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THE RIVER OF TIME.

Broad, and deep and swift the current
Of time's rushing tide,
Boasting on through sun and shadow,
As the seasons glide,
Face of friend and foe and lover,
On its bosom wide.

O the days when light was brightest,
Dear, lost days of old
O the love that thrilled our pulses
With a joy untold
How their saddened memories only
In our hearts we hold.

Hearts that loved us, hopes that cheered us,
Voices dear and sweet,
Thoughts that perished like the flowers
With our transient breath,
Through our tears we see them drifting
With the river's beat.

O our Father, when the passion
Of this life is o'er,
When the river bears us onward
Yes the weary soul,
May we hear again the voices
We have loved of yore!

May we find the flowers that withered,
At an earthly shrine,
Blossoming again, O Father,
As they touch divine thoughts,
Where our lives meet full fruition
In that home of thine!

Where deep harmonies forever
O'er the spirit roll,
Where the mocking sparrow shall never
Yes the weary soul,
And the tired ones lose their burdens
At the heavenly goal.

A LEAK IN THE ROOF.

Mrs. Drayton had just put the ten-kettle over the fire for tea. That bright, cheery New Hampshire kitchen—not even the driving north-east rain, which poured in torrents' outside, would put a dampen on its merry aspect. Close to the window a bullfinch whistled meditatively in its cage of woven wicker boughs—a pomegranate-tree on the other side was all sprinkled with scarlet buds, and the very stripes of the rag carpet were suggestive of sunshine and bright thoughts. And Mrs. Drayton herself, one of those plump, motherly, good-natured souls who are born to make home happy was setting the table with white and blue-edged cups and saucers that had belonged to her grand mother before her. The bread was whiter than snow, the apple-sauce was pleasantly flavoured with cinnamon, and a freshly baked loaf of "cup cake" occupied the center of the feast.

She was reaching up for a little jar of home-made pickles, when a pair of stony arms reached her waist, and a handsome bearded face appeared on the level with her own.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Drayton, "how you frightened me! But I do think, Harry, you get more hurm-scaram every day."

"Do you want any more eggs, mother?" he asked, "there are plenty in the barn!"

"I've got enough for to-day," said Mrs. Drayton, pouring the tiny pickled cucumbers into the plate.

"The little takes cucumbers, you know," mischievously suggested the young man.

A frown darkened Mrs. Drayton's face.

"Harry," she said, "you've made a mistake."

"No, I'm not dear? But you'll find that I've not!"

"Rosalie Hartley is a selfish, heartless coquette!" cried Mrs. Drayton, excitedly.

"Mother, hush!" said the young man, tenderly putting his hand over her mouth. "She has promised to be my wife."

"Oh, Harry! Harry!"

"It is so, mother dear,—and you must learn to love her for my sake. You will soon find how completely you are mistaken in your estimate of her character, and she will be like a daughter."

Mrs. Drayton sat down, still with the pickle-fork in her hand, and began to cry.

Now there was nothing in the wide world that made Harry Drayton feel so uncomfortable as tears. A whole dictionary full of remonstrances would not have moved him like one of those crystal drops.

"Didn't you say there was a leaky spot over the kitchen chimney, mother?" said he. "If I go up and look at it now I can perhaps see where the trouble is."

Thus speaking, he hurried away. Mrs. Drayton looked after him with tearful eyes, as she shook her head doubtfully.

"There never was a better son," said she. "If he had only selected Celandine Hall!"

Now Mrs. Drayton I when she took the two pretty factory-girls to board just to earn money enough for a new parlor carpet, she had not dreamed that she was setting a trap to catch Harry's true and loyal heart. To be sure it had once or twice occurred to her mind that little Celandine Hall, with her soft voice and dove-like eyes and the "handy ways" that she had about the house, would make a very acceptable daughter-in-law, but Rosalie Hartley,—the brilliant, saucy brunette with her loud, ringing laugh, her cheap jewelry, her affect following of the latest devices of the fashion-plates, the absurd flirtations which she conducted with the foreman of the factory, the good-looking young miller down town the handsome carriage-maker who was building the big house under Ransom Rock, and her unsteady fashion of leaving Celandine to care for the house, which they occupied in common,—all these things were an abomination to her mother-soil.

"Why is it, she said to herself, in a sort of desperation, "that sons always select the women for wives that their mothers most dislike? I'm almost sure that Rosalie paints, although I never could detect her at it,—and there were only three buttons on her boots yesterday. A real womanly woman is as tidy with her shoes as with her gloves. And Mrs. Jessup told me yesterday that she was flirting disgracefully with Mr. Peckham, that Spaniard-faced foreman at the factory. What can Harry possibly be thinking of to trust his future to

THE CARE OF SUCH A FRIVOLOUS CREATURE AS THIS?

Even as these reflections passed incoherently through her mind, Rosalie's shallow laugh echoed in the hall—Miss Hartley had once been told that she had a musical laugh, and had ever after lost no opportunity of airing its sweetness!

"Is he not ready, Mrs. Drayton?" she asked, putting her pretty blonde head into the room. "I'm to go out this evening, and we are to be early?"

"It will be ready very soon," said Mrs. Drayton, so coldly that Rosalie, springing up stairs two steps at a time, audibly remarked to her companion that "something had put the old lady out!"

Celandine Hall followed more quietly into the large, airy room which was dedicated to the use of the two factory-girls.

"Goodness me!" cried Rosalie, with a start, "what is that strange rustling noise overhead? Is the house haunted?"

Celandine smiled. "I suppose it is nothing more serious than rats in the garret!" she said.

"Do you hang your waterproof cloak up, instead of throwing it on the floor! There, the noise has ceased now!"

Nor was it all strange. For Mr. Harry Drayton, who had contrived to twist and writh his six feet of humanity into the narrowest cranny of space close under the eaves, in search of the leaky spot in the roof, was even then considering whether he had better twist himself back again,—an undertaking not quite so easy as it might at first appear, or keep quiet until the girl should have gone down stairs.

"They'll laugh at me," he thought. "They are always laughing, bless their hearts. I think I'll preserve my incognito. It will be only a minute or two before they go down to tea."

Rosalie gave a tremendous yawn as she watched the yellow luxuriance of her hair, little realizing that her own hair was separated from her only by a trail thickness of lathe and plaster!

"How is that Greek knot, Celandine?" she asked. "I want particularly to have it look nice to-night. Rudolph likes my hair in the ancient classic style."

"Rosalie," said Celandine Hall, gravely, "does Harry know where you are going to night?"

"No, you goose," said Rosalie. "Why should he? I shall tell him I am going to a sacred concert with Polly Wright and her sisters."

"No, do you tell me to go with you," said he. "I shall find some pretext to put him off."

"Rosalie," cried Celandine, "is it right for you to go to a party under Rudolph Peckham's escort, when you are engaged to Harry Hartley?"

"No, do you suppose I am going into a nunnery, just because I happen to be engaged?" said Rosalie, pertly.

"Rosalie!" began Celandine, indignantly.

"Now don't go on lecturing me," said Rosalie, waxing impatient. "I have promised to marry Harry Drayton, not because I love him, but because I am tired and sick of the drudgery of this endless factory work. Harry Drayton is a country lout—not half so polished and charming as Mr. Peckham—but he's better than no husband at all. And Rudolph will be my lover still, like those dear Platonic creatures in the French novels, because, you know—"

At this moment, however, there was a sudden crash from overhead. The plaster of the ceiling came down in a lime shower of pieces, directly into Miss Hartley's rouge-pots, and balm-of-beauty; and Harry Drayton, who, in the agony of his mind, had writhed himself a little further than he had intended, descended most unexpectedly into their midst.

Rosalie screamed hysterically. Celandine looked as if she did not know whether to laugh or cry. Harry Drayton sat up and rubbed his elbow-joints.

"I'm sorry to startle you, ladies," said he, "but upon my word, I couldn't help it."

And then he explained to them the precise nature of the dilemma in which he had been placed.

"I couldn't go forward on account of the kitchen chimney," said he; "and when I tried to back myself gracefully into the ceiling, there may as well have come. And my collar is full of rain from the leak in the roof, and I think I've swallowed about a pint of lime-dust."

Rosalie turned first scarlet then white.

"You were up there over our heads," she said, "in the garret corner?"

"He nodded, calmly.

"You heard all we said?"

"I am sorry to say—yes," he answered.

"I regret to be considered a country lout," Miss Hartley, but as I don't approve of the Platonic system of love and lovers, I must beg to abdicate in favor of Mr. Peckham! And now, if you will allow me to retire, I'll send up little Tim, the cowboy; with a basket and a broom to remove some of this superfluous dust and lime from your floor."

Miss Hartley wept and bewailed herself stormily, but she went with Mr. Peckham to the party, nevertheless,—and Celandine stayed at home to sew buttons on the beauty's boots.

While Harry, as he unfolded the evening mail, remarked incidentally:

"Oh, by the way, mother,—that engagement of mine with Rosalie is broken off."

Mrs. Drayton's face lighted up.

"Really and truly, Harry?" cried she.

"Yes, really and truly, mother. I don't think we should have suited each other at all! But don't you want to hear how comically it happened?"

And he told her about the leak in the roof.

Miss Hartley changed her boarding place the next week,—Mr. Little Celandine remained. And Mrs. Drayton is already beginning to flatter herself that perhaps Celandine may be her daughter-in-law after all. Who knows how love might weave his warp and woof?

Peaks of the Catskills.

The Catskill or Katsberg mountains, were so named by the Dutch on account of the catamounts with which they were infested. The Indians called them the Ontarios or Mountains of the Sky, by reason of their cloud-like appearances. Their traditions held that among these peaks was kept the treasure of storms and sunshine for the Hudson valley, guarded by a powerful spirit, who kept day and night in motion, letting them out one at a time. This spirit made new moons and cut up red ones into stars. These mountains with their dark and wide spreading forests (abounding in those days with a great variety of wild game) were doubtless grand hunting grounds for the Indians. Settlers of the upper Shandaken valley in the neighborhood of Pine Hill often, while tilling the soil, found flint and arrow heads, etc., which assures us, aside from that, the scenery and interests of the region, to-day fully equate the quaintness of the old legion. The mountains are rugged and wild, many places of them never yet trodden by the foot of man, full of picturesque beauty. The forests are about in cold and sparkling springs, which wind their way through ravine and meadow toward the Hudson or Delaware, ferns and wild flowers grow on all sides, and the smell of the green moss and foliage, deepened by the dew and borne on the cool air, is delicious.

The wildest and most unsettled part of the Catskills are in Ulster county, and in the towns of Shandaken, Hardenburgh and Denning and surrounding the Slide Mountain, which is the highest of the Catskills. The highest peaks were always said to be in Greene county until the year 1870. Measurement has decided the matter differently, and it is now a well known fact that the old Slide is the highest peak in the Catskills (being 4,220 feet), and surrounding it the scenery is wild and romantic. Deer and bears are yet to be found in that part of the mountains. For the past fifty years the eastern face of the Catskills in the neighborhood of the old mountainhouse and nearest to the Hudson has been a resort for people seeking rest from city life. At that time the Southern or Shandaken Catskills were a genuine wilderness, and very little was known of them. Occasionally an artist or sportsman followed up the deep defile of the Esopus Creek, through the Shandaken Valley, and crossed over the Slide to the headwaters of the Delaware, and the Indians gave the name, the definition being "Swift Water," and it is quite probable that this valley derives its name from the swift flow of the Esopus. The scenery along its banks is enchanting and cannot be equalled in the Catskills.

Peaks of the Catskills.

and smooths the lower edges of the boards. The immense piece of timber was five minutes before a rough tree trunk has passed into the boards of commerce. Nor does the work end here; for the slabs are passed to a new machine, which grasps them with almost human intelligence, and the remainder part of them can be made so become laths. Other machines take the harder woods, ash, elm, or oak, and convert them with equal speed into staves, barrel heads or shingles; and finally the otherwise useless debris passes to the furnaces to feed the fires of the engine. There is seen little or no sawdust around the Saguinaw lumber mills for the reason that it is all used for the furnace flames; and, in general, the cycle of utilities by which one branch of the great industry is made to feel or supplement another seems as unadvised as the ingenuity can make it.

Sometimes, particularly in the more modern mills, the routine as described is varied by lifting the logs from the river in an empty chain; and a number of minor mechanisms at the devices by which the lumber is cut and distributed. One ingenious machine, working double emery wheels, sharpens the buzz saws on both sides of the teeth during a single revolution, and requires no attention beyond simply the fastening of the saw upon it, and the unfastening after the work is done. Another flattens out, by a clever mechanical expedient, the teeth of the saw, so as to cut a wider cut and prevent clogging as the cut becomes deeper; finally, a system of elevated railroads takes the lumber-laden trucks and distributes the boards at the points in the yard or on the wharf where they are to be shipped. Some additional conception of the size and importance of the industry may be derived from the fact that the Michigan Central Railroad Company takes away from one station here 100 carloads of lumber for each day of the working season, to say nothing of the large quantities shipped from the river by the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad line, and even large shipments by the lake barges.

Caterpillars.

The hairy caterpillars are now infesting the trees, and an eminent entomologist in New York was recently asked:

"Do not the birds eat these caterpillars?" asked the reporter.

"No. I know of no bird that will eat them. The sparrows did eat the measuring worms that were so plentiful here a few years ago, and that nuisance has now about disappeared. The present nuisance is that is known as a hairy caterpillar. They multiply very rapidly. I have counted 234 eggs in a space about 1-10 by 3 inches. Each one of these eggs was capable of becoming a caterpillar."

"Is there no other insect that preys upon these?"

"Yes; there is a sort of fly, the tachina, but there are not enough of them to satisfy the authorities to employ some one to kill them off. Boys could do it. It would require some one to climb the trees and collect the worms and eggs and burn them."

"What is the course of propagation?"

"First you see this bunch of eggs I have spoken of. They are laid by the females on the cocoons. In about fourteen days these eggs are hatched into caterpillars. The caterpillars live upon the soft part of the leaves of the trees. You may see plenty of trees now without a whole leaf. Then the trees in time die of leaf complaint, for the leaves are their lungs. Each caterpillar will eat say twelve or fourteen times its weight of leaves, until it gets to be about an inch and a tenth long. Each caterpillar discharges its skin about four times before it gets its growth. It then weaves its cocoon of silk, and the hair of its own body, and then undergoes its change to the chrysalis state and becomes a moth."

The species is well known to entomologists, continued Mr. Edwards. "It is indigenous to this country, and has been known ever since entomology was studied here. It was described by Abbott and Smith in 1892-4 among the lepidopterous insects of Georgia. You may imagine how rapid must be their growth when one insect lays 234 eggs. Fortunately one insect kills many, and other causes intervene to keep down the supply. I was glad to see that the voracious insects spared the tulip trees. "The destruction of our city trees is pitiful, and some decisive action is needed to prevent its further progress. They are very hungry these caterpillars, and will eat pear and apple leaves, and possibly that they may yet be numerous enough to get into that sort of business should be sufficient to stir up some official action to prevent it."

Doc Middleton's Doings.

Doc Middleton, whose exploits as a highwayman, brigand and desperado are a part of the early history of Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska, who has been serving a five years' sentence in the penitentiary for stealing cattle in the North Park, was discharged from that institution lately, and immediately boarded the east-bound train. He informed the prison-officials that he was going to a new country where the name of Middleton was unknown, and where he would have an opportunity of leading a new life among strangers. During his long imprisonment he behaved himself like a man, and conformed himself to the rules of the prison to the letter, not receiving one black mark.

A few days ago before his discharge, while at work in one of the shops of the prison, and intently reflecting on the few days more of prison life, he put his fingers to near his buzz saw, cutting it off. The physician attended to the finger, and the next day Middleton reported to the warden that he was ready for some light work. He was told that he might go into the hospital for repairs, if he chose; but he answered that his services belonged to the State and he was ready to put in the time faithfully.

During the early days of the Black Hills excitement Doc and his gang operated on the road between Cheyenne and Deadwood City, at times varying the business of robbing stage coaches by stealing cattle. Once he was captured by a crowd of cowboys and sentenced to be hanged. His arms and legs were bound, and he was mounted on a horse and driven under a limb of a large tree, from which a rope hung. A noose was made and tied under his neck and the horse driven away, leaving Middleton suspended in mid-air. Two of the members of his gang happened to be in the neighborhood, and after the cowboys had ridden away they cut Doc down, and after two hours' hard work resuscitated him. For several years after the occurrence he was haunted by innumerable stories of the territory, and the ghostly stories of the ghost attacked a stage coach, and one of the more courageous passengers shot at and wounded the ghost, which proved to be the veritable Middleton masquerading in the guise of a ghost and trying on his usual avocations.

During the early part of the year 1875 Middleton and a pal planned and executed a bold bank robbery at Deadwood City, which was for a long time laid at the door of the James gang, and the Pinkerton's detectives spent thousands of dollars hunting them, while Middleton with his swart rams, quietly in Deadwood laughing in his sleeve.

THE VERDICT

THE PEOPLE BUY THE BEST!

Mr. J. O. BOAG—Dear Sir: I bought the first Davis Sewing Machine sold by you over five years ago for my wife, who has given it a long and fair trial. I am well pleased with it. It never gives any trouble, and is as good as when first bought.

Winnaboro, S. C., April 1883.

Mr. BOAG: You wish to know what I have to say in regard to the Davis Sewing Machine bought of you three years ago. I feel I can't say too much in its favor. I think about \$50.00 within five months, at times I think I should have bought it for less. I have run it so far that it has never given me any trouble, and so well with any other machine. No time lost in adjusting attachments. The lightest running machine I have ever treated. My wife and my Williams' families are as much pleased with their Davis Sewing Machine bought of you, as I am. I don't think too much can be said for the Davis Machine.

Respectfully,
ELEAN STEVENSON,
Fairfield county, April, 1883.

Mr. BOAG: My sewing gives me perfect satisfaction. I find no fault with it. The stitching is so simple. I wish for no better than the Davis Vertical Feet.

Respectfully,
Mrs. H. MILLER,
Fairfield county, April, 1883.

Mr. BOAG: I bought a Davis Vertical Feet Sewing Machine from you four years ago. I think it is the best I ever had. It has never given me any trouble, and has never been the least out of order. It is as good as when I bought it. I can cheerfully recommend it.

Respectfully,
JESSE M. J. KIRKLAND,
Monticello, April 30, 1883.

This is to certify that I have been using a Davis Vertical Feet Sewing Machine for over two years, and purchased of Mr. J. O. BOAG. I have found it to be the best of any I have used. It is simple, and it never refuses to work, and is certainly the lightest running in the market. I consider it a first-class machine.

Very respectfully,
WILLIAM WILSON,
Oakland, Fairfield county, S. C.

Mr. BOAG: I am well pleased in every particular with the Davis Machine bought of you two years ago. I think it is the best of any I have used. It is simple, and it never refuses to work, and is certainly the lightest running in the market. I consider it a first-class machine.

Very respectfully,
Mrs. M. M. MORLEY,
Fairfield county, April, 1883.

This is to certify we have had in constant use the Davis Machine bought of you about three years ago. We have taken it to pieces, and have made the price of it several times over. It is always ready to do any kind of work we have to do. No matter how many stitches. We can only say we are well pleased and wish no better machine.

CATHERINE WYLER AND SISTER,
April 25, 1883.

I have no fault to find with my machine, and do not regret a cent. I have made the price of it several times by taking it to pieces. It is always ready to do its work. I think it is a first-class machine. I feel I can't say too much for the Davis Vertical Feet Machine.

Respectfully,
Mrs. THOMAS SMITH,
Fairfield county, April, 1883.

Mr. J. O. BOAG—Dear Sir: It gives me much pleasure to testify to the merits of the Davis Vertical Feet Sewing Machine. The machine I got of you about five years ago, has been almost as constant in its work as when I bought it. It cannot see that it is worn any, and has not cost me one cent for repairs since we have had it. Am well pleased and don't wish for any better.

Yours truly,
GRANT QUINCY, near Winnaboro, S. C.

We have used the Davis Vertical Feet Sewing Machine for the last five years. We would not have any other kind of sewing machine. It has given us every respect and satisfaction.

Very respectfully,
Mrs. W. R. CHAFFORD AND DAUGHTERS,
Fairfield county, S. C., Jan. 27, 1883.

I having bought a Davis Vertical Feet Sewing Machine from Mr. J. O. BOAG, I feel I can't say too much in its favor. I think about \$50.00 within five months, at times I think I should have bought it for less. I have run it so far that it has never given me any trouble, and so well with any other machine. No time lost in adjusting attachments. The lightest running machine I have ever treated. My wife and my Williams' families are as much pleased with their Davis Sewing Machine bought of you, as I am. I don't think too much can be said for the Davis Machine.

Respectfully,
Mrs. THOMAS OWING,
Winnaboro, Fairfield county, S. C.

We have had one of the Davis Machines about four years and have always found it ready to do all kinds of work we have had occasion to do. Can't say too much in its favor, and it works as well as when new.

Respectfully,
Mrs. W. J. CHAFFORD,
Jackson's Creek, Fairfield county, S. C.

My wife is highly pleased with the Davis Machine bought of you. She would not take double what she paid for it. The machine has not been out of order since she had it, and she can do any kind of work on it.

Very respectfully,
JAS. F. FERR,
Monticello, Fairfield county, S. C.

The Davis Sewing Machine is simply a treat. It has been used for four years, and it has never given me any trouble, and it works as well as when new.

Respectfully,
Mrs. J. A. GOODYER,
Ridgeway, S. C., Jan. 10, 1883.

J. O. BOAG, Esq., Agent—Dear Sir: My wife has been using a Davis Sewing Machine constantly for the past four years, and it has never needed any repairs, and it works just as well as when first bought. It is the best of any I have used. It is simple, and it never refuses to work, and is certainly the lightest running in the market. I consider it a first-class machine.

Very respectfully,
JAS. Q. DAVIS,
Winnaboro, S. C., Jan. 3, 1883.

Mr. BOAG: I have always found my Davis Machine ready to do all kinds of work I have had occasion to do. I cannot say that it is worn any, and it works as well as when new.

Respectfully,
Mrs. H. C. GOODENO,
Winnaboro, S. C., April, 1883.

Mr. BOAG: My wife has been constantly using the Davis Machine bought of you about five years ago. I have never regretted buying it, as it is always ready for any kind of family sewing, either heavy or light. It is never out of fix or needing repairs.

Very respectfully,
A. W. LADD,
Fairfield, S. C., March, 1883.

Inland Whaling.

On the lake front, Chicago, stands a blue-walred flat car, on which is a huge skeleton of a whale, the ribs of interest to all, for it is the skeleton of a whale. It was known from Maine to California, and there was some talk at one time of sending his lordship to Europe. Every one knew "the whale," and it has been gazed upon by millions of people who have seen it. It belonged to Mr. Fred Englehart, and he had named what he called "the Inland Whaling Company." This meant his employees, sideshowmen, ticket sellers, etc. They had another car built, somewhat like a freight house, and with benches, tables, stools and cooking-pots, and in very comfortable shape. The car was painted blue, and both had "Inland Whaling Company" on the sides. These two and a baggage and tent car completed the train. The whale was stretched out in flabby shape upon this flat car, and the ropes and chains kept the huge mass of flesh from rolling off. The attendants had a mixture containing carbolic acid and other disinfectants to pour over his shiny brown hide, and this operation was continually being done while on exhibition. The whale was there, always moist, and the frame work, which was of stout hickory, bent into whale shape. These are the bones. The shavings were the flesh. Some quicklime has eaten up considerable hide or skin, but the tail, all the tail was genuine, though the rest was a delusion and snare.

Health Food.

Bill Nye says I, I almost ate myself into an early grave in April by flying into the face of Providence and demoralizing old Great-grandfather's diet. I ate oat meal weeks, and at the end of that time my friends were telegraphed for, but before it was too late, I threw off the shackles that bound me. With a desperation born of a terrible apprehension, I rose and shook off the habit that had begun to eat me out of house and home. I began to eat beefsteak. At first life hung round in the balance and there was no change in the quotations of beef, but later on there was a slight, delicate bloom on the face and cheek and range cattle that had barely escaped a long, severe winter had begun to begin to approach a new danger and to seek the mountain canyons of the inaccessible mountains.

Southwest Savages.

Of the 40,000 Indians located on reservations in the Southwest, the Navajoes, numbering 15,000, have become largely civilized. They are growing and raising cattle and sheep and are producing wool. This tribe is nearly self-supporting, and in a few years will be no burden to the Government. While still holding the tribal relation, their system of internal government is exact and just, and for the good of the tribe they have begun to produce their own articles of clothing. The young bucks ally themselves with the predatory Indians and go on the warpath. Essentially the Navajoes are good Indians, however strange this anomaly may seem. The Zims, a small band of ancient stock, closely allied to the Aztecs in many of their peculiarities, are found on a reservation in the middle western portion of New Mexico. They have many interesting characteristics as a tribe, but some of their customs are even more barbarous than those of the Navajoes.

There are 21 cities along the line of the Mexican Central having an aggregate population of 890,000.

When we made the landing at the town of Waterproof, La., the overflow had reached the second-story windows of all the houses. On the roof of an abandoned house I saw a man, who was the most complacent manner, and as the boat swung in a lady passenger, who had exhibited the greatest curiosity about everything all the way down from Vicksburg, caught the name of the town and hurried forward to the captain and said:

"What time do you say this town is called Waterproof?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But the water is all over it, you see. The name is inconsistent with facts."

"Oh, they didn't have reference to the town itself in calling it Waterproof," chuckled the old man. "What they meant was that the water would never reach that nigger on the roof over there."

"Oh, that's it, eh? Well, that makes it plain, and I don't believe it will either!" she said as she returned to her chair.

Milk and lime water is said to prove beneficial in dyspepsia and weakness of the stomach. The way to make the lime water is simply to procure a few lumps of unslacked lime, put the lime in a fruit-can, add water until it is thickened, and the consistency of thin cream; the lime settles, and leaves the pure and clear lime-water at the top. A goblet of cow's milk may have six or eight teaspoonfuls of lime-water added with good effect. Great care should be taken not to get the lime water too strong; pour off without disturbing the precipitated lime. Sickness of the stomach is promptly relieved by tencupful of warm water with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. If it brings the offending matter up, all the better.