

# THE DEMOCRAT.

THE DEMOCRAT PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS.

VOLUME I.

SCOTLAND NECK, HALIFAX CO., N. C. THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1885.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—\$1.50 PER YEAR.

NUMBER 29.

## THE FOUNDRY FIRES

See the foundry fires gleaming  
With a strange and lurid light  
Listen to the anvil ringing  
Measured music on the night;  
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking  
Strike the iron, mold it well;  
On the progress of the nations  
Each persistent stroke shall tell.

Showers of fiery sparks are falling  
Think about the workmen's feet;  
Some are carried by the night wind  
Far along the winding street.  
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking  
Labor lifts her arms on high,  
And the sparks fly from her anvil  
Out upon the darkened sky.

In the lurid glow of feeling,  
With the anvil strokes of thought,  
Men are shaping creeds, and welding  
Single truths the age has wrought  
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking  
Strike the truth and mold it well;  
On the progress of the nations  
Each persistent stroke shall tell.

Let the sparks fly from your anvil  
In the way where thought is rife;  
Each shall light some friendly fire  
On the waiting forge of life.  
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking  
Work till dawn and the morn  
Of a new faith and knowledge  
From the radiant East is born.

Crude the mass the sweating furnace  
At your eager feet have hurled  
Centuries of toil must follow  
Yet to shape a perfect world;  
Yet with clanking, clinking, clinking,  
Strike the iron, shape the truth,  
Science is but now beginning  
Thought is in its early youth.

Think each one his arm the strongest,  
Each believe that God to him  
Has revealed the fairest treasures  
Hidden in His storehouse dim;  
Clanking, clinking, never shrinking,  
Ring your sharp strokes, age and youth,  
Each must hold himself the prophet  
Of a perfect form of truth.

—Arthur W. Eaton, in *Youth's Companion*

## ROMANCE OF ECUADOR.

THE WONDERS OF A STRANGE LAND.

The landlord at the hotel here says a letter from Quito, the capital of Ecuador, to the New York *Sun*, requires you to pay your board in advance, because he has no money to buy food and no credit with the market men; the muleteers ask for their fees before starting, because their experience teaches them wisdom, and there is scarcely a building in the whole republic in process of construction, or even undergoing repairs. Death seems to have settled upon everything artificial, but nature is in her grandest glory.

The population of Ecuador is about a million, and the nation owes twenty gold dollars per capita for every one of the inhabitants. The president is compelled to live at Guayaquil so as to see that the customs duties, the only source of revenue, reach the government, and to quell the revolutions that are constantly arising. Three hundred thousand of the population are of Spanish descent, 100,000 are foreigners, and 600,000 native Indians of various mixed blood. The commerce is in the hands of the foreigners entirely, and they have a mortgage upon the entire country. The Indians are the only people who work. Over the doors of the residences or the business houses, and both are usually under the same roof, are signs reading, "This is the property of an Englishman," "This is the property of a citizen of Germany," and so on, a necessary warning to revolutionists, who are thus notified to keep their hands off.

The Spaniards are the aristocracy, poor but proud, very proud. The mixed race, the mestizos, the mechanics and artisans, while the Indians till the soil and do the drudgery. A cook gets two dollars a month in a depreciated currency, but the employer is expected to board his entire family. A laborer gets four or six dollars a month and boards himself, except when he is fortunate enough to have a wife out at service. The Indians never marry, because they cannot afford to. The law compels him to pay the priest a fee of six dollars, more money than most of them can ever accumulate. When a Spaniard marries, the fee is paid by contributions from his relatives.

It is a peculiarity of the Indian that he will sell nothing at wholesale, nor will he trade with you anywhere but in the market place, the spot where he and his forefathers have sold garden truck for three centuries. Although travelers on the highways meet whole armies of Indians, bearing upon their backs heavy burdens of vegetables and other supplies, they can purchase nothing of them; as the native will not sell his produce until he gets to the place where he is in the habit of selling them. He will carry them ten miles and dispose of them for less than he was offered for them at home.

The same rule exists in Guatemala. A gentleman who lives some distance from town said that for the last four years he had been buying every morning with packs of alfalfa (the tropical clover), to sell him some at his gate, but they invariably refused to do so; consequently he was compelled to go into town to buy what was carried by his own door.

Nor will the natives sell at wholesale. They will give you a good full pot of coffee for a penny, as often as you like, but will not sell the stock in a lump. They will give you a dozen eggs for a real (ten cents), but will not sell you five dozen for a dollar. This dogged adherence to custom cannot be accounted for, except on the supposition that their suspicious are excited by an attempt to depart from it.

In Ecuador there are smaller coins than the quetzillo, change is therefore made by the use of bread. On his way to market the purchaser stops at a bakery and gets a dozen or twenty fresh rolls, which cost about one cent each, and the market women receive them and give them change for small purchases. If you buy a cent's worth of anything and offer a quetzillo in payment you get a breakfast roll and the balance due you.

The Indians live in villages and communities, which are presided over by a alcalde, or governor. The native

women all wear black. One never finds a glimpse of color upon a descendant of the ancient race. They are in perpetual mourning for Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, who was cruelly murdered by Pizarro. Their costume is a short black skirt, and a square robe or mantle of black, which they wear over their heads and hold in place by a large pin or thorn between the shoulders. They look like nuns, and walk the streets with burdens upon their backs or heads in processions as solemn as a funeral. They never laugh, and scarcely ever smile; they have no songs and no amusements. Their only semblance to music is a mournful chant which they give in unison at the feasts which are intended to keep alive the memories of the Incas. They cling to their traditions and the customs of their ancestors. They remember the ancient glory of their race, and look to its restoration as the only hope for the future of the coming of Montezuma. They have relics which they guard with the most sacred care, and two great secrets no amount of torture at the hands of the Spaniards has been able to wring from them. These are the art of tempering copper so as to give it as keen and enduring an edge as steel, and the burial place of the Incas, the Incas, the Incas.

It will be remembered that Pizarro offered to release Atahualpa if the Indians would fill with gold the room in which he was kept a prisoner. They did it. Pizarro thought there must be more where this came from, and demanded that the ransom be doubled. Runners were sent over the country to collect the treasure of the kingdom, and were on their way to Caxamarca, where the Inca was a prisoner, loaded down with gold to buy his freedom, when they heard that Pizarro had strangled him. This treasure was buried somewhere in the mountains of Llanganati, northwest of Quito, and has been searched for ever since.

A Spaniard named Valverde married an Inca girl, and from poverty became suddenly rich. To escape persecution from those who wished to know the secret of his sudden accumulation of gold he fled to Spain, and upon his deathbed made a confession to the effect that he had discovered the whereabouts of the Inca treasures, and left a guide to the place of their deposit as a legacy to his king. This guide has been followed by the government and by private individuals; fortunes have been wasted in the search, hundreds of men have perished in the mountains while engaged in it, and while the gold of the Incas will never be discovered, the search for the treasure has been a constant reminder to the Spaniards of the spot designated by the confession of Valverde.

The last to attempt it was an English botanist, who wrote a pamphlet giving his experience. He says that no one who was not familiar with every inch of the Llanganati mountains could have written the Valverde document, for the land marks are all minutely described; but the path indicated leads to a ravine which is impassable, and in attempting to cross which so many people have lost their lives. It is his opinion that the condition of this gorge has been so changed by volcanic eruptions and earthquakes as to obliterate the landmarks which Valverde describes, and permanently obstruct a path which he is said to have followed.

The capital and productive regions of Ecuador are 160 miles from its only sea port, Guayaquil, and are accessible only by a mule path, which is impassable for six months in the year, during the rainy season, and in the dry season it requires eight or nine days to traverse it, with no resting places where a man can find a decent bed or food fit for human consumption. This is the only means of communication between Quito and the outside world, except along the mountains southward into Bolivia and Peru, where the Incas constructed beautiful highways, which the Spaniards have permitted to decay, until they are now practically useless. They were so well built, however, as to stand the wear and tear of three centuries, and the slightest attempt at repair would have kept them in order.

Although the journey from Guayaquil to Quito takes nine days, Garcia Moreno, the former president of Ecuador, once made it in thirty-six hours. He heard of a revolution, and, springing upon his horse, went to the capital, had twenty-two conspirators shot, and was back at Guayaquil in less than a week. Moreno was president for twelve years, and was one of the fiercest and most cruel rulers South America has ever seen. He shot men who would not take off their hats to him in the streets, and had a drunken priest impaled in the principal plaza of Quito as a warning to the clergy to observe habits of sobriety or conceal their intemperance. There was nothing too brutal for this man to do, and nothing too sacred to escape his grasp. He died in 1875 by assassination, and the country has been in a state of political eruption ever since.

Although the road to Quito is over an almost untrodden wilderness, it presents the grandest scenic panorama in the world. Directly beneath the equator, surrounding the city whose origin is lost in the mist of centuries, rise twenty volcanoes, presided over by the princely Chimborazo, the highest being 15,922 feet in height, and the highest reaching an altitude of 22,500 feet. Three of these volcanoes are active, five are dormant, and twelve extinct. Nowhere else on the earth's surface is such a cluster of peaks, such a grand assemblage of giants. Eighteen of the twenty are covered with perpetual snow, and the summits of seven have never been reached by a living creature except the condor, whose flight surpasses that of any other bird. At noon the vertical sun throws a profusion of light upon the snow-crowned summits, where they appear like a group of pyramids cut in spotless marble.

Cotopaxi is the loftiest of active volcanoes, but it is slumbering now. The only evidence of action is the frequent rumblings which can be heard for a hundred miles, and the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night which constantly arises from a crater that is more than three thousand feet beyond the reach of man. Many have attempted to scale it, but the walls are so steep and the snow is so deep that ascent is impossible, even with scaling ladders. On the south side of Cotopaxi is a great rock, more than 2,000 feet high, called the "Inca's Head." Tradition says

that it was once the summit of the volcano, and fell on the day when Atahualpa was strangled by the Spaniards. Those who have seen Vesuvius can judge of the grandeur of Cotopaxi, if they can see it at less expense. The demand exceeds the supply, and there is not a county in the State in which the product is not going to waste.

The city of Los Angeles, Cal., has a population of about 35,000. Its streets are lined with eucalyptus and pepper trees and with handsome business blocks, which are more numerous and costly than in most American cities of five times the population.

It is officially announced that the epidemic of trichinosis prevailing from September to December last in the district of Magdeburg, Germany, resulted in 403 cases of sickness, of which sixty-six proved fatal, was caused by a single pig. Careful investigation proved that death was in every case due to eating the flesh raw.

## A Persian Doctor.

In the East all Europeans are supposed to be deeply versed in the healing art, and there is no surer way of gaining favor and consideration than either to make some cure or to attempt to do so with as much formality as possible. When Mr. O'Donovan, the London *News* correspondent was exploring the Caspian, near northern Persia, he paid a visit to the camp of Veli Khan, whose secretary spoke a little French. After some conversation on general topics, the khan told Mr. O'Donovan that he had badly sprained his ankle some time before, and asked if he could prescribe for him. I recommended (said O'Donovan) a bandage moistened with cold water and vinegar, and cold water poured from a height on the ailing joint every morning. "We have an excellent surgeon attached to the brigade," said the general, when I had done speaking.

"Then," said I to myself, "why do you consult me?"

"He is coming directly," said the general; "he will be glad to see you." Shortly after, a tall, handsome, intellectual-looking man, with coal-black beard and piercing eyes, made his appearance. He was the surgeon. A conversation about European politics followed. After a pause, the subject of the sprained ankle again came up. I repeated my prescription.

"On what scientific grounds do you base your remedy?" said the doctor.

I explained.

"What would you say to a dozen leeches?" he asked.

Glad to get out of the subject, I said that the remedy was excellent. Not at all. No chance of getting off so easily.

"I presume you are an astronomer?" went on my interlocutor.

"Well," I said, not exactly understanding the sudden transition from sprained ankles and leeches to the stars, "I know something about the science."

"I presume you can foretell a favorable conjunction for the application of the leeches, and drawing the blood of his excellency?"

My gravity was put to a severe test; but taking a long pull of a water-pipe, which, having gone the rounds of the company, was in turn handed to me, I uttered the usual prolonged sigh after such an indulgence, and gasped out, between suppressed laughter and half-suffocation, that I regretted my science was not so profound a nature.

"Up with this," the khan, casting a triumphant glance around the circle of his heels and fingered his chaplet of amber beads. He felt that he had completely floored me, and need not say more in order to show up my utter ignorance of medical science. I, for my part, blessed the stars that had rescued me from the chirurgico-astronomical discussion.

## The Heat in India.

The excessive dryness of the air, sometimes the humidity being as low as eight degrees out of a possible 100 degrees, makes it feel like the blast of a furnace; it heats any ironwork in the shade till you can hardly bear your hand on it, and it heats the bath towels till they make me gush as I dry my face! Everything possible is done to keep our house cool. It is almost hermetically closed and only thrown open during the coolest hours of the night. But though in this way we kept it down to ninety-two degrees in the day, we cannot get it cooler even at night; and that is what makes it so wearing, that you never get any respite from the heat. The heat from heat apoplexy have been many; but that is the case every year. At the great railway stations they have coffins in readiness for the dead bodies which are sure to be found daily in the trains, dead not from sun heat but from sheer air heat. My head often feels as if it were being fried, and all night long I keep it and my pillow well sopped with cold water. We are having a punkah rigged up out of doors, and mean to dine and sit out of doors at night, as the temperature is always some degrees lower than in the open air at night in the house. You, thinking of a hot English summer night, will think how delightfully cool and pleasant it must be, but I can assure you it is only mitigating misery; the thermometer stands at 100 degrees. —*Diary of a Civilian's Wife in India.*

## Treatment of Beggars in England.

For an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging was considered a crime deserving death, according to an old law in England, which remained in force for sixty years. The poor man might not change his master at his will or wander from place to place. If out of employment, preferring to be idle, he might be demanded for work by any master of the "craft" to which he belonged, and compelled to work whether he would or no. If caught begging once, being neither aged nor infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time his ear was slit or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, being thereby proved to be of no use upon this earth, but to live upon it only to his own hurt and to that of others, he suffered death as a felon.

## TIMELY TOPICS

The moss crop of Florida is said to be worth more than the cotton crop, and it can be placed on the market at less expense. The demand exceeds the supply, and there is not a county in the State in which the product is not going to waste.

The city of Los Angeles, Cal., has a population of about 35,000. Its streets are lined with eucalyptus and pepper trees and with handsome business blocks, which are more numerous and costly than in most American cities of five times the population.

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A local government inquiry was held recently in Manchester, England, to inquire among other things into an application of the corporation to impose regulations on the sale of horse-flesh. Evidence was given that horse-flesh was largely sold in the poorer neighborhoods of the city, dressed like beef, cut up into steaks and sold at five pence and six pence per pound. Much of the horse-flesh sold was unsound. The corporation, who were supported by the butchers' association, desired to impose regulations on the sale.

The Fuegians are the lowest human beings in the scale of existence. Their language contains no word for any number above three; they are unable to distinguish one color from another; they have no religion and no funeral rites, and they possess neither chiefs nor slaves. Their only weapons are bone pointed spears, and as they grow neither fruits nor vegetables and their country is naturally barren, they are obliged to live entirely on animal food. Even these savages possess, however, some social virtues. They are not cannibals; they treat neither women nor the old, and they are monogamous.

In Cuba two hours before a paper is distributed on the street a copy must be sent, with the editor's name, to the government and one to the censor. When the paper is returned with the censor's endorsement the paper may go out to the public. One of the newspapers in Havana disregards the law, publishes what it pleases and when it gets ready. Every few weeks the government fines the editor and suppresses the paper. The next day the paper appears under a new name. Its frequent brushes with the government advertise it, and people buy it to see what new indiscretion it has committed. The subscription price is \$24 a year.

Near Astoria, Ore., there is a deposit of clam-shells which covers an area of over four acres, and is piled in places to a depth of over four feet. The amount of shells is incalculable. Over 1,000 loads have been hauled away to make roads, but that amount is hardly noticed in the diminution of the immense heap. From time to time relics of the old clam-eating tribes that made that place their headquarters are found. A party recently found a clam-opener. It was made from a whale's tooth, is about eight inches long, and is ground sharp at the end. There are some sixteen inches of soil on top of these immense clam-beds, on which grow fir trees, some of them 400 years old.

An elephant attached to an itinerant circus at Birmensley, England, recently managed to get loose during the night, and thievery entered a bar-room. It had evidently been accustomed to know what was worth eating and what was not, for on its way to the public house the animal "emptied a barrel of pig's wash," that stood in the way of its getting at the bar-room. Everything was in a state of confusion in the bar-room, and the elephant was secured after much trouble.

A New York company manufactures every day 1,800 bustles stuffed with renovated antelope hair has begun the manufacture of life-preservers stuffed with the same material. A test of the comparative value of different life-preservers has just been made. It requires only ten pounds of buoyancy to keep a live person's head above water. A cork buoy weighing nine pounds was thrown overboard, and was found to support thirty-three pounds; a buoy of California tallow held up fifty pounds; and an Alaska down buoy of five pounds held up sixty-four pounds. The company recently fitted out several yachts with antelope hair or Alaska down cushions, which can be thrown overboard, and each will support a dozen persons.

The schemes of a "Small Farm Company" in England is already assuming definite shape. The general scope of the company will be to buy up land and re-sell it in small parcels by a system of annual payments. In so doing the company will, it is hoped, meet the particular wants of several classes of people—such, for instance, as the following: (1) Communities of agricultural laborers, each of whom would own separate plots, but who would be able to use horses, plows, etc., in common. (2) Small farmers, willing to farm holdings of not more than thirty acres. (3) Tradesmen and other immigrants from neighboring towns wishing to add to their resources by various kinds of petty culture, market gardening, bee-keeping, poultry breeding, and the like. It is an excellent scheme, and its progress deserves to be watched with close and practical interest.

There is a remarkable absence of pauperism in Japan, but a man with an income of \$1,000 a year is considered wealthy, and a peasant or farmer who has \$100 laid by for a rainy day is ranked with capitalists. It is estimated that there are less than 10,000 paupers in the whole empire.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

The new process of toughening timber, by which white wood is rendered so tough as to require a cold chisel to split it, consists in steaming the wood and submitting it to an end pressure.

In the last volume issued by the Geological survey of India is an account of a fiery eruption from one of the volcanoes on Cheduba island. A body of flame 600 feet in circumference is said to have at one time reached an elevation of 2,400 feet, petroleum being the cause.

From some experiments made at the university of Kansas it appears that the average person can taste the bitter of quinine when one part is dissolved in 152,000 parts of water. Salt was detected with one part in 640 of water, sugar in 288 of water, baking soda in 48 of water. In nearly all cases females could detect a smaller quantity than males.

Rheum, of the Smithsonian institute, has contradicted much of the popular belief concerning snakes. The venomous hoop snake, which takes its tail in its mouth and rolls along like a hoop, and the blow snake, the breath of which is deadly, exist only in the imagination. The idea that serpents sting with the tongue is erroneous. An impression prevails that the number of poisonous snakes is great, but in North America there are but three species—the rattlesnake, the copperhead or moccasin, and the coral. Snakes do not jump; they reach suddenly forward, perhaps half the length of their bodies.

The use of water in connection with blasting in mines and quarries is rapidly extending in this country and in Europe. A tube filled with water is inserted in the bore hole next the powder cartridge, the tube being of thin plate, or even of paper. The usual tamping follows, and when the explosion occurs the tube containing the water is burst, the explosive violence being increased by the presence of water and extended over the enlarged interior of the bore hole, due to the space occupied by the water-tube. A much larger quantity of the material to be mined or quarried is thereby brought down or loosened with smaller quantity of explosive used, while the heat of the explosion converts a portion of the water into steam, which, with the remaining water, extinguishes the flame, and absorbs and neutralizes the gases and smoke generated.

The disappearance of animal life from earth must always be regarded with interest and concern. Apprehension is now beginning to be felt that we are now looking upon the final struggle for existence of all the larger mammals—the elephant, the giraffe, the bison, the whale, the seal, and many others—that must soon be extirpated unless protected from being hunted to death. An interesting case of animal extinction is found in "Steller's sea-cow," lately referred to by Mr. Henry Woodward before the London Geographical society. This great animal, which has been valued for its blubber, and with walrus and seals, and with elephants, was a toothless vegetable-feeder, living along the shore in shallow water, and often weighing three or four tons. It was seen alive and described in 1741, but in 1780 it appeared to have become entirely extinct. This creature belonged to the genus "Sirenia," and Mr. Woodward looks upon it as a last surviving species of the great group of Sirenia which lived in the tertiary age of geology.

## Elephant Quotations.

The skill now displayed in teaching elephants, says a New York letter to the *Troy Times*, is certainly wonderful, and a herd of these animals is now necessary to any first-class caravan. This has led to an extensive traffic, and the London importer sends the following advertisement to one of our leading dailies:

BURMESE ELEPHANTS.—Healthy young Burmese elephants for sale—1 1/2 feet and up to 4 1/2 feet; over 4 1/2 to 5 feet, at \$200 each; delivered in London or Liverpool; prices of animals from 5 feet to full grown elephants, at \$1,000 each. Address: Burmah, 22 Upper Baker Street, Regent's park.

The price is certainly reasonable, being equal to \$75 for the small size and \$1,000 for the large. When one considers that this is not one-tenth the price often paid for a fine horse, one can but acknowledge that it is cheap enough. But there has been more money in elephants than any other individual, and he has made it highly remunerative. At one time he had one of these animals harnessed before a plow and kept busy in his fields at Ivanston. The Boston cars passed the place daily, and the elephant became a good advertisement.

Barnum has probably put a quarter of a million in this kind of stock, including Jumbo, whose cost has been advertised at \$50,000. It is not probable that it was one-half of that sum. A well-trained performing elephant is worth \$10,000—that is, it will attract enough to make such an investment remunerative, but show property is entirely "fancy stock," and there is no fixed valuation. Adam Foregump, Jr., is one of the best elephant trainers in the country, and his skill has enabled him to rival Barnum. The latter, with all his genius, never trained anything. He pays good salaries, however, to experts, and before he purchased Jumbo he made an engagement with his keeper and company him to America. This man has been with the famous elephant for nearly twenty years, and controls him as easily he would a child.

## An Assyrian Statue of 850 B. C.

About twenty-five years ago there was shipped to a gentleman in Philadelphia, from a missionary to Syria, a life-size statue of a king, taken from the ruins of Nineveh at the time of Sir Henry Layard's explorations. It had been lost by a caravan in the desert, and when received was stored and neglected, until a few days since. It represents a king clad in royal robes, bearing in one hand a basket and in the other a fir cone, a portion of the stone being covered with sharply cut hieroglyphics, which Assyrian scholars are endeavoring to translate. The statue came from the temple of King Assur-nazir-pal, a famous conqueror who reigned from 883 to 859 B. C., and who was, therefore, sleeping in his grave when Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, was yet an infant. —*Scientific American.*

The last war between England and Russia began in 1854.

## FUCATAN.

### Peculiarities of the Natives—Strange Marriage Rites.

In a lecture before the Long Island Historical society, Mrs. Le Plong read the following interesting facts about Yucatan and its people: The ancient marriage rites are very interesting. On her wedding day the Indian maiden, like her fair sister, dons the best she can procure, sometimes hiring or borrowing a dress, as well as plenty of laces and baubles. After the ceremony of the church is over, she returns to the house of her childhood. Eight days having elapsed, those who gave her in marriage take her to the house of her husband, whose father then scatters cocoa beans over the floor for the numerous guests to gather. They seem to have forgotten the meaning of this, but it may be symbolical of the hospitality that the young couple should offer to all friends, for cocoa was current even before the Spaniards arrived, while chocolate made from cocoa was in ancient times, as it is now, the favorite beverage throughout the country. When the cocoa is gathered the young couple kneel on a mat, and the mother of the bridegroom blesses them, the father repeating the blessing. This does not consist of laying the hands on the head, but in sprinkling water on them with a twig of rue. After the blessing more cocoa is scattered, then they put in the mouth of the bride and groom a mixture of toasted corn, called bitter, and honey. The mixture is quite "kux," and its use is symbolical. Kux means disgust, annoyance, anger, from which no one in any state of life can hope to be altogether exempt, and the happy represents the sweetness of a happy union. The use of the rue has also its meaning, for the Indians are well aware of the medicinal property of the plant. But the Indians now hide themselves to observe the rites, and those who wish to have a chance of seeing them must go to remote places, where travelers are likewise attracted by the temples and places, remains of once flourishing cities that are scattered over the peninsula and hidden beneath dense forests. During the past four years two or three railroads have been constructed in Yucatan. Much traveling, however, has yet to be accomplished, over excessively bad roads, and the conveyance is by stage, rough and strong and safe, is far from comfortable. It is called *bolan koche* and is a kind of palanquin supported on leather straps. The bottom is a network of ropes, on which a thin mattress is spread, large enough to accommodate six persons, sitting in Turkish fashion, of two lying full length, the way generally preferred. The *bolan koche* is drawn by three mules, small but strong. They go just as they please, for the driver seldom guides them, he is too busy smoking cigarettes, and they have a trick of choosing the worst places. If but one story is in sight they are sure to jump the wheel over it. Leaving Merida early in the morning we meet groups of Indians on the way to the city market with fruits, fowls, jars, sacks of charcoal, loads of wood, and many other things. Loads are carried on the back, the strap being put across the forehead for heavy loads and for light loads across the chest. Some places along the road half hidden beneath a lot of fodder. Weary women drag themselves from door to door crying "Manachuch"—"Buy charcoal"—in anything but pleasant tones. The profits of the day generally amount to ten or twelve cents. These people are remarkable pedestrians, six miles an hour being an easy gait for them, and they are so polite that they never fail to salute the passing white man. Not even 350 years of slavery have destroyed the innate good manners of the race. The woods and hedges are covered with brilliant colors. Brilliant plumed songsters nestle among the green foliage, but the cheeriest of all is the blue bird, a herd of these animals is now necessary to any first-class caravan. This has led to an extensive traffic, and the London importer sends the following advertisement to one of our leading dailies:

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The price is certainly reasonable, being equal to \$75 for the small size and \$1,000 for the large. When one considers that this is not one-tenth the price often paid for a fine horse, one can but acknowledge that it is cheap enough. But there has been more money in elephants than any other individual, and he has made it highly remunerative. At one time he had one of these animals harnessed before a plow and kept busy in his fields at Ivanston. The Boston cars passed the place daily, and the elephant became a good advertisement.

Barnum has probably put a quarter of a million in this kind of stock, including Jumbo, whose cost has been advertised at \$50,000. It is not probable that it was one-half of that sum. A well-trained performing elephant is worth \$10,000—that is, it will attract enough to make such an investment remunerative, but show property is entirely "fancy stock," and there is no fixed valuation. Adam Foregump, Jr., is one of the best elephant trainers in the country, and his skill has enabled him to rival Barnum. The latter, with all his genius, never trained anything. He pays good salaries, however, to experts, and before he purchased Jumbo he made an engagement with his keeper and company him to America. This man has been with the famous elephant for nearly twenty years, and controls him as easily he would a child.

## An Assyrian Statue of 850 B. C.

About twenty-five years ago there was shipped to a gentleman in Philadelphia, from a missionary to Syria, a life-size statue of a king, taken from the ruins of Nineveh at the time of Sir Henry Layard's explorations. It had been lost by a caravan in the desert, and when received was stored and neglected, until a few days since. It represents a king clad in royal robes, bearing in one hand a basket and in the other a fir cone, a portion of the stone being covered with sharply cut hieroglyphics, which Assyrian scholars are endeavoring to translate. The statue came from the temple of King Assur-nazir-pal, a famous conqueror who reigned from 883 to 859 B. C., and who was, therefore, sleeping in his grave when Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, was yet an infant. —*Scientific American.*

## Elephant Quotations.

The skill now displayed in teaching elephants, says a New York letter to the *Troy Times*, is certainly wonderful, and a herd of these animals is now necessary to any first-class caravan. This has led to an extensive traffic, and the London importer sends the following advertisement to one of our leading dailies:

BURMESE ELEPHANTS.—Healthy young Burmese elephants for sale—1 1/2 feet and up to 4 1/2 feet; over 4 1/2 to 5 feet, at \$200 each; delivered in London or Liverpool; prices of animals from 5 feet to full grown elephants, at \$1,000 each. Address: Burmah, 22 Upper Baker Street, Regent's park.

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## Skill With the Lasso.

It is no credit to a cowboy to catch a bull by the horns, says a *Forty Keogh* letter, for he cannot be thrown by them and is simply held as a prisoner, but the skill in throwing a lasso is to pitch the noose in front of an animal when he is going at full gallop, so that the next step he treads into it. The cowboy tried it on a bull while both of our ponies were jumping along on a dead run. The old fellow was going about as fast as we were, but the fatal lasso shot through the air at a tangent and fell wide open, just in front of him on the ground. The left fore foot plunged square into the circle, the rope was tightened with a sudden jerk and the steer rolled over in the dust, as cleverly caught as anything I ever saw. The broncho, too, understood his part of the business thoroughly, for he bore at the right moment in the opposite direction, else he might have been thrown instead of the bull, to which he was much inferior in weight.

The United States sends four iron bridges a month to Brazil.

## A THOUSAND CHEERS.

A thousand cheers for the blighted life,  
The lonely one—we daily meet.  
The sad, sad lot—a knight in strife  
Is trodden down by rapid feet.  
He needs our hand—the heartless race  
The voice of love might calm his fears.  
Our smile might brighten his careworn face  
Inspire his life with a thousand cheers.

A thousand cheers for the sowing girl  
With her tired hands and her heavy heart,  
Though pure in soul—unknown in the whirl  
Of money-makers in city mart.  
Oh, beautiful flower on the toilsome path,  
Oh, jewel rare for the weary eyes,  
Oh, thought sublime that her toiling bath  
A thousand cheers from the starry skies.

A thousand cheers for the honest boy,  
Unclear in schemes of fame and wealth,  
Whose steps are heralds of restless joy—  
The restless joy of rugged health.  
The clouds may shadow, some sunny day,  
This picture gilt with morning light,  
But honor on earth still finds a way  
And room enough for a deed of right.

A thousand cheers for the man of might!  
Who bravely strives when others fail,  
Who marches on to the losing fight,  
When rights go down and wrongs prevail.  
The man who bears the scorn and the frown  
And Censure's bitter blasting breath,  
Receives, at last, a dear-bought crown,  
A thousand cheers at the gates of death.

—H. H. Callahan, in the *Current*.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.