

67. Century

# Essex County Herald.

HENRY C. RATES, Editor. DEVOTED TO LOCAL, POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS, AND THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY. TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. VOL. I. GUILDHALL, VERMONT, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1873. NO. 27.

**Christmas Hymn.**  
I said to my darling maiden,  
"Sleep softly and quickly sleep,  
From the sky in a chariot golden  
To-night will the Christ-Child leap.  
With many a shining treasure  
In the toy coach awaiting,  
And to-morrow, when awakened,  
Thou wilt find them by thy side."  
And so fell asleep my maiden,  
And whispered when she awoke:  
"The little wheels of my wagon  
I saw, and the ponies' yoke."  
"Among the bright stars were whirling  
The little wheels round and round;  
And a golden thread came twirling  
And might me up from the ground."  
"No! no! the beautiful wagon  
Will bring its treasures to thee;  
Thou canst not find them, my maiden!  
Thou stayest just here with me."  
And then the dear child grew silent,  
And whispered never a word;  
But the golden thread she did lay  
Wings and she flew as a bird.  
She was so airy a maiden,  
And her heart so made to fly,  
Enough was a fine thread golden  
To draw her up to the sky.  
Us, too, far heavier laden,  
With sorrow and sin defiled;  
Us, too, doth a fine thread golden  
Draw after the dear, lost child.

**AN OCCASIONAL FRIEND.**  
Mr. and Mrs. Oliver C. Burton, as their wedding cards had announced the young couple a year before, were seated at the breakfast table, with an undeniable expression of discomfort upon both faces. Oliver himself, a fine looking man of about twenty-four, looked out of temper. Amy, his pretty blonde wife, looked harassed and unhappy, but not cross.

"I wish I could please you, Oly," she said, with a piteous droop in the corners of her mouth. "I do try, and if you would only give me an hour of warning, perhaps—"  
"An hour of warning," broke in Oliver, in a petulant tone; "that's just like a woman. How can I tell when I am going to meet a friend I should like to invite to dinner? Yesterday, for instance, I met Ned Heyward quite unexpectedly in the car, and he's only in town a few days. Of course I asked him to dinner, and found pork and beans."  
"But you like pork and beans."  
"But you should always provide something else. Ned detests them."  
"But if Mr. Heyward had not come, the something else would have been wasted, as we all like pork and beans."  
"I cannot understand why it is I always find some mortifying deficiency whenever I bring any one here to dine. Last week John Hill found nothing but mutton chops and potatoes."  
"It was washing day. You see Oly, we really cannot afford to have a company dinner every day, and—"  
"There, there, always the old story. We seem to afford other things very well. I don't mind the cost. I never stint you in housekeeping funds."  
"No, Oly; and if you really do not mind the cost, I might—"  
"Manage it any way you like, but do let me find a decent meal when I bring home an occasional friend. There, kiss, and be friends."  
Amy was willing enough to put up her pretty lips for a kiss, but after her lord and master had left the house, she carried a perplexed face for a long time. She did want her husband's home to be the most perfect spot on earth in his own eyes, and faithfully tried to make it so. But the little wife had been brought up in a family where a limited income ruled all expenditure, and she knew well that her husband's salary required careful management to keep them out of debt. Debt was her horror, while Oliver thought but little of a bill here and there, having, as yet had none large enough to be an annoyance.

Amy had proved herself a treasure in housekeeping—neat, orderly, and economical—and her husband was justly proud of his wife and his home. But his reckless hospitality was a sore-thorn in Amy's side. She was glad to see his gentlemen friends, when she knew they were coming to visit her, and took an innocent pride in spreading before them her choicest cooking and daintiest dishes. But she seldom knew they were coming till Oliver put his head in her chamber door, or the kitchen, to tell her. Tom, Dick or Harry had come home with him to dinner, and they were in a hurry. And it did seem to poor Amy as if an evil fate possessed Oliver to select the very worst days for such visitations. The meal that on a busy day Oliver would have eaten with a keen relish, looked poor when he saw his fastidious friend who boarded at the hotel partaking of it. And yet, as Amy said, his salary did not warrant a company dinner for every day.

Then there were washing days, when something must be cooked that could be quickly served; ironing days, when, if they were alone, Oliver declared pork and beans a dinner fit for a king; there were days when yesterday's joint of meat must be eaten cold, warmed up, or wasted; days when the range would not bake well, and the dinner in prospect had to be abandoned; and a hurried meal prepared on the top of the fire; in short, days that all housekeepers know by experience are the very last ones when they want to see strange faces at their tables. Yet, Amy was all ready on six days, and all in confusion on the seventh, it was surely on that very seventh day that Oliver had a friend unexpectedly to dinner.

It was of no use to tell him in the morning; the sight of an old comrade's face drove the warning completely out of his mind.

So, on the morning whereof I have already written, Amy went about her daily duties with a heavy heart and a troubled face. But the postman left her a letter, after reading which she suddenly cleared up wonderfully, and seemed immensely relieved.

"I'll try it," she said. "Perhaps Oliver will realize then what it costs."

But no word of her mysterious resolution passed her lips when her husband came home, nor did he allude to her letter. There was no stranger at her table for three or four days, but she waited patiently, knowing Oliver would soon find a friend for her to make her first experiment in her new plan. She was very careful always about the appointments of her table, trusting nothing to the servant in that department, so she was not afraid of any guest finding disorder or neglect there, but Oliver's idea of guest dishes had been a sore trouble to her.

"Amy," he called, about a week after the important conversation recorded, "Will Ferris has come home with me. Now don't tell me we have nothing fit to set before him."

"Can you give me half an hour?" Amy asked cheerfully.

"Yes—not more. We are going to the lodge together."

"I'll be ready."

Oliver, beamed with satisfaction, as he motioned his guest to a seat at the table. A small turkey, browned to perfection, was the leading dish, various vegetables, a dainty selection of sauces and pickles, and a most delightful pie finished the repast.

"I knew Amy could do it if she tried," thought Oliver, "and now that she finds it in earnest, she will manage to give my friends a decent meal, if they are not heralded twenty-four hours in advance."

Not a week later, another friend was invited on the spur of the moment, arriving when the dinner was actually served. But Amy asked for only a few minutes, and magically there was served an exquisite repast, perfectly cooked. Again and again Oliver came home with a friend, and a delightful certainty of a good dinner. Amy never complained now of his hospitality, gave his friends a smiling welcome, and Oliver found home more charming than ever.

Two months passed, and the occasional friend came very often to dinner. The slight restraint Oliver had felt was quite removed by the new and delightful change in Amy's management; and yet the variety and quality of the company dishes were failed. But Mrs. Burton, consulting her account book, understood that the time was rapidly approaching when Oliver must understand how this magic machinery was kept in order, must see where the mysterious delicacies that appeared so promptly were procured.

So, one evening, when husband and wife were enjoying a quiet tete-a-tete, the servant handed in an envelope directed to Mr. Burton, saying:

"The boy will call in the morning."

"Boyle!" said Oliver, reading the printed advertisement in the corner of the envelope; "why, it is the restaurant keeper round the corner."

"Yes," Amy said.

"Here is a bill," cried Oliver, opening the folded paper in the envelope.

"I think you will find it all right," Amy said very calmly, though a red spot burned on each cheek as she spoke.

"All right!" said the amazed Oliver.

"The man must be crazy. One turkey and dressing, five dollars. One lemon pie, twenty-five cents; cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes and parsnip fritters, three dollars."

"That was the day Mr. Ferris dined here," said Amy, without looking up.

"One pair of roast ducks, five dollars," read Oliver; "currant jelly, one dollar."

"That was the day Mr. Hill dined here," Oliver gave a long whistle.

"So that is the way you did it?"

"Yes, dear."

"But you don't grieve, chickens?"

"You did not mind, I procured and cooked such things at a minute's notice, did you?" Amy asked demurely.

"No—but—"

"You didn't suppose they came down the chimney ready cooked, like Santa Claus's gifts, did you?" she asked, still looking intently at her sewing.

"Not exactly that—but—"

"You told me I was not to mind the expense."

"Yes; but—What is the expense?" turning over the paper. "By Jove, Amy, it is a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Yes, that is right. I kept an account of the items."

There was a long silence. Oliver was trying to persuade himself that it was impossible; his habit of promiscuous hospitality was really so expensive, but a very slight effort of memory recalled nearly every dish. Jones had complimented the lobster salad; Smith had been enthusiastic over the mayonnaise of fish; Heyward had pronounced that the different effects of opium smoking were equal to Democritus'; and Curtis had protested he never ate such pigeon pie before.

With a deep sigh, Oliver said:

"Since it is all right, I suppose I must pay it; but—was it quite fair, Amy, to spring such a mine on me? I did not realize the expense, it is true, but this bill coming in so unexpectedly will really harass me terribly."

"No, it won't, Oly. I only wanted you to understand how expensive and troublesome it is to have unexpected company. Only let me know, and I will gladly prepare for your friends, at only a small additional expense."

"But that won't pay this bill."

"No, but this will." And Amy laid before her husband three crisp fifty-dollar bills.

"Why, Amy! where did that come from?"

"You have heard me talk of Uncle Charles, the chaplain in the navy, who was away at the time we were married?"

"But who came home a month or two ago, you told me."

"Yes; but I did not tell you that in the letter he wrote telling me he was at father's, he sent me a check for two hundred dollars to purchase a wedding present."

"And you have spent more than half in turkeys and geese for my friends?"

"I don't regret it, Oly, for it has given you pleasure to entertain them; but we cannot afford to keep it up. I don't want to be unreasonable; but you see now, do you not, that the habit is better broken?"

"Yes, I do see it. You have brought

it home to me now, Amy, and I will not vex the dearest little wife in the world again by adding unexpected company to her household cares."

So Amy lost her grievance, for Oliver gave her no notice from that time forward when he meant to invite a guest. True, it was a strong temptation, when he met his friends, to run the risk and take them home, but the vision of Boyle's bill, and Amy's sacrifice of her uncle's wedding present, rose before his eyes, and he gave the invitation for another day, or let it pass. For after all, he found, when the appointed day came, he cared very little for the expected pleasure, and would have enjoyed a quiet dinner and evening with Amy quite as well as the company of AN OCCASIONAL FRIEND.—Ledger.

**The Minimum in Minnesota.**  
Exchanges note that Winstrand, the Swedish ex-royal secretary, who lives in Minnesota, has reached a height of economy of which Dio Lewis is ignorant. Having read a statement that Indian corn contains more than four times as much oily matter as wheat flour, and that one pound of it, parched and made into bread, is more than equal to two pounds of fat meat, the careful Swede resolved to test its power. Mixing corn-meal with water, he, with his own devoted hands, made a cake one inch thick and seven inches in diameter, which he baked on the coals in the parlor stove. A cake of this size proved to be more than sufficient for one meal. Three times a day, for weeks, the experimenter ate nothing else, didn't want anything else, didn't lose weight, and was perfectly well. He must have a constitution before which even hard-boiled eggs might bow and mixce-pie bluish. To rational people he presents the argument that it takes one hour's work, besides fencing, to produce half a bushel of corn, which is more than sufficient for ten days for one person; it needn't cost anybody more than five dollars a year. "Rational people," he declares, "will be more satisfied on that than on the fare at the best hotels in Europe or America." Moreover, he observed that half an acre will produce all the vegetables one person will need for one year, without hard labor; that when the weather is warm it is very comfortable and healthy to go barefoot, and a "very comfortable house," large enough for one person, can be built in Minnesota for twenty dollars, and almost anybody can do it for himself. Therefore nobody need be at a loss for a den when he is in a hurry, and far surpassing that of the best hotels at a cost of five dollars a year.

**Action of Tobacco.**  
A highly important series of experiments have been made by two German physicians, Vogl and Eulenberg, with a view accurately to determine the physiological action of tobacco. Their researches had reference first to the action of those bases of tobacco which are volatilized at a temperature lower than one hundred and sixty degrees, and then to those volatilized between one hundred and sixty and two hundred and sixty degrees. It was found that the action of all these bases was identical with that of nicotine, producing contraction of the pupil, labored respiration, convulsions, and death. When taken into the stomach they produce their effects more speedily than when subcutaneously injected; though even in the latter case they are not so instantaneous as nicotine. The lungs and passages of animals experimented upon were found, on post-mortem examination, to be greatly congested.

Messrs. Vogl and Eulenberg attribute to the pyridine and piperine bases, and not to nicotine, the painful symptoms of the novice in smoking, as also the poisonous effects of tobacco-juice when swallowed. The fact that stronger tobacco can be used in the shape of cigars than in the pipe, is explained by this, that there are more of the volatile bases in the smoke from the latter. Pyridine is very volatile and stupefying, and exists in pipe smoke abundantly, while in cigar smoke but little of it is found, though colchicine is there in considerable quantity.

In the course of their experiments the writers compared the action of these bases with that of the bases of other plants used for smoking, dandelion, willow wood, and stramonium. None of these, however, except willow wood contract the pupil. From these results Messrs. Vogl and Eulenberg conclude that the different effects of opium smoking are due to a difference in the proportion of the bases produced by combustion.

**The Man in the Moon.**  
The origin of the expression "Man in the Moon" is unknown, but the name has from time immemorial been applied to the dark lines and spots upon the surface of the moon, which are visible to the naked eye, and which, when viewed through a good telescope, are discovered to be the shadows of lunar mountains. It is one of the most popular and most ancient superstitions of the world that these lines and spots are the figure of a marauding or a fork on which he carries a bundle of thorns or brushwood, for stealing which on Sunday he was confined to the moon. The account given of a man who was stoned to death for gathering sticks on Sunday, is supposed by some to be the origin of this belief. Dante supposes Cain to have been the offender who was placed eternally in the moon for punishment of his crime. Some of the old poets thought these spots and lines represented the boy Endymion, "whose company the moon loved so well that she carried him constantly with her." Other ancients thought they represented a fox.

Girard, Erie County, Penn., claims to have a child which weighed but three ounces at its birth, and seven ounces when three weeks old. All its organs are said to be perfect.

**The Indian Territory.**  
**Its Present Condition and the Tribes who Occupy It—An Interesting Sketch.**  
There is something pathetic in the ferocious resolution with which the Indian clings to his territory, one of the very last of his strongholds. His race and his history are soon to be inextricably mingled with that of the white men, whom he still considers as intruders; and while he recognizes the inevitable fate attending him and his possessions, he fiercely repulses any attempt to a compromise. He now stands firm in his right; for the treaties made in 1837 by the Government of the United States with the various tribes east of the Mississippi, giving them the "Indian Territory," on condition that they should move into and occupy it, were comprehensive and binding. The Osages had been the virtual owners of these immense tracts of land until the advent of the white man, but to-day have almost entirely disappeared. To the Cherokees, in 1837, a patent in fee-simple was given, while the other tribes held their lands under treaty stipulations. From 1837 to 1845 the task of removing the various tribes from their homes east of the Mississippi went on, and out of the unwillingness of the Seminoles to migrate came the Florida war. In the treaties it was provided that the five distinctive tribes, the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles, should hold the lands of the Territory as homes forever. They, in their turn, have allowed smaller tribes to make homes among them. In 1866, the Delawares and Shawnees of Kansas agreed to live thereafter in the Cherokee Nation, and to give up their own nationality, adding the funds resulting from the sale of their Kansas lands to the annuities of the Cherokees.

The Cherokees have naturally made the greatest advances in civilization, and are at present the most powerful of all the tribes in the Territory. They have a ruling voice in matters that concern the general polity of the nations, and their manners and customs are better known to the outside world than are those of any other tribe. Their general status is not very far below that of some of the white frontiersmen. They are industrious and capable agriculturists, and understand the care of stock better than any other people in the southwest. They live remote from each other—on farms which, it is true, they all hold in common, yet to which there is an individual and perpetual right of occupancy. If they are vested in the State; man may sell his improvements and buildings—but not the land. The Indians throughout the Territory are not, as a rule, farmers in any general sense; they simply raise what they need; but that is because there is no incentive to the marketing of produce. The government originally supplied them with capital; they do not realize the benefits of commerce, they simply desire to "make a living." Throughout the various nations there is an utter disregard of internal improvements. An Indian highway is as difficult as the Vesuvian ascent, and none of the magnificent rivers were bridged before the advent of the railway. The Indian Agents—who are appointed by the President, and who, residing among the different tribes, properly the interpreters of all the treaties, have charge or the annuities, and make the annual reports—usually have much influence with the Indian chiefs, and at their suggestions some few improvements have of late years been introduced. The person of an agent is always respected, and as a rule his word is law.

The government of the Cherokees, as well as those of the other principal nations in the Territory, corresponds in large degree to those of the States. The Cherokees elect a "principal" and second chief for four years. They also have an upper and lower house of the legislature, the former continuing in power four, the latter two years. Bills are regularly introduced, and passed through the various readings, as in other assemblies. There is a supreme court, with three judges and sheriffs. At Tahlequah, the capital, the annual sessions of the legislature are held in the council-house, beginning in November, and lasting thirty days. The legislators are paid out of the annuities of the nation. Tabernacle is an average town of the southwest, with nothing especially noteworthy in its Indian origin. The Choctaws and Creeks have the same general form of government. The Seminoles have vested their executive authority in twenty-four band-chiefs, all of whom are controlled and directed by a "principal," who is an absolute autocrat, having an irrefragable veto-power. All the tribes or nations join in a general council, provided for by the treaty of 1866, and it is presided over by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Southern Superintendency. At this council such matters as are of comity between the nations are legislated upon—the rendition of criminals, the joint action in regard to land, etc.

This superb country, unquestionably one of the most fertile in the globe, is a constant source of torment to the white men of the border, in whom the spirit of speculation is very strong. The hardy citizen of the southwest bears no ill-will toward the various Indian tribes, but it irritates him to see such vast tracts of land lying idle. He chafes to be admitted to the Territory with the same privileges granted Indian citizens, viz., the right to occupy and possess all the land they may fence in, and to claim all that remains unfenced within a quarter of a mile on either side of their fenced lots. He is crazed with visions of the far-spreading, flower-be-spangled prairies, the fertile foot-hills, the rich quarries, mines and valleys, and he burns to course at free will over the grazing regions where even the Indians raise such fine stock. And now that the railroad has entered a protest against any further exclusiveness on the part of the Indians, he thunders at the northern and southern entrances of the Territory, and will not remain tranquil.

At the time of the emigration of the Cherokees to the Indian Territory, a powerful feud existed between two influential families in the nation—the Rosses and the Ridges. It grew out of a dissatisfaction at a treaty made by the Ridge party. Those hostile to the treaty claimed that the Ridges had agreed to sell a portion of the Territory to the United States, contrary to the instructions of the nation; and a vendetta followed, in which Boudinot, Ridge, and all the parties to the treaty were killed, save Stand Weatie, who succeeded in defending himself, single-handed, against a dozen assailants who came to kill him. On the wave of indignation against the Ridges and the other parties to this odious treaty, the Ross party came into power, and has since achieved considerable distinction both by its lead in the affairs of the whole Territory, and by its loyalty to the government during the late war.

**The New Infernal Machine.**  
We mentioned the other day that the French Minister of Marine had sent out a circular warning shipowners, captains, and insurance agents against the new "infernal machine," intended for the destruction of vessels which, for fraudulent purposes, it is desired to destroy. But for the respectable authority on which the warning was given, the alleged invention might have been regarded as a hoax; and, indeed, we suggested as much. It was no hoax, however, but a grim and horrible fact. The Birmingham Daily Post has seen one of the villainous contrivances. It is an irregularly-shaped piece of metal, about six inches long, by three broad and two and a half deep; and it is so constructed as exactly to resemble a small block of steam coal. Indeed, the specimen we have is evidently modeled from an actual piece of coal, and it is colored a bright black, so skillfully that on casual inspection it would readily pass muster for coal, and so might be put into the coal bunkers of a vessel without exciting the least suspicion. The interior is hollowed so as to admit of the introduction of a detonating compound, and a mechanical contrivance is arranged in the hollow part so as to insure explosion at a desired moment. We have also an exact description of the materials employed to fill the shell—for such it may be called—but these, for obvious reasons, we decline to publish. There is only one thing satisfactory in reference to this diabolical invention—that it is not of English make.

**Ideal Husbands.**  
A writer in the Saturday Review says:—  
Of course one would not like to see women give themselves to any one, no matter who he might be, for the sake of getting married; but the solid thing of life should be taught them as well as its poetic beauties; and false hopes, false ideals, unsubstantial loves, should be rigorously excluded. A bad marriage or a loveless life is not a pleasant code to that never-acted romance; nor is the disenchantment which comes with such cruel certainty on the heels of the loveless and unsuitable marriage a blessing to be desired. Beauty, false, passion, cool, the blindness of romance gets couched when seeing is too late; poetry does not pay the butcher; and gallantry of bearing of the "long sword, saddle, bridle" kind is apt to lose itself in domestic bad language when the pot is empty of puddings, and half a dozen children swarm about the musty lodgings or dingy quarters to which love and folly have reduced the gall lieutenant and his bride. On the whole, Prince Prettyman is a dangerous fellow either to get or wait for, having the trick of unsubstantiality throughout. Romantic girls would do well to reflect that, if they are to have only one gown in a life-time, they had better buy one that will wash and wear creditably to the end, rather than a flimsy bit of linen that looks well only in the beginning, and goes to pieces before the first year is out.

**General Invitations.**  
As a rule, we doubt the sincerity of general invitations. An invitation to call "any time" often means no time. If you call, your friend is out, or is not prepared to receive you. How often we hear persons say, "Come and take tea with us." "When shall I come?" "Oh, any time." You go a little before the hour for tea; you sit with your things on, because you are not asked to take them off; of course you are not going to say, "I have come to tea," and as nothing is said about it by your host and a sign appearing to show that you are expected to stay, you rise to depart; not a word is said about tea, the commonplace invitation is given, "Call again," and you leave with the feeling that people don't mean it when they invite you to come to tea. You see the invitation was not sincere; you were not wanted. It is a great pity people cannot or will not take counsel of their common sense, and do what they ought to do sincerely and positively. Uncertainty not only breeds discomfort, but it nourishes instability.

**Food for Cholera.**  
Near Nashville is a spring which has been corrupted by the deposit of 200 cart-loads of filth. Persons who drank of this water were taken with a disease which ripened into cholera. The first victims resided in the immediate vicinity of the spring, and used the water. Not far from this is a large brewery, which daily gives off a disgusting stream of refuse matter. The foul current of liquid filth is conducted through a portion of the city in open ditches, which empty into sewers which are in bad repair, and at various points there are holes through which the noxious effluvia escapes and poisons the air. Nearly every case of cholera has either been near the spring or on the line of the sewer.

General Canby's brother died about a fortnight ago in the Missouri State Asylum. His derangement was produced by the General's murder.

**The Shah of Persia.**  
**His Bad Manners and Big Demands—How He Looks, Eats, and Behaves.**  
In an interesting letter to the New York Times, Dr. William H. Russell (the historian of Bull Run) gives some personal information about the Shah of Persia which will not tend to raise that potentate in the opinion of cultured society. It seems that the distinguished Oriental monarch is not only proud, but unpunctual, ill-mannered, and rather immoral. As a matter of choice, he prefers to eat with his fingers, and cannot be persuaded that anybody in the world is the equal of His Sublime Highness. Yet rumor has not been up to the mark in describing the incredible richness of his jewels. Mr. Russell says: "No one was prepared to see, mortalibus oculis, a diamond nearly twice the size of the Koh-i-noor, or 'Mountain of Light,' (now in the possession of the Queen of England, once Rameez Sing, the Lion of Lahore's greatest glory), stuck in front of a man's sword-belt, and five diamonds, each larger than that jewel of jewels, en echelon upon his coat, from waist to shoulder. These stones are scarcely out, and do not show as they ought, but they are of surpassing purity. The Shah's sword-belt is a treasure-house in itself. The sheath is studded with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, which shame their setting of purest gold. The front of his coat is garnished with rows of brilliants instead of lace. The collar and sleeves are encrusted with them, and his orders are of the most precious jewels. All this on the person of a man who has nothing noble in mien or face, although he is above the average height of the Indian Mussulman noblesse."

As to the personal appearance of the monarch, we are afraid that his picture has flattered him. For the keen-sighted journalist says: "He is not much at all in his ease with European barbarians, and it is ludicrous to see him standing alone in a crowd with a clear space round him and no one to talk to, for he balances first on one leg and then on another, 'like a hen on a hot griddle,' and does not know what to do with them or his hands. When he turns his back and the spectator calmly surveys his exterior, freed from the distracting influences of his diamonds, the Shah does not present an imposing appearance. I admit that the backs of most people fail to impress one, but his Majesty's tailor has rendered his revers quite abnormally ridiculous by making his frock coat with a multitude of fine plaits like those of a Highlander's kilt or of a lady of Queen Bee's time over the hips, and so all round. His face is seldom animated, and there is something incongruous in the position of his respectable gold spectacles, a la Thiers, on his aquiline nose, under a Persian cap, and, over all these, diamonds."

His personal habits would not render him an acceptable visitor in cultivated circles, whatever shoddy might think of him. At least so the writer seems to suggest in the following paragraph: "In spite of his jewels and external splendor, the Shah-in-Shah is, according to European notions, a savage in many respects—proud, wilful, sensual, and arbitrary. If punctuality be the politeness of princes, as it is said to be, the Shah would, in consequence of his utter indifference to engagements, be one of the most ill-mannered men in the world. He kept the parade at Potsdam, ordered by the Kaiser, waiting a couple of hours. He kept the Queen for half an hour at the railway station waiting for him. He would not go to breakfast when he was announced, at the time of invitation, but walked about in the garden, and then, seeing an arbor which pleased him, desired to have his breakfast brought there. When he sat at dinner yesterday he put his fingers in his plate and ate with them, and if he came on a piece of some dish which he did not like, he took it out of his mouth and threw it down—not on the ground, but on the Queen's (Empress's) dress."

As to the morality of the royal visitor from Ispahan, our readers will regret to learn that "there has been some trouble" in teaching the Shah and his followers that women are to be treated with respect, even though they go about with their faces uncovered, and one of the most useful lessons they will carry back from Europe is that which will teach them to consider their wives their equals, and not their slaves; if they learn it. There is a great "if" for they do not at all approve of all they see here."

On the whole, therefore, our people have no great reason to regret the Shah's determination not to come to the United States. Our manners and morals will be the better for receiving no excuse for their disregard through the example of a monarch. A single wife, knives and forks, and business punctuality, are institutions which we are not as yet prepared to part with.

**Young Men and Marriage.**  
The Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., in an article in the Association Monthly discussing the obligations and duties of young men, uses these words: "The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show-goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But, oh! what a heart she has when you find her—so large, and pure, and womanly! When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside are really women. If you gain her love, you're two thousand are a million. She'll not ask for a carriage, or a first-class house. She will wear simple dresses, and will turn them when it is necessary, with no vulgar magnificence to draw upon her company. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with a new thought of how very little happiness depends on money! She'll make you love home—if you don't you're a brute—and teach you how to pity; while you score, a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vainly tries to think itself happy."

**Doing Penance.**  
The wastes of New Mexico are likely to become as famous for penance and self-torture as were the deserts of Egypt in early Christian days. A recent traveler in that region says that while at Elizabethtown, New Mexico, last spring, his attention was called to a gang of forty men, who were carrying heavy wooden crosses, and whipping themselves. Some were stripped to their lower undergarments, and a cloth which covered their heads to prevent recognition. They were walking slowly along, and the blood was trickling from their lacerated backs. One stout Mexican, bearing a heavy cross upon his galled shoulders, was being whipped by two attendants. He staggered along until close to church, when he fell to the ground with the cross upon him. He was then raised to his feet, and his arms extended by lashing them to a stick which crossed his shoulders. These penances are repeated every Lent.

**Items of Interest.**  
Fifty cents will buy a thirty-pound salmon in Portland, Oregon. In San Francisco the same fish would be worth about three dollars.

A Minnesota paper asserts that a kerosene lamp, so set that the rays of the sun passed through it and came to a focus on a window-curtain, set the curtain on fire.

A gentleman having a horse that ran away and broke his wife's neck, a neighbor sought to buy the animal as a means of divorce. "No, no," said his owner; "I intend to marry again myself before long."

The aggregate membership of the Farmer's Granges is in the neighborhood of two millions. If this organization can be induced to vote a unit, some political calculations will come to naught.

Lovers of claret and Burgundy will be pleased to learn, on the authority of an eminent French chemist, that red wines now-a-days are commonly colored with rosaniline, which contains arsenic enough to cause symptoms of poisoning if it be taken in frequent doses.

Texas is a large and scarcely populated State, but the people appear to be doing their best to fill it up. There is a man in Waco who is the father of fifty children, thirteen by his first wife, eighteen by his second, ten by his third, six by his fourth, and three by his fifth wife, who at last accounts was still living.

The Waterbury (Ct.) American tells the story of a very scrupulous man who recently left the city for the West. Being indebted to a shop-mate in his former home in the sum of eighteen cents, he forwarded the amount the other day in old-fashioned pennies, the express prepaid, costing him fifty-one cents.

Mrs. Addie Ballou, who is a regular clergyman, writing "Rev." before her name, was called all the way from Terre Haute, Ind., to Cincinnati, Ohio, to marry a couple, the bride having determined never to be united to a man. It is strange she did not extend her strong-minded ideas to the choice of a husband.

A New York Central Railroad conductor seized a nobly dressed young fellow who had dropped an insulting note in a lady's lap on his train, the other day, dragged him from his seat, and led him by the ear through the train to the smoking car, where he laid him remain. The passengers hugely enjoyed the young reprobate's discomfiture.

There is an Irish woman of gigantic strength in St. Paul. One morning she lifted a barrel of sugar from the ground into a cart. The next evening she presented her husband with twins. Two days after she did the washing for a family of ten persons. Not so fortunate was a Missouri girl. She washed all day, made a supper of twelve hard-boiled eggs, and then danced all night. It is mentioned that her funeral procession was nearly a mile long.

Mr. Gail Borden, of White Plains, N. Y., the preparer of condensed milk, has made some experiments for the purpose of determining the correct weight of crude milk. He took the milk of several cows, and mingling it together and thoroughly cooling it, he carried it directly to the U. S. Sealer of Weights and Measures, who measured and weighed the milk by accurate Government weights and measures. He found that a quart of milk measured and weighed on delicate scales was equal to 2 lbs. 2 1/2 oz. The tests were made with different samples of milk at different times, but without materially altering the weight.

**Boys, Read This.**  
A gentleman advertised for a boy assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves before him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you select that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful; gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful; he took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly; he picked up the book which I had carelessly laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it one side; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow in the blue jacket. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the letters of recommendation that he can bring me."

**Doing Penance.**  
The wastes of New Mexico are likely to become as famous for penance and self-torture as were the deserts of Egypt in early Christian days. A recent traveler in that region says that while at Elizabethtown, New Mexico, last spring, his attention was called to a gang of forty men, who were carrying heavy wooden crosses, and whipping themselves. Some were stripped to their lower undergarments, and a cloth which covered their heads to prevent recognition. They were walking slowly along, and the blood was trickling from their lacerated backs. One stout Mexican, bearing a heavy cross upon his galled shoulders, was being whipped by two attendants. He staggered along until close to church, when he fell to the ground with the cross upon him. He was then raised to his feet, and his arms extended by lashing them to a stick which crossed his shoulders. These penances are repeated every Lent.