THE JOURNAL.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY,

M. K. TURNER & CO.,

Proprietors and Publishers.

OFFICE,—Eleventh St., up stairs in Journal Building.

TERMS:

Per year	$2 00
Six months	1 00
Three months	50
Single copies	05

BUSINESS CARDS.

C. T. WOOD, M. D., *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.*

Has opened the office formerly occupied by Dr. Bonesteel. 19-3m.

DENTAL PARLOR.

On Thirteenth St., and Nebraska Ave., over Friedhof's store.

Office hours, 8 to 12 a. m.; 1 to 5 p. m.

OLLA ASHBAUGH, Dentist.

CORNELIUS & SULLIVAN, *ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,*

Up-stairs in Gluck Building, 11th street, Above the New bank.

H. J. HUDSON, *NOTARY PUBLIC.*

12th Street, 2 doors west of Hammond House, *Columbus, Neb.* 491-y

THURSTON & POWERS, *SURGEON DENTISTS,*

Office in Mitchell Block, Columbus, Nebraska. 11-tf

GEER & REEDER, *ATTORNEYS AT LAW,*

Office on Olive St., Columbus, Nebraska. 2-tf

C. G. A. HULLHORST, A. M., M. D., *HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,*

Two Blocks south of Court House. Telephone communication. 5-1y

GEO. T. SPOONER,

—Will take contracts for—

Bricklaying, Plastering, Stonework, Etc.

Satisfaction guaranteed, or no pay. 7-tf

V. A. MACKEN,

DEALER IN

Wines, Liquors, Cigars, Porters, Ales, etc., etc.

Olive Street, next to First National Bank. 50-y

McALLISTER BROS., *ATTORNEYS AT LAW,*

Office up-stairs in McAllister's building, 11th St. W. A. McAllister, Notary Public.

J. M. MACFARLAND, Attorney and Notary Public. B. R. COWDERY, Collector.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

—OF—

MACFARLAND & COWDERY,

Columbus, : : : Nebraska.

GEO. N. DERRY, *PAINTER.*

Carriage, house and sign painting, glazing, paper hanging, kalsomining, etc. done to order. Shop on 13th St., opposite Engine House, Columbus, Neb. 10-y

F. H. RUSCHE,

11th St., opposite Lindell Hotel.

Sells Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Blankets, Curry Combs, Brushes, trunks, valises, buggy tops, cushions, carriage trimmings, &c., at the lowest possible prices. Repairs promptly attended to.

JOHN C. TASKER,

Real Estate Agent,

Genoa, Nance Co., Neb.

WILD LANDS and improved farms for sale. Correspondence solicited. Office in Young's building, up-stairs. 50-y

O. C. SHANNON,

MANUFACTURER OF

Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware!

Job-Work, Roofing and Guttering a Specialty.

Shop on Eleventh Street, opposite Heintz's Drug Store. 46-y

G. W. CLARK,

LAND AND INSURANCE AGENT, HUMPHREY, NEBR.

His lands comprise some fine tracts in the Shell Creek Valley, and the northern portion of Platte county.—Taxes paid for non-residents. Satisfaction guaranteed. 20 y

COLUMBUS PACKING CO., *COLUMBUS, - NEB.,*

Packers and Dealers in all kinds of Hog product, cash paid for Live or Dead Hogs or grease.

Directors.—R. H Henry, Prest.; John Wiggins, Sec. and Treas.; L. Gerrard, S. Cory.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

J. E. Moncrief, Co. Supt.,

Will be in his office at the Court House on the third Saturday of each month for the purpose of examining applicants for teacher's certificates, and for the transactton of any other business pertaining to schools. 567-y

JAMES SALMON,

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

Plans and estimates supplied for either frame or brick buildings. Good work guaranteed. Shop on 13th Street, near St. Paul Lumber Yard, Columbus, Nebraska. 52 6mo.

J. WAGNER,

Livery and Feed Stable.

Is prepared to furnish the public with good teams, buggies and carriages for all occasions, especially for funerals. Also conducts a sale stable. 44

D. T. MARTYN, M. D. F. SCHUG, M. D., (*Deutscher Artz.*)

Drs. MARTYN & SCHUG,

U. S. Examining Surgeons,

Local Surgeons, Union Pacific and O., N. & B. H. R. R's.

COLUMBUS, - NEBRASKA. 32-vol-xiii-y

The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XIV.--NO. 23 COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1883. WHOLE NO. 699.

COLUMBUS STATE BANK!

Successors to Gerrard & Reed and Turner & Hulst.

COLUMBUS, NEB.

CASH CAPITAL, - $50,000

DIRECTORS:

LEANDER GERRARD, *Pres't.*

GEO. W. HULST, *Vice Pres't.*

JULIUS A. REED.

EDWARD A. GERRARD.

ABNER TURNER, *Cashier.*

Bank of Deposit, Discount and Exchange.

Collections Promptly Made on all Points.

Pay Interest on Time Deposits. 274

DREBERT & BRIGGLE,

BANKERS!

HUMPHREY, NEBRASKA.

Prompt attention given to Collections.

Insurance, Real Estate, Loan, etc. 5

JOHN HEITKEMPER,

Eleventh Street, opposite the Lindell Hotel,

COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA,

Has on hand a full assortment of

GROCERIES!

PROVISIONS,

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

Pipes, Cigars and Tobacco.

Highest price paid for Country Produce. Goods delivered in city.

GIVE ME A CALL!

JOHN HEITKEMPER. 31-y

LOUIS SCHREIBER,

Blacksmith and Wagon Maker.

All kinds of Repairing done on Short Notice. Buggies, Wagons, etc., made to order, and all work Guaranteed.

Also sell the world-famous Walter A. Wood Mowers, Reapers, Combined Machines, Harvesters, and Self-binders—the best made.

Shop opposite the "Tattersall," Olive St., COLUMBUS. 2-6m-c

H. LUERS & CO.,

BLACKSMITHS

—AND—

Wagon Builders,

New Brick Shop opposite Heintz's Drug Store.

ALL KINDS OF WOOD AND IRON WORK ON WAGONS AND BUGGIES DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

Eleventh Street, Columbus, Nebraska. 50

PENSIONS TO ALL.—Soldiers that were disabled by wounds, disease, accident or otherwise, widows, mothers and fathers of soldiers dying in the service or afterwards, from disease which originated while in the service, are entitled to a pension. New and honorable discharges obtained for soldiers. **Increase of Pensions** obtained at any time when the disability warrants it. All soldiers who were rated too low are entitled to an increase of pension. Rejected and abandoned claims a specialty. Circulars free. Address, with stamp, M. V. TIERNEY, Box 485, WASHINGTON, D. C. 45-12ct

HUBER'S HOTEL.

JOHN HUBER, the jolly auctioneer, has opened a hotel on 13th St., near Tiffany & Routson's, where clean beds and square meals will always be found by the patrons of the house. I will in the future, as in the past, give my best attention to all sales of goods or farm stock, as an auctioneer.

Satisfaction guaranteed; call and see me and you will be made welcome.

JOHN HUBER,
Proprietor and Auctioneer.
Columbus, Neb., June 19, '83. 9-tf

COLUMBUS

Restaurant and Saloon!

E. D. SHEEHAN, Proprietor.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Foreign Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Dublin Stout, Scotch and English Ales.

Kentucky Whiskies a Specialty.

OYSTERS in their season, by the case can or dish.

11th Street, South of Depot.

J. S. MURDOCK & SON,

Carpenters and Contractors.

Have had an extended experience, and will guarantee satisfaction in work. All kinds of repairing done on short notice. Our motto is, Good work and fair prices. Call and give us an opportunity to estimate for you. Shop on 13th St., one door west of Friedhof & Co's. store, Columbus, Nebr. 483-y

FIRST National Bank!

COLUMBUS, NEB.

Authorized Capital, - - $250,000
Cash Capital, - - 50,000

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

A. ANDERSON, *Pres't.*
SAM'L C. SMITH, *Vice Pres't.*
O. T. ROEN, *Cashier.*
J. W. EARLY,
ROBERT UHLIG,
HERMAN OEHLRICH,
W. A. McALLISTER,
G. ANDERSON,
P. ANDERSON.

Foreign and Inland Exchange, Passage Tickets, Real Estate, Loan and Insurance. 29-vol-13-1y

COAL AND LIME!

J. E. NORTH & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Coal,
Lime,
Hair,
Cement.

Rock Spring Coal, ... $7.00 per ton
Carbon (Wyoming) Coal ..... 6.00 "
Eldon (Iowa) Coal ..... 5.50 "

Blacksmith Coal of best quality always on hand at lowest prices.

North Side Eleventh St.,

COLUMBUS, NEB. 14-3m

BECKER & WELCH,

PROPRIETORS OF

SHELL CREEK MILLS.

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

FLOUR AND MEAL.

OFFICE,—COLUMBUS, NEB.

SPEICE & NORTH,

General Agents for the Sale of

REAL ESTATE.

Union Pacific, and Midland Pacific R. R. Lands for sale at from $3.00 to $10.00 per acre for cash, or on five or ten years time, in annual payments to suit purchasers. We have also a large and choice lot of other lands, improved and unimproved, for sale at low price and on reasonable terms. Also business and residence lots in the city. We keep a complete abstract of title to all real estate in Platte County.

621 COLUMBUS, NEB.

LANDS, FARMS,

—AND—

CITY PROPERTY FOR SALE,

—AT THE—

Union Pacific Land Office,

On Long Time and low rate of Interest.

All wishing to buy Rail Road Lands or Improved Farms will find it to their advantage to call at the U. P. Land Office before lookin' elsewhere as I make a specialty of buying and selling lands on commission; all persons wishing to sell farms or unimproved land will find it to their advantage to leave their lands with me for sale, as my facilities for affecting sales are unsurpassed. I am prepared to make final proof for all parties wishing to get a patent for their homesteads.

F. W. Ott, Clerk, writes and speaks German.

SAMUEL C. SMITH,
Agt. U. P. Land Department,
621-y COLUMBUS, NEB.

HENRY GASS,

UNDERTAKER!

COFFINS AND METALLIC CASES

AND DEALER IN

Furniture, Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Tables, Safes, Lounges, &c., Picture Frames and Mouldings.

Repairing of all kinds of Upholstery Goods.

6-tf COLUMBUS, NEB.

THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

The sun has touched his northern bound,
And southward turns his course to-day;
The soft sweet air new charm has found
In fragrance of the new-mown hay;
The stalwart farmer deftly swings
His glittering blade the earth anear,
And into swaths and windrows flings
The earliest harvest of the year.

God made the country, saith the sage,
And man has made the noisy town;
Then be my path of pilgrimage
'Mong clover-heads of thistle-down,
To walk with nature hand in hand,
In nature's pure and simple way,
And 'neath the elms and maples stand
In fragrance of the new-mown hay.

Now boisterous boys and romping girls
Toss here and there the wilting grass;
The wanton winds toss grass and curls,
And hours in toil and pleasure pass;
There's laughter ringing in the air—
But see, a shower! It comes this way.
It clouds the sky, but now so fair,
And perils all the new-mown hay.

Quick! Bend to work your sinews strong,
The growth of healthful country homes;
Work with your might; 'twill not be long
Before the drenching shower comes;
Ply fast the rake and fork, and heap
The cocks that shed the rain away;
And then to supper and to sleep,
'Mid fragrance of the new-mown hay.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

SIOUX SUN-DANCE.

Annual Occurence of the Great Indian Ceremony—Horrible Atrocities Practiced Upon Themselves by the Devotees.

The great annual sun-dance of the Sioux occurred here this week, probably the last which the Government will permit. An unsuccessful attempt was made to dissuade the Indians from this year's performance. The ceremony has lost much of its early severity and popularity. To dance was at one time compulsory on young braves; it is now entirely voluntary, the redemption of a vow made to Wakantanka, the great spirit. A warrior may have promised that if a sick child or a dear friend recover from a dangerous illness he would dance in the heat of the sun at the next sun-dance, or he may have been himself in a tight place, or asked success and achieved it in some contemplated raid. A runner announces the time and place of the event to the various tribes. The camp this year, near the agency, contained ten thousand Indians, and made a circle in circumference—a beautiful sight. In front of the tent where the sun-dancers were awaiting their ordeal lay a whitened buffalo skull on a bunch of white sage. Inside the tepee was the sacred medicine pipe on some mysterious sticks.

On Friday a scouting party was sent out to discover a suitable pole for the center of the dancing circle, and the next day the pole, a tall elm-tree, was cut by an Indian maiden consecrated to this office, Her Pipe, niece of Standing Bear. She is said to have cut thirteen poles, and will never marry. When it had been trimmed and placed in position, there came the "charge on the pole," a thousand warriors on a thousand horses, down from the hill, around the camp, reckless of limb, pell mell, themselves and their horses decked with green branches, "Birnam wood come to Dunsinane." What rush of color, what life, what vigorous movement! These were the men who circled around Custer when he stood alone. Many are in saddles that belonged to that command. With the boughs they bring the pavillion is built around the pole, and by Sunday evening the tall grass in the arena has been tramped smooth with much ceremony, and all is ready.

Just as the round, full moon peeped over the eastern range of hills the dancers to the sun, fifteen in all, entered to fulfill their vow. They were: Follow-a-Woman, Lives-in-the-Air, Plenty Hole, White Calf, Point-at-Three, He-Dog, Little Day, Little Boy, Hollow Horn Eagle, Sned, Two Eagle, Yellow Poor Dog and Troublesome Hawk. They were stripped to the waist, and wore skirts made of red plaid shawls with panels of blue hanging from their belts in front and behind. On their heads were wreaths of sweet grass or horns, over their chests depended representations of the sun, and from their wrists hung totems. The singers commenced to howl and beat their drum. The dancers put to their lips the goose-bone whistles, trimmed with the rare feather of the "medicine bird," and began to hop up and down. As long as they danced they were to whistle—and they were to dance until the next sun-down. Some women, to supplement the noisy music of the drum, commenced to "Hi-yi" in a shrill key and beat a hide spread on the ground. There was not a light in the inclosure. The pole, fluttering with banners, stood out in the moonlight. Near its top was bound a fasces of willow twigs, which gave it resemblance to a cross. The figure of a buffalo, cut from hide, represented the sun, and above it dangled the figure of an Indian, black on one side, white on the other—the bad and the good spirit. All night the dancing never flagged. While the moon was up their faces were turned and their arms outstretched to it, and when Cheezis, the sun, came, "like a warrior robed and painted, from his shining lodge of silver," they turned to it and prayed earnestly. They faced it all day; if one shows signs of breaking down he is taken to the shade for a moment and given a pull at a pipe or a bit of wild sage to encourage saliva. The Indians look on indifferently and eat hard bread and boiled dog which the squaws have brought in dirty black kettles; outside, the little Indian boys are playing tricks on each other, the elder ones making love by catching some dusky maiden and standing with her for hours wrapped in their blankets, in plain view of everybody on the prairie. Papooses are brought into the arena to have their ears pierced, which admits them into Sioux fellowship. The operation is not actually performed there, but at home, and a great amount of calico and a pony have been "given away" for the privilege. During this week between six and seven hundred ponies have been given away in a sort of communistic distribution by the Indians.

About noon the medicine man commenced to paint the dancers who were to be tied to the pole. When decorated, their guide led them to the four points of the compass and, with his arms extended in a wavy motion, blew his whistle softly abut them. At the pole this prayer, in Dakota, was offered, "God, we are come to observe the day you give us. We stand upon our feet to give our flesh to you. Look at us, at our wives, our children, our friends, and help us to bear this trial." Follows-a-Woman, the first to suffer, was thrown on the ground, and the medicine man skillfully made two incisions with a sharp knife over each breast in the vicinity of the pectoral muscles. The flesh was lifted and a hardwood skewer thrust under and fastened by sinews to the rope which hung from the pole. Already weakened by the fifteen hours of exertion, of thirst, of hunger, he was to strain at this rope until he broke loose by tearing out his own flesh. He was magnificently brave, and it did not take long. In five minutes he was dancing with the other as if nothing had happened, and the parasol then allowed him would have made him ridiculous had not the red blood been seen coursing down his body.

Lives-in-the-Air was the next. He tore out one stick in ten minutes, and was then released from tearing out the other by the gift of three ponies. Poor Dog had a dog's luck. The cuts seemed to have been deeper on him. He struggled and pulled, then gave the rope slack and danced about the pole until, suddenly jerking back, the flesh would stand out two or three inches from the breast. The squaws, who came near to throw clothes and calicoes at his feet or on the rope as gifts to the poor, turned away crying.

"Toward the sun his hand were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his native shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches."

Twenty minutes of this agony without an outcry. A friend came up, and, catching the man around the waist, gave a tremendous pull. Even this did not break the stout integument, and it was not until half an hour had passed that the brave fellow fell back on the earth, panting and weak, two great wounds torn in his breast.

Yellow was cut in the shoulder and a skewer inserted, from which a rope was passed around the head of a horse. The animal was hit and jumped, and thus the instrument of torture was torn out. Several men who did not dance had bits of flesh cut from their arms; also some squaws, to make the amount necessary from their husbands less, or to satisfy vows of their own. The dancers by this time were in a shocking sight, tottering about, not able to stand erect, one or two supported by friends, their whistles still clinging to their dry lips, their movements slow, mechanical, spasmodic. Not one had failed in the ordeal, however, which ceased at sundown. Not one had cried out for relief or made a sign of distress. If he had, he would have lost his place among the warriors forever, been ranked with the women, and by them despised.—*Roseland Indian Agency (D. T.) Cor. Chicago Times.*

The Island of Ischia.

Ischia, known to the ancients as Pithecusa and Ænaria, is an island of Italy situated at the north entrance to the bay of Naples. Its circumference is nineteen miles and its area twenty-six. The extinct volcano Monte Epomeo rises to a height of 2,600 feet nearly in the center of the island, and the whole surface slopes from the summit to the sea. In 1302 a formidable eruption of Monte Epomeo desolated the island at a time when Vesuvius was quiet, but since that date Ischia's verdure has never been destroyed. The soil is very fertile, and produces rich harvests of corn, figs, grapes, olives, and mulberries, while groves of oak and chestnut trees and thickets of myrtle and arbutus skirt the mountain sides and line the roads. Iron and sulphur are found in various parts of the island, and the manufacture of bricks, tiles, and pottery is carried on to some extent.

But the great source of wealth are the thermal springs, which are considered the best in Europe. Casamicciola is the headquarters of the water, hot air and sand baths, but Lacco is also popular in the season, which lasts nominally from June till September, but such is the fame of the island for its salubrity and beauty that a stream of visitors is allured to the place all the year through. From the most ancient times the baths of the island have been famous, and it has been said, if a disease be curable, the water of some one of the springs there will effect a radical restoration. The people are chiefly engaged in tilling the soil and fishing. The chief town, Ischia, containing 6,500 inhabitants, is the seat of the bishop, and contains an old castle dating from the fifteenth century. The other towns are Fario, 6,100, Casamicciola, Lacco, Panza, and Moropano.

This portion of Europe has frequently suffered from terrible earthquake shocks eruptions of lava, showers of ashes, and rising and sinkings of earth. Islands and capes have appeared and disappeared with each succeeding convulsion of nature, but such is the happy-go-luck nature of the people that they never suffer much anticipation or retrospection so long as the wants of the day are supplied. The numbers slain will soon be replaced by others, as ever since the Greeks first settled the place it has not lacked a population. Their rude and simple methods of agriculture require but little capital, the fisher's stock will soon be replaced, and in a few years all traces of the ruin will be swept away or covered by the luxuriant growth of vegetation which in that climate soon covers everything with its mantle of living green.—*Chicago News.*

Simplicity of Speech.

"Gemlen," said Brother Gardener, as the meeting came to order, with 213 members present, and Elder Toots ready for a two hours' nap, "let your conversashun be plain and to de pint. Say what you mean, an' mean what you say. I has noticed a tendency on de part of sartin members of dis club to affect de Shakesperian style. I want it stopped. It doan' sound right in a man applyin' whitewash or stove-blacking. How many members of dis club know de meanin' of de term: 'Prognosticate towards de individuality,' an' yet I h'ar it uttered a dozen times a day. What's de use of a cull'd man alrnin' ten shillin's a day remarkin' dat he expects to condescend to de irresponsible endeavor when he kin jist as well obsarve dat blackberries am down to fifteen cents per quart? If any of you has de ideah dat de use of sich words as bombastic, delirium tremens, Cicero, or inconsistency, elevates you in de mind of your naybur, you is greatly mistaken. When a man comes to me an' wants to borry two tablespoonfuls of eighty-cent green tea, kase de preacher am gwine to be at his house to supper, let him spit it right out in plain English language, instead of beatin' around in de woods an' luggin' in sich words as abdicate, reaction, Cæsarism an' cahoots. If I had a son 20 y'ars ole, an' he should come home wid his whitewash brush on his shoulder an' inform me dat de gratificashun ob de incontestible syntax had withdrawn its bombardment of de planetary desiderashun, I should riz up an' put my No. 12 agin him wid sich auxillary reprehensibility dat he would feel lame fur six weeks. Let us now purceed to bizeness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Alfred Mouchet, a Persian by birth and residence, is dead. He was a horse dealer's assistant, as was known for many years as "the bucket man." But his title to fame serenely rests upon the fact he was the champion glutton of the French capital. On one occasion he devoured at a single meal a whole turkey, a leg of mutton, a pound of cheese, several pounds of bread and a bucketful of wine.

The Women of Burmah.

The Burmese women are noted for their well-proportioned though small figures. To one accustomed to seeing the regular features so prevalent among the many pretty Indian girls, the Mongol-like features of their Burmese sisters look ugly and repellant, but after a while this impression wears off; the women of the country have many pretty little ways and they are very cleanly. Their hands and feet are small and well shaped, arms symmetrical, the head well put on the neck; their carriage is erect; they allow no hair to grow anywhere except on their heads, where it is most luxuriant, and is taken the greatest care of, tied up a la chinoise, with a wreath or garland of flowers entwined; they disfigure their ears, which are naturally small and pretty, by boring huge holes in the lobes, and wear in them either gold or amber cylindrical shaped ear-rings; they cover themselves over with necklets, bracelets, rings, etc., and the Burmese gold and silver smiths are nearly as good as those in Cuttack, Trichinopoly or Delhi.

A Burmese girl who wishes to kiss presses her nose up against a face and sniffs! She is a born coquette, and will spend hours in adorning her person. Their dress consists of a tight under-jacket to support the bust, and a loose and flowing jacket over for show, a gaudy scarf hangs down over the shoulders; from the waist they wear either a many-colored silk thamine, which exposes the inside of one leg half way up the thigh, or a "loongie," which is more decent, being a sort of petticoat, fastened round the waist and exposing no part of the person. All the women smoke and chew betel-nut, but have nice, white, even teeth; they can swim, as a rule, and delight in dabbling in water, and invariably bathe once, perhaps oftener, during the day.

The Burmese seldom have more than one wife, and she reigns supreme in the house, and conducts the purchase or sale of all necessaries. A girl's great ambition is to keep a stall in a bazar; it is her introduction into society, and is equivalent to our own girls being brought out. They are a merry, pleasant race, and many of the fourth Seikhs, when they returned to the Punjab, took back with them Burmese girls, prefering them as wives to their own far comlier women.

There is not a prettier sight in the world than a crowd gathered round a pagoda on a gala day, with the men resplendent in gorgeous apparel, the women and children in their best, pretty, plump, well made figures, smiling faces, banners streaming, flags flying, backed by the beauty of the scenery and the grand proportions of their numerous pagodas. On these occasions the people are as merry as crickets, are constantly on the move, and thoroughly enjoy themselves. The women cannot as a rule either read or write, for their priests are not allowed to teach them. A few have been educated by well-meaning missionaries, but whether from coming in contact with native children, or some other reason, these girls too often are not as conducted as their more ignorant sisters.

Every Burmese girl is a born actress, and delights in taking a part in a poey, or national drama. There is no stigma attached to women who take a part in these perfomances, as there is to dancing girls in India, and they are invariably well conducted, modest girls. Like the men, the women are inveterate gamblers; at a boat or pony race the men and women bet together freely, and often a girl, after losing all she possesses, will stake herself against what she considers her value, and if she lose, she follows the winner, and becomes his wife. On the slightest provocation a woman will commit suicide, generally by means of opium, which, thanks to a paternal government, can be purchased without restriction in every bazar.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Twelve Cross-Eyed Children.

"It was the most miraculous thing that ever happened," said the lady who spoke, "that such a fearful wish as old Charley Robinson made should ever come true, but nevertheless it's a fact. What did he wish? Well, he had a cousin who tormented him at times, and when his cousin got married he told his cousin's wife that he hoped she'd be the mother of thirteen children and that all of them would be cross-eyed, and the solemn truth is that she did have thirteen and all, with one exception, were cross-eyed."

These words fell from the lips of a lady who is worthy of the fullest credence, and they relate to an old acquaintance of hers who years ago was a conspicuous characters down East among the Puritans of New England.

Robinson was a very peculiar man. He was small in stature and he "followed the road" as a pedler. He was afflicted with sore eyes and a nervous affection that kept his head constantly bobbing to and fro. He also possessed many strange traits of character, and his wonderful ability to put into verse on the instant a description of anything and everything that might happen in his presence was a feature of the man that gave him wide celebrity. His personal acquaintances were legion. He was full of animation and fun. He would crack a joke with any one, but could not stand to be ridiculed because of the unfortunate condition of his eyes.

One evening Robinson was comfortably anchored at a friend's house in Horseneck, where he had what is now called a "mash" on the rosy-cheeked help. He was seated near a wood stove which needed fuel to keep the fire going. His host, warm-hearted old Colonel Rich, said to him that he would either have to move from his position or turn in and keep the fire up. Of course he courteously essayed to feed the stove more wood, and thus relieve the members of the household from that duty. It was an old-fashioned wood stove, and when Robinson touched it off came the door from its hinges and it fell to his feet. In an instant he said:

As I came here to-night to see a girl
Whom I love, and shall love evermore,
I went to put some wood in the stove,
And straightway down fell the door.

Having this power of improvisation and a thousand ways of provoking fun and merriment, Robinson never lacked hospitable friends. Wherever night overtook him, there he found a friend who housed him until the next morning. Among those he was accustomed to visit on his trips was the cousin above alluded to. This relative was an exception in that he was about the only one who would persistently make fun of Robinson's cross-eyes and attempt to mimic his other peculiar antics. It was, of course, done in good part, and no one ever showed the least anger because of it. Not even the unfortunate peddler would admit that he felt the sting deeply, but he did.

The cousin who did this was a bachelor, living near Dublin, in Fairfield County. One day it was announced that he was going to take unto himself a wife from the many olive branches of old Simon Lockwood, of Mianus. The wedding ceremony took place in the old church on Horseneck Hills, and Robinson happened to come along to the merry-making which followed at the bridegroom's house. As usual he stayed. His cousin's wife was a buxom lass, as all the Lockwoods are, and Robinson patiently awaited the time when he would be presented to her. Finally the introduction took place with all due solemnity. It was expected by every one that the peddler would produce a verse or two that would do him credit and please the bride. Imagine, then, the astonishment of the bride and the whole party when Robinson blurted out:

"I congratulate you upon your marriage, but I hope you'll have thirteen children and that every one of them will be cross-eyed."

This speech astounded the household. Its effect, passed off, however, and nothing more was thought of it until the newly-made Benedict became the father of a cross-eyed child. This set Robinson's cousin to thinking of the days when he had so injudiciously plagued Robinson about his eyes. He was not superstitious, but still he could not get over the fact that the unfortunate peddler's wish had something to do with the deformed eyes of his babe.

Year after year rolled by, and each one brought a cross-eyed child, until the man became a misanthrope and the mother broken-hearted. Thirteen came and no more, and twelve were cross-eyed.—*Newberg (N. Y.) Cor. N. Y. World.*

Some Big Fog Stories.

Speaking of fogs reminds me that the other morning I ran across a stranger from Colorado—that is, we ran against each other—and he has introduced me to a local character who knows all about them. The stranger is a bonanza king on a small scale; the character lords it over the rowboats belonging to a certain islander, and I am the ruler of a waiter to whom I have promised a large fee—each of us is a monarch of some degree. The character is the oldest inhabitant as well, and indulges to the full his prerogative of conveying to tourists vast quantities of interesting, not to say startling, information. The stranger's assertions are weighted with the wild and breezy picturesqueness of the boundless West. As for myself, I believe that my feeble utterances do not greatly tend to the discredit of the profession. This much by way of introduction.

Quoth the character a day or two since, just after we had opened court, so to speak, in his boat-house: "I guess you young fellers think this putty bad weather, don't ye?"

"It's the worst weather I ever seen," remarked the stranger, gloomily.

"'N' yit 'tain't nothin' to what 'twas in '79," asserted the character proudly. "The fog we had then *was* fog, I tell ye! I was rowin' that season myself. One mornin' I took out a feller 'n' girl in my big boat. I swanny, sir, the fog come up so thick 't I couldn't see 'em three feet away, 'n' they couldn't hear me speak. How d' ye think I found out when they wanted to git ashore? Wal, the feller chawed holes in the fog tryin' to find the girl an' kiss her, till he got nigh enough to me, so't I could stick one end of a horn into his mouth, 'n we talked through that. Wust trouble," added the character, meditatively, "was when we'd take the horn down for a minute, the fog'd git inter it 'n' we'd blow the chunks down our throats."

The stranger looked enviously at the character, gulped once or twice, and asked:

"Ever see any underground fog, ole hoss?"

The old hoss was constrained to admit that he never did; but—

"Oh! that's all right," put in the stranger, his face brightening visably; "le' me toot my bazoo. This underground fog comes into a mine when you git about down to hard pan—fact is the stuff is what makes bed rock. When I opened the Belle of Hospital Gulch it gave me a heap of trouble. One day it came down one side o' the shaft whiles I was goin' up in the bucket on the other. It druv the air all to my side and knocked me 'silly. Then it went down below and froze the boys, froze 'em, pardner! inter the rock. We had to blast 'em out. How's that for fog, eh, pard?" and the stranger bit off a chew, and gazed at us sternly but triumphantly.

There was a moment of silence.

"You see that ledge, 'bout half a mile out?" asked the character, at last. "No, ye can't, though, can ye? Wal, they was a schooner went ashore there last summer in a fog storm. We couldn't get no boat out, the sea was so high, an' we couldn't see 'em for the fog only when we fired a cannon and the ball cut it. Now, there they was, half a mile away, mind ye! How d'ye think they got off?"

The stranger considered a moment, and then despairingly inquired: "How'd they fetch it, pard?"

"They shoveled a road through the fog and walked ashore!"—*Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

Religions in India.

The latest statistics upon this subject, founded upon the census of 1882, show that out of the grand total of the population of British India, which is given at 254,899,516, the various sects and castes of Hindoos made up no less than 187,937,450. The Mohammedans, who came next in order, numbered 50,121,585. The nature worshippers, or demonolators, numbered 6,426,511; the Buddhists, 3,418,844; Christians, 1,862,634; Jains, a sect whose worship is mingled Buddhism and Hindoism, 1,221,896; the Sikhs, who are simple Theists, 853,426; and those who come under the heading of other creeds, or were altogether unspecified, 3,057,130. The Christians enumerated are exclusive of persons of European nationality. The number of Roman Catholic Christians was set down as 963,058, or a little over half a million. Indeed, a strict scrutiny is stated to have brought out the total of native Protestant Christians as only a little over half a million. But this number shows the very satisfactory increase of eighty-six per cent in ten years, as in 1871 the total was only 318,363; thirty years ago the number of native Christians was only 102,951. In 1861 this number had increased by fifty-three per cent, and again in 1871 by sixty-one per cent, so that there has been for some time back a rapid and unbroken progress.

—Gottlieb Zorn's wife was mowing in a field at Newdrop, L. I., the other day, when her husband was prostrated by sunstroke. She picked him up, put him on her back, and carried him into the house. When he became better she finished mowing the field.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Business and professional cards of five lines or less, per annum, five dollars.

For time advertisements, apply at this office.

Legal advertisements at statue rates.

For transient advertising, see rates on third page.

All advertisements payable monthly.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The goat is in danger of losing his main article of diet. A new industry is the collection of tin cans for melting into window weights.

—Dr. Freize, a Brazilian physician, has discovered in the blood of yellow-fever patients a minute parasite which, he believes, is the cause of yellow fever.

—A stock company has been formed in Schuyler, Neb., with a capital stock of $10,000, for the purpose of manufacturing syrup from the amber sugar-cane.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A gentleman living in Florida has patented a process for making sugar and syrup from cassava, and, after experiment, writes that he has no doubt cassava cultivation will, in a few years, be the most profitable employment of the people in that State.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A San Francisco inventor claims to have constructed a life-saving raft capable of accommodating 500 passengers. It is 108 feet long and twenty-eight feet wide when inflated, yet can be stowed away under the bulwarks of a vessel, occupying a space only three feet wide, three feet high and twenty-eight feet long.

—Miss Ada Parker is a girl of eighteen who lives on a cotton plantation two miles from Monroe, La. For the last four years she has had exclusive charge of the place, upon which her widowed mother, sister and two younger brothers reside, supporting them all by her own industry. She is her own overseer, supervising all work done in person.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Hay grown west of the Mississippi is fed in Charleston, after having been carried 2,000 miles. It has not been many years since the idea of profitably carrying so bulky a product one-fifth of that distance would have been laughed at. Since that time freights for long distances have been much reduced, and farmers have learned how to put their hay and straw in much better shape for shipment.—*Chicago Herald.*

—"Mr. Serrell, of New York," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "has received the gold medal of the Lyons (France) Academy for his invention for the automatic reeling of silk by electricity. Mr. Serrell went to Lyons some years ago and won the confidence of the great capitalists there, getting them to accept his labor-saving machinery, which will work much the same revolution that was accomplished by the cotton-gin. The fortunate inventor is still a young man, and his friends believe he has an extraordinary career before him."

—A second electric boat has been launched upon the Thames. It is forty-six feet long and can carry fifty passengers. Its motive force lies concealed in seventy boxes, each of one horse power stored under the floor of the boat, and at the end there is a Siemens dynamo, the spindle of which is continued so as to form the screw, without intermediate gearing. A speed of nine miles an hour can be maintained for six or seven hours, when the secondary batteries have to be replenished. There is no noise, or heat, or smoke, or smell, or waste, and the machinery takes up so little room that practically the entire boat is available for passenger accommodations.

PITH AND POINT.

—The report comes from New York that the dudes are taking to drinking absinthe. Sh! don't say a word; absinthe is said to be fatal in three years.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

—A man who paid a plumber $500 for putting the water on every floor of his house, said when the kitchen chimney caught fire the engine company did the same job without charging him a cent.—*Chicago Times.*

—An enthusiastic country exchange remarks: "The hills and valleys are carpeted with the verdant growing crops." A neat idea. The carpet, strictly speaking, is of the ingrain variety.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—"My case is just here," said a citizen to a lawyer. "The plaintiff will swear that I hit him. I will swear that I did not. Now what can you lawyers make out of that if we go to trial?" "A hundred dollars easy," was the reply.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—"A Word and a Blow!"—First Gent (Celt): "Ye met 'm at me brother's, the bimber, I think?" Second Gent (Saxon): "Yes, but I haven't any favorable impression of him—'n fact—um—he struck me as a liar." First Gent: "Did he, thin? I hope ye hit 'm back, sur!"—*Punch.*

—A schoolmistress of Yreka, Cal., while on her way to school was attacked by an infuriated steer. "She seized the animal by the horns and held him until help came." The next day she saw a rat in the school-room, when she hastily gathered her skirts about her, jumped up on a desk, and yelled murder. A rat has no horns for a woman to grab hold of.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A conundrum constructor, whose name is unknown to fame, has found out by experience the difference between a sweetheart and a wife is almost akin to the difference between a gold-headed cane and a wart on your nose. You carry the one around with you because you like to and the other because you've got to.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—An ambitious Burlington woman ordered a new poke bonnet: "Make the bonnet as big as the price." In about a week a hay wagon, having scared all the street cars off the track on its way, halted and drew up in front of her house with a thing on it so much bigger than the block that the woman couldn't keep it in town without paying storage to the city.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

Poetry of the Railroad.

But if you wish a spectacle of surpassing picturesqueness, take post upon a railroad, at a safe distance from the track, of a dark night, about the time a train is expected to arrive. First you hear a low thunder reverberating among distant hills; anon a bright point of light appears, like a star on the drapery of evening. It grows with astonishing rapidity, and now it glares like the fierce red eye of a monstrous demon, becomes larger, redder, fiercer every moment, while the roar of the engine it heralds becomes more appalling and voluminous as it approaches. An earthquake—a wirlwind—a shower of fire—and the train is passed. If there be not more poetry in this than in an old night-coach, with its dim lamps, drowsy driver, piled-up baggage-rack, snoring passengers and weary