

MRS. FLIPKINS' PARTY.

Mrs. Flipkins, you must know, is the wife of the Honorable Jeremiah Flipkins, Representative from Boodle County. The time was when the Flipkins were as poor as a church mouse, and as little thought of by their neighbors; but that was a long time ago, and in a distant state.

They have no time now to think of their early struggles for the necessities of life; they are of the elite of society in the western town in which they live; and the doings of this exclusive little circle are sufficient to occupy their entire attention. As may be surmised, the antecedents of Mr. and Mrs. Flipkins were not especially illustrious; in fact, the Flipkins of Boodle County would be extremely mortified and humbled if they knew that the people with whom they associate were aware of their relation to "Whiskey" Flipkins and Jake Mosby, of Cartersville, New York. They are in blissful ignorance of this fact, and pride themselves on their high standing in the estimation of the people of Boodle County. "Whiskey" Flipkins, father of Jeremiah, filled a drunkard's grave; and Jake Mosby is, even now, serving a term in the county jail at Cartersville for chicken-stealing; but that is in a distant state. As Mrs. Jeremiah Flipkins, formerly Jane Mosby, says of herself when she has time to think of her relatives at all.

But, to get to the point, Mrs. Flipkins decided last week to have a party; and with Mrs. Flipkins a decision, once arrived at, is immediately followed by energetic action; it is not always so with Jeremiah.

"Mary Ann Flipkins?"
"What is it, ma?"
"Bring your writing-case this minute."

Mary Ann obeyed, and in a minute a bright-faced, sensible looking girl, about seventeen years of age, entered the room with a neat little writing-case in her hand.

"Mary Ann, I'm going to give a party Wednesday night, and I want you to write invitations before I start to mail, so they will be in the post office before the afternoon mail is distributed."

"All right, ma, I'm ready, only I wish you would write somebody that I like, too."

"What business have you got to like people that your parents don't consent to associate with, I'd like to know? I'd have you remember, Mary Ann, that you are the daughter of the Honorable Jeremiah Flipkins of Boodle County; and I don't want you associating with every upstart family in the county who happen to have conceit enough to think they're as good as anybody. I want you to understand that we are now fit to associate with the best families of the state; and it is only because circumstances compel us to do so that we remain in this vulgar, out-of-the-way place. We know it is not right to bring you up in such society, but we haven't the means or we would move to the capital to-morrow."

"There are some good, honest people here, and if they are poor, their society is good enough for me. I don't believe in lionizing thieves and robbers because they are rich or occupy high positions."

"Mary Ann Flipkins! Who in this world ever put such ideas as them in your head? One would think, to hear you talk, that you are the daughter of one of them misguided anarchists, instead of what you are, the petted only child—thank fortune—of the Honorable and Mrs. Jeremiah Flipkins of Boodle County. Why, child, goodness and honesty are all right in their way but they don't qualify a person to shine in society and the quicker you make up your mind to that the better. I may as well tell you right here, Mary Ann, that I love you, and I'll have you for my Handsome and their set any noon. They'll only unfit you for being a shining light in society, which is your pa's and my ambition for you."

"But I don't want to shine in any society as that which you call 'the best in Boodle County.' I don't think it fit for honest people to go there."

"Mary Ann Flipkins, don't let me hear you talk like that again under my roof. It is for me to say what is best for you yet awhile, and you do as I say till you get old enough to know something yourself. And now let's get at the invitations; you take down the names as I give them, and write out the invitations afterward. Let's see—put down Aunt John's and wife, John Peabody and wife—"

"But, ma, everybody says Mr. Peabody is dishonest, and cheats his customers every chance he gets."

"That don't matter, he is rich; and this life is very entertaining."

"But they say her father is in the poor-house in Hanford County, because she won't have the poor old man in her house."

"You must not believe all the stories you hear, child. Put down John Peabody and wife, Ezra Rathbone and wife, Banker Jones and wife—"

"Why, ma, you surely don't intend to invite Jones and his wife. Everybody knows that Jones is an old skin-flint; and there are no more stories around about Mrs. Jones than any other woman in town, rich or poor."

"That may all be, but Mr. Jones is a prominent banker, and they have the entrée of the best society."

"Well, if you are going right through with your regular list, at all hazards, I won't have any more to say about it."

"Why, bless your heart, Mary Ann, our society is established; and I can't slight one without offending the rest; besides, if we want to go in the best society, we must treat all of its members as we hope to be treated. It won't do to slight this or that one because sometime in his life he has done something that you don't look just down on Dr. Getafee and wife. They do say he got his money by poisoning his poor old grandfather in California; but he is very stylish, and he is influential at the capitol, too, so we must have him. Put down the Catchems, the Bateses, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Brown—they say he got a large part of his property by seducing a friend to deed his real estate to him, with the understanding that he was to deed it to the friend's wife to keep it out of the hands of creditors, and after he got it in his own name he refused to deed it over; but Mr. Brown is a really nice appearing man, and at all events, so fashionable about town, so I don't see how we can get along without him."

"Why not invite the Blakes, ma?"

THEY ARE NICE FOLKS IN EVERY RESPECT.

"Mary Ann Flipkins, I'm ashamed of you. Mrs. Blake hasn't got but one decent dress to her back, and she wears that everywhere she goes. Do you suppose I'm going to disgrace my family in the eyes of all the worthy people of Boodleville by inviting such nobodies as the Blakes?"

"But, ma, you forget that Mr. Blake is considered one of the most honorable young men in the country, with very bright prospects for the future, and that his wife has a fine education, and is a perfect lady."

"No, I do not forget; but I remember that they were brought into the country, near here, and came from very poor families, and are very poor yet. They do not go in the best society, and they never will by my help. Well, you may set down the Carters, Frank Smith, the new lawyer—they do say, Mary Ann; that his father is as rich as a Jew, and I think you might set your cap for him. It would be a fine match, and you'd be sure to have you marry a rich man."

"No, I'll not set my cap for any man, much less Frank Smith. Mrs. Blake has a cousin living in the city that Smith came from, and she says that he has the reputation there of being a very dissolute man."

"What does that matter so long as he is rich? You will find, before you are as old as I am, that 'wealth covereth a multitude of sins; but go on with the names, or we'll never get through. James Trowbridge and wife, Wilcox the banker, and his wife, the widow Hull and her daughter, I guess it is true that she was never married to Hull, poor man, but she has an amount of money, and is a shining light in society and the church. Why, only yesterday I heard Deacon Brown say that she had given money to foreign missions than any other member of the church, and that she is a very worthy woman."

"Yes, Deacon Brown is courtin' her daughter, and he has an interest in the well, he has a right to court any girl he likes, hasn't he? Next come the Langdons, there are five of them; the Sawyers, three, the Professor and his wife, Senator and Mrs. Randy—it is said on good authority that the Senator will vote in the last session, and that that is the reason his wife dresses so well since, but that doesn't affect their standing in society, and I am glad of it, for Mr. Flipkins' election was partly due to his influence. That's all except the editor and his family, we must have them, so that our party will be properly reported in the paper. Now, after reading the list, I think that includes all the elite of Boodleville society, and they are very worthy people too, as the world goes."

"Yes, as the world goes," exclaimed Mary Ann contemptuously. "There is not a really worthy person in the list, except the Professor and his wife and the editor's folks. Worthy, indeed! Two-thirds belong to the penitentiary, if half that is said about them is true," and taking up her writing-case, she hurried from the room before her astonished mother had time to reply.

When Mrs. Flipkins found her tongue, she exclaimed: "Mercy on us! What will ever become of that girl! I am really afraid she is going to the bad in spite of all my trouble in trying to train her up in the right way."

An article appeared in The Boodleville News two days after the party, from which the following is an extract: "A grand party was given Wednesday night by the Hon. and Mrs. Jeremiah Flipkins which proved to be one of the most important social events of the season. All the guests were of the very highest standing in social circles, and enjoyed themselves as only those who know how to enjoy who have attended Mrs. Flipkins' parties before."

When Mr. Blake finished reading the article, he muttered that evening, he remarked to his wife: "Another set of fools have met, and voted themselves the wisest of men."—Chicago Current.

The Perfected Phonograph.

The improvements in the phonograph have now been carried to such a degree of perfection that the instrument is practically ready for general introduction. Undoubtedly means will be hit upon from time to time to improve the instrument, but the present one, in our opinion, far more practical and complete than was the type-written when first brought out and placed on the market. Back of all the talk and exaggeration on the subject, for which the daily press is chiefly responsible—certainly not those who are introducing it—is a machine of admirable performance, whose utility is so wide and various that it is hard to determine just which work will give it the largest fields of employment. And then, too, aside from the practical use, it is—what not only can the human voice be registered, but it can be duplicated in an endless variety of ways. We may be wrong but not greatly, in believing that this century will be memorable above others because it is that which first preserved articulate speech for after time. All poetry, of every age, is full of the yearning, one of the deepest in human nature, for one whose gentle greeting could be heard no more, and yet this tender sentiment will be gratified, and each delusive tone and accent now has conferred on it a perpetuity that is not an attribute of even the graven stone or brass.

A Convict's Pride and Honor.

Atlanta Constitution. There was a most remarkable occurrence at the penitentiary which has no parallel in the annals of the institution. Some months ago a young white man from a western county was convicted of horse stealing and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. He applied to the supreme court, and pending its decision, gave bail. The supreme court affirmed the judgment and the man was resented. The sheriff had made preparation to bring him to the penitentiary, but the young fellow, who is a man of good family and high spirited, could not bear the idea of being taken to prison in irons, so he started for this city and arrived on an early train. He went at once to the penitentiary and stated who he was. He was taken in charge, and when the sheriff arrived he found the prisoner, to his great astonishment, dressed in his convict garb and a full-fledged convict.

A STORY OF THE LONG AGO.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSINELL.

A stranger sauntering through the pleasant little village of Harpersville, on a calm June morning in the earlier part of a former century, would have fancied it was the Sabbath. Work of every kind was suspended; everybody was in their best attire, the lads and lassies wearing the whitest of ribbons and "breast knots." The air was loaded with the sweetest of floral odors; the birds sang merrily from the hawthorne hedges; the bees hummed contentedly from flower to flower, and all of nature seemed attuned to joy and peace.

High up in the bellery of the ivy-covered church stood the old sexton grasping the rope and waiting the signal to ring out a merry peal. But it was not the day devoted to worship and rest; not a Sabbath, save of love. The smallest trilling playing along the tree-shaded streets could have told that Rose, the only daughter of the miller, with skin as white as the flour hemmelford, cheeks and lips as red as the carnations of her mother, and voice clearer and sweeter than that of the sky lark, was that day to wed Giles Simonson, the young and handsome son of the parish.

So uncommonly lovely, so kind and tender hearted, so spotlessly pure was she that by common consent she was called the "White Rose of Harpersville."

That was over now; her choice made. But all determined upon the launching of her bark upon the sea of matrimony in a manner worthy of herself and husband, who also was deemed and respected—all but one. From the window of the great manor house, situated upon a hill and overlooking the village, Elizabeth Gunning watched unhappily. She had done her utmost to win the young clergyman; had failed and nursed jealousy until its fires almost consumed her. Homely herself, she hated good looks in others, envied them the youth she had passed, and her eyes, low skin grew to a greenish-yellow whenever the name of Rose Aiken was mentioned.

But she was crafty, and knew her absence from the wedding would be the subject of coarse remarks. Having dressed herself with exceedingly care she was driven over to the modest cottage of the miller and professed her services to assist in "decking the lamb for the slaughter"—a great condescension in the eyes of the admiring rustic.

But at her touch Rose Aiken shrank as the flower after which she is named does at the breath of the frost, and rushing to the arms of her mother exclaimed: "See how I am shivering, can it be that some enemy is walking over my grave," and the blue eyes flooded with tears.

"You can't have an enemy in the world, my pet," said her doting parent. "You are nervous, dear, that is all."

The words failed to comfort Rose. Every time the fingers of Elizabeth Gunning rested upon her flesh the effect was as if they had been ice. Fortunately that was not often. The exposure of the shoulders, white as snow and polished as marble, quickly satisfied the fine lady, and immediately after the wedding ceremony she drove home and dispatched a messenger for a half-price crape which she had assisted at birth and burial for half a century.

Knowing she would be well paid, though wondering at the summons, the woman went as quickly as possible to the manor house. When she entered the room where the lady was waiting, she was greeted with the question: "Were you in the house of Mark Aiken when his daughter was born?"

"Aye, my lady, and it was a blithe birthing as it has been a blithe bridal."

"Who dressed the babe?"

"These old hands, and a fairer one was never blessed by the fairies."

Drawing nearer to her, with her black brows drawn down over the cold, haughty, gray-black eyes Elizabeth Gunning whispered in her ear. The gipsy crone started, glared at her suspiciously, hesitated. Then, as a broad, bright piece of gold was held temptingly toward her she murmured out:

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mental delusion; is a victim of one of the demoralizing, uncanny and unchristian superstitions of the age and imagines some one has bewitched her."

"Heaven forbid," answered the young wife, "who does she suspect of dealing with the evil one?"

"I would wish to tell me, dear, and I mourn to think how readily some poor, innocent woman may be wrongfully accused and made to suffer."

"You prayed with her, husband?"

"Long and earnestly, and endeavored to reason her out of her foolish and wicked belief, but it was a sad failure. She would not listen to me, declared that some one was nightly sucking her blood and eating away her heart."

"Horrible! O, husband, can nothing be done to save the lost soul?"

"I have exerted myself to the utmost, Rose; you might try. It is possible she would listen to you, dear."

The ordeal was a terrible one for the young wife to pass through, but she served herself well. She was trembling from head to foot, when she entered the room of the sick woman and could not keep back her tears when she saw how she had shrunk to a shadow, how like parchment her skin, how her eyes burned with a wild and unnatural fire and brightness.

The presence of Rose appeared to throw Elizabeth Gunning into convulsions. She shrieked as in the most intense agony, and screamed so loud that every one in the house thought her dying and rushed to the room.

"The witch! The witch! Rose Simonson has bewitched me. Look just below her right shoulder. I saw it when I was helping to dress her; saw the devil's mark! Take her away, she is draining my heart dry."

Rose was taken away, had to be. She had fainted, and merciful would it have been had she not awakened until in another world. It was in the days of executions and drowning for the crime charged against her, when ignorance and malice were unscrupulous and friends were powerless to save.

So was it in the case of the young wife. Her husband and father fought for her; stoutly she asserted her ignorance; her intense horror; her faith in the justice of God. The lady of the manor used her money freely to accomplish her revenge; shrieked that she was dying, all of the White Rose, and in the end conquered and fairly laughed aloud when she heard that her victim was lodged in prison and would shortly be tried.

And sentenced and burned! Shrieked the wretched woman so joyously that the blood of her attendants ran cold, and they shrank from her in dismay.

There was no one who suspected her in the matter, but all who had heard her make the accusation wondered why she was indeed the mark of the devil's mark. Soon it was whispered about until every one heard it; even the old gipsy crone, who, tortured by rheumatism, lay writhing and groaning in her wretched cabin.

"The White Rose accused of being a witch?" she murmured from her toothless gums. "Aye, I know who did it, and I will give you a vivid as lightning notwithstanding her almost sixty years, 'if I had the strength to crawl to her bedside I would make her own it was she, even if I had to shake it from her lips as she was breathing her last breath. But—but I shall never move again until I am carried to my own grave and the angel of mercy prevent it—nothing but poison will grow upon my grave."

For hours she raved thus, even as the wicked woman whose will she had obeyed was doing. Meanwhile the young wife was pining in prison, and the officials planning how she should be freed, and curiously wondering if there was indeed the mark of the evil one upon her fair, white skin.

It was easy to be decided. The exposure of the beautiful shoulder was all. Before the judges she was led, the dress cut away and upon the spot indicated there was a discoloration—birth-mark as the physicians and her mother declared; the stamp of Satan, as others were ready to swear.

Imagination runs riot at such times, and the innocent bluish, without particular form and of a dull red color, grew into a crimson serpent, with flashing coils and eyes like fire. This the man who held the office of "witch finder" stoutly averred. The people believed him and loudly clamored for the death of the witch.

The lady of the manor house heard and rejoiced; heard that the nearly broken-hearted husband was standing in the darkness holding the hand of his weeping wife (as she passed it through the iron-grating), was kissing it from time to time, bidding her keep unshaken her trust in heaven and flourish.

"Midnight and he there," she hissed furiously, "fool that he is. He thinks to get her free again, but tomorrow she dies."

"And what if you should never see the light of another day," came to her with startling distinctness.

"The spoke," she demanded of the nurse.

All declared they had not, and again the strange and not to be accounted for voice broke upon the stillness with:

"This night thy soul will be required of thee."

Starting up in bed, ghastly from fright and horror, Elizabeth Gunning stared around. Then she fell back upon the pillow, gasping.

"My medicine, quick, or I die."

"There is none. The last drop is gone."

"Dead or alive bring her here."

The frightened attendants turned to obey, but were met upon the threshold by the old crone. Leaning upon her crutches she entered, and without ceremony asked:

"What would you with me?"

"More medicine—you know what—I give it to me quickly."

"As I came through the graveyard last night and saw you shining, the moon was hidden behind a black cloud, the wind was moaning, sobbing, shrieking and two corpse lights were burning where two graves will be dug on the morrow."

"The medicine. Give it to me."

"There is no more to be found," she declared. "I sought it, but lightning had blazed the gnarled oak until that it grew and burned the damp earth to ashes."

"No more! In the name of heaven what shall I do?"

"Die! Aye, there were two corpse lights; one for you, Elizabeth Gunning; one for me; one for a murderer and—"

"Hold! Have mercy! A murderer—Oh, God, I did not think of that. I cannot, dare not die."

"With the innocent blood of the White Rose staining your soul."

"Innocent? Yes, yes, she is innocent. I was jealous of her, determined to kill her, hoping to win her husband, for I loved him so."

Silently, though she knew it not, the door had been opened and the young rector, Mark Aiken, and the judges, had stolen in and overheard the words.

You declare Rose Simonson to be innocent? Was asked by a stern voice.

"May God have mercy upon your soul and for this, your partner in crime—"

"Hush!" interrupted the young rector, solemnly, she has gone to be judged before a higher tribunal than that of earth. Kneel with me and implore forgiveness for the soul soon to follow."

His words were true. The gipsy woman had atoned for her sins as far as earthly action could do. Craftily she had plotted for and obtained the confession. Then her heart-strings worn to feebleness by old age, had suddenly snapped, and at the foot of the bed where Elizabeth Gunning was dying, she had fallen dead.

But the sun rose not again for the lady of the manor. Stalk and stiff she lay in the gloom of the manor house, knowing nothing of the rousing welcome accorded to the White Rose of Harpersville as she stepped from prison free, happy and cleared from every suspicion of witchcraft, save that of beauty and purity.—Yankee Blade.

You Name on a Rose Leaf.

"Shall I write your name on this rose?"

"How will you do it?" asked a New York Mail and Express reporter of the dealer, who was handling a beautiful jaquemot rose.

"As easily as writing on paper with a pencil and without injuring the rose in any way."

"Tell me about the process."

"It is done by an electric needle. The needle consists of a very fine piece of platinum wire and is connected with a very powerful battery. The rose must of course be handled very carefully or the entire flower will be destroyed. Take one of the leaves of an unopened bud, and place it under a piece of glass. Then with the needle quickly write your name over the leaf. The needle must be held very lightly, but it must touch the flower. The electricity conveyed through the needle kills the parts that it touches and drives all the color out, leaving the name distinctly written. This will show best on colored flowers, like the red rose, or on a yellow flower. It can be done on a white leaf, but does not show as well as on the color."

"Can you make white carnations green?"

"Very easily. Some florists claim that coloring flowers is a trade secret, but it is nothing of the sort. When the Emerald ball was given in Brooklyn these green-tipped carnations were very prominent in the decorations. Everyone present at the ball wore some of these oddlooking flowers in their coats. A great many persons thought that they had really grown as they appeared that evening, and I believe some amateur gardeners have been trying to buy some of the plants to grow in their gardens this summer anybody who wants to can easily have some of these flowers. They are only the ordinary white carnations colored, and, instead of being a trade secret, it is just the result of a little chemical experiment. One way to color these flowers is to doctor them while they are growing. This is done by being into the stems of each flower a weak solution of carbolic acid. The acid must not be strong enough to injure the plant, and just enough should be put in the stems for it to soak into the bud and flower. This will give it a greenish tint when it has opened and to make the color deeper the flower should be washed in a solution of carbolic acid after it has been picked. This method can be used when a number of the colored flowers are wanted, as they can be dipped into the solution a handful at a time. The color does not take hold of the flowers in an artistic manner, but appears as blotches on the petals. The time is no object, a very pretty coloring can be given to the flowers. After they have been picked the leaves should be carefully squeezed in the hands until only the edges of the leaves are exposed. These should be left in the fumes of sulphur for a short time and then the flowers dropped into water. The dye will color the flower just where the fumes have touched. By this means and by exercising a little care the flowers can be made to look very pretty. The edges of the leaves can be colored green, and a light green streak can be made to run down the veins of the leaves. The white carnations can be colored blue, green, yellow, purple, black, or any color that one may wish."

"Is it possible to color other flowers?"

"Just as easily as to color the carnations. Lily of the valley can be made blue or red or any color. I have taken a spray of lily of the valley and made one of the little bells green, another red, another blue and yellow, and so on. The large lilies can be made to look very peculiar. They can easily be colored and their names and dates can be written on their large leaves. Any lover who might wish could send lots of letters to some fair lady in this way, and no one would ever dream of examining the leaves of lilies or roses to find messages of affection. If any one liked too, he could arrange quite a pretty code of signals with the oddly-colored flowers. A blue rose might mean one word, a green carnation another, and so on. Green yellow lilies of the valley, purple, violet, chrysanthemums, and so on. Different colors on the same flower could be made to mean anything. In fact, a new language of flowers will have to be arranged to suit these new colored floral beauties. The process of putting carbolic acid on the stems of carnations to color them was, I believe, discovered by a New York boy, who has a number of very pretty experiments. Since the Emerald ball they have been named the emerald pink."

Crownwell, a small place twenty-two miles west of N. P. Junction, was burned. All the railroad buildings and dwelling houses except one were consumed. The fire caught from an engine.

Human Sacrifice in Jamaica.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

"The last time I attended a sacrifice," said Mr. Lindsay, "was in August 1871, just previous to my second departure for California, where I had previously lived for years. The congregation started in separate groups and from different directions from a town of San Domingo towards a forest around a lake, several miles distant from the town."

"At the eastern side of the lake was an open space, and here a large number of the Kroomans erected a large camp-fire. Then all present, men, women, and youths, stripped to the waist and, joining hands, formed a circle around the fire, while two drummers with their chests and arms also bared entered the ring, and seating themselves back to back upon their drums, began pounding vigorously with the palms of their hands and their heels upon the goatskin drumheads. A strict silence was, however, maintained by the dancers. When this ceremony had continued for three-quarters of an hour the chief of the tribe and his eldest son, the junior chief, entered the circle and danced around the drummers, chanting wild anthems in the ancient or sacred tongue of the Kroomans."

"The two chiefs then called out the names of seven members to enter the circle and pray with them that the coming sacrifice might be acceptable to God, whom they also beseeched to choose a worthy victim. Those called on came in response to the chiefs and with the latter, prostrated themselves face downward on the ground in prayer. At the close of this silent prayer the seven returned to their places in the circle, and then came the solemn portion of the rites."

"The elder chief was blindfolded by two strong men, who, when it was made certain that he could not see, joined the circle in company with the drummers. Imagine your grief if there as I was at this awful moment."

"The victim of sacrifice is now to be selected. The person whom the hand of the blindfolded chief shall touch will be the fatal one. Wilder and wilder so the dancers in the swiftly flying circle. He rushes forward, staggering from fanciful leger-tails. Now he is near the ring of dancers. An old woman, an aunt of the chief, is directly in front of him, but the flying circle pulls her by and his hand falls heavily on the shoulders of a young man—a youth of only 16 years of age."

"Instantaneously the young man breaks from the circle and in resigned resignation prostrates himself upon the earth at the feet of the chief, who was then led away by his son, and the high priest appeared upon the scene, clad from head to foot in flowing white linen garments."

"The high priest then danced around the victim, calling upon God in the sacred tongue to accept the being of sacrifice."

"The bandage being taken from the eyes of the elder chief he called a man from the circle to come forward and slay the victim."

"A tall Krooman responded to the leader's command, and receiving a dagger from the high priest, in another moment stabbed the victim in the heart."

"The high priest next cut off very small pieces of flesh from the victim's right arm, then from his left arm, and afterwards from the calves of his right and left legs and distributed them among members of the congregation, who ate the morsels given to them."

"The members of the congregation, still arranged in a circle, then turned their backs to the victim, and kneeling down, clasped their hands in prayer while the high priest, taking a calabash cup made out of a native gourd, filled it with the victim's blood and after signing the brows of the two chiefs with the crimson fluid he sprinkled it to the four quarters of the world."

"At the close of this ceremony the high priest and chiefs took the body and placed it in the fire covering it over with wood."

"The dancing and drumming were then resumed and kept up until the corpse was burned to ashes, which were scattered to the winds."

"With the exception of this festival the Kroomans hold no other religious services."

Food of the Primitive Man.

From the Contemporary Magazine.

Primitive man, wherever he was first cast, whether in one center or in more than one, must of necessity have found his food in the plant world. We cannot imagine him commencing his career learned in the arts of hunting, killing and cooking the lower animals for food. Many inler from this circumstance that the argument in favor of the vegetarian practice is copied direct from nature, signed and delivered by her. Not quite so fast. There is one interposing barrier to the free acceptance of vegetarian diet and act of conveyance of food from nature to man. Nature herself, of her own right royal will, makes us animals herbivorous and carnivorous, one distinctive animal food, a secretion from the living animal organism, a fluid which is a standard food—meat and drink in one—the fluid known under the name of milk.

Against absolute vegetarianism, then, we may fairly set up with one exception a barrier from nature as the unerring guide. On observing the habits of animals, we discover another natural fact. We find that animals of quite different natures, in respect to primitive selections of food, possess the power of changing their modes of feeding and of passing over as it were, from one class to another. This change is distinct but limited, and we must expect it with all its limitation on the other. The fruit-eating ape can be taught under privation to subsist on animal diet; a dog can, I believe, be taught to subsist on a vegetable diet. But it would be as impossible to teach a sheep to eat flesh as it would be to make a lion feed on grass.

His Son Was 115 Years