the matter with you, if I never eat a mouthful again. What will Maud think? What right has my cousin to think anything about what I do?"

"Oh, Mr. Hazelton - you - you are cruel to ask me. It was toolish in me to say a word." "Every word you say is very sweet to

me, little girl. Tell me why you dread Maud's knowing we are here, together? Tell me, Irma, or I shall-kiss you!" "You know well enough," she fal-

tered, desperately. "You know they all expect you will marry Maud, and-" Frank laughed, and suddenly caught

her in both his arms and kissed her. "Don't struggle, Irma-you are my little darling, aren't you? You love me, don't you? Because I love you so very dearly, Irma! dear little Irma! Maud knows I never shall marry her, and I know I shall marry you, shan't I?"

"Oh, Frank!" She whispered it shyly, blissfully, as she looked into his handsome face. "You ought not to love me and lose 'Laurelton' Indeed, I'm not worth so much."

"I consider myself the best judge of that, Miss Cloudesley! Perhaps you think, in your humility, that you are

not more to me than ten thousand 'Laurelton's'." "And I-really-am I, Frank?" He kissed her over and over again. "Shall we go to dinner-or, has your

appetite vanished? Mine has, after such ectar as your kisses," She laughed, then he saw her beautiful mouth begin to quiver.

"Frank-you won't be angry, will you? promise me! it wasn't my fault, truly, but grandma's." She looked so wistfully at him, and

her language was so puzzling, that he laughed outright.

"Augry?—never! Promise you?— anything!" She leaned her head forward, so he

could not see her face. "I am not Irma Cloudesley, but Irma Ransom. Sister Florence and I changed identities with Maud and Ida, who are

really the Misses Cloudesly. So, after all, Frank, you shall have 'Laurelton'—if you will take it. Will you—with me ? That of course settled it, since Frank was so anxious to have Irms. And so. efter all. Aunt Sara's ruse of war accomplished the desired end, on the unalterable principle that she and the rest of

want them to do. Frank found himself in warm, motherly arms, and, laughing and joking, see the moon colleged; while malice de-Friendship closes the eye rather than The Bourd

Women often was for a husband that is pretty until they walt too long. It also happens to men sometimes. So it was with Mr. Griffith. When he was a husband that young he was in love with a beautiful rirl, but when he became a man he thought he could get some one richer and prettier also and while he was thus thinking the opportunity was lost—she had married another.

And now, reader, imagine that you are standing behind the door of the dining-room, listening to Mr. Griffith and his housekeeper's conversation, "You ought to have a husband, Lou."

"And I think, Mr. Griffith, you ought to have a wife." "That's so, Lou; but pshaw, I don't believe in the women, as they are nowa-days. But when I think of it, they were not much better when I

"Why so?" "Ah, you've never heard of my three courtships! I thought every body knew all about them."

"Well, upon my word, I don't know anything about them; but I should, indeed, like to know. Ah ha, so you've

been in love, too, have you?"
"Yes, Louisa, indeed I have, twice,
even three times. The first is not worth mentioning, but the second is. Well, I clerked in a large grocery store; the owner's daughter was the one I set my cap for. She was very pretty and also very rich. Well, to be short I loved her dearly. I visited her several times, but every time she was visited by another young man, whose name was Fritz. I don't know which one of us she liked best. You know how very slow and safe I am about everything, and so I am in love matters. This will not do in love matters in this country, and so let me tell you what happened One morning I thought I'd make a sure thing of it; so I dressed up in my very best clothes, put my stove-pipe hat on one-sided, and off I went. No sooner had I opened the hall door than there came Fritz running down stairs, haif losing his breath. He ran against me at the same time knocking my flue hat off, which he accidently stepped upon, and exclaimed, "you'll please excuse me, but I'm so glad, that I can't help my foolishness. Say, what do you think? I've won her! How do you like that, sir?" I didn't say anything, but went home, and never mentioned the hat."

"That was the second; tell me now about the third!" said Louisa. "Well, I was then forty years old. had been out traveling, and was just stopping at a small town in France. when I noticed the smallest feet I ever saw on a woman; they were not hidden by a long dress, but neatly covered with snow-white stockings and slippers. In fact, she was a perfect beauty. She a fine fellow, and your five years' absence at the German universities add seem so eager to get rid of me? Not asked her how she sold them. She told me, and I bought all she had. I continued buying from her for three weeks, when one day I bought all she had to sell. I took my flowers and left, when suddenly she came running to me saying: 'Thank you sir, I am very much obliged to you!' 'For what?' said I. 'Oh, sir, I can't thank you enough, you have done me such a fayor. How?' said I. 'Oh, sir, by buying my flowers; you see, sir, I had a sweetheart, and his mother wouldn't let me marry him until I had one hundred dollars cash, and now, thank goodness, have it. So to-morrow I mean to get

'Hush!' I exclaimed at the top of my voice. But she wouldn't hush until she had finished telling me how the wedding was to come off. At last she hushed her talking. I went home, and afterwards left the town."

"But Mr. Griffiths, do tell me about the first courtship.'

"My first sweetheart loved another also. I could have wedded her if I had not been too slow and bashful, but she was engaged to this other man, and so she married him. I have had awful bad luck with women, and never will have anything more to do with them any more."

'But she was engaged, wasn't she? "Engaged! pooh! I believe they are all engaged! Anyhow, she was the daughter of a large plantation owner. Her name was Lilly Fones, and I tell you she was a perfect little beauty."

"Fones! Lilly Fones! Oh, my God! I am she. I was once the happy Lilly Fones, but now-(she burst into tears)

-I am only Mrs. Rummel." "Too bad, Mrs. Rummel. But what became of your husband?"

"He is dead." "And just think you have been my housekeeper five years now, and I never knew this before. But I guess things will turn out right at last." And they surely did. Louisa is no longer Mrs. Rummel, but the honored wife of Captain Griffith.

A Reminiscence of Secretary Stanton

In the third year of the war, when flags were being placed over churches in Baltimore, Washington, and in many cities West and South, whose members were supposed to be disloyal, a house erected by Southern Methodists in Washington was dedicated. A minister of another denomination alone could be found to accept the service. As he approached the porch the flag was seen raped over the door. He deemed it his duty to maintain the principle of entire separation of church and state. Turning to the company assembled, he stated that duty forbade his officiating on the occasion; and his reasons would be given to the Secretary of War. Amid great excitement both of the suspected church and of army officials present, he returned home, and addressed a note to the Secretary, stating three reasons for his postponing the services: first, that neither the church members nor the excited crowd were in a frame of mind to dedicate a sanctuary to God; second, that there was a place to test loyalty, but that the sanctuary was not the place,

nce he who mistook patriotism for plety might mistake self-interest for patriotism; and third, that the suspicion expressed by the flag was a stain on Christian character, tested for years, which must be removed before they sould be recognized by a minister of smother denomination. With his char-acteristic vehemence the Becretary exelaimed, as the note was read to him "He is in the right." The flag was down before 2 o'clock, and no flag from that day was allowed to be put over a church .- Watchman and Heffector.

Fever Infection.

Men of science speak of epidemic waves, and of scarlet fever being com-municated by the few drops of milk which you pour into your tea, or cream diffused in a dish of strawbenries. On a late occasion, at a fashionable din-ner-party in London, as many as eight or ten guests, and seven members of the household, took scarlet fever. Ob-viously, the infection must have been caught at the dinner-party; but how was the puzzling matter of inquiry, for no one in the family of the host was known to have been affected with the disorder. Was the disease brought to the house by a waiter ? Was it conveyed in the table-linen from the washerwoman? Was it somehow incorporated in the cream that had been used in the dessert? An investiga-tion on these and other points, as we understand, was made, but not with any satisfactory result. The cream was any satisfactory result. The cream was thought to be most likely the vehicle of infection; but how could any one be certain on the point? The cream em-ployed in fashionable dessert in Lon-dox is possibly made up of half a dozen creams from as many dairies and inquiry ends only in vague conjecture. Rather a hazardous thing, one would say, going out to dinner where you may run the chance of being killed in manner so very mysterious. People, in their innocence, are not aware of the manner in which contagious dissases may be communicated by public conveyances, by articles of dress, by dwellings, by the very atmosphere. We have just heard an instance of the communication of scarlet fever by means of a "kist," the name usually given in Scotland to a servant's trunk. A servant girl in Morayshire fell all with scarlet fever, and died. Her kist, a painted wooden box, containing all her worldly goods, her later clothing included, was sent home to her relations, and lay for some weeks at a sta-tion on the Speyside Railway before an opportunity occurred for removing it by a cart to her mother's cottage among the hills. During this interval the station-master's children, in romping about, conducted their gambols on the kist, which was a repository of contagion, and in due course were struck down with scarlet fever. At length, the fatal kist was conveyed to its destination, and the contents were dispersed among friends and neigh-The donations were kindly meant, but they proved fatal. No precautions had been taken to disinfect the articles, the result being that wherever the clothes of the deceased girl were taken in, scarlet fever found its victims. For several months the fever raged, until the wave of its infection was expended. Now ensued a remarkable event. The outbreak proved to be an opposing barrier to the spread of a more virulent type of scarlatina advancing from another quarter at a later period of the year. On reaching the former scene of the disease, it was arrested for want of

Moral Courage.

material to feed upon; a second attack

being very unusual.-Chamber's Jour-

Sidney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise, of what men lose for want of a little courage, or independence of mind: - "A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making the first effort; and who if they could be induced to begin, would in all probabilmust not stand shivering, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, where a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterwards; but at present, a man waits and doubts and hesitates and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age; that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice.

A Popular Fallacy Concerning Over-

work. The subject of overwork, then, is one of the greatest importance to study, and has to be discussed daily by all of us. My own opinion has already been expressed, that the evils attending it on the community at large are vastly overestimated; and, judging from my own experience, the persons with unstrung nerves who apply to the doctor are, not the prime minister, the bishops, judges, and hard-working professional men, but merchants and stockbrokers retired from business, government clerks who work from ten to four, women whose domestic duties and bad servants are driving them to the grave, young ladies whose visits to the village school or Sunday performance on the organ are undermining their health, and so on. In short, in my experience I see more allments arise from want of occupation than from overwork, and taking the various kinds of nervous and dyspeptic ailments which we are constantly treating, I find at least six due to idleness to one from overwork.

Instinct of Whales on the Approach of Banger.

Sperm whales have a means of communicating with each other at long distances-how long has never been determined; but certainly at distances as great as are commanded by the eye from the mast-head of a ship, or in a fadius of six or seven miles. The means are a mystery, but every whaleman has observed the fact, and has based his operations in the chase upon it. It has been suggested that, as water is so good a conductor of sound, it may be by sound; but the distances are too great for any sound which the whale is capable of making to penetrate, and it is observed that the telegraph is as perfect as ever in high winds when a thousand waves are breaking. Dart an iron into a he-whale or gallie him by going on his eye, and almost simultaneously with his cutting flukes in the air the whole school will show alarm by running and cutting their flukes, or by disappearing from the surface, and coming up miles to windward and running head out. If it be a female that is struck, the

males are arrested in flight, and are apt to gather about her, and offer chances for more than a single whale. Again when a school of cows and calves are frightened to windward and a calf be struck, the whole school will "bring to," and gather closely around the wounded young, sometimes so closely packed that the enclosed boat will not dare to use the lance; and they will thus remain as long as the calf is alive or the iron holds. But should the Iron draw or the calf die, the whole school will instantly scatter. Whaling captains have taken pains to observe from the masthead, when a boat was going on to a whale to leeward, the effect on the school miles to windward and soon as the eye could turn from one spot to the other, the alarm of the struck whale to leeward would be communicated to those to windward.

A Truthful Sketch.

Let a man fail in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders and pass

on with a cold "How do you do ?" Every trifle of a bili is hunted up and presented that would not have seen the light for months to come, but for the misfortunes of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good: if not the scowl of the sheriff, perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human

In prosperity he sails along gently, wafted by favorite smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself upon his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas! the change. He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon im. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move or to do, this thing or the other; there are spies about him, a writ is ready for his back. To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and, stop paying once in a life time. If he has kind friends then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral seive, it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

Making Christmas Presents

A very old practice and one still respected is that of giving presents. The practice is as old as the visit of the three kings, Melchfor, Jasper, and Balthazar, to the manger. How pleasant this custom is can be attested any day. Stop at any street corner during Christmas week and watch the crowds that burry past. They are hastening to spend money, not to make it, and their countenances plainly indicate how much pleasure there is in planning the innocent deceits and gay surprises which add so much to every Christmas gift. And the joy with which, on Christmas eve, the mothers steal at midnight to ity, have gone great lenghts in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we equalled by the breathless delight with which in the early morning their children patter barefooted over the floor. and feel, for they cannot yet see, to the uttermost stocking toe to discover what Santa Claus has brought them. Fortunately as much Christmas happiness can be bought with a little money or with a great deal. The child is not particular about the costliness of its playthings, and with his elders it is the act of giving as a proof of remembrance and affection which is or ought to be, more valued than the gift itself.

Waiting Dinner. Nothing is more trying to the mis

tress of a house in any grade of life than to be compelled to "wait dinner" for the convenience of tardy guests, to say nothing of the discomfort inflicted on other visitors. The busy people of the world are punctual people; the man whose every moment is worth money to himself and the others always manages to be in time. It is hard that such persons as these should be compelled to waste a long time in waiting dinner for the arrival of some man or woman whose unpunctuality is merely the result of an impertment want of forethought. The proper mode of treating such persons would be to ignore them altogether. If, when the dinner hour arrived, dinner were served, and the drawlers were compelled by their late arrival either to go without dinner or to sit down in the middle of the feastno bringing back of earlier dishes allowed—this evil of careless lateness would soon be remedied. "So sorry to be late," ought to be met by "So sorry we couldn't wait, but glad to have you join us at this stage." If ladies would take this matter in their own hands, the habit of late arrival, which is a positive social nuisance, would soon be

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

When flatterers meet the devil goe to dine.

Your saver of smart things has a bad heart. - Pascal.

Women always give more than they promise-men less.

We cannot escape to morrow by sleep nor eternity by death.

Indecision keeps the door ajar; but decision shuts and bolts it.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

We are liable to be corrected by books

as by companions.—{ Fielding. THE fellow who recovered his appetite says he is now in a gnaw-mal condition.

An English company, is engaged to the manufacture of bricks from slag. Characters never change. Opinions alter; characters are only developed.— Disraeli.

There is no such thing as libertyfor no man is free if he is the slave of his conscience.

The human heart is made for love, as the household hearth tor fire; and for truth, as the household lamp for light. The superfluous blossoms on a fruit tree are meant to symbolize the large

way in which God loves to do pleasant For six months matrimonial happiness depends upon the state of a man's heart; forever after upon the condition

of his stomach. Slag is a chemical compound, the combination of an acid with various bases and as much salt as the sulphate of alumina or potassa. The silies is the acid, and the lime, alumina, magnesia and the alkalies are the basis.

It appears that a Valenciennes lacemaker, working twelve hours a day, can produce only one-third of an inch of Valenciennes lace in a week. Every piece of Alencon point passes through the hands of twelve workwomen.

She was tripping up Washington street with a lady companion, and both were painfully pinned back. In stepping up to surmount the curbstone, she stuck her tiny foot right through her "front breadth." Only her com-panion's support saved her from failing fainting perhaps.

Gone to meet her dress

The French connoisseurs maintain that an English dinner is positively indecent and immoral. A huge chunk of bloody roast beef, carved by a lank, lynx-eyed Englishman, a mass of plumb pudding, solid enough to mow down a regiment, form a spectacle they say, to frighten the gods, and one which suggests the shambles.

Statuettes and other artistic forms in plaster are made very closely to resemered with a thin coat of powdered mica. This powder is mixed with collection, and then applied to the objects in plaster with a brush, after the manner of paint. The mica can be easily tinted in various colors. It can be washed in water, and unlike silver, is not liable to become tarnished by sulphurated gases.

Addison says: "I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permament. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning which breaks through a gloom of louds and glitters for a moment; heerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity."

Absinthe drinking is becoming such a science amongst the students of Paris that "professors of absinthe" have sprung up to instruct the young idea as to the proper mode of imbibing this favorite beverage. A regular course of ectures is given, and we find that there are seven different ways to mix the absinthe. First comes the Hussarde-this is to pour out the water in three equal quantities; then the Parisienne-adding the water drop by drop; next the Puree-equal quantities of absinthe and water, poured out simultaneously. Fourthly we have the Amazone-similar to the Hussarde, with the addition of two spoonful of sirop de gomme; the Vichy-a third of absinthe, a third of orgeat, and a third of water; the Bourgeoise-exactly like the preceeding, only substituting anisette for orgeat, and lastly l'Abs; consisting of pure absinthe with a few drops of brandy.

One of the greatest curlosities in apan to the stranger is the wonderful variety of coins that are used daily. in some instances it takes one thousand pieces to make a dollar. They are called 'cash," and are seldom received by foreigners, who, as a general rule, refuse to take them in change. Imagine making a trade of five cents, and giving a man a fifty-cent piece, and receiving four bundred and fifty of these coppers. This coin is peculiarly made, having a square hole in the center. They are about the size of our dime plece, and nearly two thirds of the thickness. Next to this comes the quarter of a cent then the half cent, eight-tenths of a cent, and the one and two-cent pleces. In silver coins they have five, ten twenty, fifty-cent and one dollar pieces. In gold, the one, two, five ten and twenty dollars, which are very pretty colnages indeed. Next to this comes the Government series of paper money, in various denominations, ranging from 5 cts to one hundred dollars. This money is made on quite inferior paper to ours, and from general appearance will not last like the American money.