

### A Chinese Negro.

A reporter of the *News*, who chanced to be at the Union Depot yesterday when the train from Cheyenne arrived, had opportunity for observing a specimen of humanity, very rare, which was nothing less than a Chinese negro—black and woolly-haired, but dressed in the garb of the Chinese lower classes, wearing the shirt-like coat, baggy trousers and box-shoes of the inhabitants of the Celestial kingdom. The man, for such in sex the person was, at once attracted considerable attention from those standing about the depot. He was with a party of half a dozen new arrivals from the Orient, and was jabbering away with the others in what seemed to be pure Chinese chatter. He was found to be entirely unable to talk English, but said in Spanish that he understood something of that language. The majority of the bystanders considered this portion of his talk as merely a continuation of his Chinese talk, but one man in the crowd heard the remark and understood it! As his knowledge of the Spanish was but little better than that of the Africo-Mongolian, but little could be made of the narrative.

Enough was, however, understood to know that the man was about forty years of age, and that he had been born in Spain. When ten years of age he went to sea as the servant of an officer on a privateer. In those days the Chinese waters were not pleasant quarters for outside craft, and pirates even took great risk in invading the Chinese seas. This particular vessel ventured into the bay, and boldly entered the Strait of Formosa. The result was that she got into unknown waters, and a storm coming up, she was wrecked. The people living along the shores promptly took possession of all valuables, and of the sailors themselves, who were not liberated for some eighteen months. The officer of the vessel continued to make a servant of his colored boy after his captivity. The Chinese observed that he was a slave and a very intelligent one, and consequently when the sailors were liberated they refused to permit the colored boy to go. Hence, he continued in China, the slave of one of the leading men of the town where he landed. There he remained for some twenty-seven years, serving his master, as he could not get away. He gradually became habituated to Chinese life, learned the Chinese language, and, per force, adopted Chinese customs and costumes, and was not anxious to make a change.

A year ago he came to San Francisco with his master. He had been in America but three months when he made the discovery that there were no slaves here, and he determined no longer to serve another. For the past nine months he has been a free man, but has continued to live with the Chinese, because he understands and is used to their mode of life. He came to Colorado with a party of them and goes with them to work in the mines near Como. The fellow appears to be a man of natural intelligence. He is as black as coal and thoroughly African in appearance. His Spanish name is Montoya and his Chinese cognomen Ong Fung Yu.—*Denver News*.

### Variableness of California Winters.

Last winter the southern half of the State had a good drenching early in the season. In fact, for many weeks more rain was reported south of the Bay of Monterey than north of it. This year the order is reversed. There has not been rain enough in that part of the State to admit of plowing, except, perhaps, on some of the lightest soils. If the old rule of estimating that about half of the rainfall occurs before the 1st of January is good for this year, then Southern California farmers will experience a dry winter—with the chances, of course, that the rains in the latter part of the winter season may be so abundant that there will be no failure of crops. Last winter was an exceptional one for Southern California. The amount of rainfall along the coast counties north of Monterey Bay this winter is, approximately, from eight to ten inches, enough, of course, in all this part of the State, with what is to come, to insure average crops. It is remarkable that the rains of the present winter have come along with very little wind. The usual indications of a hard storm have been lacking. Frequently there would be starlight till midnight; in the morning a gentle rain-storm would prevail. These rains have been sufficient for all farming operations in the coast counties mentioned and in all the northern half of the State. California winters are so variable that it is never safe to predict anything with certainty. The character of the winter thus far indicates a mild season, with only a moderate rainfall in the northern half of the State, and something less than will be wanted in the southern half of the State. The warm rains have brought the new grass along, so that the hills are green at Christmas, and in many of the warm valleys there is now enough new grass to sustain cattle in fair condition. Now and then a frosty night intervenes, but the vernal season this year is well advanced at Christmas.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

### Child Aerobats.

One of the most striking traits of our age is its humanity. In every direction attention is being paid, and relief given, to the hardships of the poor and the unfortunate. The severe treatment which used to be visited upon the insane has been relaxed. The prisons have been robbed of their more harsh and odious features. Societies, not only for the prevention of cruelty to animals and to children, but established to carry alleviation and comfort to every form of

physical suffering and helplessness, have sprung up, and are constantly increasing.

A recent law in England deals with the employment of very young children in public performances. Not long ago attention was called to this form of cruelty, in this country, by legal proceedings in New York in reference to a child-actress. It is a subject well worthy of the study of philanthropists and lawmakers.

For a very long time children, even little infants, have formed a part of circuses and other public exhibitions. These puny creatures have been trained to very daring and dangerous feats. They have been taught to walk and dance on the tight-rope, at dizzy heights, over the heads of audiences; to be suspended in mid-air; to ride reckless horses; and in many other ways to endanger life and limb. They have often acquired great skill in these perilous tasks; but, in very many, and perhaps in most cases, they have been compelled to undertake them by avaricious or needy parents, or heartless masters.

Some of the most touching passages in Dickens' tales describe the dangers and miseries of these little acrobats and rope-dancers; and unfold many a pitiful story of human greed and cruelty. In his "Man Who Laughs," Victor Hugo has powerfully depicted a gentle and tender-hearted child, who was disfigured, so that he wore a perpetual grin, for the amusement of the audiences before whom he appeared.

The occurrence of several terrible accidents to children who were thus forced to put their limbs and lives in peril for the recreation of the people, caused the English statesmen to pass the law which has been alluded to. By this law no child under fourteen years of age is permitted to take part in a circus or theatrical performance. It adds that no child shall perform any such task as, in the opinion of a court of justice, is likely to endanger life and limb. The penalty for compelling a child to break this law is a heavy fine. If a child is injured, then the parent or the master is subjected to punishment for an assault.

In many, perhaps most, of our own States, similar laws forbid the dangerous employment of children in such public performances. But it is to be noted, that these laws only have a care for the physical safety of the infants who appear in public. They do not deal with the moral injury it is to these young creatures to be thrust upon the public stage. Scarcely any fate, indeed, more melancholy can be imagined than that of the child who, almost as soon as it begins to walk, is thus put forward as a performer. In a vast majority of cases it must necessarily result in the total ruin of the child's moral nature. The influences which surround him are for the most part bad and demoralizing. We can scarcely imagine a child growing up under these influences into a good and useful man or woman.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Uncle Pete as a Financier.

Uncle Pete has been confined to the house for a couple of weeks with a severe attack of rheumatism, but yesterday's sunshine revived him sufficiently to allow him to get out doors for a walk. He got as far as Third street, and then feeling tired stopped in a grocery to rest. Presently his eye lighted upon a newly-opened package of fragrant black plug, and as the odor reached and aroused him he called to the proprietor and said:

"How much does you want for dat box o' tobacco?"

"Guess you don't want the whole box, do you?" replied the man behind the counter. "It's worth forty cents a plug."

"Dat's bout three plugs for a dollah."

"No; not quite. About two and a half."

"Well, I doesn't care. You kin weigh me out about a dollah's wort."

The tobacco was handed out, and pocketing it, with the exception of an enormous chew, the old man rose, and stretching himself, turned to go.

"Hold on here, old coal tar," thundered the groceryman, "you haven't settled up for that little luxury."

"Wha—wha—what you mean, white man?" stammered Uncle Pete. "Who's agoin' to settle fur it?"

"You are, you bet."

"No—no—no you don't, honey. You's axin' dis chile fur money in de wrong time of de moon. You jes' go back inter dat ar barricade o' your's, and 'tablish yourself on de head ob a sugar barrel, but don't you try to make no runs on dis bank. De cashier am out."

"You won't pay, won't you?" and the groceryman made a rush for him.

"Now, look heah, white man," argued Uncle Pete. "You knows jus' as well as I do dat I ain't got no business to pay you. Didn't I come into you' store? An' didn't I ax you how much was tobacco by de box? An' didn't I say you kin weigh me out a dollah's wort? An' didn't you do it? An' did either you'r me say anything about money? Now I take it dat any man dat am chucklehead enough to leave a niggah alone wif a plug of tobacco, an' nuffin said 'bout terms of compromise, should suffah de consequences. Good evenin'!"—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

"—A New York stone-cutter received the following epitaph from a German, to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife. "Mine wife Susan is dead. If she had lived till next Friday, she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree fall so must it stand."

"—Thou has all seasons for thy own, O poverty."—*N. Y. News*

### A Friendly Game.

"Say, mister!" said a tall, sunburned man with a wide brimmed hat, as he edged his way into the managing editor's room yesterday afternoon. "Say, mister, do you know anything about keards?"

"Why, yes," responded the editor. "I know how to play 'everlasting' and 'old maid' and things of that kind; why?"

"That's just what I want to ask you about. Now, in playing 'old maid,' suppose the man who holds the ace antes, and passes on the draw, whose bet is it?"

"That isn't the way I play it," said the editor. "In my game the player who has a queen after the other cards are played is the 'old maid.'"

"Perhaps it is 'everlasting' that I'm thinking of," mused the stranger. "Suppose in 'everlasting' you should catch an old maid on the draw and when the rest of the keards was played you found you hadn't filled. What then?"

"I don't see how that question could arise in that game," said the editor. "Maybe you are talking of the game called 'poker.'"

"Poker?" what's that?" asked the stranger, looking up in innocent surprise.

"That's where they have ages and fulis and that sort of thing."

"Do you know how to play it, stranger?" asked the tall man, drawing out a pack of cards. "Will you show me how?"

The editor ran over the cards and dealt two hands rapidly.

"Now," he explained, "two pairs beat one pair, three of a kind beat two pairs, a flush beats three, and fours of a kind beat a flush. What have you got?"

The stranger laid down a mixed hand as the editor explained that it was worthless, as his own hand held a pair.

"Lemme deal 'em once," said the stranger, running them off clumsily. "Five each?"

"Yes," replied the editor, seeing that he had gotten hold of a sharper and making up his mind to teach him a lesson. "Five each."

"Now, what do we do?" asked the sharper.

"If we are betting, I'd ante a dollar and you'd cover it with two. Then if I wanted to come in I'd plank another dollar, and then—"

"Hold on! hold on! don't go so fast. You put up two dollars at different times and I put two all at once. That it?"

"Yes, and then we draw."

"Let's try it once, for fun, if you don't mind," said the sharper, with unnatural eagerness.

"All right," smiled the editor, and he threw two dollars on the table, which were promptly covered.

"Now, you say we draw. How many do I take?"

"You may take what you like, I don't want any," replied the editor. "I stand pat?"

"Then I'll take one keard. Do we bet now?"

"Yes."

The stranger bet cautiously, and the editor raised him, and was seen until there was fifteen dollars wagered, though there was no money up beyond the ante.

"I reckon I won't bet any more," said the stranger, timidly—"who beats?" and he laid down four aces.

"I beat you," said the managing editor, and he laid down a straight flush. "You owe me fifteen dollars."

The stranger looked at the cards some time, and then dashed his fist on the table.

"Ye played fair, did ye?"

"I did," replied the editor.

Slowly the stranger pulled out a greasy wallet and laid down a twenty-dollar bill.

The editor gave him the change, and the man went out, still running over the cards and wondering how it happened.

"I thought he was a sharp and he was only a flat," said the editor, explaining the circumstance to the cashier, as he handed in the twenty dollars for change.

"Like to oblige you, old boy," smiled the cashier, "but that twenty dollars is a counterfeit!"

Parties having business with the managing editor for a week or two will please come armed.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

### Alleged Sure Cure for Small-pox.

A Tipton (Kan.) physician sends the following to the *Leavenworth Times*: Some apprehension is felt here on account of small-pox. For the benefit of the *Times*' readers I will give a remedy used with success by my father, as a physician, for twenty-five years. If given in time it will prevent as well as cure the disease. There will be no pock-marks left on persons that use this remedy. People living in an infected district would act wise to keep the remedy prepared and use it before they contract the disease. The name of the plant used is swamp-flag, the root being the medicinal part used. The only essential difference in appearance from the other kinds of flag is that the leaves are about one-third wider and the root or bulb is round instead of long, being about the size of a medium hickory nut. He has also cured with this remedy a great many cases of scrofula in advanced stages of the disease.

Preparation—Cut the bulb or root in very thin slices; place in moderately warm oven until hard and dry; pulverize fine, and use one of the powders to a pint of warm water; dose: Teaspoonful every three hours until relieved, one pint usually being sufficient to effect a cure.

### USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Beef drippings are better than lard for frying potatoes, mush, etc.

—Oriental lace is the new darned lace that has long stitches like South Kensington work.

—Tit for tat will not answer for a kicking cow. "Be gentle with the erring."

—For turkey breeding, select the very best and largest, and feed well, particularly in March and April.

—Remember," says Mr. McAdam, who invented the road-bed that goes by his name, "remember that if you keep stones out and water off, you have a road."

—Markings or spots of indelible ink can generally be removed by washing the place first with a solution of salt and afterward with ammonia water.

—A lady writes that she never turns her window plants, and, as a consequence, gets a great many more blossoms than when she kept turning them, trying to keep them in pretty form.

—The hardy catalpa is a rapid grower, and the timber is very durable, there being, says Dr. Warder, many instances of fence-posts of this wood lasting seventy-five years. In twenty years, in a good soil, it will make three railroad ties per tree.

—In selling an ox weighing 2,000 pounds, only as much nitrogen is sent from the farm as would be lost by selling about one and a half tons of English hay. Of phosphoric acid, such an animal would represent an amount found in five tons of hay, while one-eighth of a ton of hay would supply all the potash the ox has in his body.

—Prof. Riley says that bees naturally do not injure grapes, but only when driven to it by a scarcity of their natural food, during drouth, or when flowers are dried up and withered. They will then attack sweet fruits, and sometimes rupture perfect skins. When they have a supply of other food they will leave grapes untouched a long time directly in front of the hives.

—Baked fish is apt to be dry, and can be improved by basting it with a little good fat or olive-oil, or by laying a slice of salt pork over it, or strips of fat in slashes cut in its upper surface. Bluefish, bass, shad, carp, red snappers, and other fish from three to six pounds in weight, are good for baking; brown gravy or sauce should be served with baked fish, and a highly seasoned bread stuffing increases their palatability.

—When a horse is brought into the stable, says the *Live Stock Journal*, let him stand a short time, particularly if sweating, then give him three or four quarts of water, not over cold; then some uncut hay; after this a feed of grain or meal; and half an hour or so after that is eaten, all the water he pleases to drink. "Some horses will eat cut hay with impunity, others cannot, or at least not till after they have first eaten some uncut."

—The Massachusetts *Ploughman* reasons that if the potato was the true seed there would be but little doubt that planting the best specimens would result in the improvement of the quality of the product. But as they are not the true seed, are not a new life secured through the principle of reproduction, but simply a continuation of the old life secured by a continuation of vegetable growth, there is but little more certainty of getting large potatoes, by planting large ones for seed, than there would be of getting large apples by setting large cions.

—A good many farmers and country residents pay one of their heaviest taxes to the weather. They pay this tax by leaving wagons, plows, harrows, rakes, trowels, spades, and other implements exposed to dews and rains and sun, by which they become weak and useless twice as quick as they would with good usage and protection. That is, fifty per cent. of their actual value is lost. It cannot be otherwise, unless care is exercised, for dew is very destructive to all wood, and sun-cracks admit rain and moisture to the interior fibers to work injury there. If you do not believe this, try keeping your tools and implements under cover and protected from the weather, and see if they do not last enough longer to pay for the trouble. A few boards or a straw cover is better than nothing.

### Rat-Catching Extraordinary.

Picking up rats with the naked hands was the attraction last night at the "Champion's Rest," the programme being that Frank Carroll, who has had considerable experience in the business, and Mark Smith, a well-known sporting man of West Philadelphia, were to pick up 100 rats each, the one accomplishing it in the shorter time to become the possessor of stakes amounting to fifty dollars and the entire gate money. Carroll was the first to enter the pit, and getting the rats into a heap, plunged his bare arms into them ready for the call of time. In the first left he placed nearly two-score into the barrel, which was placed in the center of the pit, and as quick as a flash Carroll made another dive and was as successful as in the first attempt. The trouble now commenced, as the rats became separated. Regardless of position, Carroll grabbed them, and, after the expiration of thirty-four seconds, the last one had been picked from the pit. Smith made a good attempt to defeat his opponent, but the rats broke after the first lift, and thirty-nine and three-quarter seconds were required before the last rat was placed in the barrel. Previous attempts had been made to pick up the same number of rats, but the complement has always fallen short. This is said to have been the only legitimate match of the kind ever held in America.—*Philadelphia Cor. Chicago Tribune*.

### Time Testers and Burden Bearers.

From time immemorial the horse has been man's best friend. But a few years back we can all remember the comparatively little attention paid to this most indispensable of animals. We say comparatively little attention, for the horse was as well groomed, and certainly as well fed, as now; and at those great gatherings—agricultural shows—you would see the pride of the county and State stables and farms assembled. But there was a conspicuous want of noble draught horses, and as for speeders—well, 2,400 was the great ultimate limit that owners in those days desired to strive for. But now a 2-40 animal is esteemed a fair roadster, and fine animals only deserve the name when they can shade the first quarter of the third minute. There have been immense strides forward in the right development of horseflesh in the civilized countries of the world, as shown by the time-records of the racers and



draught capacity of the humber, but really more useful, work-horse. Many things have conspired to effect this desirable end, chief among which have been the intelligent care and consideration bestowed upon the animal in his every relation—in a word, upon the breeding. And this has not failed to include a very serious modification of the old methods of treatment, doing away, in many cases, with the inhuman and really savage plans pursued in the eradication of even simple disorders and ailments, and substituting rational measures of relief instead. A prominent factor in this reform, and one endorsed by owners, breeders, farmers and stockmen the country over, is St. JACOBS OIL, recognized by all who have used it as an exceptionally good remedy for the ailments of the horse and stock generally, meeting more indications for its use and effecting far better results than any article of a curative or remedial nature ever introduced. Such breeders and horsemen as Aristides Welch, Esq., of Erlendheim, near Philadelphia; Mike Groat, Esq., Belmont Park, Pa.; Calvin M. Priest, formerly in charge of Mr. Robert Bonner's stock, New York; and thousands of others throughout the country, who could be named, are on the list of unflinching endorsers of the efficiency of St. JACOBS OIL.

### A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY! STRICTLY PURE, HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE.



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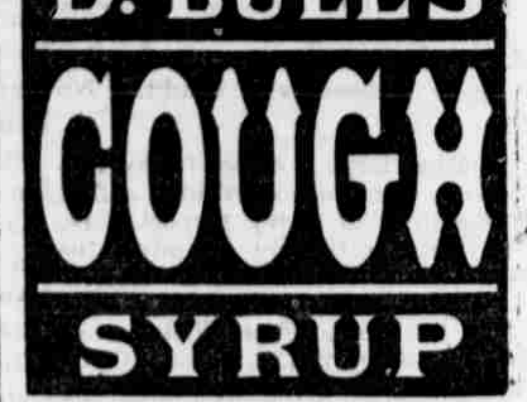
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