

# BUSINESS INDEX.

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## Poetry.

### THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

The Yellow Man with almond eyes  
Is in disgrace just now;  
What has he done to be the cause  
Of such an awful row?  
Why do they meet so solemnly  
His banishment to plan?  
Simply because he's proved himself  
To be the Coming Man.

They call him a mere brute compared  
With their Caucasian race;  
Then if they can't compete with him  
The deeper their disgrace;  
They feel his cunning hand and brain  
That's why they wish to ban  
Forever from their envious shores  
The Yellow Coming Man.

They want to turn him out because  
He works for little pay,  
Saying, a white man cannot live  
On fifty cents a day;  
We answer, and it has been true  
Since first the world began,  
That he who has the fewest wants—  
He is the Coming Man.

If white men, claiming finer blood,  
Or better food have need,  
Superior art in them should show  
They're worthy of their food.  
Yet in the finest works of skill,  
Deny the truth who can,  
The white man is a clumsy beast  
Beside the Coming Man.

### A CAPITAL SERMON.

Among the good things  
which are going the rounds may  
be mentioned the following "Colored Discourse" recently delivered by a venerable preacher out West:

"My tex, brudder en and sistern, will be foun in de fus chapter of Ginesis, and de twenty-seben verse. So de Lor make man jus' like hessof. Now, my bruddern, you see dat in de beginnin' ob de world' de Lor' mak Adam. I tole you how he 'make him. He mak him out ob clay, an' he sit him on a board, an' he lok at him, an' he say fuf rate, an' when he get dry he brethe in im de breiff ob life. He put 'im in de garden ob Eden, an he set 'im in one corner ob de lor, an he tole 'im to eat all de apples, ceptin dem in de middle ob de orchard, dem he wanted for de winter apples. By-em-by Adam he get lonesome, de Lor mak Ebe. I tole how he mak her. He gib Adam loddom till he get sound sleep, den he gouge a rib out ob hes side an mak Ebe an he set Ebe in de corner ob de garden, an he tole her to eat all de apples, ceptin dem in de middle ob de orchard, dem he wanted for hes winter apples. Wun day de Lor go out a bissitin, de debbil come along, he dress his-

self in de skin ob de snake, an he find Ebe, an he tole her "Ebe why for you no eat de apple in de middle ob de orchard?" Ebe say Dem de Lor's winter apples But de debbil say, "I tole you for to eat dem, case deys de best apples in de orchard." So Ebe eat de apple an gib Adam a bite an de debbil go away.

By-em-by de Lor came home an he miss de winter apples, an he call "Adam," "You Adam!" Adam he lay low, so de Lor call again "You Adam!" Adam say "Here! Lor." An de Lor say "Who stole the winter apples?" Adam tole im he don't kno, "Ebe' spect." So de Lor call, "Ebe!" Ebe she lay low, de Lor call again "You Ebe!" Ebe say, "Hea, Lor." De Lor say "Who stole de winter apples?" Ebe tole 'im she don't kno, "Adam. she spect!" So de Lor catch buff, an trow dem ober de fence, an tole 'em "Go work for your leben!"

### A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a mission school teacher to two little new scholars.

"O," replied Tommy, looking up eagerly into her face, "we hasn't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" asked the lady.

"Father dose. We've got a beautiful father—you ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

He "takes all the care" before he goes off in the morning, and after he comes back at night. He's a house-painter, but there isn't any work this winter; so he's doin' laborin' till Spring comes. He says he wont let us eat city soup and wear other folk's old clothes, when he is well and strong. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories, and plays on the fife, and whittles out beautiful things for us with his jack knife. You ought to see our home and our father—they are both so beautiful!

Before long the lady did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attis, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was at the time preparing

the eveing meal for his motherless boys, was at first glance only a rough, begrimed laborer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes, the room became a palace, and the man a magician. His children had no idea they were poor; nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them.

This skilled mechanic, thought it an honor to work for the city rather than eat bread of dependence, and whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a man in sacerdotal robes in a costly temple. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulder under burdens rather than to become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, a beautiful father, in the highest sense of the words.

### NO MOTHER.

The other day, when a stern and dignified judge ordered a prisoner to stand up and offer objections, if he had any, to being sentenced to prison for a long term of years, the prisoner rose and said:

"I never had a mother to shed tears over me."

His words entered every heart in the court room. He was a rough, bad man; in the middle age of life, and he had been convicted of burglary, but every heart softened toward him as his lips uttered the words. He felt what he said, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued:

"If I had had a mother's love and a mother's tears, some one to plead with me and pray with me, I should not now be what I am."

A mother's love is never known or appreciated in early life. In after years, the prayers learned at a mother's knee, the counsels impressed upon the young heart by a mother's love, the tears shed over the waywardness of the boy, are called up by memory; and happy is it for the son of a Christian mother if it is not

too late, as in the case quoted, when they are remembered.—Boys, remember your mother, and thank God for her Christian teaching.

### How to Rise in the World.

In 1855 a young gentleman registered his name in the largest hotel in the city of Louisville. He had a perty good wardrobe such as young men usually have, including a gold watch and chain. He was in search of occupation. At the expiration of two weeks he took an inventory of his personal effects. "Out of money and no buisness." He had a brief interview with the proprietor of the hotel. His trunk of clothing was left as security for his board bill; he hypothesized his watch for the loan of ten dollars, and having kissed the tip end of his choral fingers to a kind and sympathetic landlord, he went diving for the bottom." He found "bottm" on Water street, where a steamer was being discharged of cotton by Dutchman, negroes, and Yankees. Having purchased a heavy pair of boots, a blue shirt and overalls, he commenced rolling and piling cotton at the rate of five cents per bale. In three weeks he was promoted to the position of marker, with a salary of forty-five dollars per month, and at the end of nine months he had a right to grow mellow over a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month. To-day this gentleman is one of the largest business operators in Bay street. No moral need be given. The story speaks its own.

**MOTHS IN WINTER.**—Moths will work in carpets, in rooms that are kept warm, in Winter as well as in Summer. A sure method of removing the pests is to pour strong alum-water on the floor to the distance of half a yard around the edge before laying the carpets. Then once or twice during the season, sprinkle dry salt over the carpet before sweeping. Insects do not like salt, and sufficient adheres to the carpet to prevent them alighting upon it.

A young lady being charged by a gentleman with having trifled with his feelings exclaimed: "Well, I plead guilty."