THE PHOENIX,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Rocky Mount, Nash Co. N. C.

TERMS $1.50 A YEAR

THE PHOENIX.

J. B. LEWIS, C. H. HARRIS. Devoted to the Material Advancement of Nash and Edgecombe Counties. Editors & Proprietors

VOLUME. 3. ROCKY MOUNT, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1889. NUMBER 1.

ADVERTISING RATES REASONABLE.

A Paper for the People.

ORDERS FOR

Job Work

SOLICITED.

Leprosy is dying out in Canada. The report of the Agricultural Department shows that there are nineteen patients; eight males and eleven females, in the Lazaretto at Tweedie, New Brunswick. In its early history the institution contained twice the present number of lepers.

There were 1935 accidents on the railroads of the United States during 1888. There were 201 collisions, 1032 derailments and 99 other accidents. Of the collisions 401 were from the rear, 611 were butting and 99 on crossings. Defects in road caused 189 derailments; defects of equipments caused 148, and neglect in operating caused 117. The killed numbered 667, of whom 494 were employes and 168 passengers.

Back in the last century Alexander Smith, afterward known as John Adams, one of the ringleaders in the famous mutiny on the ship Bounty in 1789, saved a midshipman from drowning. The latter put $500 in an English bank to await Smith's call. It remained until it had risen to the sum of $480,000. Now three grandsons of the mutineer, living on Norfolk and Pitcairn Islands, have discovered their identity, and one of them has succeeded in establishing his title to the great accumulation.

The Associated Tea Planters (Limited), says the London *Figaro*, is an undertaking with a capital of $250,000 in 25 shares, whose object is to establish markets in the United States of America and in Canada for the sale of tea grown on plantations in the East Indies. It does not appear that anything in the shape of purchase money is to be paid, but intending investors will require to know the nature of the agreement which has been entered into with Mr. W[illegible]egregor, "a gentleman who has been exclusively connected with the tea trade [illegible]w York."

[illegible]oman near Ventura, Cal., recently [illegible] 100,000 in land speculation. This [illegible] the ambition to get up a [illegible]m,—and make a million, if [illegible] So she chartered a train from [illegible]ce, six hundred miles away, [illegible]de, a free lunch and free [illegible]do would come, and held [illegible]. But though the train was [illegible]d with people from San Francisco, no one would buy—and instead of making a fortune she lost twenty thousand dollars. All of which proves, moralizes the New York *Tribune*, that land booms are very uncertain things.

One of the most consistent of dietarians and vegetarians was Joseph Garrelson, of Cincinnati, who died recently at the age of eighty-one. He had abstained for sixty-two years from tea or coffee, for fifty years from meat, and for twenty-six years from salt. All kinds of grease, he claimed, were injurious to the human system, fried meat being bete noire. In his later years his fussiness extended to cooking himself all the food he ate, and whenever he traveled he took along with him his peculiar preparation. Water was his principal drink, though he sometimes dissipated with lemonade.

Lieutenant-Governor Jones, of New York, is credited with an original plan for the solution of the prison labor problem. It is that an account shall be kept with every convict, in which he shall be credited with the actual value of his labor according to the market price, and charged with the cost of his board, lodging, clothes and medical assistance. The balance remaining to his credit, after these deductions are made, shall be periodically paid to the prisoner's family, or, if he has no dependents, shall be accumulated, and the amount of it given to him at the time of his discharge.

The largest live-stock market in the world is in Chicago—the Union Stock-Yards. These yards, primarily the creation of the centuring of the great Western roads at Chicago, were established in 1865. Their growth has kept pace with the rapid development of the West, until to-day they have a capacity of 60,000 cattle, 150,000 hogs, 10,000 sheep and 1500 horses. The busy colony of packing houses is located in this part of the city, together with a large number of commission firms, the whole being one of the wonders of Chicago. The facilities for unloading, feeding, watering, shipping, or killing and redressing stock, are novel, and are apparently unlimited. Each shipper or buyer has a separate yard or pen for the keeping, feeding, watering and general care of his stock; and over all the great lines of elevated roadways, facilitating the transfer of the animals to the packing houses without disturbing the parties in any way. Adjacent is a market for regular records, ordering of cattle. The killing for the "trade" is done with neatness and despatch, and the product is shipped in refrigerator cars with ice, and to such facilities as have been developed by the business, the packers attribute the success of their business. The business is [illegible]

[illegible] shall be protected by a high wall, [illegible]

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, O.

When I was 'bout eighteen year' old,
'Nd Winter evenin's long 'nd cold
Came 'round, 'nd sleighin' got real good,
My gal would put on cloak and hood,
'Nd I would hitch up our old Fan,
(I'd rather have her than the span,
Because I wanted one arm free
Fer fer-fer drivin', don't you see.)
Then when I drew up to the gate
She'd say I was "A leetle late,"
In such a way tu let me see
She'd been a-waitin' thar for me.
'Nd then we'd dash away, away,
With chimin' bells in old red sleigh,
Singin' a song out n'er the snow
About "Green grow the rushes, O."

'Nd when we reached the house whar they
Were havin' of a grand swaray,
Go sashyiln, or dance or sich,
We'd drive inter the barn 'nd hitch
Then carry in the house a pile
O' fodder that'd make you smile,
A milk pan full o' biscuits and
Another full o' doughnuts, and
Another full o' pickles and
Another full o' chicken, and—
Well, never mind about that are,
We'd lug it in, then skip upstair,
Throw off our wraps 'nd then we'd run
Downstairs all ready for some fun,
And jine the young folks, cheeks aglow,
Singin', "Green grow the rushes, O."

The old folks, in another room,
Would sit as solemn as the tomb;
The men about their crops would speak;
The wimmen though'd slyly peep
In through the door 'nd watch their boys
'Nd gals, 'nd laugh tu hear the noise;
Fer wimmen's hearts they don't grow old
Like men's, likewise they don't grow cold,
Though years may top their heads with snow
I've had a mother 'nd I know.
What fun we had, my gal and I,
As round inside the ring we'd fly.
She'd make pertense tu run away,
But still I allers won the day,
'Nd got life's sweetest kiss I know,
Playin' "Green grow the rushes, O."

'Nd then the ride hum in the night,
Under the stars all shinin' bright.
We didn't hurry on our way,
Because we—we had lots to say.
'Nd we two nicely filled the seat,
'Nd, oh, how fair she was, how sweet!
That face I never can forget;
I shet my eyes 'nd see it yet.
One evenin' when I drove around
To take my sweetheart out to town,
The doctor's sleigh was thar, 'nd I
Was told the gal I loved must die—
My little sweetheart dying there!
No more I'd see her face so fair,
Or hear her voice so soft and low
Singin' "Green grow the rushes, O."

Well, that was sixty year ago,
'Nd my head now is topped with snow.
I've been knocked 'round jenn post to post,
'Nd got past feelin', tu, almost.
I'm old 'nd tough 'nd often cross,
'Nd my folks know that I am boss;
But in the Winter, when the snow
Is coverin' all things here below,
And there's a swaray at my hum,
To which the gals 'nd fellers come,
I set in my big chair 'nd see
'Em frollickin' with youthful glee.
You see, my mind goes wand'rin' back
Along my life's long uphill track,
'Nd tears come rollin' fust I know,
To hear "Green grow the rushes, O."

That never was a heart, I guess,
Without a spot o' tenderness.
Now here I am so old 'nd sot,
'Nd cross-grained as a hemlock knot,
With a houseful o' gals 'nd boys
Makin' an everlastin' noise.
But when I hear the sleigh-bells clink
I often shet my eyes 'nd think,
Away back sixty year ago,
Of that sweet gal I used tu know.
I see her face 'nd hear her sing,
I hear her merry laughter ring;
Upon my lips I feel her kiss,
So shy, so full o' tenderness;
I see through tears a grave I know,
Where still "Green grow the rushes, O."

Wm. E. Penney, in New York World.

The Feathered Messenger.

BY H. E. CLAMP.

A LITTLE wizened-looking man of chunky build, with a stubby and unprosperous beard of lightish brown color, a pair of sharp, suspicious eyes which darted at your face now and again very keenly, and a mouth that seemed to have been wrung awry from biting knotty crusts, or perhaps by the ravages of neuralgia.

Truthfully, Dick had taken his share of crusts with the world, for they seemed to have been his natural inheritance. He was put off with crusts when too small to remonstrate at the injustice, and every one seemed to have followed in the track of his parents with their donations of crusts, supposing him to be a receptacle for them. This is a way that the world seems to have. This stinting and stinting had warped Dick's nature and given him a dry, harsh tone as it had an unlovely face and figure, but he had never budged at his destiny, taking to the crusts as they came along, and crunching them, bitter or sweet, with the dogged hope that some day the people who had been getting the ginger-bread would change places with him.

"He was not a nice spirit for a young man to cultivate, and some people a good deal better off than Dick might grumble at, although they might have no objection to his eating their crusts.

It was, therefore, the fortune of Dick not to be loved much either by his family or his neighbors, while against his opulent neighbor, Hartland, he nursed a grudge (naturally a high wall deserved [illegible]

grudge on his own account.

Withal, he was prosperous in a way, a very humble one, and in a vocation not usually chosen by ambitious people. It was not chosen by Dick, with whom necessity supplied the place of preference in a good many matters.

He was engaged in the sale of second-hand clothing in the great centre of that trade, the renowned Baxter street, of which the surroundings, although unique, are painfully unromantic. The store was not the property of Dick, but of the Widow Creecy, upon whose death it would belong to Dick, his brother and two sisters.

Dick, however, constituted the management, as the widow was bedridden, the daughters lazy and the brother worthless.

With these conflicting elements it was hardly possible to expect an angelic disposition of Dick, who, in order to get the crusts which kept body and soul together, was shut up eternally in the grim-looking store among the cast-off garments, while the others amused themselves as they liked best and abused Dick for variation.

The drudge confined his attention to business, and let them go, a course he had found to be the most profitable and had consequently adopted. By this means he had brought the affairs of the family from bankruptcy into the comfortable condition of a thousand dollar surplus.

The thousand dollars was kept in a safe in the store, ready to be expended at any moment when a favorable opportunity presented for sorting up stock.

The sole companion of Dick during all this long apprenticeship to patience and thrift and the miscellaneous virtues which go to make a successful merchant was a meagre and dilapidated jackdaw.

Between Dick and the jackdaw existed a strong sympathy and something of a resemblance. They both looked inured to hard knocks. The jackdaw was minus a leg and an eye. His survival was due to the interference of Dick, who had purchased him immunity from further mutilation at the hands of his brother by administering a licking to him. Since then the bird had devoted itself to Dick with the gratitude which the dumb creation invariably shows for kindness from man. There was even a similarity in the manner of speech of the jackdaw and its master, for the bird could speak fluently a few sentences which Dick with some care had taught it to remember, and the sharp, incisive style in which it said these things had been copied unconsciously by Dick.

There was also a sagacious and sententious manner about the jackdaw which Dick, probably from studying it, had adopted to advantage.

But if the jackdaw's preference for its deliverer was marked, its dislike for the brother who had maimed it was quite as conspicuous. At his approach Jack would select a dark and secure corner, from which retreat it would never venture till he had left the place. From this corner, with the red light of its eye gleaming like diabolic fire, it would watch its enemy with a malignant look terrible to witness even in a bird.

Unmistakably they hated one another, and it was doubtful if the vanity of the jackdaw could ever have been appeased for the loss of its leg and eye even if its hatred had been overcome, pride being such a strong ingredient in its nature.

It was the custom of Dick to close up his store at about 10 p. m. and, after bolting himself securely in, to retire to a comfortable crib he had made himself in the back of the store. Sometimes, it was true, he consoled himself for an hour with his story paper, but more often being tired, he went straight to bed.

The jackdaw, perched on a beam some ten feet above him, watched over the slumbers of the young merchant as if it had been his guardian angel.

It was some two hours after he had adjourned to bed, one wet, miserable Winter's night, that Dick was awakened by his friend the jackdaw in the way it usually awoke him when he overslept himself in the morning or when suspicious sounds roused the fears of the watcher.

It was by pecking gently at its master's nose that the jackdaw roused Dick from his slumbers and brought him, rubbing his eyes, to his feet.

Dick soon discovered the cause of the jackdaw's alarm. There was some one tapping gently on the window. Pulling on his trousers, Dick went immediately to the front of the store and found that his brother Harry was outside beseeching admittance. There was not much love lost between the brothers, as Dick looked upon Harry as a scapegrace, whose deficiencies he had to make good by extra labor, and Harry considered Dick as the worst kind of a curmudgeon.

So with some reluctance Dick let the door drop and his brother walked in, smelling very strongly of rum and tobacco and appearing to be in no good humor. Dick carefully bolted the door after him and led the way up the store to where the stove still burned brightly, and, pushing a seat toward his brother, he sat down opposite to him, saying:

"Well, what is it you want with me, now you are inside?"

A drunken smile came over the face of the loafer as he blurted out:

"Some of that stuff as you have salted down, me boy. I'm in a hole, and I want a hundred dollars to get me out of it."

"A hundred dollars!" answered Dick with amazement and indignation; "and what do you think I have scraped and worked early and late for? That you might goof and spend a hundred dollars of the savings when you thought of it? You might have spared yourself the trouble of calling me out of bed, for you certainly won't get a nickel here."

"Listen to the hoss," said the other with a drivelling chuckle. "Think you'd ought to sell, do you, mister? Sure, look ye here, Dick, 'tain't no use to make any fuss over the matter. I must have the money or else go to prison. Now, I ain't goin' to do no such thing when a brother of mine has got a hand on a cash box wid a thousand dollars in it, d'ye hear?"

"That's all right," answered Dick. "Keep away from crooks an' the like, an' no one 'll ask yer ter go ter prison."

"Come, Dick," said the other, trying conciliatory measures, "give us a tenner ter satisfy the cop, an' I'll see mother about the balance in the morning. 'Pon my word, I'm only out on parole. I promised to be back in ten minutes with the money, and they just know where to put their hands on me this minute."

There was an ugly, artful look in the fellow's eyes when he said this that would have made Dick cautious about opening the safe if he had been dealing with a stranger, but he did not think ill enough of his brother for that, and so to rid himself of the nuisance, he unlocked the door and took out a roll of bills.

The sight of the money seemed to rouse the avarice of his companion, and stretching hastily forward he tried to snatch the roll from his brother's grasp, but was not quick enough.

The baffled man looked at Dick for an instant with an ugly scowl, and the next moment his hand was round his throat while Dick was struggling on the floor.

"Police! police! let me up," shouted Dick, clasping his roll of money closer.

Then in an instant he saw a glittering blade in his brother's hand descending towards himself.

"Oh, spare me, Harry!" cried the helpless Dick, but his cry for mercy came too late, the knife was plunged deep into his body, and the red-handed Cain was the possessor of the fruits of his industry.

There were no traces of drunkenness about the murderer now.

The shock of his desperate action had sobered him. He looked at the dead body at his feet and kicked it aside. Then he turned to the safe and taking the money placed it in his own pocket.

Next he approached the window and looked out into the street.

It was unusually quiet. There was not a human being in sight.

Once more he returned to the scene of his butchery. The body of Dick lay still and harmless on the floor. He lifted his eyes to look around, and for the first time he saw the jackdaw seated on his perch looking intently at him as if perfectly aware of all that had happened.

"Now your champion is gone I'll settle scores with you, black devil!" said the murderer, as with a savage oath he attempted to capture the bird. But his old enemy was too keen for him; dodging behind shelves and bundles he managed to elude pursuit, and so, fearing to risk staying there longer, he made sure that the course was clear and disappeared into the dismal night.

When the murder of Dick Creecy was discovered, the best detectives in the city were put on the case to work it up.

It proved however to be one of those unsolvable mysteries with which the police often have to deal. Each clue, after being inevitably correct proved to be a mere chimera, and was reluctantly abandoned until finally the case was considered to be exhausted and was given up.

Meanwhile the Widow Creecy, after burying her son, decided to sell out the clothing store, and the stock was announced for sale by auction.

Not the slightest breath of suspicion had ever been directed towards Harry, but nevertheless he had avoided the store by a kind of instinct ever since the murder, and entered it for the first time while the sale was going on.

There were not many people present—a few of the neighbors engaged in the same business, who were looking for bargains, and a solitary detective who had dropped in accidentally with the vague idea that he might find a clue.

As soon as Harry arrived the detective walked over and sat down beside him to talk over the case. They were near the stove, and the auctioneer was standing on the exact place where the struggle had happened. The detective was propounding some absurd ideas, and Harry was amused to think how far off his conclusions were from the right point.

Suddenly, during a slight pause which had occurred in the business, a scream was heard.

The murderer looked up to the place from which it came and his head turned strangely dizzy. What did he hear? What was the sound which held all the people spellbound and directed all eyes to himself?

"Oh, spare me, Harry! Oh, spare me, Harry! Oh, spare me, Harry!"

Right through his brain that sickening sound seemed to go, while there, perched up on the seat, sat the jackdaw, with the diabolic fire gleaming in its eyes, screaming as if it could never stop this last appeal his brother had made when he had madly plunged the knife into his bosom.

In vain the disconcerted man tried to recover himself and to smile off the deadly sickness which had come over him. Before the malignant gaze of that eye riveted mercilessly upon him he quailed and trembled, and as the murderer tried to shuffle out from the crowd around him the detective laid his hand upon his shoulder and whispered:

"I think I have the right clue. You had better come with me."—*New York Mercury.*

Some Mexican Superstitions.

It is believed that the murderer who has stain his victim with sword or dagger will escape if the body falls upon its side or back; but if the body falls face downward, then the murderer surely soon will be captured and put to death. This belief is said to be so firmly rooted among the people of northeastern Mexico that when a murdered man falls upon his face his slayer makes no effort to escape, and even sometimes voluntarily surrenders himself to justice.

If a bride, while dressing for her wedding, is pricked by a pin so that the blood flows, great misfortune impends.

If two persons think of the same thing at the same time, a soul is bound from purgatory.—*Southern Magazine.*

WOOD CLOTH.

Reducing Wood to a Fiber Which Can Be Spun Out.

Mitscherlich has applied the bisulphite process for reducing wood to the production of a fiber from wood which can be spun.

Thin boards or laths free from knots, but of any desired width, are cut into strips in the direction parallel with the grain, and are then boiled in a boiler containing a solution of sulphurous acid or bisulphite. This boiling effects disintegration without requiring that the strips of boards shall be reduced to very small pieces. After boiling the wood, it is dried in the open air or in specially constructed drying rooms. By thus drying the product, the fiber, which is originally very weak, and tends to break at the slightest strain, becomes comparatively strong, and does not resume its very breakable condition on the addition of water. The operations are carried out as follows:

The damp masses on the frame are transferred to a traveling endless cloth, which leads them to a pair of rollers, which may be plain or provided with corrugations in the direction of their length, the ribs of one roller being made to gear into the recesses of the other one, whereby they effect a simultaneous strong bending and squeezing of the masses. The cutting of the material in passing through the corrugated rollers is avoided by causing the endless cloth to pass over the lower roller and by placing a canvas covering around the upper roller. The pressed masses fall from these rollers to a second endless cloth, which conveys them to a second pair of rollers, from which they are conveyed to a third pair, and so on, they being preferably pressed in this way six times. By continued treatment of the wood the fibers become at length so pliable and isolated from each other that they can be employed directly for coarse fabrics. For obtaining a perfect isolation of the fibers, however, without material deterioration, these operations alone are not suitable, and their special purpose is to loosen the fibers in a transverse direction, so that in the following operation a thin, long fiber may be obtained. For this purpose the boiled and pressed masses are completely fried. After drying they are combed in the direction parallel with the fibers by means of devices provided with pins or teeth, in a manner similar to the operation for combing flax, cotton, etc., but with the difference that the pins or teeth of the apparatus must be made very strong. The separation of the extractable matter from the fiber produced by boiling the gums and soluble organic matter can be effected at any time. It is, however, preferably effected after the fiber has been spun into threads, etc.—*Scientific American.*

LITTTE GREAT PEOPLE.

Four Children Who Will Rule Over Big Countries.

It is a curious fact that four of what the world calls the great people of the earth should be in reality very little people. One great nation is ruled by a baby who will not be out of the nursery for several years to come. He is known as Alfonso XIII., King of Spain. The heir to the throne of the vast German Empire is little Crown-Prince William, who is nearly seven years old. The heir to the throne of the united kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia is the Archduchess Elizabeth, who is only five, and whose father, the Crown-Prince Rudolph of Austria, met a tragic death by his own hand only a few weeks ago. Had this little girl been a boy she would have been heir to the Empire of Austria as well as to the two kingdoms, and it may even yet be that the Austrian government will set aside in her favor the law which forbids a woman to ascend the imperial throne.

Last comes the Princess Royal of the Netherlands. Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Marie who was born on the last day of August, 1880. Thus she is eight and a half years old. Her father is King William III., who is seventy-two years old, and her mother Queen Emma, who is many years younger than her husband. The old King has for the past few years been in very bad health—so bad, indeed, that it is expected that the day will come very soon when little Wilhelmina must be told that she has lost a father and gained a kingdom.

Holland is the smallest kingdom but one in Europe, but it is also one of the richest. Its principal cities, Amsterdam and Rotterdam, are great marts of trade; in its colonies in the East Indies are harvested many of the products of the earth, which are most highly prized; its history enriches the literature of the world, and the works of its artists are found in every public museum and most of the great private galleries of Europe and America. The people our little Princess will be called to rule are a thrifty, contented, home-loving people. If the lot of a Queen can ever be a really happy one, it would seem that Wilhelmina's prospects are brighter than those of any of the other "little great people" of the time. The small size of her kingdom may prove its safeguard—that and the character of its people. Her portrait shows a sweet yet thoughtful face; her childlike attitude suggests little of royal dignity; but the day seems to be very near when the fair soft hair will be pressed by a crown; and if destiny is not kinder to her than to many in her high station, before many years have passed the childish brow may be furrowed and clouded by the cares of government.—*Harper's Young People.*

Caution on Both Sides.

A woman who applied for a place as cook with a family in this city was subjected to a very searching cross-examination as to her abilities and habits by the lady of the house. At last the latter asked the woman:

"Do you drink?"

The woman replied with quiet dignity: "No, ma'am; but judging by what I've seen in service I might ask you that question."

Asked to explain herself the woman continued: "In both my last places my employers drank to excess, and I lost a [illegible] in consequence. I do not [illegible] to enter a house where the mistress [illegible] to fables with [illegible]—*Detroit Dispatch.*

A WEDDING IN JAPAN.

THE GRACEFUL AND STATELY ORIENTAL NUPTIAL CEREMONY.

An Odd Festival—Rich Habiliments—The Husband Assumes the Wife's Name.

Once upon a time, writes Eva Best in the Detroit *Free Press*, a card came to me bearing these words:

KITO HALIMO AND LADY
Request your presence at the marriage
of their daughter
MINO
—TO—
HUNYADI SOMOTSUKE.

Then followed date and place. Of course I went. There was a sound of soft music as I entered the place, where I found many other Americans. We had not to wait long, for soon there was a gentle commotion that made itself manifest behind a large screen placed in front of a doorway, and then the bridal party entered.

First came the bride's parents—and I was—being an American lady—somewhat surprised to see Mino's papa enter first. He came slowly forward, keeping time to the stately march with graceful wavings of his fan to and fro. In his wake followed Mino' maternal relative—as tall as her lord and little less dark and homely. These two approached the oriental drugget allotted the bridal pair, and after turning about face, sank in some mysterious, graceful way upon the rug to the right of the expected groom. Then came the bridegroom's father, and mother—he with downcast eyes, she with an enormous bow between her shoulder blades—of course, there were other adjuncts—but one noticed these two peculiarities. They marched slowly and, in stately, serious gait to the left side of where the bridal party were to sit upon the floor, and after much "salaaming" and astonishing low bows they, too, sank as easily back upon their reserved rug. Then came the "priestess," or "wedding maid," followed by the parties of the first part—as slowly, as solemnly, as joyless as the others. Mino wore a white robe and a thin veil which allowed her plain dark features to be easily seen, while Hunyadi had donned a magnificent "pjama" and a sort of skull cap. They advanced in Indian file, the priestess leading, to where the reverend parents of Mino sat, gently swaying their indigenous fans, and sinking to their knees, bride and bridegroom made an obeisance by getting upon their all-fours and bending their bodies until their foreheads almost touched the floor. At this the bride's parents also bowed above the heads of the prostrate pair, which ceremony was performed in turn before the groom's parents. The priestess, or "best lady"—it seems they have no "best man"—took her place behind the bridal couple and the bridesmaids entered. This was really a pretty sight. Three upon each side, two entering at a time, "salaaming" with graceful ease, touching fan tips as they bent their lithe bodies almost double. After deliberate and deep obeisances to each couple in turn, two by two, they sank slowly upon their "heels," then gradually, gracefully took their positions on each side of the respective parents.

Then came forward the priestess with a tiny mosaique table, which she set amongst the party, after which she brought three cups and three saucers and a tiny teapot and poured the steaming tea from it into the three cups she placed upon a small salver. She offered the three to the groom and the bride's parents first, which they drank "in concert" with much pomp and ceremony. Then the bride and groom's parents had their bitter share meted out to them and in their turns the bride's maids. Each looked critically into her cup, raised it—all three in exact unison—quaffed it with, it seemed to me, an extravagant throwing back of marvelously coiffured heads, and ended with another searching glance into the cup. Then followed the eating of rice balls, which, at a given signal, the company thrust hastily into their mouths and ate ravenously indeed. I feared one dark-eyed damsel would choke upon the boiled grain.

By this time, we, the invited guests, were provided with cups of sugarless tea, which we drank with as seemly countenances as we could command, and were told that each guest was to take his dainty cup and saucer home with him—or her—as a remembrance of this odd festival.

After all were served the priestess presented a two-spouted teapot to bride and groom, from which spouts each in turn drank. This was the real solemnization of the marriage; and its meaning, that they were to share the sweet and bitter of life together, was quite apparent—though I doubt that the sweet, save in one's imagination—were there.

Then the wedding party, after much more salaaming and bending of closely wrapped bodies, filed out in silent procession to go to the bridegroom's house—a ceremony most important. I was told that after that the young husband went home with his Mino to live, and that he not only took the bride's name instead of her taking his, but adopted also the business and vocation of his father-in-law.

Surely the Japanese are our antipodes in every way—think of a young husband buying a coffin for himself as an article of furniture the very first thing! After a year or so the young folks move into a house of their own—coffin and all; and there with their simple housekeeping effects and their ghastly "memento mori" go to work at home—making for themselves.

But the sight of that odd little train—the prodigious bows—the rich habiliments—the waving fans, the graceful figures will be a picture I shall gladly hang on the walls of memory's lumber room.

One of the hardest woods in existence is that of the iron wood tree, which grows in the plains along the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad. It has a black heart, and when well seasoned will turn the edge of an ax, and must be cut with a well tempered saw.

The expression "by hook or by crook" originated in an old custom in regard to gathering wood in forests. The wood gatherer was permitted to have all the wood fallen on the premises, and all that he could reach with a hook from the [illegible] and [illegible]

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Feldspar has been successfully imitated by two European scientists.

The electric traveling crane in Minneapolis has a capacity of twenty tons.

In many localities in the Alps slates are quarried into the tertiary formation.

An electric car line to the top of Missionary Ridge in Tennessee is proposed.

Three hundred miles an hour is the proposed speed for the electric postal railroad of the future.

The new electrical signal apparatus for ships' use is said to be a perfect marvel of mechanical ingenuity.

Lieutenant Patten, United States army, is said to have devised a promising method for synchronous telegraphy.

A powerful hammer is used in England operated by a mildly explosive mixture of common coal gas and atmospheric air.

Simplicity and accuracy are the chief characteristics of the popular new engine room electrical telegraph in English men-of-war.

It has been calculated that not less than 20,000,000 of meteors, each large enough to be visible as a "shooting star," enter our atmosphere daily.

Of the total area of California about one-third is susceptible of sufficient cultivation to sustain a moderately dense population without the aid of irrigation.

Professor Max Muller holds that, according to the strict rules of positive philosophy we have no right to assert or deny anything with reference to the so-called mind of animals.

Dr. Le Baron, an eminent physician of France, says that such a thing as a person having a snake or lizard in his stomach was never known and never will be. All such cases have been imaginary.

The plate rolling mill at the St. Jacques works, of Chatillion Commentry, in France, has cylinders 328 feet in diameter and nineteen feet long, with a total weight of 55,000 pounds each. They are soon to be made capable of rolling fagots five feet thick and it gots weighing more than 110,000 pounds.

A new and ingenious scheme for sinking a shaft through sand, silt, and wet, slushy grounds, and excavating it like rock has been successfully tried in Belgium. Large iron tubes are sunk in the sand or mud about three feet apart, and in these tubes smaller tubes are inserted, through which circulates a cool solution of magnesium chloride. The sand is frozen for a distance of three feet around the tubes. It resembles rock, is hard and compact, and can be excavated in the same manner as rock. It is possible that the process can also be used to advantage in the digging of foundations where water and sand are sources of trouble, or for cutting tunnels under the beds of rivers.

The first electric crane ever built in the United States has just been introduced in the foundry of E. P. Allis & Co., of Milwaukee, Wis. It is a ponderous affair, weighing thirty tons, and is capable of lifting and carrying to any part of the foundry, with ease, a weight of twenty-five tons. The crane is a bridgelike affair, suspended on tracks built on each side of the foundry, near the ceiling. It is provided with three electric motors. One moves the crane from one end of the foundry to the other, another moves the carriage with which the crane is provided from one side of the foundry to the other, and the other runs the lifting machinery. Its advantage over the ordinary power traveling cage, which it resembles somewhat, is a saving of power and the wear and tear of machinery. The only other electric crane know is in an English foundry.

The Prince of Detectives.

Inspector Byrnes, says a New York letter to the Baltimore *American*, is rather a handsome man, although he wears his black derby a little too low on his forehead and keeps his hands in his overcoat pockets. Those who have got their impressions of the typical sleuth hound from the dime novel would not take the inspector for the leading detective of America. He does not go along the street nosing for clues, but brushes along like any other good citizen who had an hour to kill on the busy streets of New York. Inspector Byrnes has, however, a keen eye, which you may have noticed just under the brim of his hat, by which it was shaded. He is rather tall, is well built and dresses neatly, with the exception of his shoes, which are generally heavy and protected by very thick soles, such as members of the police force of Baltimore wear. He is cool-looking man, very approachable, kind to inferiors, and in conversation interesting. He has reached the summit by commanding the greatest detective force in the country with eminent ability, by forming a literary copartnership with Julian Hawthorne, and selling his experiences as a detective at a good figure. He is popular with the press, which is a great thing.

Processions of Slaves in Africa.

One of the saddest sight seen anywhere is a common spectacle on some of the large tributaries of the Congo. The Bangala and a few other large tribes along the Congo have a great demand for slaves to be killed as sacrifices upon the death of important persons, or to be used to furnish forth their cannibal feasts. Unless they are at war the supply of slaves often runs short, and they send expeditions up the Lulongo, the Tchuapa, and other rivers, to buy victims for their ceremonies. Another reason why they seek the slave markets along the Congo tributaries is that, as a rule, the further they go from the main river the cheaper they can buy slaves. So it is no uncommon sight for explorers, as ending the tributaries, to meet processions of Congo canoes laden with slaves, usually male adults, going to their own hunguls, and often bound hand and foot.

They understand full well the evil fate from which there is no escape. The richer or more important the family which has lost one of its members, the more a numerous most of the relatives follow him to the grave. This is [illegible] Africa's great crying evil. The [illegible] Free Government is supposed to [illegible] put a stop to it, but [illegible] New York Sun.

The pain of parting, they say, is not to be compared with the joy of meeting [illegible] Francisco.