North Carolina Gazette.

Published by J. H. & G. G. Myrover, Corner Anderson and Old Streets, Fayetteville, N. C.

VOL. VI.--NO. 14.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1878. [WHOLE NO. 269.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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J. H. & G. G. MYROVER,
Publishers.

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Home Circle.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life. —*Dryden.*

THE MARKED ARM.

Click! In the dead of the night a sharp sound awakened Mrs. Halifont. The room was dark; not even a gleam of moon or starlight fell through the curtains of the windows. It was a very strange sound indeed, but she saw nothing, heard nothing more. She sat up, leaning on her dimpled elbow, and put out her right hand and touched her husband's shoulder. He lay upon his pillow, sound asleep, and did not awaken at her touch.

"It must have been a dream," said Mrs. Halifont, and her young head—she was only the bride of a year—nestled down close to her husband's arm, and she slept again.

Click! This time the sound did not arouse Mrs. Halifont. It was her husband who awakened. He did not pause to listen, but grasped the revolver beneath his pillow and jumped out of bed at once. In an alcove in the next room stood a safe, which contained money and valuables. It was not one of the wonderful new safes which defy fire and burglars, but an old one that had been in the family a long time. Mr. Halifont knew on the instant that some one was opening this safe.

A man of courage, a man who never hesitated in the face of danger, one, too, who had a worldly regard for his possessions, Mr. Halifont strode at once into the room where he knew the housebreakers were at work, and, running in the dark against a powerful man, tackled him at once.

The light of the lantern flashed across the room. There were two more men. Three against one. The sound of blows, struggling and the report of a pistol aroused the young wife once more. Amidst her terror she had the good sense to light the gas. It shone upon a spectacle of horror. Her husband, weltering in his blood, wrestling with a gigantic man, whose features were concealed by a mask of black crape, a man, the upper part of whose person was clothed only in a knotty woolen shirt of some dark color, with sleeves that left the rest of his great arms bare. On the right one, the one which clutched Mr. Holifant's throat, was a red mark or brand, a scar, a birthmark. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Halifont, even in a calmer moment, to tell what it was, but it indelibly impressed itself upon her mind, as she bravely cast herself into the struggle, and fought with all her might to drag the terrible hand from her husband's throat, screaming all the while for aid.

A blow, a kick would have silenced her. The burglar must have known that, but there are very bad men who could not use violence towards a woman to save their own lives. This man could not. His companions had flown with their booty; help might arrive at any moment. With a great effort he wrenched himself from the clutch of his victim and sped away. It was not too soon; assistance arrived now, that it was too late. But Mr. Holifant did not live to tell the story. He was mortally wounded. His young wife watched by his bedside until he breathed his last; then dropped beside it senseless.

For weeks she raved, in wild delirium, of the murderous hand, of the great, muscular arm, with a scar upon it, and called upon them all to save her husband's life; but she was young, and had a fine constitution. After a while her health returned, and, at last, her mind regained its equipoise.

She removed from the city and took up her abode in her lonely country place, with a favorite sister for a companion. She had resolved, as all widows who have loved their husbands do at first, to remain a widow forever. And indeed, though many young men would gladly have tempted one so young, beautiful and wealthy, she seemed to care less for any of them than for the kitten which purred upon her knee, or the little black and tan terrier which ran by her side along the garden paths. She was nineteen when her husband was married; at thirty-two she was still true to his memory.

Is anyone forever utterly true to their lover's memory—out of romance—who does not die young? I fear not. In this, the lapsing summer of the woman's life, when she pretends to believe that autumn has actually come, temptation to inconstancy assailed her. For many years a fine house upon the neighboring estate had been empty, but now there came to take possession of it a gentleman not yet forty—a widower with plenty of money and no children, and a handsome man, well built and stalwart, with magnificent black hair and eyes that were like black diamonds—indeed, he called himself a Spaniard, and his speech betrayed a foreign accent.

Those dark eyes and those blue ones met, a few neighborly words were exchanged, and then followed a friendly call.

pity me! I have loved this man, who Mrs. Halifont felt a new emotion creeping into her heart. She felt pleased and flattered by the stranger's attention. Then she knew she was loved, and rejoiced—and so discovered that she herself loved again.

At first she was angry with herself, then she wept over her inconstancy, but at last she yielded utterly. After all, it was the love that made her untrue; since she had loved she could never pride herself on being faithful again, and so she listened to the sweet words that, despite herself, made her happy, and promised to marry Colonel Humphries.

When a widow does marry a second time she generally contrives to make a [illegible] tainly not done as foolishly as some widows do. She had neither chosen a little boy or a titled Italian without money enough to keep himself in macaroni. Her future husband was older than herself, and too rich to be suspected of any intention of being a fortune hunter; but, after all no one knew him. He came into the neighborhood without letters of introduction to any one, and whether he won wealth by trade or came to it by inheritance remained a mystery.

There were those who shrugged their shoulders and declared that Mrs. Halifont would regret not having taken some one of whom more was known—some retired merchant, some gentleman of fortune whose father had been known to her friends. Nothing, to be sure, could be said against the Spaniard, or Cuban, with the English name, but who knew anything in his favor?

However, no one said anything to Mrs. Halifont, and if any one had, words never changed a woman's fancy yet. Mrs. Halifont believed in Colonel Humphries, and intended to marry him. Indeed, the trousseau was prepared, the wedding day fixed, and all was ready, and Ida Halifont believed herself to be a very happy woman. She once more built castles in the air. Her old sorrow seemed to fade away in the distance. She was a girl again.

At last only twenty-four hours lay between her and her wedding day. She was busy in her sewing-room on this last day, finishing some ruffles in lace and ribbon, and singing to herself, when suddenly the house was filled with sharp cries. An old man-servant, while cutting the grass upon the lawn, wounded himself seriously. The doctor was sent for, but was not at home, and meanwhile poor Zebedee was bleeding profusely. Suddenly Ida Halifont remembered that Mr. Humphries had said that he understood wounds as well as though he had been bred a surgeon. Without this it would have been natural for her, in a moment of anxiety, to call upon one who would soon be her protector. She would call him herself, that there might be no delay; and, seizing her garden hat, she ran along a little path that led from her grounds to that of Mr. Humphries, climbed a low fence to save time, which would have been lost in reaching a gate, and so gained the rear of the dwelling of which to-morrow she would be mistress.

She thought herself terrified and distressed. She felt rather injured, in that such an unpleasant thing as the wounding of poor Zebedee should have happened on the eve of her wedding day. Ten minutes after she thought of herself at that moment as utterly at ease—wondrously happy—for as she reached those windows and peeped half timidly through the curtain a thing happened that made all she had ever suffered seem as nothing.

The room, the window of which she had approached, was one that opened out of a conservatory. She saw Col. Humphries busy with some rare plants he had just set out in the warm sunshine that fell through the glass. He had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Now he left the conservatory, and coming forward proceeded to wash his hands in a basin of water that had been set ready for him. He was close to Ida Halifont. He did not see her, but she could have reached out her hand and touched him. Why did she not speak and call him by name? Why did she fall down upon her knees and clasp her hands and tremble like an aspen leaf? Alas! the awful reason was this: Upon that arm to which she was about to give the right to clasp her in the tenderest embrace, she saw a terrible mark—a mark she had seen once before. She knew its shape and size and color. Her eyes had been riveted upon it when the sinewy hand, at the wrist of which it ended, grasped her dying husband's throat. She had learned it all by heart; she could not be mistaken. Though years had rolled away, that horrible marked arm could not be forgotten or mistaken for any other.

Suddenly Col. Humphries felt himself grasped by a hand that, small as it was, had the fierce clutch of the tiger's claw. The fingers closed over that red mark—a white face came close to his.

"You are my husband's murderer!" hissed a voice in his ear.

Then the two stood staring at each other. He made no denial. He only looked down upon his arm and cursed it aloud.

"How dare you make love to me!" she gasped. "You—"

"Because I loved you," he said. "Woman, if I had not fallen in love with you that night I should have killed you also. It was risking my life to spare you, with your screams calling for men to hunt me down—"

"Oh! if you had but killed me then!" she moaned.

"Well, you are at my mercy now," he said.

She answered:

"You can kill! I wish you would! I pray you do it! You killed my husband. The murderer of my husband must be brought to justice; and I—yesterday, nay, an hour ago—I loved you! Oh! God,

came in the night to rob my husband, and who murdered him!"

She remembered saying this. Afterwards a strange drowsiness overcame her. She seemed to let go her hold upon the world. She faintly recognized the fact that Col. Humphries knelt at her feet and kissed her hands. Then there were blank hours and strange, wild dreams, and she awakened in the twilight, and found herself bound fast to a great arm-chair, long cords about her arms tying her hands and confining her feet.

So her servants found her, but she was the only living being in the great house. Col. Humphries and his two black servants had vanished [illegible]. The empty bottle of chloroform on the floor; the fact that he had left nothing behind him, and had always kept his money in a form that left him free to leave the country at any time—all proved that detection had been prepared for. And he was never traced—or else he had the means to bribe those who were set upon his track.

Ida Halifont lived through it all. She lives to-day in the quiet house beside the river, but no one has ever seen her smile again; and from her deepest slumber she often starts in terror, fancying that she sees uplifted, menacing, above her that cruel, terrible arm, marked with the blood-red stain. There is no happiness for her, for she can never forget that this arm had also embraced her.

THE DOME OF ST. PETERS.

Visitors to St. Peters are not allowed to go up in the dome, except on Thursday, without a special permit from the Vatican, which is easily obtained by the guide, and then it costs about two francs for a party, as it is customary to give a half franc to each of the custodians. The ascent to the roof is made by an inclined plane, and not by steps which wind around by a circular staircase. This passageway is about six feet wide, and the ascent is very easy—much easier than if it were by steps. On reaching the roof it is found to be of bricks laid sideways in cement, and a portion of it slabs of stone, sustained by arches. The immensity of the building is better understood by its view from the roof, surrounded as you are by the marble statues, which look from the plaza to be about life-size, but are in reality eighteen feet high. On the walls of the passageway to the roof are slabs of marble set in, recording the names and dates when members of the reigning houses of Europe have accomplished their ascent. After examining the roof we passed up an outside flight of steps leading to the base of the dome, and entered a door which led to the circular gallery around the interior, which is known as the whispering gallery. By stationing one of our party close to the wall on one side and passing around to the opposite side they could distinctly hear each other talk, and held a conversation in a low tone, although they were 139 feet apart. The dome has an inner and outer wall, and between these is the staircase for the ascent to the lantern. When half way up there is another door, by which we entered a small gallery on the side of the dome. Looking down to the floor of the Cathedral, the height was so immense that the people walking about below looked like mere infants. After resting here awhile we examined the mosaics, which looked from below like fine oil paintings, but we found they were very coarse, each stone being about a half inch square on the face. Another ascent brought us to the top of the dome, where there is an outside balcony surrounding the colonnade lantern which surmounts the dome. From this point a grand view of Rome and all the surrounding country can be had, extending to the Mediterranean, a distance of thirty-five miles, over the almost bare Campagna, between Rome and Civita Vechia, whilst on the other side is the Alban Hills and the chain of the Appenine Mountains. After enjoying this view and the fine, cool breeze, we entered the lantern and ascended by another spiral staircase to the top of the lantern, where an upright iron ladder gave us access to the ball, which is formed of copper plates eight feet in diameter and has held sixteen persons, though, we rather suppose, not of the size of the four who entered it to-day. It is not often entered by ladies, who usually give out by the time they reach the balcony, but even the youngest and weakest of our party made the entire ascent.

A LITTLE CRADLE.—In the majestic Cathedral of Westminister, London, famed as the burial place of kings, princes, nobles, and the great in literature and war, there is a little cradle, chiseled from marble that has grown gray with time. Peer around beneath the canopy, and smile lovingly at the little chubby face, with cap and frill, that presses the pillow so quietly in sleep. Why is the baby so honored as to sleep besides the dust of greatness? The marble bears no name, but the record reads: "Princess Sophia, daughter of James I., died 1600, aged 3 days."

A golden rule for a young lady is to converse always with your female friends as though a gentleman were of the party, and with young men as if your female friends were present.

The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will and seeking to please himself.

However uncontrollable the circumstances of our life may be, the qualities of character which we seek to cultivate in them are ours to choose.

FAST LIFE.

Recently the guests in the Cosmopolitan Hotel, New [illegible] were startled by the report of a pistol, and on investigation disclosed the fact that George Leroy Livingston, who was staying there temporarily, had shot himself in the shoulder. The wound was not a serious one, and Mr. Livingston claimed that it was accidental. Circumstances, however, lead to the belief that he had shot himself for a purpose. It appears that [illegible] years ago he was one of the fast young men among the [illegible] of the fashionable [illegible] of New York. He was young [illegible] He was dependent upon his mother for the means of gratifying his tastes, and a knowledge of his reckless expenditures being made known to her, she suddenly cut off his supplies. In the meantime he had made the acquaintance of a Miss Louise Heartt, of Troy, the possessor of $60,000, left her by her mother, and presumptive heiress to her father's half million. In opposition to the advice of friends Miss Heartt married the handsome rake, paying even the clergyman's fee and defraying the expenses of a subsequent trip to Europe. On their return they entered upon an extravagant mode of life. The wife's $60,000 soon disappeared, but in the meantime her father died, and she came into possession of $300,000 from his estate. They had made rapid inroads upon this, and the principal was steadily disappearing, yet they managed to keep up the appearance of great wealth. Among the intimate friends of Mrs. Livingston was a Miss Mary Gale, who, having no mother to watch over her, had developed into a thoughtless flirt. An intimacy sprang up between Livingston and Miss Gale which provoked a good deal of comment among fashionable circles. About the middle of last April Mrs. Livingston, who had been made aware of the intimacy between husband and friend, had a somewhat stormy interview with the former, in which she charged him with having transferred his affections to Miss Gale, which charge he unblushingly admitted. She then sent for Miss Gale and asked her if she thought her husband loved her (Miss Gale). The latter thought he did. Mrs. Livingston then ordered her to leave the house, and gave her husband a similar charge. Miss Gale went home, confiscated the family diamonds and such other valuables as she could lay her hands on, packed her clothes [illegible] who, it is said, was furnished by his wife with money to travel on. Miss Gale was of age, but her father found he could control her on another ground, and so sent detectives to trace her up and threaten to arrest her for the theft of the diamonds if she refused to return. She concluded to return home. Mrs. Livingston instituted proceedings for and obtained a divorce, and resumed her maiden name. Since then Livingston had been hard up and has endeavored to effect a reconciliation with his wife, and it is believed that he wounded himself with the pistol as above described in order to awaken the lady's sympathies.

OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.—Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy; and when things did not go as he wished he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the story of his distress.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "'twould be well for you if you would oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes, and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. No one, therefore, liked to go in or out of it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody since."

"Then you think I am like a creaking door?" cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and your words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle full of this precious oil, for every family is likely to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

THE FINEST RESIDENCE IN AMERICA.—Flood, the California millionaire, is building what will, it is said, be the finest private residence in America. The grounds include 1,500 acres on San Francisco bay, comprising a natural park ready for improvements to any desired extent. The house is 100 by 200 feet in area, and resembles a French chateau of the old style. Verandas surround it, and the roof is broken with many gables and two towers 140 feet high. The entire exterior is very ornate. Among the apartments are several parlors, music room, library and wine room, the latter being of uncommon size. The dining-room is 100 feet long, so that great dinners may be given in it; most of it can be shut off, leaving a room of comparatively small size for ordinary use. Five years will be consumed in completing the house and its surroundings. Mr. Flood also contemplates a city residence of corresponding magnificence.

An enemy that disguises himself under the veil of friendship is worse than one who declares open hostility.

False friendship is like the parasitic moss which feeds on the life of the tree which it pretends to adorn.

THE END OF GREATNESS.

Alexander, after having climbed to the dizzy heights of ambition, and, with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another city for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered [illegible] and made her foundation quake—fled from his country, being chased by one of those who exultingly united his name to that of God, and called him Hanni Baal—died at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented, unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his hands in the blood of one million of his foes; after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment—almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not, or would not bring him aid.

Thus, four great men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand the representatives of all the world calls great—those four, who each in turn made the world tremble to its centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or, some suppose, by poison mingled in wine; one a suicide; one murdered by his friends, and one in lonely exile.

A WEDDING STOPPED AT THE ALTAR.—There was a strange scene at Cincinnati one day last week. A respectable and intelligent young lady was engaged to be married, and made the discovery that her affianced was in the habit of drinking, and told him what she had learned. He promised never to drink again, and she [illegible] sequently set, and all went well until the morning appointed for the performance of the ceremony. During the interval he made his usual visits, and though he drank at times, his betrothed never learned of his faithlessness until it was nearly too late to punish him for it. They were standing side by side, and a moment more would have found them man and wife, when he turned toward her and his telltale breath spoke of whisky. When the minister propounded the usual question to her, the response came faintly, "No." In surprise the question was again asked, and this time the response was clear and decisive, "No." She then turned to her lover, accused him of drinking, reminded him of his promise to her, and said that a man who would break a promise so solemnly made could not be relied upon, and she feared to trust her future to such a man. Expostulations and entreaties were all in vain, and that little "Yes" still remains unsaid.

THE CODE IN COLORADO.—The code is new out in Colorado, and awkward marksmen find it hard to kill each other. Stine and Colburn, of Cebolla, had a wrangle over a young lady's reputation and a duel was arranged. Place, the bridge; weapons, shot-guns; distance, fifty feet. The principals were stationed at each end of the bridge and loaded shot-guns were laid at their feet, and their seconds explained to them that at the word "three" they were to seize their weapons, cock and fire them. At the signal Colburn caught up his gun and exploded a cap. Stine had his piece ready, but to shoot would have been foul murder, and, like a man of honor he refrained from taking advantage of his antagonist's helpless condition. Colburn's gun was re-primed, but as he expressed some doubt as to the effectiveness of the arm, his antagonist offered to swap weapons with him, at the same time volunteering to settle for two hundred and seventy-five dollars. Colburn's friends could not raise the money, and so, taking his enemy's gun, he fired and hit the ground midway; and without waiting for his antagonist to return the fire he scampered off and took refuge behind a venerable drover named Smyth. Stine advanced with his gun leveled at the barricade and Colburn, being forced to fight in the open, seized a ponderous boulder and rushed to the front. Seconds, surgeons and bystanders surrounded the principals, and in the excitement of the fray somebody's gun went off in the air. At this critical moment a deputy sheriff, with a small posse, armed to the teeth, dashed upon the scene with foaming steeds and arrested the sanguinary combatants.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell which incloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

We should always be careful on whom we confer benefits; for if we bestow them on the base-minded it is like throwing water into the sea.

WAS NOAH'S ARK 113 MILES IN LENGTH?

In the book of Genesis it is said that the Ark was 300 cubits in length, 50 in breadth and 30 in height. The Bible dictionaries and other Biblical publications, assuming the cubit to be 18 inches, say the Ark was 450 feet long, 75 broad and 45 high. If the cubit of Noah's time was 18 inches in length, then the dimensions above given are correct. If it is shown that Noah's cubit was 2,000 feet, his vessel must be regarded as one of huge proportions.

"And the waters prevailed exceedingly [illegible] were under the heaven were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail and the mountains were covered." Genesis, vii chap., 19 & 20 v.

These verses are quoted here to show that the cubit must have been more than 18 inches long. The highest hills could not have been covered with 22½ feet of water. The length of a cubit may be found by the following calculation: It required ten months for the waters of the flood to subside. (I am speaking in "round numbers" for convenience of calculation; the exact time was nine months and thirteen days. Compare Genesis 7th ch. 11th v. and Genesis 8th ch. 13th v.)

At the end of five months exactly, the ark rested on Ararat, and at the end of the other five months the waters were subsided, and the ground dry. Supposing that the waters abated daily at a uniform rate, it would seem that the flood at "high water mark," was twice as high as Ararat. This mountain is 15,000 feet high. The waters, therefore, rose to the height of 30,000 feet. As the highest mountain on the earth is 29,000 feet, this would go to show that "the highest mountains were covered."

But it is said that "fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail." By the above calculation this was 30,000 feet. A cubit then was 2,000 feet. The ark being 300 cubits long, must have been 600,000 feet, or a little more than 113 miles in length.

REMAINS OF JAMES THE SECOND.—A curious account was given in "Notes and Queries" many years ago by Mr. Fitzsimons, an Irish gentleman, of the remains of James II. He said, "I was a prisoner in Paris in the convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, during part of the Revolution. [illegible] England was in one of the chapels there, where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a second wooden one covered with black velvet. While I was a prisoner the *sans-culottes* broke open the coffin to get at the lead to cast bullets. The body was exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy bound tight with garters. The *sans-culottes* took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect. The hands and nails were very fine; I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow prisoner, wished much to have a tooth. I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger."

TORTURE OF THE WIDOWS.—In the interior of New Caledonia, which is east of Vancouver's Island and north of Columbia, among the tribe called "Taw-wa-tins," who are also Babines, and also among other tribes in their neighborhood, the custom prevails of burning bodies, with circumstances of peculiar barbarity to the widows of the deceased. The dead body of the husband is laid naked upon a large heap of resinous wood; his wife is then placed upon the body and covered with a skin; the pile is then lighted, and the poor woman is compelled to remain until she is nearly suffocated, when she is allowed to descend as best she can through the smoke and flames. No sooner, however, does she reach the ground, than she is expected to prevent the body from becoming distorted by the action of the fire on the muscle and sinews; and whenever such an event takes place, she must, with bare hands, restore the burning corpse to its proper position; her person being the whole time exposed to the scorching effects of the intense heat. Should she fail in the due performance of this indispensable rite, from weakness or the intensity of her pain, she is held up by some one until the body is consumed. A continual singing and beating of drums is kept up throughout the ceremony, which drown her cries. Afterwards she must collect the unconsumed pieces of bone and ashes, and put them in a bag made for the purpose, which she has to carry on her back for three years; remaining for the time a slave to her husband's relatives, and being neither allowed to wash nor comb herself for the whole time, so that she soon becomes a most disgusting object. At the expiration of the three years, a feast is given by her tormentors, who invite all the friends and relatives of her and themselves.

A contemplative life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other; but it is the divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.

The gift of prayer may have praise with man, but it is the grace of prayer that has power with God.

Around the World.

Variety is the spice of life.—[illegible]

Knives were first made in 1563.

Tobacco was introduced into England in 1583.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

A company has been formed to grow opium in Mozambique.

About 1,000 pounds of fruit are dried [illegible]

The Chinese claim to have invented the telephone in the year 968.

The money in Scotland was altered from that of England in 1354.

Hats made entirely of feathers are seen at the millinery establishments.

The Milan Cremation Society has, since January, 1876, burned 23 bodies.

The assessors of Springfield, Mass., claim a population of 30,000 for that city.

Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, is in command of 150,000 Turkish troops.

Janzon, an engineer of Stockholm, has found means to apply the telephone to divers.

The first lime made in New England was burned in Newbury, Mass., by James Noyes.

Many so-called "camel's hair brushes" are made from the hair of the tails of squirrels.

Brother Moody says that during the coming winter he will give six hours a day to study.

Forty officers have been dismissed from the Boston police for drunkenness and other bad habits.

Fifty windmills were lately shipped from this city to New Zealand, to raise water on farms.

It is estimated that the annual wine product of Spain averages upwards of 140,000,000 gallons.

Farmers in Gonzales county, Texas, give half of their cotton to pickers, the crop is so abundant.

The first cast-iron edifice erected in America was upon the corner of Centre and Duane streets, New York.

[illegible] there has been a mania, are now rivalled by those of mixed silver and brass.

In Hungary the national costumes have nearly died out entirely, every lady in everyday life dressing as they do in Paris.

A brigand chief residing near Palermo daily boasts that he "assists" at the theatres of that city whenever he has a mind to do so.

A correspondent of a Paris journal informs his readers that thieves and murderers are often elected to the American Congress.

The Supreme Court of Virginia has pronounced illegal and finable in that State matrimonial alliances between whites and blacks.

The Jewish papers of Paris proclaim Gambetta to be an orthodox Jew and Lord Beaconsfield a heretic, though born in the faith.

It is hard times with the butternut trees in New England. Last year the yield of nuts was large, but this season it barely pays for gathering.

A company of mulattoes is giving light operas and burlesques in the West, and the performances in Chicago are praised by the newspaper critics.

Focardi's statuette, "Your Dirty Boy," at the Paris Exhibition, has been bought for $2,500 by A. and F. Pears, the transparent soap manufacturers.

Twenty cases of yellow fever, imported by soldiers returning from Cuba, occurred in Madrid last month; the scourge never reached that capital before.

Amherst College students occupied the gallery at a presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and threw beans upon the stage in the little *Eva* death scene.

Edison has taken out 150 patents, but only 20 are considered by him to be of much importance. The rest were obtained to give added security to them.

A Shanghai paper reports that the first despatch of Chin Pin Lan, giving an account of his reception in America, has been published in the official gazette of Pekin.

At a recent sitting of a medical congress in Pisa, one of the doctors present, Parini, committed suicide immediately after the subject "Suicide" had been elaborately discussed by the body.

A laborer on a railroad near Holyoke, Mass., stole $220 from his boss's pocket, and spent nearly the whole of it for clothing and jewelry, the wearing of which raised the first suspicion of guilt.

Garibaldi has conceded to the Commendatore Giuseppe Costa of Rome the right to work the granite of Caprera, so that the Via Garibaldi will be paved with granite from the General's own quarries.

The Italian agitators in behalf of wresting Trent and Trieste from Austria assert that the season is too far advanced for an insurrection at present, but that the plot should be kept on foot until next spring.

A boy of 10 and a girl of 8 eloped from Brookline, Mass., and went to Boston, where they soon got lost in the crooked streets. Their expectation was to get married and live in a fine house somewhere. The reality was a spanking.