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He Kept his Vow.

AN INDIAN PYTHIAS SEEKS HIS DEATH.

Mr Ephraim Webster is said to have been the first white man, says the Syracuse Herald, who sought a permanent residence in Onondaga county, and passed most of his time among the red men of his day. Force of circumstances brought him to Onondaga, and soon after he had located there, a young brave of the Cayuga nation one morning presented himself before the chiefs of the Onondagas and Mr. Webster, while sitting at the door of the council-house. The young man said: "I have come to dwell among you and your people, if you will permit. I have left forever the home of my father and the hearth of my mother. I seek a home among you; my name is Mantinoah; deny me not."

"Mantinoah, you are welcome here." said the chief Ka-which-do-ta "sit down among us. Be our son, we will be to you a father; you can hunt and fish with our young men, and tread the warpath with the braves of our nation; you shall be honored as you deserve."

Nearly two years passed and Mantinoah was apparently contented and happy. He was the first in the chase, most active in the dance, and the loudest in the song. His ever pleasant and even manner won for him the friendship of Webster, and, therefore, it was that where one was there was the other also. Webster was surprised one bright morning by Mantinoah saying: "I must leave your peaceful valley soon forever. I go toward the setting sun; I have a vow to perform. My nation and my friends know Mantinoah will be true. My friend, I desire you to go with me." Webster consented, and preparation was made for the journey. They left Onondaga valley together, and, after a walk of three or four days, taking their journey leisurely, hunting and fishing by the way, they arrived at an eminence near Mantinoah's village.

"Here," said Mantinoah, "let us rest—let us invoke the Great Spirit to grant us strength to pass triumphantly through the scenes of this day. Here," said he, "we will eat, and here, for the last time, will smoke the pipe of peace and friendship together."

After a repast of boiled venison and bread, the pipe was passed from one to the other in regular succession, and the silence was broken by Mantinoah saying: "A little more than two years have elapsed since, in my native village near us, in a burst of passion, I slew my bosom friend and chosen companion. The chiefs of my nation declared me guilty of my friend's blood, and decreed I must suffer death. It was then I sought your nation; it was then I won your friendship. The nearest of kin to him I slew, according to our custom, was to become my executioner. My execution was deferred two full years, during which time I was condemned to banishment from my nation. I vowed to return. The time of two full years expires this day, when the setting sun sinks behind the topmost branch of yonder tree. Beneath the broad branches of this venerable oak, where we now stand, at the foot of this ancient rock, against which we now lean, I stand prepared to receive my doom. My friend, we have had many cheerful sports together; our joys have not been circumscribed, our griefs have been few; look not so sad now, but let new joys arise you to happiness. When you return to the Onondagas bear witness that Mantinoah died like a true brave of the Cayugas; that he trembled not at the approach of death, like the coward pale face, nor shed tears like a women. My friend take my belt, my knife, rifle; accept them as mementoes of my hunting pouch, my horn, and our friendship; I shall need them no longer; a few moments and the avenger will be here; the Great Spirit calls; I am ready; Mantinoah fears not to die; farewell."

As soon as the brave Indian had finished, Webster remonstrated with him, but in vain he urged him to escape the consequences. A short silence ensued, when a yell was heard in the distance, to which the Cayuga responded. A single Indian approached and took Mantinoah by the hand. He, too, had been his friend, but the law of the savage could not be broken.

After mutual salutations and expressions of kindness, the avenger addressed him: "Mantinoah, you have slain my brother; our laws declare me his avenger and your executioner. Your time has come; death is at hand; prepare to meet him. Be steadfast, be firm; and may the Great Spirit sustain you."

Upon this Mantinoah gracefully elevated his manly form, carefully bared his broad bosom, calmly laid his arm across his manly breast; not a muscle moved not a breath was heard. There he stood, ready for the voluntary sacrifice, immovable as adamant. Accompanied by a deafening yell, the bright tomahawk of the avenger glistened in the fading light; its keen edge sank deep into the brain of his victim. The thirsty earth drank the life-blood of Mantinoah, and he sank, without a groan, a lifeless corpse before his friend. Instantly, as if by magic, a host of savages appeared; the mournful song of death re-echoed through the forest; the gloomy dance of the dead moved in melancholy solemnity around the corpse of the departed; the low guttural moan peculiar to the savage, murmured through the trees, and all was still. They silently surveyed the scene, when slowly, in groups, in pairs, and singly, the witnesses of this thrilling scene retired.

The Story of Parmentier.

New York Herald: A strangely touching story is being told in Paris concerning the end of a leader of the Commune:—"Among the rebels of 1871 was a "Commissaire Central," named Parmentier. The man, after the collapse of the revolt, was supposed to have fled, and he was condemned to death "in contumaciam, by one of the courts martial sitting at Versailles. But Parmentier had not run away. He had not even left Paris. His wife, who was a workwoman in a match factory, sheltered her husband in a garret, on the sixth floor of a house in the Rue Popincourt; and this garret, during a period of nearly ten years, the proscribed communist never left. The concierge and the neighbors were wholly ignorant that Mme. Parmentier had any one living with her. About a month or two ago the porter became aware that she no more passed his lodge. He waited a few days, thinking she might be in the country; then he made his way to the sixth story, fearing that his "locataire" might be ill. He knocked repeatedly at the door, but failed to obtain any response. By this time thoroughly alarmed, the concierge proceeded to report matters to the Commissary of Police of the quarter, and that functuary accompanied by a medical man and a locksmith, speedily made his appearance. The door of the room on the sixth floor was broken open, but at first those who sought to enter were driven back by a fearfully noisome odor. When they did enter a shocking spectacle presented itself. On the bed lay the body of Mme. Parmentier, and by her side was the dead body of an unknown man. By the papers on him, however, he was recognized as the Communist Commissaire Central Parmentier, condemned to death in 1871. It became further manifest that the unfortunate couple, who had been many days dead, had committed suicide by suffocation with the fumes of charcoal. Both husband and wife were on the verge of sixty years. It is conjectured that the poor woman, finding her health and strength declining, and unable to procure sufficiently remunerative employment for the subsistence of herself and her husband, had at length yielded to utter despair and persuaded or been persuaded by her husband to put an end to the existence of both.

The Star of Bethlehem Coming.

Wilmington Republican. Prof. C. A Grimmer, of Kingston, Jamaica, who is a scientist of fame, recently made some wonderful prophecies in connection with the action of the planets and other heavenly bodies. He says of the "Star of Bethlehem:" In 1887 the "Star of Bethlehem" will be once more seen in "Cassepia's chair," and it will be accompanied by a total eclipse of the sun and moon. The star only makes its appearance every 315 years. It will appear and illuminate the heavens, and exceed in brilliancy even Jupiter when in opposition to the sun, and therefore, nearer to the sun and brightest

The marvelous brilliancy of the "Star of Bethlehem" in 1887 will surpass any of its previous visitations. It will be seen even by noonday, shining with a quick, flashing light the entire year, after which it will gradually decrease in brightness and finally disappear, not to return to our heavens till 2202 or 315 years after 1887. This star first attracted the attention of astronomers in the year 1575. It was then called a new star. It was no new star, however, for this was the star which shone so brightly 4 B. C., and was the star that illumined the heavens at the nativity of Christ.

That man that says that that that that that man used was correct, tells a falsehood.

A great many men are cottage built; that is to say they have but one story. And they are for ever telling it.

An Iowa man has been arrested for assaulting his wife, and was found guilty, even though it was shown that he only stuffed her mouth full of putty when he wanted to go to sleep. Do we men have no rights at all?

Lines.

Yes, I must add another year,
To those that have passed o'er me:
And can I find one beam to cheer
The days that rise before me—
Ten years ago in fancy's glass,
I saw bright visions smiling;
Vain shadows were they all, alas!
My trusting heart beguiling.

I thought that love his fragrance shed
In pure and fond profusion;
Like summer dews upon my head,
And hailed the glad illusion.
But there has been a fearful change;
The bonds of love are broken.
Warm hearts have since grown cold and strange,
The vows forgot then spoken.

And I had hopes that shone as bright,
As shines the sun at morning;
I gazed with rapture on the sight,
My heart all perils scorning;
They're faded like the cankered flower
That perishes ere blooming;
They were bright clouds at sunrise hour,
A tempest dark fore-dooming.

I've tried with floods of sparkling wine
To calm the throes of sorrow;
And here I could a solace find,
If there were no to morrow.
Those "dead sea" joys that spring from crime;
The temptings of ambition,
Will in a sure and fated time
Bring hours of deep contrition.

Could I recall the bitter tears,
For other woes I've tasted;
Could I recall the many years
That foolishly I have wasted!
Farewell then all ye visions bright,
Ye fancied joys of feeling;
Adieu to love's delusive light,
Your requiem is pealing.

Love in All.

Name the leaves on all the trees;
Name the waves on all the seas,
All the flow'rs by rill that blow,
All the myriad tints that glow,
Winds that wonder through the grove—
And you name the name of Love;
Love there is in Summer sky
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gayly bounds
O'er the meads where, on the wing,
Bright bees hum and linnets sing;
Pat of raindrop, clat of stream,
Of their song, sweet love's the theme;
Love there is where zephyr ships,
As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the west, mild evening glows;
Angel fingers fold the rose;
Silvery dews begin to fall;
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy Nature veils her face;
Earth is lost in Heaven's embrace—
Love is in an hour like this,
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light;
Hear of Nature's pulse the beat,
Like the tread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent north
Shimmering arrows shooting forth;
Love is in a meteor's start,
As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things:
'Tis from love that beauty springs;
'Twas by love creation first
Into glorious being burst;
Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
I do worship thee in her,
Spirit sweet—all else above—
Love is God, since God is love.

[*Chamber's Journal.*

A Land of Wonders.

Nevada is a land of curious natural phenomena, says the Eureka (Nev.) Leader. Her rivers have no visible outlet to the ocean. She has no lakes of any magnitude. She has vast stretches of alkali deserts, however, that give every indication of having been the beds or bottoms of either seas or lakes. Down in Lincon county there is a spring of ice cold water that bubbles up over a rock and disappears on the other side, and no one has been able to find where the water goes. At another point in the same county is a large spring about twenty feet square, that is apparently, only some eighteen or twenty inches in depth, with a sandy bottom. The sand can be plainly seen, but on looking closer it is perceived that this sand is in a perpetual state of unrest. No bottom has ever been found to this spring. It is said that a teamster, on reaching this spring one day, deceived by its apparent shallowness, concluded to soak one of his wagon wheels to cure the looseness of its tire. He, therefore, took it off and rolled it into the, as he thought, shallow water. He never laid his eyes on that wagon wheel again. The mountains are full of caves and caverns, many of which have been explored to a great distance. Speaking of caves, a rodeo was held last spring over in Huntington Valley during its progress quite a number of cattle were missed, and for a time unavailing search was made for them. At last they were traced to the mouth of a natural tunnel or cave in the mountains. The herders entered the cave, and following it for a long distance, at last found the cattle It appears that they had probably entered the cave, which was very narrow, in search of water. It had finally narrowed so that they could proceed no farther. Neither could they turn around to get out. They had been missed for several days, and if they had not been found, must inevitably have perished in a short time. As it was, they were extricated from their predicament with difficulty by the herders squeezing past and getting in front of them and scaring them into a retrograde movement by flapping their hats into the faces of the stupid bovines.

A popular paper is like a toper's nose—it will be read.

When your opponent calls you a liar let him have the floor.

Who was Bluebeard.

A gentleman who saw the gray, forbidding castle of Bluebeard rising above the station of Champtoce, France, tells who the frightful hero of the nursery was:

Some reader may ask. "Who was this real, historical Bluebeard?"

I answer that in Brittany he was the Sieur Gilles de Retz, a great feudal lord, who possessed vast estates and great power in this neighborhood in the latter part of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, and was, besides, a marshal of France.

This castle was his stronghold, and he ruled it and the Loire country around with a hand of iron and a sword of fire.

Gifted in youth with physical strength and beauty, and an enormous fortune, he impaired both by all sorts of indulgences.

When too late, with a defiled and bloated body he found himself lashed by the scorpion whip that is always sure to follow sin.

Instead of growing penitent, he only became more bloody and relentless.

Seduced by a wicked and cunning alchemist to believe that by bathing in human blood he could claim back his vanished health, beauty and spirits he entrapped children and young persons of both sexes, murdered them in the dungeons of the castle with his own hand, and bathed in their warm blood.

It is believed that more than a hundred were thus murdered.

After years of impunity the matter became so notorious and spread so much fear through the country that the people rose in a mass against him, made him a prisoner and carried him to Nantes.

There he was tried by his suzerain lord, the Duke of Brittany, and condemned to be burnt alive at the stake, a judgment carried into execution in 1440 on what is now the Chaussee, de la Madeline, on the Gloriette Island, in front of where the great hospital now stands.

Chapped Hands.

American Agriculturalist: The raw winds of late autumn often produce in the hands of those who are much exposed to them that roughness and cracking of the skin known as chapping. If nothing is done to prevent, and the person is obliged to have his hands frequently wet and dried, the cracks will often get deep and be painful. Corn husking is frequently accompanied by sore hands from this cause. As both a precaution and cure for chapped hands we have used the following with benefit: Wash the hands and face also if it is inclined to chap, with borax water, and afterward rub with an ointment made by melting mutton tallow, or suet, and then gradually adding an equal quantity of glycerine, stirring the two together until cool. For the hands this mixture can be best applied at night using it freely, and warming it in by the fire, after which an old pair of gloves can be put on to keep the bed clothes from being soiled, and also make the skin of the hands softer. An excellent glycerine ointment for chapped hands is made by melting, with a gentle heat, two ounces of sweet oil of almonds half an ounce of spermacetti, and one drachm of white wax. When melted, remove from the stove, and add gradually one ounce of glycerine, and stir until the mixture is cold. The ointment can be scented with any perfume to suit the fancy. Keep in wide necked bottles.

Rules For Living.

Keep in the sunlight just as much as possible. A plant will not thrive without the sunbeam, much less a man.

Breathe as much fresh air as your business will permit. This makes fresh blood; but it will never be found within the four walls of your building. Beneath the open sky, just there, and only there, it comes to you.

Be strictly temperate. You cannot break organic law, or any other law, with impunity.

Keep the feet always warm and the head cool. Disease and death begin at the feet more commonly than we think.

Eat white bread when you can not get brown bread.

If out of order, see which of the above rules you have not observed, then rub yourself all over with a towel, saturated with salt water, and well dried, and begin upon the rules again.

Look ever on the bright side, which is the heaven side of life. This is far better than any medicine.

These seven simple rules, good for the valid or invalid, if rightfully observed, would save, I apprehend, a deal of pain, prolong your life, and so far as health goes make it worth having.

Will you then practice them?

Fashion Notes.

White plush is used for bridal costumes.

The newest table linen is embroidered in silk.

Fans are now painted and made of brocade to match the dress.

White pine-apple silk handkerchiefs, embroidered in gold, are worn around the neck.

Lacings are extremely fashionable. They are the outcome of the Jersey, which is passe abroad.

Great clusters of roses, red yellow or blush roses, are worn with theatre and reception toilets.

Satin de Lyon appears in aesellion and dahlia shades of purple and maroon tinged with crimson.

The rage for covering the dresses with flowers has subsided. Now only a corsage bouquet is worn.

The most fashionable bridal dresses are of white satin, trimmed with brocaded satin or velvet.

Little muffs made of plush, and holding a vinaigrette or smelling bottle, are among the late novelties.

Short jackets of the gayest plaid, with hoods lined with some quiet dark color, are among the novelties.

Hankerchief suits are worn by little girls, and are as appropriate, perhaps more suitable, than for their mammas.

Low shoes are fashionable for children's wear for evening. For outside wear, boots are made very high on the leg.

Caps are losing their good taste and elegance when we see them trimmed with flowers and ornamented with gilt oddities.

Plush collars and cuffs are used on the walking coats of little children, and some of the capes are almost as long as the coat itself.

Ingenious girls can make their own muffs and collars by sewing guinea feathers on silk and lining them with down and satin.

Collars for the dress will be wide and round, and shaped to extend down the front of the corsage. They are often trimmed with lace.

The old-fashioned thread lace veils that, fifteen years ago, were so popular, are now utilized by being worn as collarettes around the neck.

There are rumors in the air that the coiffure is to be high again. Possibly powder may return with the revival of the antique in costumes.

A diamond crescent, with a tiny owl carved out of a moonstone and solemnly gazing with a pair of ruby eyes, is the latest thing in scarf-pins.

Little bag muffs, made of the same material as the dress and trimmed in like manner, usually accompany all elegant walking and carriage dresses.

Painting on coarse brown paper of the darkest shade is a new idea. Screens, door panels, splashers and album covers are decorated in this manner.

A new fabric for bonnets combines the gold woven Egyptian patterns striped with plush an inch wide. It is twelve dollars a yard, and only sash width.

A new repped fabric for evening costumes is called "Victoria." Repped Sicilienne is also much used for draperies, with brocades for the lower skirts.

Children's hats, and those of young girls, may match the color of their dresses. Even if a scarlet costume is worn, a scarlet plush hat would be fashionable.

Riding hats are only two shapes—the round crowned felts, which have no trimming, and the high silk beavers which have nothing in the way of trimming but a veil.

Fans at weddings are carried by bridesmaids, ornamented with silver monogram, the initials of the bride and groom, and with each lady's Christian name painted on them.

Woolen dresses are ornamented with embroidery in crewels, or with floss in crewel stitch. Young ladies who are adepts in the art can make very pretty costumes, as the embroidery does not need to be very fine.

☞ Prof. C. H. Talbot, Superintendent of the State Deaf and Dumb Institute, has resigned, and will return to Kentucky.

A darkey who was stooping to wash his face in a creek didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat behind him; so when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, he answered. "Dunno 'xactly; but 'pears as if de shore kinder histed and frowd me."

The enormous apple crop in New England has been squeezed into so much cider that the price has dropped to 90 cents a barrel. It is said that drunkenness is in consequence far more common than usual. A justice of Westfield, Mass., whenever a cider drunkard is brought before him, lets the prisoner off on condition that he will go home immediately and knock the heads out of the cider barrels.