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WILLIAM BROWN, OF OREGON.

They called him Bill, the hired man, But she, her name was Mary Jane, The squire's daughter; and to reign The belle from Ber-she-be to Dan, Her little game. How lovers rash Got mittens at the spelling-school! How many a mute, inglorious fool Wrote rhymes and sighed and dyed—mustache

The hired man had loved her long, Had loved her best and first and last; Her very garments as she passed For him had symphony and song. So when one day with brow afrown She called him "Bill," he raised his head, e caught her eye and, faltering said: "1 love you; and my name is Brown.

She fairly waltzed with rage; she wept; You would have thought the house on fire She told her sire, the portly squire, Then -melt her smelling salts and slept. William did what could be done; He swung a past of on each bip, He gathered up a great ox whip, And drove toward the setting sun.

He crossed the great back bone of earth, He saw the snowy mountains rolled Like mighty billows; saw the gold Of awful sunsets; saw the birth Of sudden dawn upon the plain, And every night would William Brown Ear pork and being, and then lie down And dream sweet dreams of gentle Jane.

Her lovers passed. Wolves hunt in packs, They sought for bigger game; somehow They seemed to see above her brow The forky sign of turkey tracks. The teter-board of life goes up, The teter-board of life goes down, The sweetest face must learn to frown, The biggest dog has been a pup.

O, maidens! pluck not at the air; J'ha sweetest flowers I have found Grow rather close unto the ground, And highest places are most bare. Why you had better win the grace Of one poor cussed African, Than win the eyes of every man In love alone with his own face.

At last she nursed a new desire, She sighed, she wept for William Brown. She watched the splendid sun go down Like some great saining ship on fire. Then rose and checked her trunk right on; And in the cars she lunched and lunched. And had her ticket punched and punched,

The reached the limit of the lines. ore rather short and manly clothes, And so set out to reach the mines. Her right hand held a Testament, Her pocket held a parasol, And thus equipped right on she went, Went water-proof and water-fall.

She met a miner gazing down, Slow stirring something with a spoon; O tell me true and tell me soon, What has become of William Brown?" le looked askance beneath her spees, Then stirred his cocktail round and round, Then raised his head and sighed profound. And said: "He's handed in his checks."

Then care fed on her damaged cheek. . And she grew faint, did galius Jane, And smelt her smelling salts in vain. She wandered, weary, worn and weak. At last upon a hill alone She came, and there she sat her down; For on that hill there stood a stone, And, lo! that stone read: "William Brown."

O, William Brown! O, William Brown!
And here you rest at last," she said, With this ione ston : above your head. And forty miles from any town! I will plant cypress trees, I will, And I will build a fence around, And I will fertilize the ground With tears enough to turn a mill."

She went and got a hire I man. And in the tall grass squatted down But savage cow-boys with their bands They saw, and hurriedly they ran And told a bearded eattle man Somebody builded on his lands.

He took his rifle from the rack, He girt hims df in battle pelt He stuck two pistols in his belt, And, mounting on his horse's back, He plunged ahead. But when they shewed pulled his hat, and he likewise Pulled at his beard and chewed and chewed.

At last he gat him down and spake: "O, lady dear, what do you here?" I build a tomb unto my dear, I plant sweet flowers for his sake. The bearded man threw his two hands
Above his head, then brought them down And cried: "Oh, I am William Brown, And this the corner-stone of my lands!"

Her spees fell off, her head fell back, Just like some lifted tea-pot lid; She screamed, this ancient maiden d.d. And fainting, spilt herself, in fact, Right in the beard of William Brown; Then all the Indians were amazed, They thought this gentle maiden crazed, And circling round they squatted down.

But William was a gentle man: He bade two Indians call the priest. He bade two mor · prepare a feast Then led her, blushing, by the hand like some sweet maid in his west May. He was so good, he was so true. He did not know what else to do

But led her round and round all day. At last the priest, on spotted mare, Who gall oped forty miles o more, He found them in the grasses sore. And married them right then and there. Then all the cow-boys they came down An I feasted as the night a lyaced, And all the diggers drank and danced,
And cried: "Big Injin, William Brown!"

-Joaquin Mill r, in N. Y. Home Journal.

A CHINESE CHILDREN'S BOOK.

Every nation appears to have a favorite virtue, which it endeavors to impress upon the minds of its children. Turn over some French books for children, and you will observe that the moral of most of the stories is: Be gentle and polite; be considerate and agreeable; seize every opportunity to be obliging.

The type of English books of this class is Robinson Crusce, which inculcates courage, fortitude and selfdependence, the virtues which con uer What is the favorite virtue of the

United States If I should judge from the pieces I hear oftenest declaimed in our schools, I should say it was love of country, a preference which displayed | how will you feel then?"

In China, for twenty centuries past, the great object of moral teaching has been to inculcate reverence for ancestors, devotion to parents and kindness to brothers and sisters. The popular stories of China mostly turn upon family affection. If an orator should wish to move a Chinese audience to tears, he could not do better than relate some affecting instance of filial piety.

The most popular book for Chinese children is a collection of one hundred and two stories, each illustrated by a picture, nearly all of which are narratives of extraordinary devotion to parents or near relatives. So much valued is this work by the amiable people of China that many editions are published by men of wealth for free | but mind that you are respectful to a distribution. By applying at the office of publication any one may have a copy for nothing.

An English missionary, Mr. A. E. Moule, a gentleman capable of doing justice to the virtues of a heathen people, has translated a number of these tales into our language, and thus en- | inch is rotten, you must not reject the abled us to know precisely what the | whole piece.' moral lesson is which parent; and teachers in China most assiduously teach. not toil to build them houses.' Many of these stories are obviously in-

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credible, but the moral of them all is substantially the same. One story is this: There was a very

naughty boy named Han, whom his mother used very often to whip with a rattan, but without making him shed a tear. But one day, after being flogged, he cried; whereupon his mother asked him why he did so.

"Oh, mother," he answered, "you used to hurt me when you flogged me, but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me."

The Chinese author who relates this remarkable tale, adds, by way of comment, that "it makes one weep even to read it."

Some of the stories are more like truth. There was once a little boy who bore a name which, being translated into English, would be Laudable Highland. When he was six years of age a gentleman named Ze gave him two oranges, which, instead of eating, he put into his bosom, and bowed his thanks. As he bowed, the oranges fell out, and rattled along the ground. Ze exclaimed:

"Here's a pretty young visitor, to hide his oranges and carry them off without eating them! What does this the other. mean?" Then little Laudable knelt down and

"My mother is particularly fond of oranges, and I wish to keep them for

Ze was surprised, and let him go home without reproof.

Then there is a story of a man ramed Lee, whose mother was always very much frightened in a thunder storm. At last, she died and was buried in a wood; but, as often as a thunderstorm threatened, Lee ran to his mother's tomb, and, kneeling down, cried out with tears: "Lee is near you-don't be afraid,

mother." There is a curious story of a boy of eight named Woo Mang, which means Brave and Talkative. He was wonderfully dutiful to his parents, who were so poor that they could not afford mosqu to nettings for their bed. So Woo, early in the evening, used to get into his parents' bed, and let the mosquitoes bite him without disturbance for an hour or two, and then, when they were filled with his blood, and could bite no more, he would get out, and call to his parents to go to bed and sleep in peace.

Another story calls to mind that of the Greek mother who told her son, as he was going to battle, to return to her with his shield or upon it. A father and two sons, after noble conduct in battle, fell by the hand of the enemy, the sons having followed their father into the thick of the fight. When the bodies were brought home, the bereaved mother laid her hand gently upon them and said:

"The father was a loyal officer, and the boys were dutiful sons. Come, come, this is no time for lamentation.' Another story is of a man whose mother had lost her eyesight. For thirty years he took care of her, leading her out on pleasant days into the garden, where he would laugh and sing so gayly that his mother forgot her sad condition. When, at length, she died, her son almost wasted away from sorrow, and on recovering his health bestowed all his tenderness upon his brothers and sisters, his nephews and nieces. He used to say to himself:

"This is the only way in which I can get some comfort, in letting my love go forth to those who are left.

There is a similar story of a great officer, named Yang, who in the spring time used to carry his aged mother on his back up and down the flowery walks of the garden, and, after placing her in a shady seat, frisk and gambol about for her amusement. The old lady live to the age of one hundred and four.

There was another great officer whose ounger brother, named Perverse, was When the officer came home, his wife met him, and said:

"Perverse has shot your ox." He was not at all disturbed by this intelligence, and asked for no information, but simply said: "Well, let the ox be cut up for food."

Having said this, he sat calmly down | now awaiting death.—N. Y. World. to read, when his wife again cried: "Perverse has shot the ox; surely

this is no light matter.' "I am aware of it," said her busband, and kept on reading his book without even changing color. Such was his unwillingness to be moved by a brother's

misconduct. Brotherly love, in fact, is regarded by the Chinese as only less important than filial duty.

There is a story of a Mandarin, named Soo, before whom some brothers brought a suit about the division of a tract of land. After much litigation, continued at intervals for ten years, the Mandarin at last called the brothers before him, and addressed them thus:

"It is difficult to get a brother; it is

magistrate, asked his forgiveness, and.

Hue and other missionaries, both Prot- Court decides that this was ratification estant and Catholic, Chinese families of the marital relations then existing live together in peace and harmony. | between Gus and Edie Washington, and maxims express a very elevated kind other claimant was void. of moral feeling. Take these as speci-

"You may be uncivil to a great man; small man."

"To go on a pilgrimage to offer incense in a distant temple is not so good as showing kindness near home." "If you have money and use it in

charity, it won't be lost." "Use men as you use wood. If one

"If you have good children, you need

are awake and of the faults of others when you are asleep.' "Better be an honest beggar than a

dishonest mill onaire." "If a man has not committed any the last twenty-two years. deed that wounds his conscience, a he will not be startled."

"However enraged, don't go to law; however poor, don't steal." The people of China are like ourselves men are brothers - James Parton, in N. | branches.

Dog Fat.

The attention of a reporter of the World was attracted yesterday afternoon while at the dog-pound by two boys who were carefully skinning and dressing a dog that had just been drowned according to law for vagrancy. "What are you doing that for?" was

"For consumption," replied one of the boys. "For a two-dollar bill," said

It was finally explained that many residents of the east side of the city firmly believe that dog fat is an infallible cure for consumption.

"The boys told you the truth," said Dr. Ennever, the veterinary stationed at the pound, who was next questioned. "A great many people believe that dog fat, and even the flesh of dog, is a sure cure for consumption, and on an average one dog a week is taken from here and reduced to medicine." "Who comes after them?"

"Generally women, either Germans or Jews. They come up here, and, after carefully examining all the dogs, select one that seems to be healthy and fat. They then point out their selection to an attendant, who ties a string round its neck or marks the animal in some

way so as to identify it. The woman is told on what day that particular beast will be drowned; she returns at the time specified, gets the body, and turns it over to some of the hoodlums round here, who for a dollar or two skin it and take off the fat. If she wishes the carcass they dress it for her just as a butcher would a lamb or calf. No, yellow dogs have no value in this way; a black dog is always chosen in preference to any other color, if he is fat and healthy." "How do they take the medicine, as

I suppose they call it?" "In different ways. Some reduce it to oil and take it as a liquid by the spoonful; others fry it out and then after it gets cold spread it on bread as you would butter and eat it so."

"Do they eat the meat, too?" "Yes, and as a matter of fact, it's not oad eating. I've tried it myself, though I was not aware of it at the time. It

looks like young veal." "Have you any regular customers?" "We have one, a Mrs. Farley, who used to live corner of Avenue A and Sixteenth street. She was pretty far gone n consumption, but she used to come every other week for five or six months for a nice fat dog. I have not seen her | first coach, and was sitting | beside | for some time, but I don't think she's dead. Some one told me she was living over on Ninth avenue. But as a general thing we don't know our customers' names. This superstition is so general on the east side that many of the drug or er the lady's face to protect her from stores keep dog fat or oil in stock. There are a number of these household remedies for different diseases. Through Vermont and New Hampshire the fat of skunks is used a cure for croup and rheumatism. Then at the South the negroes use dogs' flesh as a cure for rheumatism. The dog must be jet- through the car windows. How black or the medicine is without efficacy. When the animal is chosen it is fed a task before which some of the on nothing but the lungs and livers of stoutest men present quailed is racoons until it is so fat that it can more than we can say, She hardly walk, when it is killed and eaten. | seemed endowed with supernatural terrible addicted to drink, and, one day. After that if the patient is not cured he in a drunken fit shot his brother's only | is perfectly assured that his pains and | citement, saw a lady being crashed be-

> During the last six years over 48,000 dogs have been drowned at the pound. So far this year 3,007 have been received, him to rescue the party. "I am not 2,674 drowned, 98 redeemed, 3 returned by order of the anthorities and 232 are one, 5

Slave Marriages.

A curious case relating to the marriage status of former slaves has just been decided by the Supreme Court of Alabama. The controversy was between two women, each of whom claimed to be the widow of Gus Washington and entitled to dower in his estate. One named Edie had been married to him in 1847, when both were slaves of the same master. The cermony was performed by a colored minister, with the consent of the master. The two lived together as husband and wife till the fall of 1866. At that time the husband, being, then, of course, a freedman, took out a license and married another easy enough to get land. Suppose you woman, with whom he lived till his gain your fields and lose your brother, death. Under these circumstances the Court was called upon to decide which itself in a remarkable manner during the Upon this the Mandarin wept, and of the two had been the lawful wife. It not one of the bystanders could keep has been decided in favor of the one back his tears. Instantly the brothers, claiming by virtue of the slave marriage. perceiving their error, bowed low to the It holds that slaves were not competent to enter into a valid marriage contract after ten years of separation, took up or hold the legal relation of husband their abode together in the family home- and wife. But in September, 1865, the Constitution of Albama declared that The work is filled with such tales as all freemen and freewomen then living these. Family duty appears to be the together and recognizing one another as religion of the Chinese people. If we husband and wife should hold that remay judge from the narratives of M. lation under the law. The Supreme Many of their popular sayings and that this subsequent marriage with the

> -Beef-teak Pudding: Line your basin with thin suet crust. For a small pudding take three-quarters of a pound of rump steak, cut in thin slices without fat or gristle; make a powder of and lay it round in layers in the basin the saucepan as required, but it must not reach the top of the pudding basin. "Think of your own faults when you Y. Herald.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

-The English clergy list contains 26,000 names, being a gain of 6,000 in - The Christian Advocate claims that knock may come at dead of night and it is as easy to maintain a large congregation in the cities in the sammer as in the winter, provided the services are kept up to the standard: -The Agricultural College at Hand-

in more than one particular, but they ver, N. H., will admit women pupils at resemble us most in not living up to its next term, who will be given aspecial their own sense of what is right. In course of study, including butter and this trait of character, if in no other, all cheese-making, and dairying and all its -The Bishop of Hong Kong says he

has been repeatedly stopped while preaching, and asked if he is not an Englishman, and if his is not the country that sends opium to China? And when he admits the fact; they tell him to go back and stop the opium; and then they will talk about Christianity. -The Interior. -The Baptist Weekly savs: "It should

make Christians blash to know that the bees in this country do much more in making honey than the churches of all denominations in raising money for missions. The value of the honey crop exceeds \$3,000,000 annually, while contributions for foreign missions amount to less than \$2,500,000."

-The membership of the five largest Presbyterian churches in the country are given as follows: Dr. Talinage's Tabernaele Church, Brooklyn, 2,471 members; Dr. Cuyler's Lafavette Avenue Church, 1,761; Dr. Kittredge's Third Church, Chicago, has 1,755; Dr. Hall's Fifth Avenue Church, New York, 1,730, and Dr. Crosby's church, 1,384. N. Y.

-Kentucky has twenty universities and colleges, seven schools of medicine, six theological schools, two law schools, and one agricultural and mechanical college, with several hundred grammar schools, academies and colleges each holding a high standard of education. With all these means of secon harr edueation, her primary selfoots are confessedly poor. There are \$50,000 illiterates in the State. - N. Y. Sun.

-The Welsh Presbyter an School of Wisconsin held its first business session at Chicago. The synod has forty-five ministers, 135 eiders, 3,450 full nembers in its seve al churches, and 1,718 probationers. The question of forming a new synod of the churche in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Neb asla was discussed, and decided in favor of the proposed change. The success of missionary work in Nebraska, Kansa and Missouri was reported as beyondall expectations, but there was still room for more workers.

Heroine and Coward

There were many individual deeds of daring at Mud Hazel Creek during the fearful accident to the pioneer excursion train, but none can eclipse the heroic conduct of Miss Annie Martin, a young lady of Augusta, now on a visit to her sister here, Mrs. W. H. Jones. Miss Martin was an occupant of the Captain W. D. O'Farrell. When the car had settled on top of the engine and the hot steam was pouring into the coach, threatening to sufficient all the inmates, Mr. O'Farrell threw a cloth the steam, and passed her out through the window unhurt. But Miss Martin was not content with being saved herself. She instantly rushed to the scene of the wreck, and, with her own hands, saved the lives of three persons, one of them a gentleman, by dragging them this delicate young lady accomplished strength. Miss Martin, during the exaches are attributable to some other | neath the coach where she had fallen, and threatened with death. Turning to a young man, who was standing idly by at some distance, she asked going to risk my life to save any was the cowardly response Miss Martin then, with her own hands, extricated the victim, who proved to be a married lady, and dragged her to a place of safety. But it was at the expense of serious injury to herself, as she received bruises from which this young lady was for some time delirious. Nobly did she continue the work until the last person was rescued from the wreck; when Miss Annie set to work and carried bucket after bucket of water, until the last spark was extinguished in the engine. It must be remembered that this heroism on the part of Miss Martin was performed in the face of imminent danger to herself, for after the excitement the young lady was discovered to have her arm dislocated in two places, her side badly scalded, besides serious bruises on her body. Had she repaired to a place of safety as soon as released from the coach, instead of returning to the scene of danger, Miss Martin would have escaped without a scratch -Athens (Ga.)

Peter Cooper's Charity.

him with a "Good day, Mr. Cooper," and an expectant look in his eye, and just as regular, the benevolent old gentleman puts his hand in his pocket and gives him a piece of money and a "Good an impatient young man the other day. "They don't annoy me at all," said the philanthropist. They are old of them have seen better days. They Canajoharie. - Utica Herald. until nearly full. Fill up the center don't want much—just enough for a with oysters or mushrooms, tie it tight dinner or a lunch. When I am ready and boil for three hours; add water in to leave the office I put a few dollars in change in my pocket, and give it to by fire. Now the town is much larger them when they speak to me. They ex- and contains handsomer and more sub-Fill up the basin with good stock. -N. peet it, you know, and I wouldn't like stantial buildings than ever before. - Chi- making, too. That's where the money and thirty or forty others were seriously to disappoint them."

Occupation and Longevity.

"Woe to them that are at ease!" says Carlyle, but his anathema does not prevent the Euglish village parson described in your columns. I proceed from outliving any other class of his to describe the interesting ceremony of countrymen, not excepting the British Value Pools, which I was invited to farmer, whose peace of mind can not witness at the office of a distinguished always be reconciled with high rents and native firm. Among the natives of low price of American wheat. Where India, whether they be Parsees, Moagriculture is what it should be-a con- hammedans, or Hindoos, for pracical tract between man and Nature, in the purposes the new year commences with United States, in Australia, and in some that of the Hindoos. The ceremony of parts of Switzerland-the plow-furrow | Value Pooja, as its name denotes, is is the straightest road to longevity; in the worshiping of the account-book for Canada, where Nature is rather a hard | the new year. It takes place a day betaskmaster, the probabilities are in fa- | fore the Dewalee, and is performed not vor of such half-indoor trades as ear- only by every merchant and trader, but pentering and certain branches of hor- even by private persons. In short, the ticulture-summer farming, as the Ger- new year among natives of India, mans call it. Cold is an antiseptic, and whether for business or household afthe best febrifuge, but by no means a fairs, commences with the new year of panacea, and the warmest climate on the Hindoos. This neces itates the earth is out and out preferable even to closing of old accounts and opening of the border-lands of the polar zone. The new ones, and for the latter purpose average Arab outlives the average Es-

quimau by twenty-five years. too, has been amazingly exaggerated. this. The wealthier native firms avail Scafaring is not conductive to longevity; the advantage of the exercise in the rig- their friends and constituents to be ging is more than outweighed by the effluvia of the cockpit, by the picklediet, the unnatural motion, and the foulweather misery; and, from a sanitary I of course expected the pooja, or cerstand-point, the sea-air itself is hardly emony of worshiping, would be perpreferable to mountain and woodland formed by the mobeds or dustoors, a air. The eozoon may have been a marine product, but our Pliocene ancestor was probably a forest creature. " For what length of time would you

undertake to warrant the health of a In victuals and vitality towns consume an adjoining room was placed a silver the hoarded stores of the country, and vase containing fire, and round it stood only the garden-suburbs of a few North | one of the high priests, or dustoors, of American cities are hygienically self- the Parsees, attended by several supporting. Permanent in-door work | mobeds. is slow suicide, and between the various shop-trades and sedentary occupations the difference in this respect is only one of degree. Factories stand at the bottom of the scale, and the dust and vapor generating ones below zero; the weaver's chances to reach the average of his species have to be expressed by a negative quantity. In France, where the tabulation of comparative statistics is carried further than anywhere else, the | in full with its corresponding English healthfulness of the principal town trades has been ascertained to decrease in the following order: House-building, huckstering, hot-bed gardening (florists), carpenter and brick-mason trades, | ed-had them submerged in gulat and street-paving, street-cleaning, sewercleaning, blacksmiths, artisan-smiths (silver, copper, and tin concerns), shoemaking, paper-making, glass-blowing, tailor, butcher, house-painter, baker, cook, stone-masons and lapidaries, operatives of paint and lead factories, weavers, steel-grinders-the wide difference between brick and stone masons of the Parsee firm; they seemed to be being due to the lung-infesting dust of | of a multifarous nature, for he appeared lapidary work, which, though out-door occupation, is nearly as unhealthy as steel-grinding. Lead-paint makers have | took it from the tray, and after besmearto alternate their work with jobs in the tin-shop, and, after all, can rarely stand it for more than fifteen years; needlegrinders generally succumb after twelve or fourteen years .- Dr. Felix L. Os-

wald, in Popular Science Monthly. Was She Buried Alive? As the sun was going down amid crimson and amethist splendors last Sunday, a scene so appalling as to blanch the faces and press the life, for the moment, from out the hearts of those who witnessed it, took place in Congressional cemetery. The relatives of a deceased lady were there to remove the body from the receiving vault where it had been deposited to await the return of the husband in order to inter it with kindred dead. The circumstances attending the illness and death of the lady were unusually said. Mis. Baxter had but recently returned home from a Southern station, where she went to join her husband, who is master's mate in the United States navy. A complication of maladies rendered her such a sufferer that opiates were resorted to in order to alleviate pain. When her recovery was despaired of the husband was telegraphed for, but was unable to return home immediately. He arrived the latter part of last week, when arrangements for the final burian were made.

When the casket had been taken from the vault the husband expresed the desire to look for the last time upon once excited the agonizing suspicion troit Free Press.

-One year ago the business portion of Truckee, Cal., was entirely wiped out oago Times.

Worshiping Account-Books.

A correspondent writes: "Dewalee, the feast of lanterns, has often been new books are used, but before they can be so utilized they must be worshiped, The hygienic benefit of sea-voyages, and each according to his means does themselves of the opportunity to invite present to wish them a happy and prosperous year. The firm who had invited ine is one of the oldest firms in Bombay. sort of jasun ceremony-but I was surprised on entering the office to see the place of honor assigned to a halfstarved and very dirty-looking Brahmin. On the floor of one of the rooms was seaman?" Varnhagen asked a Dutch spread a clean floor-cloth with huge marine doctor. "That depends on the cushions near the walls, in the center of length of his furlough," replied the which were placed silver trays containfrank Hollander, and it will require ing pan-suparee, cocoanuts, battasas, centuries of reform to redeem our cities dried dates, sugar cane, coriander from the odium of a similar reproach. seeds, and silver and copper coins. In

> When all the preparations were completed we took our seats by the welladjusted cushions, and all who knew Guzerati were given a new account-book and a new pen, and each wrote on the second leaf of the book what seemed to be a supplication to the deity invoking his blessings (in as many names as he dar) for the new year, which is written and Parsee dates. When some thirty books had been written up, the Brahmin-who sat in the center amid trays containing the articles above enumeratthe red stuff used by natives on all auspicious occasions; and thus the dustoor and his mobeds on the one hand, and the Brahmin on the other, invoked the diety's blessings. The duties of the Brahmin were not however, confined to simply supplicating his gods to bless the undertakings for the coming year to have had to bless (by muttering something in Sanscrit) each article as he ing it with the red stuff, to place it on one of the many new account-books near him. This went on until the trrys were emptied of their contents. Then in a small silver dish were mixed some coriander-seeds with sugar and given to all the guests to eat; and then, as it were by way of a final dramatic effect, the Brahmin took a smal alver vessel, and in it placed some of the red stuff with two or three pieces of ignited camphor, and had it taken about the room while he stood up shouting at the top of his voice. "Brahma! Brahma!" Then were distributed money, nosegays, and pan-suparce to all those present, and the proceedings terminated. I was informed that the books and articles would be left undisturbed on the floor as placed by the Brahmin until the new year's

day .- Bombay Gazette. How the German Boy is Schooled.

From the hour of his birth until he

has reached the mature age of six years he is under the constant supervision of his parents or his nurse. He plays as children play a'l the world over, but his games and pastimes are not rough. From the moment his sensitive mind is capable of being trained he learns obedience and politeness. He is not four years old ere he will bid a stranger good-day or good-evening, raising his little hat and making his little low at the same time. Between four and six he is allowed to mingle tredy with the his beloved dead. The attendant re- | children of the neighborhood, but his moved the outer lid so that the face | play-ground is always cir umseribed accould be viewed through the glass. The cording to the size of the garden in the changed position of the body and dis- rear of the block. At six the law comarranged condition of the clothing at | pels his parents to send him to school. From that t me on he is a person of that a living body had been placed some re-possibility, for his lessons among the dead. The carefully armust not be neglected under any cirranged hair had been torn from its cumstances, unless his health proves fastening and laid over the shoulders in | him to be unequal to the tasks. His disorder. The flowers that ha! been school hours for the first year are not placed on her bosom were scattered. long, but he must be in his place The folded hands had been wrenched | promptly at eight o'clock in the morsunder, and the palms were open and I ning, remaining until ten, and at 1:30 fingers strained apart, and the eyes o'clock in the atternoon, remaining until were started from their sockets. The | 2:30. Then he brings home his lessons changes which would naturally occur for the morrow, which, with the asafter a lapse of eleven days from death sistance of his parents, he must be premight account for some of the altera- pared to answer for on the next day. A New York correspondent of the tions which had taken place, but the The second year of his school-life is a Boston Gazette relates, the following disheveled hair, the appealing expres- little more severe. The schools open story about the venerable Peter Coop- sion of hands and features, create the at six in the summer and seven in the er: Nearly every day he drives down to horrible fear that the unhappy lady winter, and long before children of his office, and stays there for a few sunk away into that counterfeit of his age are awakened in America, the hours. As he comes out to his coupe | death-suspended animation-and re- | streets are full of little ones hurrying to | go at something which is not so wearhe is surrounded by a bevy of seedy-looking men. Each in turn steps up to tombed as dead.—Washington Cor. Dc- is dismissed at eight and nine o'clock, and the children are then expected to ing awake nights trying to decide assist their mothers, or, as is more -A clock on exhibition in Utica, N. frequently the case, from ten years of Y., marks the time of day in all parts age upward, they go to the great of the world at the same time. It is a factories or work-shops where they are day to you. "Why do you let these people annoy you, Mr. Cooper?" asked time, and in running the globe revolves the school hours are fixed thus early in figures on the ring representing the order that the children may not only reequator, indicating the time in different | ceive an education but also learn how countries at that same particular mo- to make a living and help their parents pepper and salt, dip each slice into it friends of mine, poor follows. Many ment. The clock was constructed at to keep the wolf from the door. --Chemnitz Cor. Chicago News.

> "ONLY A MILLINER" is the title of an article in the New York Sun. Wonder why she didn't take in cloak and dresscomes in.

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HUMOROUS.

- 'Don't you think I have a good ace for the stage?" asked a young ladv with histrionic aspirations. "I don't know about the stage," replied her gallant companion, "but you have a lovely face for a 'bus!" - N. Y. Commercial

-You never would suspect that the ine look ng member of the horse guards, who shows oil to such advantage on arade days, is the identical man who eddles mik and mashes the servant riels, would you? Such is t'e fact, howver. - New Haven Register. -"I tell yer wot, boys," exclaimed

old Ben, the roughest man in the camp; I tell ver wot, boys, it made a feller feel kinder watery round the lids to hear that I tile chit of a thing a-settin up that lke an angel a sayin' fter prayers so ente, 'Mary had a little

lamb,' or sunthin' er thet sort." -"I feel I am growing old," said the lady, mineingly, to her guests. "for. really. I am beginning to lose my hair." (Of course she has bushels of it, and it is as black as a raven's wing. ! "Then, ma,?' exclaims her little child, with the innocent frankness of infancy, "why don't you lock up the drawer when you at it away at night?" - From the

- A French scientist has made some experiments recently which go to show that all classes of insects, in proportion to their size, are from filteen to forty times as strong as a horse. If you don't believe in the strength of insect life, watch the velvety little bumb e-lae, with the tropical polonaise, and see him fift a two-hundred-pound pienic man out of the grass .- Chicago Times.

-When all the bullalo are killed of, if Uncle Sam' can be in luced to quit eding the red devils on cannel goods and other Government rations, they will have to put up at an American boarding-h use, and then dyspepsia will wind up the noble red man. The Secretary or the Interior should cut this out and paste it where he will see it again .-

l'e. as Siftings. -The new reporter was sent to the school exhibition. His report read pretty well; but there were a few things in it which did not meet the approval of the local editor - such, for instance, as is known by in the Zoroastrian calen- these: "The essays of the graduating class were good, whoever wrote them; "the floral offerings were excessive, and from the number received by Miss Simplegush we judge her father owns a first-class greenhouse:" "the young lady who read the valedictory to the teachers has in her the making of a line actress. She simulated sorrow so accurately that the writer might have been mis'ed had he not subsequently heard the young lady speak of this same 'dear teacher, as 'a hateful old thing." --

Boston Transcript. An Englishwoman's Eccentric Will.

One of the most eccentric wills of modern times has just been quietly set aside by Vice-Chancellor Bacon in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. The document in question was executed in May, 1868, by a Mrs. Anne Burdette, of Gilmerton, in Leicestershire, and her leading testamentary dispositions were made in a codicil, which dire ted certain appointed trustees, immediately a ter her funeral, to cause the win lows and doors of every room in her dwelling house to be bricked up in a solid manner, and to continue the brick-

ing up for twenty years. The kitchen only was to remain unsealed, and in this apartment some respectable married couple were to be installed at a peppercorn rent of one halfpenny per week, their duty being to take care of the premises, and. in particular, to see that no attempts were made to raise the brick blockade of the doors and windows. In order that her directions should be carried out to the letter, certain benefits under the will were given to the trustees, which benefits they were to for eit if the house ceased to be in a strictly bricked-up and

By another codicil the testatrix directed that the win lows should be boarded up and nailed with good long nails, bent down on the inside, and then covered up with sheet iron and tin. Of the property thus hermetically sealed up no electual devise was made. This extraordinary probate was eventually

Then the parties who were dissatisfied took the case into the Chancery, and no fewer than eight council learned in the I w appeared before the Vice-Chancellor on Wednesday, Aug. 2, those who supported the valid ty of the devise quoting Pope's well-known lines, in which the poet says that a testator may "endow a colle e or a cat," and seeking to draw therefrom the inference that Mrs. Burdette was entitled to dispose of her own precisely as she liked, even though her testamentary in unctions were of the most capriciously grotesque nature. Sir James Bacon, however, very cogently pointed out that in the case before him, the testator had endowed neither a cat nor a college; and he directed the trustees to unseal and release all this hitherto useless property, which must be distributed as the undisposed residue of real and personal estate. - London Telegraph.

-The pompous lawyer, who supposed himself to be very sarcastic, said to the keeper of an apple s and: "It seems to me that you should quit this business and ing on the brain." "Oh, 'taint business," said the apple seller, "it is lywhether to leave my fortune to an orphan asylum or to a home for playedout lawyers as is killing me. - Chicago

-A sulphur mine in Sicily was recently set on fire in a very curious manner. A wagon loaded with sulphur was being drawn up an incline, when the rope supporting it broke, and the wagon rushed back into the mine at a frightful speed. The rapid motion developed heat enough to set on fire the highly-combustible ore, and the flames spread so quickly through the mine that thirteen workmen were unable to escape injured.