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The Impossible.

Men cannot draw water from an empty well, Orgather the search of a pealing b. It.

Nor chain the winds till they bles, no more

Nor drive true love from a maiden's door Men e mot contaken fleeting lie, Change his wheat to a field of eye.
Or coil back years that have long gone by:

Man waver can beine old l'ather Time. Gain the highter a peak that he cannot elimb.

Or treet the hand that both done a crime. Man cannot a cruel word recall. Fetter a thought, be it great or

Or honey extract from a drop of gall. Man can never backward turn the tide, Or count the stars that are scattered wide, Or find in a fool a tenery gainle.

Man connect reop trust from worthiess seed Rely for strength on the broken real, Or gon a heart he hath caused to bleed,

Manuever can hope tracpeace to win, Laying a thoughties. Life of sin

BEYOND HIS INCOME.

"Five pounds of grapes," said old Mes. Mildrage, in astonishment. "Are you unite sure that you understood your mistress order, Hester? White grapes are sixty cents a pound, and sarely for so small a dinner-party as

"There's no mistake, ma'am," said Hester, partly. Servants will soon learn the spirit of their superiors, and Hester knew that young Mrs. Mildmay was not particularly par ial toher hus-"I took the order myself, and it ain't likely that I should Incredistrook."

"Hester is quite right," said Mrs. Rufus Millionay, who came in at that moment, a handsome brunette, in a pink cashmere morning-dress, trimmed with bands, a to militain, of black velvetrather a contrast to the neat, calicogown which her mother-in-law was acenstomed to wear about her morning avocations at home. "And I do wishmannos, you wouldn't interfere!"

The old lady's serene brow flushed.

"My dear," she remenstrated, "I do not wish to modifie with your concerns; but I really fear that Enfos' income-"

"Rufus' income is his own, to spend as he pleases," interrupted the young lady. "And you seem to torget mammathat people don't live nowadays as they did when you were a girl."

Mrs. Milliony said nothing more. It was not the first time, nor yet the second, that she had been given to un- parlor, by the big fire-place, when the derstand, by Mrs. Rufus, that her interposition in household affairs was un-

The stepson, whom she loved with as sion of the frozen world, a vague apfond a devotion as if he had been her prehension crept into her heart. own child, had married a beautiful city girl and settled in New York.

Mildmay had secretly hoped that he would love sweet Alice Acton, the clergyman's daughter at Pole Hill, and | happen" settle down on the old farm, as his father before him had done.

Yet if Butus was happy! Yes, there was the question. And sometimes Mrs. Mildmay feared that he was not, in spite of his smiles and his assumed cheerfulness.

after his marriage. Mrs. Mildmay had like this." heped so, too: but after this, her first

"Oil and water will not mix," she and then she paused. said to herself, with a sigh. "And I belong to a past generation."

As she left the store-closet, where Rosamond and her cook were holding counsel as to a proposed dinner-party, she went slowly and spiritlessly up to the breakfast-room, where Rufus was reading the morning paper before the

"Rufus," she said, a little abruptly, "I think I had better go back to the

Hemlocks this week." "Mother," he remonstrated.

"I don't think that Resamend wants

Rufus Mildmay reddened.

"I hope, mother," he said, "she has not said anything to-"

"It is not natural that she should need my presence," said the old lady, "I might have known it; now I am certain of it. Home is the best place for me. But remember one thing. dear Rufus. Do not outspend your in-Rosamond is young and thoughtless. You yourself are inex-

perienced-" "Oh, it's all right, mother," said the young man, carelessly, "But I did hope that you could be happy here!"

Mrs. Mildmay shook her head. "I shall see you sometimes," said she. "If ever you are in trouble, Rufusyan or Rosamond, either-you will know where to come."

So the old lady went away from the pretty bifou of a house in Parabole Place, with its bay windows, its Turcoman portieres and the boxes of flowers in all the casements.

"Peramond," said the young husband, be child and mother once again."

as he studied over the list of weekly tills a short time subsequently, "I be-lieve my mother was right, We are also, he confessed—waich had woven entrunning our income."

"Pshaw," said Rosamond, who was ewing a frill of point face on to the tradesfolk, the threats of public exponeck of a rose-colored satin reception dress; "what has put that ridiculous idea into your head, Rufus?"

"Facts and figures," answered Rufus-"Just look here, Rosie."

"But I don't want to look" said Rosamond, impatiently turning her had proved a success," he said, eagerly, head away, "and I won't -so there! Of course one can't live without money, especially if one goes into society."

Rufus whistled under his breath. "But, Rosamond," said be, "if a man's income is a hundred dollars a month. and he spends two hundred, how are the accounts to balance at the year's

"I don't know anything about balances and accounts," said Rosamond, with a sweet, sportive laugh. "How do you like this dress, Enfus?" holding up the gleaming folds of the pink satin. "I shall wear it on Thursday evening.

"Do you think, Rosie," said the young man, gently, "that it is wise for us to go so much into society on our slender income "

"That arrow came from your mother's quiver, Rufus!" said Resamond, with another laugh. "She was always preaching about your income."

"And, after all," said Rufus, "what do we care for the fashionable people to whose houses we go, and whom we invite to our parties? They wouldn't one of them regret if we were to go to the Rocky Mountains to-morrow,"

"I would as soon die at once as live without society," said Resamond, "Poleave off lecturing me, Rufus! Society is all that makes life worth having for

And, with a deep sigh, Rufus held That was a long, lonely winter for

Mrs. Mildmay, senior, at The Hendocks. Snow set in early; the river from over, as it it were sheeted with iron, except in the one dismal place down in the ravine, where a restless pool of tak black water beiled and bubbled, at the foot of a perpendicular mass of gray rock, under the shadow of gloomy evergreens; the simshine glittered with fro en brightness over the hills, and

logs blaze I in the twilight And as the New Year passed, and the latter cold of January took possess

the old lady was often secretly said at

heart as she sat all alone in the crimson

"Something is going to happen," she said. "I am not superstitions, but So far, all was well, although Mrs. there are times when the shadow of coming events stretches darkly across the heart. Something is going to

> And one afternoon, as the amber sun, set blaced behind the leadess trees. turning the snowy fields to masses of molten pearl, she put on her fur-lined

"I will go and take a walk," said she, "I shall certainly become a It had been his fondest hope that his hypochondriac if I sit all the time by mother might be one of his household, the fire and nurse my morbid fancies

She took a long brisk walk down by visit, she felt that the dream was in the ruins of the old mill, through the cedar woods, across the frozen swamp,

"I will come back by the Black Pool," she thought. "It is a wild and pietu resque spot in winter, with icicles hanging to the tree-boughs, and weird iceeffects over the face of the old gray rock."

It was a dark and gloomy place, funereally shadowed by the hemlocks, which grew there to a giant size; and when Mrs. Mildmay got beneath their boughs, she started back.

Was it the illusive glimmer of the darkeningtwiligh>?-or was it really a man who stood close to the edge of the Black Pool?

"Rufus! Oh, Rufus, my son."

She was barely in time to catch him in her arms and drag him back from the awful death to which he was hurl-

ing himself. When they reached the cedar wainscoted parlor, where the blazing logs cast a ruddy reflection on the red moreen curtains, Mrs. Mildmay looked into her stepson's face with loving eyes.

"And now, Rufus," said she, "tell me all about it. The Lord has been very good to you for saving you from a terrible crime."

"Mother, why did you stop me?" he said, recklessly. "I am a rained man! I shall be dishonored in the sight of the world! Death would be preferable, a thousands times, to disgrace.

"I had rather be a truck, a dog, or any, "Rufus," said the old lady, tenderly, thing else." "do you remember when you used to "Happy fellows?" groans the law get into boyish scrapes at school? Do ver, as he scratches his head over some you remember how you used to confide dry, musty records - "happy fellows! I your troubles to me? Let us forget had rather hammer stones all day than all the years that have passed. Let us puzzle my head on these redious, vexa-

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth. itself like a fatal web about his feet Death borders upon our birth, and of the unpaid bills, the clamoring

So he told her all-of the reckless ex-

"And if my investment in Eric bonds

"I could have taken up every one of

the notes before they came due, But

there was a change in the market, and

now-now the bills will be presented

next week, and my villainy will be

patent to all the world! Oh, mother,

"Ten thousand dollars," he answered

"Exactly the amount of the Govern

ment bonds which your father left me,'

said Mrs. Mildmay. "They would have

"Take them," said Mrs. Mildaray,

"Go to New York the first

tenderly pressing her lips to his fore-

thing to-morrow morning and wine

And then begin the record of existence

And up in the little room which he

had occupied as a child, Rufus Mild-

may slept the first peaceful similers

In the midnight train from New

Hemlocks, with a pale, terrided face

"th, mother, mother" she solded:

where is he my husband? He has

left me, and the letter on the dressing-

table declared that he would never re-

turn alive! Oh, mother, it is my fault!

I have rained bine! Help me, comfort

Mrs. Mikimay took her daughter-in-

wake him. He is worn out, both in

mind and body. Only be thanking

that God has given him back to you,

warned ole of this long ago. Oh, why

did I give no heed to your words? I

my dear," said the old lady, kindly,

So the young people went back to

New York and commenced the world

of 'society," and living within them-

I could only be just like her, I should

The Spirit of Discontent.

The other day we stood by a cooper

"Ah!" said he, "mine is a hard fot-

a hot summer day, as he wiped the

perspiration from his brow, while the

life with a vengeance, melting and fry,

"O! that I was a carpenter," ejacu-

lated the shoemaker, as he bent over

his lap-stone, "Here I am, day afte

day, wearing my soul away, making

Sides for others-cooped up in this

little seven-by-nine room. Hi-ho-

claimed the bricklayer - "broiling

ing one's self over a but fire"

Mrs. Mildinay, senior, came

"Only be brave and steadfast.

And as the two women sat tegether

me, tell me what I shall do:

cyclids for many and many a night.

"Mother, you don't mean-"

myself into the Black Pool?"

staring gloomily into the fire.

yours now, Rufus."

and baggard eyes.

sweetly sleeping.

Black Pool.

deserve it all?"

driving a hoop."

hum!"

wish I was a tailor."

more active life."

almost from the grave."

head.

mands.

our cradle stands in the grave. Whose keepeth his mouth and his sure, which had driven him at last to

the forgery of his employer's signature, tongue keepeth his soul from troublein order to free himself from one or two of the most pressing of these de

> Satire often proceeds less from illsnature than from the desire of dis- ticable rather than resort to building playing wit.

All the whetting in the world can never set a razor edge on that which bath no steel in it. Avoid circumberation in language

Words, like cannon balls, should go mother! why did you not let me tling straight to their mark. "Rufus," said his stepmother, "what To look forward profitably we must is the amount of these these forged

look back. Experience of the past is the best light for the future. with the deepest prebe, and draws

forth the hidden character. A house kept to the end of display is impossible thalf but a few w been yours at my death. They are and their encoses is dearly bought:

Everywhere and always a man's worth must be gauged to some extent, though only in part, by his domesticity.

The man that works at home helps wiety at large with somewhat more this stain from your life as you would certainty than he who devotes himself wipe a few blurred figures from a state. | to charities. When a misfertune happens to a

> prevent the same thing from happening to vonrself. Laziness grows on people; it begins

which had descended upon his weary the more he is able to accomplish, for more than most others of its kind, York came Resamend Mildmay to The he learns to economise his strength. Real merit of any kind cannot be

nothing can depreciate it but a man's howing it biaself. It may not al- The origin of these probably dates far ways be rewarded as it ought; but will always be known.

A Vile Conspiracy,

Jehiel Jusper strolled into the grocery store of one of our back country villaw's hand, and led her softly to the little room where her husband lay lages, Saturday, and after standing round with his back to the fire until he was permeated with calorie, said: "Hush" said the old hady; "do not

"Well, I guess I'll read the news and get along toward home. Squire Perkinses' papers come yet?" and he stepred behind the post-offices boxes, as was his custom, to take it out and read

by the blazing logs in the crineson par-"t'an't let you see it, Jehiel," said for, Mrs. Mildmay told Resamond the the postmaster, "government has is" whole story of the meeting at the sued orders that any postmaster who allows a non-sub-eriber to read a sub-"Mother," said Rosamend, with a scriber's paper will lose his position." quivering lip, "it is my doing. You

"No! You don't tell me? Well, if that ain't a great ince? It's a put-up job- a conspiracy between these news-"You will do better for the rature, | papers and the gov'ment to keep the multitude in ignorance, so that they can domineer it over the community. And they talk about this 'ere bein' a free country. It's driftin' right into anew, withdrawing from the maelstrom despotism jest as fast as it can. How's a man to know what's goin' on if he don't read and now the gov ment's settin' down on all bleas of eddication, an' with them, and Resumend is learning the art of henseke ping under her di-takin away that privilege."

"Mainten is an angel" says the the postmaster. "The government inthe room, in addition to these fancis sunk to a large whisp slower and offer and closed the note with the young wife, enthusiastically. "And if doesn't say anything against your sub-

me for ? D'ye suppose that I'm goin' to subscribe for a paper that I've read who was playing a merry tune with for fourteen years right here by the stove without costing me a cent? No. sir. I ain't agoin' to belp 'em to op- almost every other kind, grow as if by press me by keepin' me in ignorance. "Heigho!" sighed the blacksmith on No. sir-ce." And having got a supply of cheap plug tobacco "put on the state," he mogged home-a thoroughly red iron glowed on the anvil; "this is oppressed citizen.

Until the Strings.

Said one of the most successful mer. chants of Cleveland, O., to a lad who much sought after on this account. was opening a parcel: "Young man, untie the strings; do not cut them."

It was the first remark that he had made to a new employe. It was the

under the sweltering sun or exposed to the inclemency of the weather. "I "This is too bad," petulantly cried the tailor-"to be compelled to sit perched up here plying the needle all the time. Would that mine were a "Last day of grace banks won't discount customers won't pay what shall I do?" grambles the merchant.

HOUSEHOLD SUPERSTITIONS.

Some of the Queer Fancies Entertained by Good Propie.

A favorite superstition, in many Wiele-Democrat, is the one concerning new houses; that it is unlucky to build new house is building he has occupainfirmities, consequently thinks of

most of these superstitions, has a definite reason for its own existence. Salt

back in antiquity, when the world was full of superstitions fancies about light in general and candle light in particuordinances of religion wer. the evil eye from affecting the happy demons who were thought to be always cuts. on the lookout for the soul of the dytomed to regard them with something of a superstitious eye, and to look to

coming storm. magic, the house leek is a lucky plant, will preserve the mmates from all emptied itself of people, and the feast dangers brought about by unfriendly fairles, while the four-leaved clover is considered certain to give its possessor success in love, and is consequently

The Esquimanx.

first lesson the lad had to learn, and it livered in London, Dr. Rae expressed the nonites, you know, in the fuel busiinvolved the principles of success or opinion that this people was originally ness. They are right smart, and in- ing hither and thitler, and sharp, failure in his business career. Point, an Asiatic race, who crossed from Siberia genious in some things, and this is the heavily-sparred steamers of five hunto Alaska they speak but one language "There is a man who always whips with slight dialectical variations. and snow houses, according to locality. scheme, ain't it?"

THE FEAST OF HUSSEIN.

Horrible Scenes at a Mohammedan Re-figious Ceremony.

A Constantinople letter to the San parts of this country, says the St. Louis Francisco Chronicle describes in graphie language the horrible scenes witnessed by the writer at a religious cera new house, since the coffin of the emony, Says the correspondent; "There We never injure our own characters | builder will be the first one carried out | was the sharp stroke of a bell and the much as when we attack those of at the door. Hence, in many parts of whole band fell on their knees, and the Southern states a liftions will be bending touched their foreheads three made to the old house as long as prac. times to the ground. The crowd also bowed their heads. Then the priests an entirely new structure. The supers in front, rising, commenced a low, mostition, perhaps arose from the fact that | notenous chant, accompanied ty a nod, se many retired merchants erect line ding motion of the head. One after houses only to die in them as soon as another the following files took up the they are finished. This is often the strain and the motion, and the whole but no supernatural reason is body began slowly to advance, keeping needed to account for the occurrence, perfect time to the music The merciant has up to that time been the chanting. The chant had sunk to engaged in active pursuits, has never a harsh, guttural whisper, and the been idle in his life, and as long as his crowd, which had been gathering almost as pruch excitement as the aco-Prosperity tries the buman heart tion, even though he may have retired lives, now began to take a hand in the from business. But when the house proceedings. Everywhere in the great is done he has nothing to do and noth- court heads and bedies were swaying ing to think of but his ailments and and bending, and fresh voices were intening the chant, "al-lah" al-lah! them a great deal, soon loses his cour. throwing the emphasis strongly on the second syllable of the word. Spilling the salt on the table is a par- the priest commenced the story of ticularly but omen, and contrary to Hussein's prophecy and death the procession suddenly opened its ranks.leaving spaces of several feet between the

is the emblem of hospitality, of friend- lides. At the same time all the youngship, of good-fellowship, and when sait | er priests rolled up the sleaves of their is spilled on the table the friendship is timies above the cloow on their right supposed to be in danger of being arm. The chant changed to callah, friend, look forward and endeavor to broken. Like other superstitions allab, God and the prophet," and the fancies a sufficient number of instances rate of speed was quickened. The of the vernication of the ill-omen have crowd pressed beavier and closer been found and recorded to inspire against the ropes. The faces of the in coloreds and ends in iron chains, popular relief in the religibility of the devotees contacted almost convulsed. The more business a man has to do sign, and it is therefore respected even. There was a shout from the priest, followed by sudden silence, during which So far as number is concerned, the time every man calsed his sword above most numerous class of superstitions his head. Another shout, and with oncealed; it will be discovered and are composed of these which the resumption of the chant and a perfect rour from the crowd, the swords cluster round the family candles. ome down, every man striking bimself with the sharp edge across the head or foreliead, making wounds from which the Idoel flowed freely, ular. When we come down to the The swords were immediately raised early days of the Christian churcle, and again came down as before. At however, we find that not a few of the first everything was methodical, and the cutting was done together. But, panied by ceremonies, in which lighted as the wedges caught the erasiness of carolles played an important part, the spectators, all discipline ceased, and Candles were lighted at birth to keep each wan slashed and cut himself as he off evil spirits, at marriage to prevent, saw fit. In many cases, the wounds crossed and recressed each other till pair, and at death to drive away the the whole head was a mere becoverk of

It was a horrible and sickening ing man. Naturally then, as candles sight. At one point at the first blow played so important a part in the cere- struck by one of the dervishes the blood monies of religion, mea became accuss spurited from the wound and struck one of the soldiers at the ropes directly in the face. He fell as it he had them for signs and wonders which been hit by a buildt. The shock sick were not to be elsewhere found. So a 'ened him and he had fainted. Such peculiar appearance in the candle, for an exhibition could not last long. The which no reason could be given, was Ifinit to human endurance even where always regarded as indicative of some strengthened by religious fanaticism remarkable event about to happen. Λ is very narrow. Before the procession collection of tallow round the wick, is that gone the length of the square many still known as a winding-sheet, and is of the devotees were recling and stagbelieved to foretell the death of one of gering like drunken men. Their faces the family, while a bright spark is a were glastly pale, and their long white her. sign of the future reception of a letter | cleaks were streaked and stained with by the person opposite whom the spark blood. Then a man stumbled and core from a young man of her acquainis situated, and the waving of the flame | fell forward | and was carried away by without any apparent cause is supposed the attendants. The strokes of the and as he had never offered to take her to demonstrate the presence of a spirit sweeds grew feebler and the chanting anywhere else she accepted his kind ful notions there are some others which slower they went, and new men, were solemn declaration that "salvation is scribing for the paper yourself, you are founded on natural facts too well recling and dropping at every step. The free known to admit of dispute, such as the | head of the column reached the steps candle to light readily, which indicates and turning up them disappeared a state of atmosphere favorable to a within the building. But of the actual devotees not halr had the strength In Ireland, where horsehold supers to go by themselves. The crowd bestitions, and indeed superstitions of gan to disperse before the last victim had been carried away. The servants commenced to extinguish the lights on which, if planted in the thatch, the altar, the great court gradually

of Hu-sein was over,

"Yes, I've lived out West ten years," a forty-niner, "I mean on the perairies of Newbraska. Great country, too.

"What did the folks do for fuel?" "Well, nowadays we're following af-It a lecture upon the Esquimanx dester the Roeshuns, the Roeshun Men-

ing to a well-dressed man behind the by Behring's straits. From Labrador way they get over the fuel difficulty: dred to one thousand tons are constantrooms, all cornering together in the out his scissors and cuts the strings of They are physically strong, have great center. Right there they put up a these ships from those of other seas is the packages in three or four places, affection for their children, and are in, great brick oven, with thick walls, the rig, which carried me back to my He is a good salesman, but he will telligent and faithful. The tallest From the furnace deor back to the boyhood. Two-top-sail schooners with never be anything more. I presume male measured by Dr. Simpson, near backyard is a passageway. Every very rakish masts abounded, thoroughly he lives from hand to mouth, and is Behring's straits, was five feet ten and morning, noon and night they lug a piratical, and altogether like vessels more or less in debt. The trouble with one-half inches, and the shortest was jug of straw in from the stack and him is that he was nev r taught to five feet one inch; the heaviest weight burn it in the furnace. The thick but not longer in use except on the save. I told the boy just now to untic ed 125 pounds, and the lightest 125 brick walls get red hot, and stay so for Caspian. Brigantines, with a small the strings, not so much for the value pounds. An Esquimaux often eats as hours, warming every room in the topsail, and other obsolete rigs were of the string as to teach him that much as eight pounds of seal or twelve house. Even in the coldest weather to be seen on this sea which has fasheverything is to be saved and nothing pounds of fish at a meal. The clothing three fires a day in the furnace will jons of its own; which has no relations wasted. If the idea can be tirmly im, of the people is made almost entirely keep the house warm. For the cookpressed upon the mind of a beginner in of reindeer skins, and their dwellings, ing stoves we burn cornstalks to get tresh nor sait, and also enjoys the life that nothing was made to be usually snug and comfortable, consist meals with, and thus our farms raise freak of lying over one hundred feet wasted, you have laid the foundation of stone and mud kraals, wooden huts our fuel as we go along. Pretty good below the level of the ocean,-Man-

Sunken Gold.

The Chatham Becond

RATES

ADVERTISING.

depths rot inget-haben ships, While gold doublooms that from the drowned

hand fell.
Lie nested in the ocean-flower's bell.

And round some wrought-gold cop the sca.

And hides last pearls, near pearls still in their

Where sen west towarts fill each ocean della

And seek don sunlight with their countle

lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost hopes,

Henceth the new hashed surface of myself, a length depths than where the diver gropes. They lie deep, deep; but I at times behold

In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf, The glemm of irrecoverable gold. - Lee Hamilton.

RUMOROUS.

Rolling stock - Cattle trains pitched

lown an embankment. "I fear no man!" he said. And about that time his wife came along and led

him off by the ear. When you see a counterfeit coin on the sidewalk, pick it up. You are liable to accest if you try to pass it.

"Mother, may I go out to per?

It you ful this year you must shot up shop. You've kept longer than you orter

An exchange speaks of "the leading oand of the country." It is a brass band, and it may be first-class; but the hat-band is generally at the head.

"Yes," said the boy, "I might just as well be at the head of my class as not. But I don't mind being at the foot, and the other boys do, so I sacrifice myself."

"Your father is entirely hald now,

isn't he?" said a men to a sen of a millionaire. "Yes," replied the youth, sally, "I'm the only heir he has left." Mrs. Homespun, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young

brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation There is luck in being the first baby. In England, if of the male sex, it becomes the beir apparent, while in free

America it usually escapes more spankings than the second one. "There is a single sentence in the English fereign enlistment act which contains 600 words. A longer sentence was that of a New York judge the

other day. It contained twenty years. "Is your wife acquainted with the dead languages?" asked the professor of a Newman man. "Maybe she is," was the reply, "but the language she ases is entirely too warm to have been

dead very long." "Do you paint yet?" asked an old friend of a feminine artist whom sho had not seen before for many years. "Yes." was the answer. "I still paint. I paint the children red and I put it on

with my dipper." When a small boy appears in new clothes he is afraid to meet his companions for fear of being ridiculed, But when a girl steps out in new garments she tankes it a point to go where her acquaintances may see and envy

A young lady recently received a tance, soliciting her company to church,

First Sight of the Caspian Sea.

One of the most singular mental ef-

feets I noticed on novell was that produced whenever I walked on the quay, and saw the large fleet rocking in the port. Shelley's Alastor had from early vonth haunted my memory, and given me the impression that the Caspian was a weird, half-ideal sea, with shores ten anted by the ghosts of dead empires; with a coast which was a reedy morass trodden only by the bittern and crane; said a traveler, who was bearded like with waters gray with the haze of perpetual twilight, a vast, mysterious sol itude. Such in part it is on the eastern shore, but at Baku the Caspian conveys ride at anchor by scores; the port is busy with wherries and sail-bonts dart "They build their houses of four by entering and leaving the docks. The only peculiarity that distinguishes with any other sea; which is neither batton.