

# THE DEMOCRAT.

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VOLUME IV.

SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1888.

NUMBER 11.

## Old Saws in Rhyme.

An honest confession is good for the soul; As thin as a rail, or as black as a coal. A hen that is setting will never grow fat; As wise as an owl or as blind as a bat. As the twig first is bent so the tree is inclined; As many opinions as people we find. Better wear out than rust out; the under dog kick; Empty wagons make most noise; Tom, Harry and Dick. A lick and a promise; all news travels fast; If you're not rich at forty your chances are fast. The harder the storm is the sooner its over; Be just before generous; living in clover. After storm comes the calm; it takes two to fight; Blessings all brighten when taking their flight. Betwixt a bay and grass; there are tricks in each trade; A game's never won till the end of it's played. Every man's his own doctor; clothes borrow'd don't fit; Brevity always the soul is of wit. Birth may be good; but good brooding is more; A friend of his shadow; don't stick in your door. Poverty makes for us bedfellows strange; Hanging's too good for him; sweet is revenge; Never swap horses while crossing a stream; Always by contraries gosh a dream. By rogues falling out honest men get their dues; By distance enchantment is lent to the view; Jack of all trades but a master of none; Conscience makes cowards of everyone. There's nothing so bad it cannot be worse; To some people money is only a curse. Unadorned beauty the most is adorned; Home's where the heart is; forearmed is forewarned. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip; The little leaks often will sink a big ship. Blood's thicker than water; all cry and no woe; A proud heart is made by a stomach that's full. Many go out to shear and come home again shorn; All's not gold that glitters; a man's made to mourn. It takes two a bargain to make; our grapes, Taxes and death are what no one escapes.

## THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

The right wing of Sherman's army was only a few miles from Blue Rock, a mountain village in Georgia. The simple villagers felt little alarm. Blue Rock was the point of no strategic importance to either the Federals or the Confederates. One fine morning in the early spring John Dickson started out from the little hamlet to visit his farm, only a mile or two distant. Dickson was a young man, but a chronic lameness had secured his exemption from military service, and as he had a wife and two children entirely dependent upon him, he regarded his disability as a blessing. Still, he was a strong Confederate, and on this particular morning, while he was limping slowly along the rough country road, he paused more than once to listen with a frowning face to the sullen boom of Sherman's guns, several miles away. "I am not able to do much fighting," he muttered, "but if they come to Blue Rock and cut up any I'll kill some of them if I have to die for it!" He meant what he said. This quiet young farmer had plenty of grit when he was put to the test. The walk tired him, and he left the road and stretched himself in a grassy place under the shade of a sturdy old oak. He threw himself on his back and closed his eyes for a moment. Then he looked up into the green foliage above him. A queer expression flitted over his face, but his gaze remained fixed upon one point. In a careless way he raised his hand to his face, and stroked his moustache. Then the hand wandered down over his vest toyed with each button. At last it slipped downward to a hip pocket, and reappeared as quick as a flash of lightning, this time with a pistol aimed upward. "Now, you come down," said Dickson gruffly. "Ha! ha!" laughed some one up in the tree. "You have found me, have you?" The laugh surprised and irritated Dickson. His keen eyes had discovered a fellow with a blue uniform sitting on one of the topmost limbs of the tree. It had flashed into his head that it would be an easy matter to capture him, and march him into Blue Rock. And now the rascal was laughing at him! "You'll grin on the wrong side of your mouth pretty soon," said Dickson. "I mean business. Don't you know that you are my prisoner?" "Well, no," was the cool reply. "I hadn't thought of it in that light. In fact, I was under the impression that you were my prisoner, and I was wondering how to dispose of you." "Confound you!" roared the young farmer. "If you don't come down as once I'll shoot!" "See here, my friend," answered the

soldier, "you don't understand the situation." "O, I don't!" shouted Dickson. "No, where are your eyes? Take a good look, but don't move." Thus appealed to, Dickson allowed his eyes to run over the soldier's entire figure. He gave a start of surprise. The Federal held in his right hand a revolver aimed at the man on the ground. "I have had you covered ever since you came here," said the man in the tree. "I am going to shoot if you try to get up, or if you cock your pistol," was the response; "but I expect to persuade you to drop your weapon and go off to the top of that hill yonder." "You are a fool!" shouted Dickson. "Don't you know that somebody from town will come along soon and help me capture you?" "And don't you know," replied the other, "that some of our cavalry are coming this way, and may be here any moment?" Dickson studied the face above him. It was a dark, clear-cut, handsome face, very youthful and pleasant in its expression. "Why, you are a boy, ain't you?" was his next question, as he took in the little, willowy form. "Never mind what I am; my captain is satisfied with me, and that is enough." "You had better drop your pistol and come down. I'll see that you are treated well." "Thanks. Hadn't you better lay down your weapon and march over that hill, and go home to your wife and children, if you have any? I am not particularly anxious to have our boys come along and capture you." The frank and fearless eyes looking into Dickson's had a kind look, and the angry farmer found that his wrath was gradually melting. After all, he thought, there would be little glory in capturing this boy soldier. And then the fellow's story might be true. If the Federals were coming in that direction it was time for good Confederates to lie out. "What are you doing here, anyhow?" he asked. "I slipped in Blue Rock last night," was the answer, "and some of your people chased me out. My horse was shot and I had to take to the woods. I climbed up here to be safe until our cavalry came along." "I'll tell you what I'll do," broke in Dickson, "I don't want to take you prisoner, and I don't want to shoot you. On the other hand, I'll admit that I have no fancy for being shot myself. But I'm not going to throw down my pistol. I will get up and go to town and when your crowd comes, if it comes at all, you may expect a hot reception if you are not too many for us." There was a pause for a moment, and then the soldier in the tree spoke. "All right, I'll trust you," he said. "Go ahead and I'll take no advantage of you. But you may expect to see me in Blue Rock before night." "Well, I'm off. Good-bye!" And he rose to his feet, and walked off as briskly as he could. He scorned to look back. If the federal was mean enough to break his word and fire, it was all right. But his heart bumped against his ribs until he had placed 100 yards between him and the tree. When the blue jackets swarmed into the village that afternoon the score or two of male inhabitants saw that resistance was useless against such a force. "The captain sent me to guard your property," said a soldier, as he paused in front of Dickson's door. "I am obliged to him," replied Dickson, "but I don't see why." The man went on duty, and the little family passed the night undisturbed, and with the feeling that they were securely protected. "The captain requests you to come to his headquarters!" This message made Dickson a little nervous when it was delivered to him the next morning. His wife could not conceal her alarm. "There is nothing wrong," the messenger assured her. "The captain merely desires to see your husband a moment." There was nothing to do but to go. Dickson quieted his wife, and proceeded to the dwelling indicated to him as the captain's headquarters. "Glad to see you, Mr. Dickson," the captain remarked with a peculiar smile. "My wife wishes to thank you for your courteous and sensible conduct yesterday." "Your wife?" exclaimed the farmer. And then he saw what had escaped his notice, that there was a lady in the room. A very charming little lady, Dickson thought. She looked fresh and bright in her simple traveling dress, and her curly hair, cut short like a boy's, gave her a roguish look. The lady's face was strangely familiar, and when the astonished Confederate gazed into her eyes he recognized her. "You were the soldier in the tree?" he cried. "The same," admitted the captain's wife with a laugh. "You see," exclaimed the captain,

"my wife would come down to see me in camp, and she would wear a soldier's uniform. She is a headstrong little thing, and I had to yield, but after her adventure of yesterday I have persuaded her to return home. War is a bad thing, my friend, if the ladies are to go soldiering." By this time Dickson felt perfectly at home. His hosts were in such a jolly, good humor that it was contagious and the visitor spent a delightful half hour. The Federals did not hold Blue Rock long. They moved off with the main body of the army but before they left the captain's adventurous wife had been shipped home by her husband. "Queer things happen in war times," was Dickson's comment on the affair when he spoke of it afterward to his friends, "and I tell you it is a wonder that the captain's wife didn't capture me and march me off. She is a daisy, if there ever was one!"—[Atlanta Constitution.

Pie.

Americans boast of the excellence of their pumpkin and other pies, and have the reputation of being a nation of pie eaters. When it comes to making good pies and pies of many varieties undoubtedly the Yankee is ahead of all the world. The Englishman occasionally makes a rough, blind, determined rush for the lead, and then gives it up. There are accounts extant of certain big pies baked in the right little, tight little hole; one in 1788 in joy for the recovery of George III. from a fit of sickness, mental and physical; another in 1815, to glorify Waterloo and peace; another in 1846 to celebrate the repeal of the corn laws. The largest on record was baked a few months ago and styled the jubilee pie. It is something larger than the regular family size Washington pie as will be seen by the list of ingredients, viz: Flour, 896 pounds; or nearly five barrels; beef, 1,850 pounds; mutton, 180; veal, 160; beef suet, 40; drippings, 40; lamb, 180; pork, 250; lard, 120; butter, 50 pounds; rabbits in number, 64; hares, 3; fowls, 42; pigeons, 40; grouse, 12; ducks, 21; plovers, 4; turkey, 1; geese, 5; small birds, 100—quite too much of a mixture in the way of meats one would think. In addition there were eggs, 30; potatoes, 560 pounds; pepper, 8; allspice, 4; salt, 6 pounds, and brandy, 2 gallons. The weight of the whole pie was to a quarter tons; it was eight feet in diameter, and nearly two feet high. This big, unskillful compound of pastry was thoroughly baked in two hours, and devoured by the population of two or three villages in a great deal less time. The weather was cool and pleasant, which may account for the fact that no unusual degree of sickness in the neighborhood followed the consumption of the pie.—[Detroit Free Press.

The Czar's Son.

Michael, the third son of the Russian emperor, is in the naval service. Something more than a year ago, when holding the rank of a midshipman, the flagship in which he was serving was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The admiral ordered the life-boats to be lowered, and directed Michael to take charge of the first one. The royal midshipman declined to obey. "I am your commanding officer, and I order you into the boat!" cried the admiral. "I cannot obey you," returned the prince. "It would not become a son of the emperor to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remain with you till the last." "But I shall put you under arrest for disobedience, as soon as circumstances will allow me." "I mean no disobedience, but I cannot obey," persisted Michael. In due time the crew, with the exception of four or five men, reached the shore in safety, and the last to leave the vessel were the admiral and Duke Michael. Then as soon as temporary shelter was obtained, the rigid discipline of naval life was resumed, and the young prince was placed under arrest for disobedience to orders. The Russian Minister at Copenhagen, being at once informed of the facts, telegraphed them to the emperor, and received from him the following reply: "I approve the act of the admiral in placing the midshipman under arrest for disobeying orders, and I bless and kiss my son for disobeying them."—[Youths' Companion.

Two Bears to Her String.

Celia. "Why do you encourage attentions from both Tom and Harry?" Irene. "Well, dear, I like Tom best, but he is not very well off, and can't afford a coupe if we go to the theatre. I call him 'my fine weather beau.'" Celia. "Then what do you call Harry?" Irene. "My rain-bow."—[Bazar.

A Mean Man.

He—"My dear wife, I love thee so fondly that when I am near thee I feel not the cold blast of winter." She—"Me, too."

"Glad to hear it. Then you don't need any sealskin saccie this season."—[Sittings.

## A CHINESE HOME.

### Domestic Life of an Asiatic Family in New York.

### Duties and Accomplishments of a Chinaman's Wife.

So far as is known, there are only fourteen Chinese women in New York says a writer in the Detroit Tribune. Of these nine are married, one is a widow, one an unmarried girl, one a nurse and two anonyms. Although residents of the United States, they obey to the very letter the strange system of law and custom which obtains in the flowery kingdom, a system which strongly resembles the treatment of a queen bee in an apiary by her drones and workers. Five of these women celebrated their marriage vows in China, two in San Francisco and two in New York. The moment the mongolian damsel becomes the property of her husband—a little more so than they do in America. Her spouse has the privilege, as all husbands the world over, to chide, scold and chastise her for her faults, and they assert that in case of grave crime he has the right to kill her. In his punishment he may put her on what we would call bread and water diet, keep her locked up in a bedroom, closet or cellar or beat her with his hand or a bamboo rod. In this respect the Chinese law is almost a fac-simile of the common law which prevailed in England and this country until about 1895, and which allowed the husband to "correct" his wife with "the open hand or a light rod," but not with "the clenched fist nor a club." Under this custom the average almond-eyed woman expects to be beaten with a regularity proportional to her quondam lord's affections, and like the wives of English "navvies," regard the omission of corporal punishment as a sure evidence of the loss of his love. In New York the Chinese family lives in the same sort of building as that in which the paterfamilias does business. To the wife is allotted one, two or three rooms, according to his wealth. From these she practically never stirs. Either the husband or servant does all the marketing and shopping. Still worse, she must not receive calls from the opposite sex excepting in rare cases when the husband presents an intimate friend. On such an occasion the visitor bows repeatedly, shakes his own hand vigorously for a minute or two, utters the usual stereotyped remarks about the health of herself, cousin and friends, and departs without once having looked at her face. She goes to no places of amusement and never walks upon the street. She reads but little and that love stories, love poems and religious books. But she can generally cook, weave, crochet, embroider and "keep house" miraculously. A dinner with Mo Kee, a leading importer and banker at No. 8 Mott street, or with Fung Hong Long at No. 5, is an event which will bear comparison with a banquet at Delmonico's or the Hoffman house. The wife will take a dozen eggs, pierce them at either end, blow out the contents, refill them with vari-colored and var-flavored custards and jellies, seal the apertures and then when cooked paint the shells until they are a nightmare of dragons, flying griffins and impossible trees that look like men and men that look like trees. She will open and steam a fish until the skin can be removed without losing a scale and the bones without breaking the flesh. It is stuffed with an aromatic and pungent mess of meats and spices. Then the skin is put back and the eyes and head touched up so as to be half natural and half grotesque. Most of her culinary genius is expended on stews and made dishes. Here she uses every article known to the Parisian chef and President Blackford of the Ichthyophagous club and a host of food substances, spices and condiments for which there are no names in any of the European languages. Her skill in weaving and embroidering silk is equally great. With a needle no finer than that which her occidental sister uses she will construct a dragon an inch long and a half inch high, of which not only the teeth, eyes and claws are perfect, but even the pupil, iris and cornea and the difference between the incisors and canines are clearly and naturally defined. An altar cloth of dragons in the joss house at 202 Catham square and a moving screen of peacocks at No. 8 Mott street are good illustrations of this marvelous workmanship and probably could not be duplicated anywhere in Christendom.

The Holly Tree of Virginia.

Peopling the colder latitudes of the United States have little idea of the exceeding beauty and brilliancy conferred upon a landscape by the holly-tree. In Virginia it grows to a commanding height, expanding into an umbrella of glossy, prickly foliage, thickly studded with bunches of scarlet berries, which, rising against a background of deep blue sky, makes in midwinter a spectacle not to be forgotten.—[Century.

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Conscience is the pulse of reason. You will never have a friend if you must have one without failings. A man who cannot mind his own business is not fit to be trusted with the business of others. No falsehood can endure touch of celestial temper but returns of force to its own likeness. Keep trouble at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it. Blessings are strewn like flowers in our pathway; it rests with us to gather them up carefully or pass them by. Learn to think fast. The human brain is capable of lightning-like application, and there is no limit to its rapidity of application when rightly and directly applied. Be cheerful, obliging and civil, and you will find every man ready and willing to speak a good word for you and help along your skill. We cannot sing the new song with the old tongue. Make children love you if you wish them to obey you. History can be formed from permanent monuments and records; but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost forever. Coarse kindness is, at least, better than coarse anger; and in all private quarrels, the duller nature is triumphant by reason of its dullness. Fishermen, in order to handle eels securely, first cover them with dirt. In like manner does distraction strive to grasp excellence. Icebergs. The vessel which traverses the Atlantic by the ordinary route between New York or Boston and the British and French ports runs a chance of meeting, in the open sea, a craft which carries no lights, which makes no signal, and which turns neither to the right nor to the left for approaching ships. These craft constitute a great danger for transatlantic navigation. They are the icebergs, floating down from the Polar regions. So serious has become the danger from icebergs that an international conference has been held at London to consider certain schemes of international legislation looking toward some means of preventing collisions with the icebergs, which are most numerous in the neighborhood of forty degrees north latitude and fifty degrees west longitude. Icebergs, so plenty in that neighborhood, are never seen along the Atlantic coast below Newfoundland. The reason for this is plain. The great blocks of ice descending from Baffin's Bay do not find water enough to float them when they reach the banks of Newfoundland, which extend far into the Atlantic. Accordingly they drift seaward, turning, twisting, plunging as they do so and are borne on by the Polar current until passing into the Gulf Stream they gradually melt in its warmer waters. An English steamer has counted three hundred and fifty-one of these icebergs, whose height above the water varied from several feet to three hundred feet. Some of these mountains of ice were seven miles long. Only one-sixth of an iceberg ordinarily projects above the water—a fact which goes to prove that the largest of these masses reached a depth of one thousand to one thousand five hundred feet below the surface. Hermit Crabs. These crabs are very quarrelsome and will fight desperately, especially if two specimens be ejected from their habitation and one of the shells removed. At last the stronger puts the weaker to flight, seizes upon the shell, and whips into it as if shot from a spring. The homeless one tries in vain to pull him out, for at each attempt he retreats further and further into the shell and pressing his legs firmly against it, and blocking up the entrance with his fighting claw, which is always very much larger than his fellow. In consequence of this combative nature the crab is sometimes called by the name of "Soldier." Sometimes I have caused much amusement by removing a hermit crab from its habitation and supplying it with a shell about two sizes too small for the accommodation of its body. No other protection being obtainable, the crab picks up the shell, twists it round and rounds up with marvelous dexterity and quickness, measures its capacity with its legs, and at last makes the best of a bad business by forcing the tip of its body into it as far as can be done, and then walks about disconsolately, knowing that the greater part of its soft person is unprotected. When it has had time to become thoroughly uncomfortable, a large shell should be placed in the vessel. In a moment the crab pounces on it, twists it about and, with a movement almost too quick for the eye to follow, drops the little shell and jerks itself into the large one, where it rests with an air of absolute content which is intensely ludicrous.

## PEPPERMINT.

### Where Seven-Eighths of the World's Crop Is Raised.

### Methods of Culture and Uses to Which It is Put.

A Lyons (N. Y.) letter to the New York Graphic says: Along the banks of Ganargua river, which flows through the southern portion of Wayne county, may be seen in the summer season of the year large fields of green colored plants about eight inches in height, extending over an extensive area. To a botanist mentha peperita is the name by which it is known, but to the world in general it is peppermint. In this comparatively small area seven-eighths of all the peppermint in the world is raised. The low, mucky land is ploughed in the spring. It is then laid off in furrows eighteen inches apart and sets, portions of old plants, are planted closely together in the row. This is done early in April. The roots are transplanted every other year. It takes about eight square rods of roots as they lie on the ground to plant an acre. The roots that are planted this year, after the crop is gathered, will be replanted in every other row for next year's crop. The first year's crop is always the best, because the plant is the freest from weeds. Usually they are allowed to run only two years, after which the ground is ploughed under. When the plants have grown to about two and one-half feet in height they ripen. The harvest begins usually in the last of August. It is cut like clover with a cradle, raked into cocks, when it is allowed to wilt a little before it is taken to the distillery. The process in distillation continues until the last of October. The plant is brought from the fields in large wagons and tightly packed in steam-tight vats. The steam is let into the bottom of the vat, and the oil from the plants thus volatilized. The oily vapor and steam pass through a condensing worm into a receiver, where the oil, being lighter than water, is dipped off and then put up in tin cans holding twenty pounds and is taken to the refinery of H. G. Hotchkiss of Lyons, where it is refined and put into twenty-one ounce bottles, eighteen bottles to a case, labeled and shipped to all parts of the civilized world. Mr. Hotchkiss is justly styled "the Peppermint King." "The average crop per year in Wayne County," he said, "is between 80,000 and 100,000 pounds, and yields on an average about twenty pounds to the acre in a good season. Seven-eighths of the whole crop in the world is raised in Wayne County, and that principally in the towns of Lyons, Arcadia, Palmyra, Solus and Wolcott. A large proportion of the oil is exported. Oil of peppermint has many uses. It is used for medicinal purposes in general; it is an important agent for cholera. It is also used in flavoring confectionery and in perfumes, essences and peppermint cordials, the latter being a favorite drink with Europeans. It is used as a household medicine all over the world, and for children's complaints is unrivalled." "How much of the oil do you handle?" "Over three-quarters of the crop raised in this county and more than any other one man in the world. I have been in the business since 1839, and had a varied experience. In 1879 the yield was the largest ever known, aggregating 150,000 pounds. This year it will be hardly one-third of that. I have known the market to jump \$1 per pound in a single day. One farmer last year brought into our refinery a common sleigh load, which when measured, was found to be worth \$4000. You can see from this how much money there is in peppermint." One Cent. It is almost impossible to attach any importance to one cent, but at the same time it is a very important coin at times, says an exchange. It will take a circular to California and it will make you madder than a hatter and a March hare combined when you go to pay your fare on a horse-car and find that you have but four cents and a ten-dollar bill. One cent is very small, but when it is added to the rate of interest you receive on a stock, it possesses a stern, magnificent grandeur that carries you away like a strain of music. The penny, it seems, was made to put on church plates; and although a man may say it amounts to nothing, he will strike matches and lift mats and crawl about in the straw on a horse-car to find the one he drops. It is so small a coin that you have to take off your glove to take hold of it in your pocket, and yet it is so large when the lady swallows it, the chances of the baby's living are sometimes not worth a cent. Although one cent is less than ten cent cents, yet one cent is a great deal larger than a dime. Many a man has gone thirsty all day with four cents in his pocket. For the want of that one cent the four were as useless as the eleven men on a jury who are held out against by one.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Otto von Guericke constructed the first electrical globe, a globe of sulphur, about 1647. Humphrey Davy produced electric light with carbon points in 1802. Professor Elisha Gray has invented what he calls "the telegraph," which will transmit "the same" autographs to any distance over ordinary telegraph wires. It has been proved through a series of experiments, that a large steam engine going nineteen knots an hour will move over two miles after its engine are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile or a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress. It is a singular fact a photograph of a sun or star taken through the big telescope recently constructed at Cleveland for the Lick Observatory gives a view of the heavenly object much clearer and more distinct than that seen by the naked eye in looking through the powerful instrument. Dr. Guillotin did not invent the next decapitating machine that bears his name. An old print has just been given the town museum of Halifax, England, which shows that the guillotine was used there two hundred years ago. A criminal was guillotined at Naples in 1268, and the machine was used in Paris long before that date. It is universally conceded that the plant referred to in the Scriptures and translated "Rose of Sharon" was not the rose as we now understand it. Many attempts have been made to identify the plant to which this name has been given. A traveler recently from the Plain of Sharon notes in a scientific periodical that whatever may have been originally intended, the Anemone coronaria is pointed out by the dwellers on these plains as the plant referred to. In some parts of Germany and Austria natural pumice stone has been superseded by an artificial stone, to which a suitable shape can be given and different degrees of fineness of grain obtained, which allows the stone to be used in all the industries where natural pumice stone was formerly used. The ingredients are white sand, felspar and fire clay, mixed in suitable proportions to obtain the desired composition, and the paste is poured into plaster moulds, being finally placed in fire-clay receptacles and baked in ovens. Nature is full of odd things. There is no end of them. As an illustration, take water. You can freeze it and melt it back to just the same amount of water. And there is camphor; you can bury it and bring it to life. Put an ounce of camphor gum in alcohol and let it dissolve, then pour water into this until the camphor settles in flakes. Put these in the water and they will weigh on ounces. Burned log, weigh the ash, the water and the gases; all these will weigh just what the log did. In a word, change is not destruction. "Chin-Chin Buddha." In Anam the French conquerors have found one custom which they have, in some measure, fallen in with, since it is so universal among the people that it is almost impossible to get along with them without some use of it. It is the custom of "Chin-Chin Buddha," or homage to Buddha, which the Anamites repeat in a thousand forms. Hanging upon the walls of their rooms, the French have panels of silk ornamented with inscriptions which are at once pious and decorative—pious from the Anamites' point of view, and decorative from the Frenchman's. These panels are "Chin-Chin Buddhas." The term "Chin-Chin Buddha" means "Hail, Buddha" but it has come to be applied not only to every sort of religious homage, but to personal homage and politeness as well. All prayers, oblations, offerings, acts of ceremonial deference, and even of ordinary personal politeness, are accompanied with the utterance of this phrase "Chin-Chin Buddha" and objects which are to be sacrificed, as well as decorative objects bearing pious inscriptions, bear the same name. When a French lady, the wife of a commander, sailed up the Red river to the town of Hanoi, all the children of the town came crowding to the shore, making salutes, clapping their hands and shouting, "Chin-Chin Buddha." The beggars in the streets utter plaintive cries of "Chin-Chin Buddha" as they follow the passer-by, always speaking the last name very reverently. The French in Anam have fallen into the use of the term, and even use it in their own relations. There is certainly no formal expression in any European language which has anything like so wide a use. A recent issue of the Pekin Gazette contains an imperial decree promulgating the prohibition in the future any abbreviation of the names of provinces, persons, places, etc., in memorials addressed to the throne by high officials of the Chinese Empire. Such abbreviations are considered serious breaches of etiquette and cannot be tolerated.