☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them unsalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

RULES FOR SOCIETY.

You ask me for rules of society;
The following were given to me.
Also! though they sound pretty simple,
I fail in each one of the three.
The first is the shortest, but hardest;
Forget yourself—dress, looks and all,
Not wishing you're stouter or thinner,
Less dark, or less fair, or less tall;
Forget, though your dress may be shabby;
Forget, too, the go of your hair;
Forgetting, in short, all about you,
Remember all else who are there.
Rule two is: *Think always of others,*
And when you are thinking be sure
To try and discover their best points.
Don't dwell on the faults they should cure.
If only you look and endeavor
You always may find something good;
The most disagreeable is never
Too utterly horrid and rude.
Remember this one has had trouble,
That other one may have feeble health;
This man has been soured by poverty,
Another no loss so by wealth.
These two are but just the exceptions,
For out of the people you meet
You'll find only one who is sour
In proportion to ten who are sweet.
Think always the best things about them,
It will not be hard if you try—
And then you can always say truly:
"In this thing he's better than I."
The third rule is: *Make them all happy.*
Look around to see who is left, out;
Cheer up the shy girl in the corner,
Amuse the old man with the gout;
Take care of that pale-looking lady,
And mind that she's not in the draft,
But don't let her see what you're doing,
If needs be, with love mix some craft.
Talk politics now to the statesman,
Converse with another on trade,
Talk of home and friends to the lonely boy,
And of flowers and sweets to the maid.
If ever you talk of people,
Remember the rule says "All."
And you must not be entertaining one
At the cost of another's fall.
It's your mission to make all happy,
And never to drop a sweet word
That could carry sorrow to any heart
Whenever your words might reach.
After all, it's the Bible maxim
That puts it shortest and best:
"Be kind, be courteous, be full of love"—
You may safely leave the rest.

—Good Housekeeping.

CHINESE RELIGIONS.

The Three Systems Through Which the Mongolians Worship.

Ancestor-Worship a Universal Feature—How Buddhism Was Imported From India—The Emperor, the High-Priest of Confucianism.

There are three great systems of religion known in China: the Confucian, the Buddhist, and the Taoist. Of these, the first—Confucianism—teaches the worship of heaven, that is, the visible heaven—the sky—as the source of light, heat and moisture; the worship of ancestors and of Confucius. But heaven and ancestor-worship were practiced long before the days of Confucius, who did not originate, but adopted them. Indeed, ancestor-worship is universal in China; Buddhist, and Taoists, as well as the followers of Confucius, practice it. All members of the literary or student class and all officials are required to be Confucianists.

The Confucian system allows no place in its ritual, or service, for women or children, who never worship in or enter the temples. The great central building of this cult is the magnificent "Temple of Heaven" at Peking, in which the Emperor of China, as the "Son of Heaven" is the only priest. A very serious punishment would be inflicted upon any one who should carry a female infant within the park which surrounds this sacred edifice.

The Taoists, few in number, have many gods, like the ancient Greeks and Romans. They worship the gods of the wind, rain, thunder, lightning, fire; of the rivers, springs, lakes and water-courses; of the hills and the mountains. These are represented in their temples, not by idols, but by "tablets"—strips of wood two or three feet long and as many inches wide—upon the face of which are inscriptions like this: "Sacred to the spirit and invincible majesty of the God of the Lightning."

Buddhism is the popular religion of the Chinese. It embraces a majority of the men, and all the women and children. The Taoists often call it, sneeringly, a foreign religion. This is true, as Buddhism was introduced into China from India about nineteen hundred years ago.

There is a legend among the Chinese that at about the time of the birth of Christ the Emperor had a strange dream, often repeated, in which a spirit told him that in the West the founder of a new and true religion would shortly appear, and that this new faith would overshadow and conquer the whole earth. He was urged to send his wisest men to seek out the founder of this new faith, and to introduce it into his Empire. The Emperor was greatly moved by this dream, and, because of it, did send a commission of high officers of state in search of the new religion. They went into India, there found Buddhism, and brought it back with them. Fragments of other forms of worship are to be found in China. But the mass of the Chinese people is distributed between the three systems of religion first named.

It must not be supposed that the division between them is as plain and clearly marked as it is between different denominations of the Protestant Church. It is quite a common thing for a man to worship in the temples of all three systems. He acts upon the principle that none of them will do him any harm; and he is not quite sure which can do him most good. The funeral ceremonies of all classes of Chinese contains certain parts conducted by Buddhist priests, certain parts conducted by Taoist priests, while rites peculiar to the Confucian system are never omitted.

The Emperor himself, who is the high, and only, priest of Confucianism, visits Buddhist and Taoist temples, and supports a large number of their temples and priests. But in his case a line is drawn. He *worships* in Confucian temples; he only *patronizes* the gods of Buddhism or Taoism. That is, he kneels and knocks his head upon the ground before the tablet of Confucius, but never kneels before a Buddhist image, or a Taoist shrine.

There is no such thing as joint worship by congregations in any of the temples in China, nor have the Chinese any Sabbath. The division of the days into weeks is unknown among them. The first and fifteenth days of each moon are more particularly set apart for worship at the temples, but there is even then no cessation of business. The temples are open day and night throughout the year, a priest is always in attendance, and a wick floating in a cup of oil is always kept burning before the image or the tablet.

The ordinary form of worship is very simple, and occupies less than a minute. A Chinaman comes in, buys, for a cash or two, several sticks of incense from the priest, who lights them for him at the sacred flame. These are handed to the worshiper, who places them, lighted end up, in a bronze incense burner before the idol.

He then prostrates himself on a rug before the image, and knocks his head three times upon the floor, the priest, meanwhile, beating a huge drum, or bell, in order to attract the attention of Buddha. This done, the worshiper rises and goes about his business. This is the invariable form of worship in all temples in China. It is short, simple, and inexpensive, and interferes with neither business nor pleasure.

The priests in the Buddhist and Taoist systems are not allowed to marry, and, as a class, they are idle, ignorant and vicious. Probably not one-tenth of them can read or write.

Temples abound in China. Not only are they to be found by hundreds in the larger cities, by scores in the smaller cities, and by twos and threes in every hamlet and village—but they are scattered thickly along the roads, squeezed into the gorges, and planted on the tops and slopes of every hill. In general, they are built, repaired and maintained by private subscription, though some are either supported by annual grants from government, or by endowment.

"Church-begging" is very common in China. The temples advertise their wants by posting on walls in the neighborhood square pieces of yellow paper, wherein is the exact Chinese equivalent of the scriptural "Ask and ye shall receive," together with the name and location of the temple where prayers are always answered.

But there are also more personal forms of begging. The writer has seen in Peking a priest, whose cheeks had been pierced, and his teeth knocked out so that an iron rod, as large as one's middle finger, could be passed through, to project an inch or two beyond either cheek. An iron half-circle was hinged to each end of this, and passed around the back of the priest's head. Attached to the half-circle was an iron chain, which was so long as to drag on the ground several feet behind him.

His business was to go from house to house, beating a small drum, asking help to repair a temple. Sympathy would be wasted on him. He was a "professional church-debt-lifter," who had monthly wages and a commission on his collections—and the rod and chain where his stock in trade. There is another way, still more peculiar. A priest stands in a small box-like structure, placed in front of a temple, through the boards of which spikes have been driven, so that the imprisoned priest can move no part of his body, except his right arm, without being pricked by a spike. With his right hand he rings a bell, to draw attention to his pitiable condition. Charitable persons give so much for the privilege of drawing out a spike. The highest priced spikes are those which point to the vital parts of the body. The priest is supposed to stand in his kennel day and night, until all the spikes have been bought and drawn, but no one believes that he really does so.

A single incident will show how much hardship and self-inflicted suffering some of these heathen will undergo to fulfil a religious vow. On intolerably hot and dusty afternoon in 1871, the writer was resting at a wayside teahouse to the southwest of Peking, and saw approaching a man and a woman. The man would first take one long step, then bring his other foot up, and measure his whole length in the road.

Having knocked his head three times on the ground, he rose, took another step, and again prostrated himself. The woman was his wife, and was waiting upon him. In answer to questions, he said that he had made a vow that if Buddha would restore to health his son who was desperately sick, he would make a pilgrimage to Wu-tai-shan and home again, a step and a prostration all the way.

Not more than three miles could be made in a day. He had traveled about six hundred of the two thousand miles of his double journey, and would be two years longer in completing his vow. As he was seventy-eight years old, and almost worn out, it was easy to see that he would not live to fulfil it. A callous lump as large as an egg projected from his forehead, raised by knocking his head upon the dusty road. Yet this man was shocked and angry at a suggestion that he should abandon his useless pilgrimage, and passed out of sight measuring the road with his infirm body.—*Chester Holcombe, in Youth's Companion.*

THE WHIPPING POST.

How Thieves and Other Law-Breakers are Punished in Little Delaware.

Had a stranger, unacquainted with Delaware's mode of punishing thieves, visited the county jail yard at New Castle on a recent morning he at first would probably have imagined that several prize-fights were to occur soon, writes a Wilmington correspondent. About the middle of the forenoon the jail-yard was thronged by a motley crowd, hooting and jeering at ten men who stood shivering in front of a pillory and a whipping-post. These men resembled pugilists in that they were stripped above the waist. In them the braggadocio and mein so common among pugilists were lacking. Although hardened in crime the raw air and the taunts of the crowd affected them unpleasantly, and they said not a word to those jeering them. They were convicts, and during the week had been found guilty of larceny or burglary. Two of them were white and all were young.

Promptly at ten o'clock Sheriff Lambson entered the yard, and Wm. H. Baker (white), convicted of stealing a horse and wagon, was lashed to the post, and to his back the sheriff applied a cat-o'-nine-tails twenty times. When Baker was taken back to his cell Charles Mathews (white), convicted of larceny of clothing, was fastened to the post and given ten lashes. Next came six colored men—Weldon Collins, Wm. Parsons, Robert Sewell, George Anderson, Joseph Griffin and John Walter, who each received ten lashes except the last three, who each were given five. Collins was convicted of stealing $31 from an Italian; Parsons stole some fence rails; Walter robbed a companion of $55; Sewell stole some flowers from a nursery; Anderson's crime was the theft of an overcoat, and Griffin's was stealing chickens.

In addition to receiving twenty lashes Baker had to stand in the pillory for an hour. Terry Cooper and Francis Bayard, both colored, convicted of stealing $14 from a farmer, also stood an hour in the pillory. The administering of the punishment was not finished until the middle of the afternoon, and when the last convict had returned to his cell the throng of spectators rushed through the jail-yard gates and hurried off in search of their dinners.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Woodticks on Horses.

As a preventive we would suggest placing the horses in a clean stable to sleep at night, and when they are turned out to pasture in the morning give them a good greasing with common hog's lard. If you will add a little oil of tar to the lard it will make it still more offensive to the woodticks. To remove the ticks when they have commenced to burrow in the skin, touch them with a little kerosene, about as much as will adhere to the end of your finger. One part carbolic acid to fifty of water may also be used for killing the ticks. But if the pasture and stables are infested with these insects they will attack your horses whenever you cease to use preventives of the kind named.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A woman who was lost in the woods of New Hampshire for three days said that the most she suffered from was in not having her knitting along.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ANOTHER CALAMITY.

Fearful Wreck on a Massachusetts Railroad.

A Passenger Train Goes Through a Bridge—Thirty Persons Killed and as Many More Seriously Injured—Partial List of the Victims.

BOSTON, March 14.—A heavily-loaded passenger train on the Boston & Providence railroad met with a terrible accident about seven o'clock this morning between Roslyndale and Forestville. The accident occurred on the Dedham branch of the Boston & Providence railroad, at what is known as Bussey Park bridge. The seven o'clock train to Dedham, consisting of seven cars and a baggage car under charge of Conductor Tilden, broke through the bridge. The engine and three cars went over safely, but five others fell through the bridge to the road beneath, a distance of thirty feet. The last car, which was the smoker, turned completely over and struck on the top of the others, all being crushed out of shape. The cause of the accident was the breaking of the bridge.

The smoking car, after it fell, caught fire, but the fire department was promptly on hand and prevented the spread of the flames. The bodies of the dead have all been removed and of the wounded, some are at the hospital, and some have been taken home, and so it is very difficult to obtain correctly the names and extent of the injuries at the present time.

ANOTHER DISPATCH.

BOSTON, March 14.—Advices from the scene of the wreck on the Boston & Providence railroad state that nineteen bodies have already been taken from the ruins. Many of the injured were brought to the hospital in this city. Some of the killed have not been identified. The train was crowded with working people and most intense excitement prevails among friends who were anxious to learn the names of those killed and injured. No reliable details of the number dead as yet. The police say thirty-three were killed outright and nearly as many will die. Webster Clapp died in Forest Hill station, where he had been taken. The officers of the road are present and are doing all they can. Many doctors are there and doing every thing in their power. Superintendent Folsom does not know how many are killed or injured. The bodies of the killed are horribly mangled, some of the heads being entirely severed from the bodies. Many of the bodies are crushed beyond recognition.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The revised list of deaths, as far as ascertained, is as follows: Lizzie Walton, of Dedham; Myron Tilden, conductor; Lizzie Mandeville, of Dedham; M. Taylor, policeman of Station 13; Mrs. Ellis, of West Roxbury; Ida Adams, of West Roxbury; Ellis Burnett, of Roslyndale; Edward A. Morris, of Dedham; George Mitcalf, apothecary, of Boston; Mrs. Cardinal, of Roslyndale; Charles Snow, of West Roxbury; Stephen Houghton, of Roslyndale; W. Webster Clapp, of West Roxbury; W. E. Snow, West Roxbury; Mrs. Kennard, of West Roxbury; Frank Nichols, of Dedham; B. Humphrey, of Dedham; Miss Harkins, of Dedham; Hannah Murphy, of West Roxbury; B. F. Johnston, Boston; Alice Vanderoit, Dedham; Harry Gay, Roxbury; — Stone, West Roxbury; Gates; Regan, of Roslyndale.

William S. Smith and William E. Durham died at the hospital, making twenty-seven dead whose names are known. There are at the morgue the bodies of three men and two women which, as yet, remain unidentified.

The wounded are: W. H. Smith, brakeman, badly hurt; R. Spanno, barber, of West Roxbury; William Kreekils, of West Roxbury; I. C. Clearney, of Roxbury; Edward Parder, of Roslyndale; Geo. Waldron, of Roslyndale; — Hawkins, of Roslyndale; — Parkark, of Roslyndale, badly injured; Charles, May and Harry Gay, mortally injured; William T. Bowman, of Dedham, hip and back injured; Frank Young, of West Roxbury; William Sutson, of West Roxbury; William Hawkins, of West Roxbury; J. N. Drayton, of Dedham, right arm fractured; Edward Cooper, of Dedham, internal injuries; Webster Drake, assistant conductor, seriously injured; H. C. F. Drake, slightly injured; O. S. Hammond, of Dedham, right arm fractured; William H. Jordan, of Roslyndale.

All the above named were taken to the hospital. The latest computation shows a total of twenty-three killed and fifty injured.

FAMILY FEUDS.

A Boy Arrested for the Murder of His Father—A Son Kills His Father and Then Shoots Himself—They Die Caressing Each Other.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 14.—Wallace Carpenter, only thirteen years old and a son of Adam Carpenter, who was assassinated near Hustonville last Friday night, has been arrested charged with the murder of his father. Adam Carpenter was a wealthy and prominent farmer of high character and much beloved in the community in which he lived. About 11:30 Friday night some one knocked sharply upon the front door of the murdered man's room. The knocking was repeated a second, third and fourth time, and he arose and went out by a back door to discover the cause of the noise. He had barely passed out of the house when the murderer, who was concealed and protected by a small coal-house, fired upon him with a shotgun charged with oblong pistol or rifle balls. The shot was immediately fatal, as he was struck by three balls in the right side, and with an exclamation of pain and surprise he fell and expired on the spot. The son had quarreled with his father and had threatened to kill him. Tracks leading from the house were identified as his, and other suspicious circumstances make the belief general that he committed the murder. His character is not good and his intellect is not considered bright.

ANOTHER CASE.

NEW YORK, March 14.—Benjamin Lowenthal, a baker, aged twenty years, shot his father last night, while the latter was abusing the boy's young sister. He then blew out his own brains. The boy, when he had shot his father, put his arm about his father kissed his face and said: "Dear father, we will die together," and then put a bullet through his brains. The father gasped weakly to the boy and patted his dead face until he himself sank dead across his body.

Work Stopped.

NEW ORLEANS, March 14.—A special to the *Picayune* from Alexandria, La., says: "The United States snag-boat Wagner, Captain E. F. White, came up Saturday morning from the Ouachita and Blocke rivers, where she had been clearing those streams of obstructions. Owing to the River and Harbor bill not being signed, and the want of funds to continue the work, she was ordered to take up all the Government property on those rivers and at this point and Jones' bayou, and proceed with the same to Shreveport, and there to await further developments. All on board hope for an extra session of Congress, or any thing else to make a change in the plans."

Another Pool Proposed.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 14.—The leading coal operators of the Monongahela and Kanawha rivers have under consideration a scheme to organize a pool or syndicate to control the entire river output of coal from the headquarters of the Monongahela to New Orleans. It is proposed to conduct the pool on the same principle as the coke syndicate. If the pool is formed it is said that a uniform price will be established for the product of the Pittsburgh mines and also for the Kanawha district. As the pool would control all of the coal of these two districts there would be no cutting of prices, but a fair profit would be expected from each year's output.

Stabbed.

NEW ORLEANS, March 14.—Ery Smith, colored, aged forty years, was stabbed to death last night by Thomas Roche, son of ex-Coroner Roche, who figured prominently in politics here during Governor Kellogg's administration. Smith was stabbed six times—twice in the right arm, once in the forehead, once in the neck, once in the left arm and once in the back below the left shoulder, the last named being the fatal stab. Eddy Grinnell was with Roche when the crime was committed. About an hour after the murder Roche and Grinnell were arrested. They were found hidden in some rubbish in a loft. Roche denied having any thing to do with the killing of Smith, and is innocent of the crime.

Tortured For Proof.

MACON, Mo., March 14.—A. F. Glahn, a brother of Joseph Glahn, who is in prison for the killing of Judge Hunolt at Shelbina, was taken from home last night by a number of unknown men and led to a lonely spot in the woods, where he was given the alternative of confessing to complicity in the Hunolt murder or being swung up. He protested his innocence, and was hoisted in the air several times, but was finally allowed to escape with his life.

THE earthquake of the 17th in Italy proved more serious than at first reports. Alasso was badly shaken. A village had fifteen houses thrown down and two persons killed.

EADS DEAD.

Pneumonia Fatally Attacks the Great Engineer.

ST. LOUIS, March 11.—A telegram was received here late yesterday afternoon, announcing the death of Captain James B. Eads, which occurred at Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands, March 8, the cause of death being pneumonia. The last news received from Captain Eads by his family in St. Louis was a telegram on Tuesday from Mr. Karner, his agent in New York, saying that he had received a letter, which must have left Nassau on the 5th, and that Mr. Eads was dangerously ill with congestion of the lungs. Although he was in delicate health, no such fatal termination was anticipated by his family here. It is impossible to get any further particulars relative to the death of Captain Eads. The dispatch chronicling the fact was received from Nassau by the steamer Lizzie Henderson. There is no telegraphic communication with Nassau, and not one on board the vessel which brought the intelligence knows any thing about the matter.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

James B. Eads was born in Lawrenceburg, Ind., May 23, 1820. His early education was limited, as reverses soon forced him to leave school to assist in supporting the family. When he was only eight years of age he became interested in machinery, and before he was twelve years of age he had taken to pieces and readjusted a clock and a patent lever watch, and he was then provided with a small workshop, in which he made all manner of small mechanical contrivances. When he was thirteen years of age his father removed to St. Louis. On the way all the family possessions were destroyed by fire, and the boy became a street peddler of oranges. In the winter of that year he built a locomotive, which was run by a man tied by the tail on a treadmill in the interior. After a short time young Eads obtained a position with a firm the senior partner of which—Barret Williams—discovered his mechanical tastes and gave him free access to his library. After a year or two he went on a steamboat as clerk and remained two years, during which period he obtained a valuable fund of information concerning the river.

In 1842 Mr. Eads entered into partnership with Case & Nelson, boat builders, for the purpose of recovering steamboats and cargoes which had been wrecked. At first the operations of the firm were limited, their machinery and appliances being very primitive and quite inadequate to the work they undertook to perform. Such were the energy, versatility and industry of Mr. Eads, however, that the business rapidly expanded, until in the space of about ten years the firm's property had increased to half a million dollars in value. In the meantime Mr. Eads had established a factory at St. Louis for the manufacture of glassware. The business did not prove remunerative and he returned to the wrecking business. In 1855-56 he submitted to Congress a proposition to keep the Western rivers open for a term of years by removing all obstructions and keeping the channels free. The bill embodying his proposal passed the House but was defeated in the Senate. He retired from active business in 1857 on account of ill-health.

During the war he took ground against the levying of contributions on Southern sympathizers, and headed a movement to raise a fund to take the place of that which the military authorities had determined to exact from the friends of the Confederacy in St. Louis. Mr. Eads received a contract for building the first seven vessels of the Mississippi gunboat flotilla and he constructed the first ironclad in America.

From the close of the war to the time of the construction of the great St. Louis bridge Mr. Eads was engaged in no great public works. Upon that bridge his fame as an engineer was firmly established. The bridge project was first conceived in 1869. In 1875 Mr. Eads began the construction of a system of jetties for increasing the depth of the water at the mouth of the Mississippi under contract with the Government. Its plans, when proposed, were scouted by prominent engineers, but proved eminently successful. He secured a depth of water which allows the largest ocean vessels to sail in the river and unload their cargoes at New Orleans.

Mr. Eads' latest and greatest project was the building of a ship railway at Tehuantepec.

LYING IN STATE.

The Remains of Henry Ward Beecher Taken to Plymouth Church.

NEW YORK, March 10.—In spite of rain the streets in the vicinity of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's house were crowded with people this morning. At eight o'clock Police Captain Campbell and a squad of twenty police took up their stations in front of the house. A large number of floral emblems were received before private services commenced. The coffin rested in the center of the front parlor and was surrounded with a bank of fragrant flowers. Sweet perfume pervaded the air, and on all sides could be seen floral emblems from friends and admirers of the dead divine. The remains were dressed in a suit of black broadcloth, with a frock coat buttoned up and the right hand laid across his heart. The features were natural and there was a smile upon his face. Early in the morning, before services, Mrs. Beecher went into the parlor and stood by the coffin for some time. She bent over the remains, and after imprinting a kiss upon the cold lips she was led into a back room. Promptly at 9:30 Rev. Charles H. Hall, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, entered the house. After a short conversation with Major J. B. Pond, he entered the front parlor and commenced to read the burial service from the ritual of the Episcopal Church. The quartette sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Beyond the Sighing and the Weeping," and "Come, Holy Spirit." While the services were in progress in the house Company G, known as the Plymouth Company of the Thirteenth Regiment, was driven up in front of the house on Hicks street. They were dressed in regulation uniform. Only the members of the family and a few intimate friends were present during the services at the house.

Rev. John Hall spoke for fifteen minutes. When the remains were carried out of the house to the hearse the rain ceased, the clouds passed away and the sun burst out bright and clear. They were escorted by the military detachment to Plymouth Church, where they will lie in state until the public funeral takes place.

RUSSIAN PETROLEUM.

The Vast Quantities of Oil Produced by the Wells Near Baku.

Marvelous as are the oil fields of the United States, they are small affairs compared with those of the Caspian Sea region of Asia. One well alone, near Baku, has produced more oil than all the wells of America. An orifice, ten inches wide, spouted daily more oil than was being produced throughout the whole world, including therein the 25,000 wells in America, the thousands of wells in Galicia, Roumania, Burmah, and the shale-oil distilleries of Scotland and Wales. In one day the outflow reached 1,100 tons, or 2,750,000 gallons. Another well has yielded altogether nearly 30,000,000 gallons. Notwithstanding this astonishing product, the American oil still keeps the European market: seventy per cent. of it is an illuminant, which is true of only thirty per cent. of the Russian oil. The latter is, however, better for lubricating purposes. But Baku, where all this Russian oil is found, is nearly 600 miles from the Black Sea. A pipe line is spoken of, but that would be much longer than the American pipe lines, and then less than a third of the oil could be used for lighting purposes. Hence the necessity for refineries and for other ways of disposing of the non-illuminating oil of the Ballakhanai Plateau. What a singular circumstance it is that these vast quantities of oil were hidden under the surface of the earth, in portions of the globe that have been longest inhabited, without its existence being even suspected by people living on the surface.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

A Tippler's Explanation.

Tripseri, who is somewhat of a guzzler, for some time has been taking all his beverages with the aid of a straw. When one of his friends asked the reason, he replied:

"It is only because I have solemnly promised my wife that I will never again let my lips touch a glass of liquor."—*Le Figaro.*

—The *Christian Advocate* says that ex-Governor Murray, of Utah, declared that "if it were not for the schools and churches which the missionaries to Utah established, the law would never be enforced as it is now."

LAID TO REST.

Services in Plymouth Church Over the Remains of Its Late Pastor—Taken to Greenwood.

NEW YORK, March 12.—The funeral services over the remains of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, yesterday, were simple but impressive.

While a vast crowd of people were gathered outside the church the lady members of the congregation were working like beavers within, dressing the pulpit and casket with flowers. The whole interior was turned into a perfect flower garden and the fragrant perfume of roses prevaded the air. The walls, galleries and organ were covered with evergreens, palms and calla lilies and the reading desk with roses and vines, as was also the chair in which Mr. Beecher had sat for so many years. In the center of the organ was a floral emblem in the shape of a triangle, on top of which were perched two white doves with white ribbons in their bills. The facade of the gallery was covered with potted plants, the pulpit loaded down with flowers and floral emblems sent by friends and different organizations. The casket lay on a catafalque of white roses, white carnations and smilax, directly in front of the reading desk. There was nothing to indicate the presence of death except the stillness which pervaded the room and the hushed conversation of the workers. The church had more the appearance of a wedding than a funeral.

It was nearly ten before the doors were thrown open to those who had been waiting without impatiently for nearly three hours. The people entered by the Orange street entrance and were shown to seats by ushers, while the organist, Harry Rowe Shelby, played low, sweet music upon the grand organ. The first four seats on the right of the center aisle were reserved for the relatives of the deceased. These were not present, and the family pew was filled with flowers. On the left side of the center aisle were the members of the clerical union, of which Mr. Beecher was a member for a number of years. Behind these were seated the officers of the Thirteenth regiment and the members of the legislative committee, and behind these were delegates from nearly every social, political and religious organization in New York and Brooklyn.

At 10:30 the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, robed in a white surplice and accompanied by the Rev. S. S. Halliday, entered the church and ascended the platform. When the music ceased, Dr. Hall commenced to read the opening sentences of the Protestant Episcopal burial service. After these, the double quartette and chorus of sixty voices sang the burial chant, "Lord, let me know mine end." The lesson was then read by Dr. Hall, and the prayer delivered by Rev. S. B. Halliday. The rest of the musical programme was as follows: Anthem—"Blessed are the departed." Hymn—"Jesus, lover of my soul." Sentence—"I heard a voice." Hymn—"Hark, hark, my soul."

After the first lesson, Dr. Hall commenced his oration. During its delivery there was not a dry eye in the house, and several times he was compelled to stop for a time to gain control of his voice.

After the conclusion of the services the public was admitted to view the body. The other churches in which services were held were all crowded at their utmost, and it is estimated that fully 25,000 people attended services in various churches. The people were kept moving rapidly by the guard of honor and it is estimated that they passed the coffin at the rate of 200 per minute. The children connected with the Sunday schools of Plymouth Church were permitted to view the remains during the afternoon.

ENTOMBED.

NEW YORK, March 12.—The remains of the late Henry Ward Beecher were taken from Plymouth Church at 8:30 o'clock this morning, and were conveyed to Greenwood cemetery, where they were deposited in a large receiving vault, where they will remain until the family select a lot for final interment. All night long the church was guarded by Plymouth Company G, and at seven o'clock this morning the remains were turned over to the Plymouth Church committee, who had charge of the burial. A cordon of one hundred police were drawn up in front of the main entrance to the church, on Orange street. There were very few people on the street at the time and every thing passed off quietly. None of the family went to the church. At eight o'clock the members of the committee and other gentlemen present took a last look at the dead divine and the lid of the casket was screwed down. The flowers which were placed on the top of the casket were allowed to remain. Only the family and close personal friends of the deceased went to cemetery.

BEECHER'S WILL.

The will of the late Henry Ward Beecher was filed for probate to-day. It is as follows:

In the name of God, Amen: I, Henry Ward Beecher, of the City of Brooklyn and State of New York, hereby revoking all other and former wills by me witherto made, do make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament.

First—I hereby authorize and direct my executors and each of them as shall qualify upon my death to collect and receive the amount of my life insurance, to invest the same and to pay the proceeds of the investment to my wife during her life in equal quarter yearly payments.

Second—I hereby give, bequeath and devise unto my executors, or such of them as shall qualify, the residue and remainder of my estate, both real and personal, of every kind, in trust for the benefit of my children. And I hereby direct that my said executors distribute and apportion my said estate among my said children in such manner and form and at such time or times as shall in their judgment be for the best interests of my said children; giving unto my said executors full power to sell and mortgage such and so much of my real and personal property as they shall deem best and to invest or distribute the proceeds of such sale or sales as herein provided.

Third—It is my will that if any of my said children should die before the complete distribution of my estate, as above provided, leaving issue then surviving, that such issue shall stand and take in the place and stead of their parent, taking per stirpes and not per capita.

Fourth—I hereby nominate, constitute and appoint my sons, Henry B. Beecher, William C. Beecher and Herbert F. Beecher, all of Brooklyn, N. Y., and my son-in-law, Rev. Samuel Scoville, of Norwich, N. Y., the executors and trustees of this my will, and it is my will that no bond shall be required of them or either of them. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

July 11, 1878.

DUNDER'S ORPHANS.

How a Benevolent Citizen from Canada Victimized the Confiding Carl.

"Well, that's you, is it?" queried Sergeant Bendall yesterday as Mr. Dunder entered the Central Station.

"Sergeant, I like to say a few words."

"Go ahead."

"Do you belief I vhas grazy?"

"Well, not exactly crazy, but very fresh."

"You see dis ten-dollar bill?"

"I do, and I can see from here that it is on a broken Canadian bank. How did you get it?"

"Vhell, a stranger comes in my place yesterday and asks if I vhas Carl Dunder. I vhas. All right. Somepody tells him I vhas collecting money to build an orphan asylum. Dot vhas shust like me. I vhas big-hearted and charitable, esferypody shpeaks vhell of me. He like to help dot asylum along a leedle by subscribing fife dollar."

"He must have been green."

"Vhell, so I belief. If he like to gif me fife dollar I take it. He hands me dis ten dollar bill, und I shange him so quick it made your hair shtand oop. I doan' find oudt for two hours dot he vhas a proken pank. Sergeant!"

"Well?"

"Keep a leedle shtill! Doan' let him get into der papers. Dot vhas a shoke on me. I vhas going to walk around und find dot fellow. If I like to telephone you vhat number vhas it?"

"Number 400."

"All right. If you hear dot telephone ring you may know it vhas me, und dot I'll wait beside der corpse until der wagon comes!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Mrs. Fishwhacker has a born sense of the ridiculous, but she is not considered a good story-teller. She essayed the other evening to repeat the witty remark, that "Canada should not laugh at our navy, because it is nothing to laugh at," with this result: "Canada hadn't oughter laugh at our navy, because it ain't no laughing matter."

—At Wellesley College, Massachusetts, not long since, the president invited all young women who felt moved to go as missionaries to confer with her, and eighty responded.

PREPARING WHITEWASH.

How to Impart a Pleasing Cream or Fawn Color to the Substance.

Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It not only prevents the decay of the wood, but conduces greatly to the healthfulness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Outbuildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice a year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way: Take a clean water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When he slaking has been thoroughly effected lissolve in water add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt; these will cause the wash to harden and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash by adding three pounds of yellow ochre; or a good pear or lead color by the addition of lamp, vine or ivory black.

For fawn color add four pounds of umber, Turkish or American (the latter is the cheapest), and one pound of common lamp-black. For common stone color add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lampblack. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior, both in appearance and durability, to the common whitewash.—*Chicago News.*

SIGNIFICANT!

Some of the Last Public Opinions of a Great Man.

[New York Correspondence Cleveland Leader.] "One has a most excellent opportunity to study 'man' as represented by the average New Yorkers. Among the wealthy classes, very many of them have the waxy skin, tropical flush, and "pearly eyes" that are indicative of serious kidney affection. "Bright's disease" is plainly written on their faces. Since General Logan's death the subject of rheumatism is being discussed by the medical profession.

Every intelligent person, with any knowledge of the human system, is well aware that if the kidneys are in good condition all unnecessary material is regularly carried off by them. If not, various acids, such as uric acid, one of the chief causes of rheumatism, are left in excess, creating deposits that cause all sorts of chronic organic diseases. It would seem, therefore, that rheumatism, like dropsy, is not a disease, but the result of a disease, and it is safe to say that if the stomach and kidneys are kept in healthful condition, there will be no deaths from rheumatism.

General Logan was well aware that his disease was of the kidneys, and once expressed himself in indignant terms at the folly of doctors treating him for rheumatism, when it was the kidneys that caused his attacks. The high living and the excesses in all things, prevalent among wealthy men in large cities, especially in New York, is the chief cause for Bright's disease, and the aristocratic trouble known as rheumatism, even as insufficient and improper food bring about the same results among the very poor.

The above article, which we reproduce because of its general interest, is very significant. The public believes that rheumatism is an effect of diseased blood, this disease being caused by uric acid or kidney poison. Enough of this is developed daily to kill several men, and if it is not removed by the kidneys as fast as formed, it gradually ruins the health.

This fact is a scientific demonstration.

If doctors do not admit it, it is probably because they do not wish to attract attention to the menace deranged kidneys offers to the general health, since they have no authorized specific for these organs.

General Logan knew what his real trouble was, and he recognized the nonsense of treating the effects—the real result of the disease was the kidneys. Senator Billig, of Illinois, whose vote elected Logan Senator after four months of balloting, tells us that Logan often complained to him of great distress in his kidneys. Disease of the kidneys always produces rheumatism, and besides that, it causes paralysis, apoplexy, impotency, stomach and blood disorders, bronchial, throat, and pulmonary complaints and countless other diseases which would almost never develop if the blood was kept free of uric acid or kidney poison.

These facts the public recognizes even though medical gentlemen, for very evident reasons, will not publicly acknowledge them lest, perchance, some proprietary medicine, like Warner's safe cure, now admitted to be the only scientific specific, will get the benefit.

Fie on such bigotry! It has been authoritatively stated time and again that there can be no real sound health if there is any false action of the kidneys. Insurance companies refuse millions of risks on this ground alone, hence it is that there is such universal popularity given to the great preparation named—a popularity that is based upon intrinsic merit.

Too much dependence upon professional advice, especially in matters over which medical men admit they have no power, too often results very disastrously, but of what use to the victim is experience gained by fatal disaster!

How much better it is to be guided by an unprejudiced public opinion in such matters.

Had Logan been so guided, he might have been spared many years.

"WHAT is the best way to manage a man?" asks a feminine correspondent. Marry him.—*Omaha World.*

Chronic Coughs and Colds,

And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their most agreeable form. Its beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par-excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. B. S. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester, O.

THE man who stoops to brush orange-peel from the sidewalk is bent on doing good.—*Picayune.*

Posterity vs. Ancestry.

It is no longer questioned, it is admitted, that the blood of man is improving. The children of to-day are better formed, have better muscle and richer minds than our ancestors. The cause of this fact is due more to the general use of Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic than any other source.

MANY men object to sitting in juries, and no wonder, as jurymen always get into a box.

THE scalp is cleansed and excited to a healthy action by Hall's Hair Renewer.

In Consumption, the disposition to cough is diminished by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

TEACHER—"What is the end of all mankind?" Pupil (faintly)—"The letter 'd,' sir."

HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar cures Coughs and bronchitis and consumption. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

PRINTER'S ink is a great thing, yet printers sink much money in it, sometimes.

A RECEIVING teller—the newspaper interviewer.—*Boston Transcript.*

The language the telephone speaks is broken English.

SONS men are born great, but they outgrew it.—*Puck.*

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, March 15.			
CATTLE—Shipping steers	$4 10	@	$4 82½
Native cows	3 10	@	3 65