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## Content.

Dust ever hear the moon complain  
Because 'twas not the sun;  
Or know a star to sigh in vain  
To be a brighter one?

Methinks the smallest orb that glows  
In yonder fields of light,  
Its brightest, purest lustre shows,  
To glorify the night.

What if the brooks should cease to be,  
And hush their prattling tone,  
Because the music of the sea  
Was grander than their own?

But rippling o'er their shining sands,  
They keep the meadows green  
Unmuffled of the wondrous lands  
The ocean rolls between.

For every mountain peak snow-clad,  
Majestic and alone,  
A thousand little hills are glad,  
With verdure overgrown.

And from each leafy grove and vale  
Such sweet music flows,  
Each bird might be a nightingale  
And every flower a rose.

So, in the earth beneath our feet,  
In skies above us bent,  
In lonely path, or crowded street,  
God teaches us content.

Then why, my soul, shouldst thou repine,  
Though poor thy gifts, and small,  
And few the blessings that are thine?  
His love is in them all.

And thou canst learn while others teach,  
Canst list while others sing,  
And loving God, at length canst reach  
The good in everything.

## The Last Glass--The First Feast.

"Why, you careless man, you've been and broken your glass," said a smiling young landlady, with a quick tongue, to one of her best customers, who spent the bulk of his wages at her husband's house, and kept his wife and family in rags and misery.

"Nonsense, missus," said the man, Saul Hobson by name; "I haven't broken your glass."

"But you have then," she retorted, impatiently, annoyed at his contradiction; "just look at that crack; do you mean to tell me that crack was there when you took your drink? You've knocked it against something, that you have--why, the glass is utterly ruined."

"All right," said Saul, pacifically, in a rather mandarin tone, for he had already drunk a great deal.

"Isn't that right," said the provoked landlady; "it's all wrong, and I can tell you you shall not leave this house without paying for the glass you have broken."

"Nonsense!" said Saul; "you know me, and you ought to believe my word. I didn't break that glass. You don't mean that?"

"I do mean it," she said.

"Bless my heart! and think what an old friend I am of you and yours; you'd never be so hard upon a poor fellow as that? Beside, I know I didn't break it."

"You did break it!" she exclaimed, still more angrily.

Then Saul Hobson grew red in his turn.

"Very well, missus," he said, sternly, "what's to pay?"

"Fourpence; and 'twas worth every farthing of the money, too."

He flung down four penny pieces miserably upon the table.

"There, then; and now the glass is mine, and I can take it home?"

"Of course you can," she rejoined, haughtily and sarcastically, "if you've a mind to go filling up your place with poor broken stuff like that. Take it and welcome."

"There's no welcome about it; I've paid for it, and it's mine."

With these words Saul Hobson rose to leave the "Three Fawns," carrying in his hand the broken tumbler. At the door he met the landlady, who had been out.

"Good evening, Saul; where are you going off to, man?"

"Home," said Saul.

"Home? nonsense!" said the landlady; "it isn't nine o'clock yet--you've been in no time at all, man; what's the matter?"

"I'd better not speak any more in this house, for my word isn't believed."

"Sally," said the landlady of the "Three Fawns," turning a look of annoyance on his buxom partner behind the bar, "what have you been quarreling with Mr. Dobson about?"

"Nothing, Mr. Hart; he's broken a glass and had to pay for it, that's all."

"I didn't break it," said Saul.

"Had to pay for it? Give him back the money this moment. Is this how you manage my business when my back is turned? Don't you know better, Sally, than to treat an old friend and a good customer in such a way? What's his price of a tumbler? Come back, Saul, and forget all about her folly," urged the landlady.

"No, thank you," said Saul, not smiling nor yielding in the slightest degree to Mr. Hart's good nature and blandishments. "I shall keep my word and go home."

So saying, he left the house.

"You are a beauty to quarrel with Saul Hobson," said the landlady, and

grily, to his wife, and there ensued a war of words between the pair which we need not chronicle here.

"There's no sense in your being so savage, Mr. Hart," said his wife, amongst her other speeches; "that man will be back in a few nights at furthest, as sure as my name is Sarah Hart."

But the landlady's prophecy was destined to be unfulfilled.

Saul Hobson took his way to the desolate, barely furnished room he called his home. His wife looked up in surprise as she saw him enter. With dry humor, that she hardly appreciated, he sat the broken tumbler on the table and said,--

"There, Fan, what do you think of that as a bargain for fourpence?"

"Fourpence, Saul?" she answered in grave earnest, "it would be dear at a ha'penny. What on earth did you buy a broken tumbler for? Surely we have broken things enough about us," and she glanced around at the contents of the room, of which certainly quite a large proportion was unsound. Saul followed his wife's glance, with a bitter smile upon his lips.

"Yes, Fanny; so the tumbler will match."

Wondering alike at the comparative sobriety and the strangeness of tone, the discreet wife ventured no further remark.

"Have you got no supper for your husband, Fan?" he next asked.

"I've a bit of bread, Saul, there's nothing else in the house."

He laughed bitterly.

"And you didn't expect me?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well, I don't blame you for that. Is it too late to buy a pound of bacon? There is enough to fry it, more's the wonder. There's a shilling, Fanny; perhaps you wouldn't dislike a cup of tea."

"Oh, thank you, Saul!"

Fanny Hobson was hungry and tired, and the prospect was inviting. She slipped out readily, wondering and excited. She soon returned with the bacon and an ounce of tea. It was quite wonderful, the alacrity with which, thus encouraged, she bustled about to make the place comfortable. The warm, savory smell, and the noise of the frying bacon as it fizzed and hissed in the pan, reached the children in their bed on the floor in a little recess of the room, and they called out,--

"What is it, mother; who's frying?"

"Mother is," answered Saul Hobson; "and if you are good and quiet you shall have a taste."

Awestruck at their father's voice, the children were like mice for the next few minutes, save a whispered comment or two on the prospect before them.

It was a sight to behold that family half an hour later--the poor little man, half fed, scantily-attired children gathered around their parents' knees, and eating ravenously of bread and bacon, with an occasional sip of warm tea from the basin which their father used, or the cracked tumbler of their mother. When they had gone back to their bed, warm and contented, there was a whisper among them, and then arose in tremulous tones--a little out of tune, perhaps, and yet surely somehow in tune with the angels' music--the simple words of thanks,--

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,  
But more because of Jesus' blood;  
Let manna from thy saints be given,  
The bread of life sent down from Heaven."

Saul Hobson's eyes grew moist with blessed tears, and he was silent for some time. Then he raised the broken glass in his hand and flung it on the fire, where it fell in a dozen pieces.

"There, Fanny," said he, "there's my last glass at the 'Three Fawns'--that's the last glass of liquor I shall ever drink."

"Thank God!"

Eight years have passed away--eight happy years for Saul and Fanny Hobson. Slowly but surely the work of reformation has been carried on in that once miserable family. Almost the first act of his head, when he had recovered all his articles from the pawnshop, was to remove into a tidier quarter of the town, and to engage two rooms.

Being an able workman he soon received an advance in his wages, when his master discovered he could depend on his punctual attendance; and Saul began to save. He had ideas of bettering his condition formed in his sober brain, which in his drink-loving days could not find room there. And now, with a small capital carefully and prudently accumulated year by year, he has just gone into business as a master tradesman, with a light heart, a clear conscience, and a happy home.

Best of all, he and his wife have become members of a Christian church, and are endeavoring to bring up their family in the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom.

Saul Hobson never ceases to rejoice in those circumstances which led him to decide that he had taken his glass.

Now is the time to shout your hosannas. One thousand stocking makers are coming to this country from Chemnitz, a Saxony town.

## A Detective's Great Feat.

A great forgery having been committed, whereby a bank was robbed of £30,000, the culprit succeeded in getting safely out of England, and escaped to the Argentine Republic, where there was no extradition treaty. He was believed to have taken the whole of the plunder with him, as his wife, who was narrowly watched, certainly held no portion of it, and no letter addressed to him had passed through the postoffice; so a private detective of great reputation was employed by the bank authorities to go out to the River Platte, and endeavor either to recover the money or to lure the forger into a position where he might be captured. This detective was an educated man and well fitted to carry out the job, as assumed--that of Major R., traveling for his health, and intending to pay a short visit to Buenos Ayres before proceeding to Valparaiso and Peru. Unlimited powers, official and unofficial, were conferred on him; he was supplied with letters of introduction to the leading people in the Republic; and of course there was to be no question of expense. Thus furnished, he set out.

On arrival in Buenos Ayres he discovered that his man had gone some leagues up the country. Following up the track, he found him living in apparent great poverty, employed as a shepherd by an English *estancia*, to whom the would-be Major R. happened to have a letter of introduction. In this way he had no difficulty in making acquaintance with his intended prey--gradually and casually to avert suspicion. One day he asked him openly whether his position in life had not been very different from that in which he found him, as his speech and manner were those of a gentleman; and, after a little hesitation, the shepherd confessed that such was the case, presently telling a plausible tale of misfortune in business, etc. Professing pity for him, the kind-hearted major lent him money, and took him back into the city, where he entertained him as his guest, having mentioned confidentially to him that he wished to invest a considerable sum in land out there, and promising to install him as manager of the estate. All this time the thief was supposed to be carrying the money hidden about his person; and it was to devise some strategy for obtaining this with certainty and safety that the detective postponed the *dramatization* of the plot so long. At length, when he had excluded every other possible place of concealment, and seemed to have won the man's entire confidence, he went to the captain of the British man-of-war lying there and revealed himself in his own character--for nobody till then had the least inkling of the truth--and together they arranged a very nice little trap. The officers of the gunboat were to give a grand picnic, followed by a dance on board; and all the best people in Buenos Ayres were invited, Major R. and his friend among the rest. The "friend" was delighted at the prospect, and drew largely on the major for the wherewithal to present a befitting splendor of appearance on the eventful day. As they strolled down to the wharf, arm in arm, you may be sure that Major R.'s heart beat high with the triumph already in his grasp, one of the cleverest captures ever planned by an emissary of Scotland Yard. Hiring a boat, they soon arrived alongside the man-of-war, where the poop was already crowded with ladies.

"Jump up," said the Major, as the gangway ladder was lowered; "we're just in time."

"Well, no, Mr. G.," returned the forger, calling the detective by his real name. "I don't think I'll go on board; but I'll stay here in the boat and listen to the music while you go up and dance!"

If the officer did not feel sold at that moment no man ever did. The best of it was the audacious robber had not one penny of his booty with him, and was much too wary to trust the post. Both he and his wife, who joined him soon afterward, were obliged to work for their bread until the arrival of their government, who had never been suspected of complicity, with the whole sum. But how he discovered his adversary was never known.

By the way, this same detective is said to have had another "sell" a few days later. He went on board the mail steamer just come in from Brazil, as he thought he might obtain an English newspaper. If he got one he certainly had time to read it, for the steamer happened to be in quarantine, and he had to undergo the horrors of seclusion at Ensenada for three weeks!

A man's shocking behavior: A lady alighting from a street car met an acquaintance, who said to her: "You appear to be excited?" "So I am, I had to stand up the whole way." "Did nobody offer you a seat?" "Yes, one man; but I declined it, thinking he would urge me to accept." "And he didn't?" "No; the beast went on reading and never looked up again. Bah! if there's anything I hate it's hogishness in a horse car."

## Elephantine Morality.

Hundreds of men and women have laughed over the amusing picture of the monkey using the cat's paw to take chestnuts off the hot stove. Perhaps a few of the laughers have recognized themselves either in the monkey or in the cat.

Yet it is a common practice to use others to do that for us which we would not do for ourselves. We may think that we thereby escape responsibility. But the legal maxim which asserts that what one does through another he does himself, is not only good law, but good morals. He who influences another to act for him is responsible for the character of that other's action.

Singular as it may seem, elephants who have associated with men also entertain the notion that they are not responsible if they use some one else to do a wrong act. An anecdote will illustrate this elephantine morality.

A gentleman in Rangoon bought three young elephants to send to England. They were tame and playful, but cunning. Knowing that it was wrong to steal paddy (unhusked rice),--the idea had doubtless been impressed upon them by punishment for stealing,--they would not touch it themselves. But if a boy went to see them, he would be seized by one, the little trunk coiled around his arm, and he led to where the paddy was kept in bags.

The elephant would make a cat's paw of the boy's hand to take up a handful of paddy. Then letting go, he would turn up the end of his trunk, open it, and coaxingly invite the boy to drop in the paddy.

Should the boy, however, put it back in the bag, his arm would be again seized by the trunk, and his hand again inserted into the paddy-bag.

The boy, anxious to be released, would usually drop the paddy into the trunk, and the elephant would blow the rice into his mouth. After repeating the operation several times, the elephant would scamper off, feeling that he had got the paddy without stealing it.

There are not a few men who have that elephant's notion of morals, and congratulate themselves whenever they have made another person do a "smart" thing for them.--*Youth's Companion*.

The Pipes of the World.

Dr. Bragge's collections of pipes now on view at the Alexandra Palace offers, says the London Times, one of the most interesting of minor art exhibitions. Mr. Bragge's collection includes specimens of all countries and belonging to many periods, of the graven images and idols of clay which have been dedicated to the worship of tobacco. From France come pipes of Sevres made in the national porcelain factory; from Germany old Dresden pipes and the pipe formerly smoked by the giant in possession of the guilds at Cologne; from Holland several hundred of the aesthetic clay called "Early Dutch," collected by Teer Van der Want, Master of the Pipe-makers' Guild at Gouda. The Dutch contribution includes also specimens of the bridegrooms' pipes, clay ornamented with ribbons, which the farmer of the polders smokes on the day of his wedding, and then lays by on the shelf, to be taken down once a year when the anniversary comes round of the momentous occasion. This pipe is regarded with great interest by smokers as an example of the various uses which tobacco serves in calming ecstasies of joy and mitigating the pangs of regret. There are 700 early English pipes, Scandinavian pipes, with modern ruins inscribed upon them, Siberian bowls, the consolation of the exile, made of hard wood and mammoth ivory; Basque pipes and the costly meerschaum and amber toys smoked by the pachas in their seraglio. Ninety-six of the Japanese pipes are in ivory, twenty-four in wood, horn, rock crystal, agate, etc. The carving illustrates the social life of Japan in its most amusing relations. One pipe which formerly belonged to Enomoto, foster brother of the emperor, bears the imperial symbols, and the central portion is entirely inlaid with gold. The bowls are extremely small. A pipe contains merely a whiff. A piece of tobacco is rolled up to the size of a pea, and one long, soothing inhalation exhausts it. The smoke is retained for some time in the lungs, as is usual in the East. It is no matter of surprise that, according to the Earl of Elgin's mission, a Japanese will smoke fifty such pipes in a morning. From China come the opium pipes, which balance the finances of India--tubes of jade or tortoise shell, bowls of silver and enamel. Hookahs from India, the calumets of peace and war from North America, the pipes of the Aztecs and Caribs, the latter called "tabaco," whence the European name of the weed originally consumed in them is said to be derived; pipes smoked at the great "customs" in Central Africa, the sperm whale's teeth carved into bowls, pipes from Caledonia and New Guinea are also to be seen at Muswell Hill.

A Kentucky girl of shifting affections said yes to two men, and allowed both to obtain marriage licenses. They met at her house on the appointed day, and she made a final choice between them.

The proprietors of a soda-ash factory, at La Salle, Illinois, are building a chimney 250 feet in height to carry off the noxious fumes.

## FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The number of vertebrate animals is estimated at 20,000.

A codfish produces 3,686,760 eggs. A mackerel 454,860.

In 1526 roses were placed over confessions as symbols of secrecy.

Iron can be made so thin that it takes 4,800 sheets to make an inch in thickness.

A nugget of gold weighing fifty-eight pounds has been unearthed in Mr. Trapegeukoff's mines in Siberia.

The paper for the Bank of England notes has been made in the same mill, in Lanerston, Hampshire, since 1719.

The lucifer match was invented in 1827, by an English chemist, and Faraday first brought the discovery into practice.

Between the years 1174 and 1600, three hundred and fifty printers flourished in England and Scotland, and the product of their presses amounted to 10,000 distinct productions.

The Persian King Cambyses caused one of his judges, who had allowed his decision in a certain case to be influenced by a bribe, to be flayed alive and his skin used as a covering for the seat of his son, who was to succeed him in office.

Coffee was first sold in London in 1652 by a Greek whose handbill read: "The virtue of the coffee, drink first publicly made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosée, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

There are five cities in the world having each a population of over 1,000,000 inhabitants--one each in Britain, United States, Germany, France and Austria. Then there are nine having more than 500,000 inhabitants--three in Great Britain, three in the United States, two in Russia, and one in Turkey. Of cities having between 200,000 and 500,000 inhabitants there are twenty-nine--six in the United States, five in Great Britain, four in Germany and in Italy, three in France, two in Spain and one in Russia, Austria, Belgium, Holland, and Portugal.

France, viewed from a sanitary point, is one of the most favored countries in the world, yet nearly 1,000,000 persons die there every year. From this it is statistically proved that the daily number of deaths in the world averages nearly 98,790, while the number of births is over 104,000 in every twenty-four hours.

The timid, who think the earth is going to fill up with people in a very few years and crowd them off, can take courage, as from the latest showing there is an annual increase in population of less than 3,000,000 at the present time.

The lion has often been seen to despise contemptible enemies and pardon their insults when it was in his power to punish them. He has been seen to spare the lives of such as were thrown to be devoured by him, to live peacefully with them, to afford them part of his subsistence, and sometimes to want food himself rather than deprive them of that life which his generosity had spared. The lion is not usually cruel; he is only so from necessity, and never kills more than he consumes. When satiated, he is perfectly gentle.

Curious Oriental Dress.

The black garments which have given a distinctive name (*Sikh*) to the race (the people of Kafiristan) apparently differ in various tribes. Those on the Kabul side wear entire goat-skins with the hair on. The Bushgalis, a main tribe dwelling southwest of Cbitral, wear tunics with half sleeves, of black woven goat's hair, reaching nearly to the knee, gathered in at the waist with a leather belt, from which hangs a dagger, and with a broad red edging along the bottom. Where the Kafirs about on their Afghan neighbors they are found to be gradually adopting cotton clothing. The women, however, appear to adhere to the traditional garb, which consists in their case of sack-like garments of black woven goat's hair, with long, loose sleeves, reaching to the ankles, and gathered in loosely at the waist with a colored cotton scarf bound tightly over the shoulders. The men shave the whole of the head, except a circular patch about three inches in diameter, whence the hair is allowed to grow long and hang down behind, often to the waist. The Bushgalis women wear a curious head-dress, consisting of a sort of black cap with lappets and two horns about a foot long made of wood, wrapped round with black cloth and fixed to the cap. A somewhat similar fashion prevailed in our island in the reign of the Plantagenets, and strange to say, the Chinese pilgrims, Sung Yun and Hwen Tsang, noted a like peculiarity in vogue in Turkestan in the sixth and seventh centuries of our era.--*London Times*.

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## VENTRILLOQUISM.

Some of the Pranks Which Ventriloquists Have Played on Their Fellowmen.

The following is from an interview with Professor Dixon, a ventriloquist: "Who were the greatest ventriloquists?"

"Well, there was an old Athenian named Eurykles, who is spoken of in history as master of the art. Then there were Professor Alexandre and Louis Brabant, of modern times. They were both Frenchmen. Brabant lived in the fourteenth century, I believe, and was said to be the best ventriloquist the world ever knew. Alexandre lived at an earlier period, and was noted more for his mimetic representations than for his ventriloquial powers. Professor Love, of England, was celebrated in the art, and was rivalled by Professor Harrington, who died recently in Revere, Mass. Of those living to-day, Frederick McCabe and E. D. Davies are the greatest. Davies is now retired in Australia, and McCabe has recently signed a contract to go there the present season. Davies was the first ventriloquist to introduce 'figures' as an assistant to the art in America."

"McCabe was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a Mississippi river steamer, and forming an acquaintance with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine room. He took a seat in a corner, and pulling his hat down over his eyes, appeared lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to squeak. The engineer oiled it and went about his usual duties. In the course of a few minutes the squeaking was heard again, and the engineer rushed over, oil can in hand, to lubricate the same spindle. Again he returned to his post, but it was only a few minutes until the same old spindle was squeaking louder than ever. 'Great Jupiter!' he yelled, 'the thing's bewitched.' More oil was administered, but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the spindle squeaked again, and slipping up behind McCabe, the engineer squirted a half-pint of oil down the joker's back. 'There,' said he, 'I guess that spindle won't squeak any more!' The joke was so good that McCabe could not keep it, and he often tells it with as much relish as his auditors receive it."

"At another time McCabe was confronted by a highwayman on one of the lonely streets of Cincinnati, as he was returning to his hotel from a moonlight picnic. The robber presented a cocked revolver to the ventriloquist's head, demanding his money or his life. McCabe's quick wit saved him. He threw his voice behind the robber, exclaiming: 'Hold, villain, you are my prisoner!' The frightened scamp turned his head, and McCabe dealt him a blow that felled him to the ground. He then secured the revolver and marched the scoundrel to a police station."

"Do you ever play jokes?"

"Not often. I am not given to such sport as a general thing, but occasionally amuse myself at the expense of others. Last year I was traveling with a musical combination. One day while riding on the cars I threw my voice into a covered basket, and set up a furious barking like a dog. The lady beside whom the basket was sitting gave a scream and bounded out of the seat. Then I made a cat join in with the row, and a brakeman came running pell-mell to quiet the disturbance. He jerked the lid off the basket and found nothing but a lot of delicious peaches the lady was taking home. The crowd was considerably mystified. Then I set a bumble-bee buzzing about the brakeman's ears and he retreated. A gentleman who was standing near heard a wolf growl so ferociously behind him that he jumped about two feet high. Then the lady was made to believe that a mouse's nest had found lodgment in her pocket, and the circus was complete. But I don't believe much in such capers, and generally forego the fun I might have if I felt disposed."

Growth and Weight of Children.

Some interesting studies with reference to the health and growth of children have been made by Dr. Boulton, of the Samaritan hospital, London; and, instead of taking the average of a large number of children measured once, he adopted the plan of measuring a number of children of normal growth, brought up under average circumstances, many times, thus ascertaining their rate of increase. By this means, the annual rate of growth was found to vary between two and three inches for each child per year. Dr. Boulton believes that when a child varies more than a quarter of an inch annually, or when his weight does not correspond with his weight within a margin of safety--put at seven pounds--then it is safe to conclude the child's diet is not good, or possibly some disease is lurking in his system. The curious fact appears that loss of weight always precedes the development of consumption.

Baltimore gravely announces that her handsomest man is a coroner, but journals of other cities seem inclined to make sport of the fact.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A young lady is giving whistling entertainments in the oil regions. Anything to raise the wind during the dull season.

In Texas when a man wants to commit suicide he steals a horse, says his prayers and calmly awaits the inevitable result.

St. Louis bakers are on a strike and are loafing around, doughing nothing and making kneadless trouble for their employers.

Beavers are rapidly increasing in California, and are damming the state almost as much as some of the disappointed politicians are.

An exchange says that Von Moltke can get only three hours of sleep out of the twenty-four. Perhaps Mrs. Von Moltke snores.

A pair of scissors were found in an ox just killed in Pennsylvania, and it is feared the animal has made food of some green editor.

The California Supreme Court has decided that bad spelling does not vitiate the verdict of a jury--even when the judge himself writes it.

A trustee of the Lutheran church at Postenkill, N. Y., carried off the communion vessels on withdrawal from membership, and used them on his own table. The pastor has sued for their recovery.

Tuchmann & Co., of London, have invented a fire-extinguishing preparation which can be kept in powder or in solution. They claim that it is not only more speedy and effectual in action than water, but that nothing once sprinkled with it will ignite. It excites much attention.

Wherever she went she boasted of her beautiful complexion, And claimed to be the handsomest Young lady in her section; And of her face she well might boast, Because it cost the "rockies"-- That beautiful complexion comes At ninety cents a box.

What Cyrus W. Field Saw in Asia.

"There is no unusual discomfort about railway travel in India. Railway management there is of a high order, and as to expense of operating exceeds anything to be found in the United States. But about thirty-three per cent. of receipts of Indian railways are required to meet the expense of operation. What one of our railways can report as favorable as that?"

"The Japanese are one of the cleanliest people on earth, personally. But as much cannot be said of them morally. It is the custom of the whole nation to bathe daily, but it may shock you to know that until recently men and women bathed together perfectly naked. The government has established a law against promiscuous bathing, and the bathing houses are now made with a partition to separate the men and the women, but it is not very high."

"The most refined Japanese are extremely courteous and agreeable people. We were invited to visit a Japanese merchant, with whom I was much pleased. Our reception was as curious as it was cordial. We had to remove our shoes at the door, and enter and make our visit in our stocking feet. Our host introduced us to three of his wives. I do not know how many more he had. It will give you some idea of the elegance of our entertainment if I tell you the tea we drank was made before us in a golden teakettle."

"The hills, mountains, and volcanoes of Japan are exceedingly beautiful. The groves which occupy so much space in Japanese cities are very attractive. The inland sea upon which we crossed to Nagasaki is as beautiful as any water I ever sailed upon."

Shanghai and Hong Kong are not filthy, and Saigon, in Cochinchina, is cleaner than New York has been in many years. But the people do not bathe as frequently as in Japan and the people are not as clean. The Celestials are sinewy and have great endurance, but they would doubtless look less salubrious if they were not restricted to such a monotonous diet. Rice is wholesome food, but they live almost exclusively upon rice, and the poorer class have hardly enough of that."

"The dwellings of the natives are poor everywhere in Asia. The only fine private buildings are the houses of foreign residents. The pagodas of the great cities of China are conspicuous above the hut-like houses of the people, but they are much inferior to the mosques and temples of India. As we sailed from the ports of China the pagodas were the last objects of sight, and as we approached Singapore, the southernmost point of Asia, and passed through the Straits of Malacca to Penang, the temples of heathen deities were the first objects to attract our attention. So it was at every Asiatic port we entered. As we sailed up the Bay of Bengal to Rangoon, the capital of British Burmah, twenty-five miles within the mouth of the Irrawaddy, the greatest pagoda in the world raised its great golden dome imposingly before us."