

The Democratic Watchman.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

WILLIE WENT A WOOLING.

Young Willie went a wooling,
One pleasant Sunday night;
Went wooling Jennie Gilbert—
Pray who had a better right?
The dew was on the flowers,
The stars were shining bright,
When Willie went a wooling,
One pleasant Sunday night.

The path led through the meadow,
To farmer Gilbert's house,
And Willie trod as gently,
And "slyly as a mouse."
But his heart grew tumultuous,
When first he saw the light
In farmer Gilbert's parlor,
That pleasant Sunday night.

Jennie Gilbert was the mistress
Of farmer Gilbert's farm,
And many fond admirers
Had offered her their arm;
And told her how they loved her,
But it wasn't long ago,
Until Willie went a wooling,
One pleasant Sunday night.

She was her father's all on earth,
Her mother, years ago,
Went down the river valley,
And crossed the river's flow;
And Jennie grew to womanhood—
Of her father's home the light,
Where Willie went a wooling,
One pleasant Sunday night.

Was never known what Willie said,
Nor how his love he told,
But Jennie let him hold her hand,
(Perhaps that made him bold.)
For he kissed her on her burning cheek,
Her little hand held tight—
Did Willie, while a wooling,
One pleasant Sunday night.

The farmer in the kitchen lone,
By himself apart,
The wooling in the parlor,
Made sorrowful his heart.
The hour hand on the kitchen clock
Was standing bolt upright,
Ere Willie left a wooling,
That pleasant Sunday night.

To breakfast on the morrow
Jennie came a little late;
Her father gazed into her eyes,
And sought to read his fate,
But she kept her secret nobly,
Her father's gaze despite,
Said not a word of Willie's night,
Or the pleasant Sunday night.

Dark-browed sat farmer Gilbert,
And with a longed-for face,
He thought of the empty room,
Within that pleasant place;
So sad was his demeanor,
That Jennie pale with fright,
Thought Willie was in blood
From coming Sunday night.

But Willie Gray was sent for
That very bright day;
And everything was settled
Before he went away.
For Will and Jennie, "Father"
"Put everything to rights,"
And Willie came a wooling,
That pleasant Sunday night.

Blithe Will and gentle Jennie
Now journey side by side,
A worthy, happy husband,
A loved and loving bride.
Farmer Gilbert, in the cradle,
The farm looks trim and bright,
And Willie looks his Jennie
Now every Sunday night.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP.

There was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's" grocery had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Peter and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp—"Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the least said of her the better. She was a coarse, and it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity when she most needed the ministrations of her sex. Dissolute, abandoned and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom—hard enough to bear even in the seclusion and sexual sympathy with which custom veils it—but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation, which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin, that at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive sympathy and care, she met only the half-complacent faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two twos in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return, but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced as inmate. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen, known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do." "You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in the proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extemperate surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminals, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Okhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a denotation. Perhaps in the minor details, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but the slight omissions

did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it," even, that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp, querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man. It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When those details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd, which had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in starting red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and official complacency—"Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door."

"Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on, he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good had actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman. "Is that him?" "mighty small specimen," "hasn't norn' got the color," "ain't bigger nor a durringer." The contributions were as characteristic. A silver tobacco-box, a doubloon, a navy revolver, silver mounted, a gold specimen, a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Okhurst, the gambler), a diamond breast pin, a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung shot, a Bible (contributor not detected), a golden spur, a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's), a pair of surgeon's shears, a lancet, a Bank of England note for £5, and about \$200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impressive as the dead on his left—a gravity as ineradicable as that of the newly-born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasmodic pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a bluish tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d—d little cuss," he said, as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rasted with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "The d—d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weakness of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed he walked down to the river and whistled, reflecting. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy, "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rasted with it—the d—d little cuss," he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hill-side, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what

should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the untucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it and ring in somebody else on us." A diabolical in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned he averred stoutly that he and "Jenny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent and heroic about the plan, that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and alligree work and frills—in the cost."

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for maternal deficiencies. Nature took the founding to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills—that air pungent with balsamic odor; that ethereal fœtid, at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you?" he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Cayote"—(an allusion to his vocal powers)—and even by Kentuck's endearing of "the d—d little cuss." But those were felt to be vague and un-satisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Okhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Okhurst, "to take a fresh deal all around. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one Boston, a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest fun. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to 'fool you, boys," said the little man stoutly, "ev'ing the faces around him, 'but it strikes me that this yer baby's in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And there's going to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said, that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, this stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California. So help me God." It was the first time that the name of the baby had been uttered, and he had been at it for a long time. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived, but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a christian roof, and cried and was comforted in an orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began at Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and white-washed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "shorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how The Luck got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defence, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the care-

lessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked in Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquillizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-O-War Jack," an English sailor, from Her Majesty's Australian Colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arcthusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged lying fall at the burden of each verse, "On b-o-o-o-ard of the Arcthusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack, holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This ere kind of think," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is ev'ing ly." On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillside yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairy land had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy—albeit there was an infantine gravity about him—a contemplative light in his round grey eyes that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral" a hedge of ensalated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crept up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't talking to a jay bird as was a-sittin on his lap. 'There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a jawin at each other just like two cherry bums.' Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back, blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse, and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the calm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall red-woods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumble bees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a stumorous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times"—and the Luck was with them. The claims yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp, they duly preempted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring,' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an lagn baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hold in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "the sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely averse in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the re-

solve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the miserably meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of '61 will long be remembered in the foot-hills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned—"Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy, "It's been here once and 'will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner, but the pride—the hope—the joy—the Luck—of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here? It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding the Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying 'too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's taking me with him—tell the boys I've got the Luck with me, now," and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.—Overland Monthly.

Turkish Women—Their Customs, Traits, and Habits—The Bath and Harem.

The most striking and painful features of Mohammedan countries, says Edna Dean Proctor, is the degrading position of the women. The lower classes wear out their lives in the most menial drudgery; in proportion as they rise in the scale of rank and beauty (beauty makes rank here) they are petted and cherished, and are guarded with the most jealous care. Any woman in the Sultan's dominions, no matter what her birth and circumstances, may aspire to become an inmate of his harem, provided she has the requisite perfection of face and figure, and, what is yet stranger, after remaining there for a time, she may anticipate being given in recognized marriage to some one of his chief officers—yet there is no respect for a woman because of her nature, her character, or her sphere. She is admirable only so far as she contributes to the pleasure of man, and, in all stations, whatever influence she has, is due to her fleeting personal charms. Alas, for one who has no enchantments of face or form! According to Moslem creed her heritage is doubtful, even in the world to come.

It is a mistake to suppose that Mohammedan women never go abroad. You meet them in every street and bazaar, but always veiled according to the peculiar fashion of the place they inhabit, and watched and attended just in proportion as they are valued, so that the more restricted they are, the more complimented they feel. Their indoor dress is everywhere much the same—loose, full trousers, confined at the ankle, a flowing robe, with a grille about the waist, the jewels proportioned to the wealth of the wearer—a style much more graceful and desirable than many modes which Paris dictates.

At Cairo, the women of the better classes wear usually in the streets a black silk mantle, which envelops them from head to foot, and a thick veil which entirely conceals the face, except the eyes. The dress of the poor is similar, but the material is a coarse blue cotton. Hundreds of women of this latter class in Cairo, sit all day upon the ground with a little pile of bread, or fruit, or vegetables by their side for sale; and through all the oppressive heat never lift their veils, considering it a disgrace which only the lowest will incur, to have their faces exposed to view, while at the same time; perhaps, neck and bosom are wholly bare.

The young girls at eight or nine years of age assume this veil. In Damascus a thin bright figured handkerchief of silk or cotton is drawn over the face and fastened behind. The shrouding mantle here is of white cloth, sometimes of embroidered muslin; and with the wealthy, of those rich silk fabrics for which Damascus is renowned. Nowhere, except in sea-shell and sunset skies, have I seen such tints as there—yellow, pink, rosy purples, orange blues, crimson greens, maroon browns, all shot through with gold and silver threads, a blending that pleases and yet bewilders the eye. The native dyers of Cashmere boast of having more than forty distinct and peculiar hues. I think there can not be less at Damascus. In Constantinople the veil gives place to the yachman's scarf of the finest and most delicate white muslin, which is folded across the head and face, leaving the eyes and a part of the forehead uncovered, and pinned or gathered into a knot at the back.

Nothing could be more becoming than this gauzy muslin, giving a transparent look to the complexion, enhancing the brilliancy of the soft black or brown eyes which glance from between its folds, and only half hiding the luxuriant hair. I noticed that the prettier woman, the thinner was its texture; and there were some blooming faces to which it was only such drapery as the moss is to the rosebud. Often it was caught back with pearl headed pins, while pearls hung in the ears, or glomed in a bandeau along the brow. The outer garment, the ferridge, is more graceful in shape than those worn elsewhere, and falls from the shoulders like a cloak or shawl. Its common material is merino or poplin, of a plain, light color—gray,

fawn, lilac, maize, and sometimes crimson or green. Rings set with turquoise and diamonds, sprinkled upon the fingers; but gloves and black shoes are rarely seen, the alighted feet being increased for walking in loose boots of red or yellow morocco.

There is for me an irresistible charm in the Eastern countenance and manner. The people of the West throw themselves into life as if they feared the present were all; the Orientals take it as but a single phase of existence. They are in league with fate, and carry in their faces the serenity akin to sadness of those to whom all events are alike welcome. I have no desire to see the Asiatic tribes crushed and driven out before the advance of Europe. They spring from earth's primeval inhabitants in their first occupied lands. Many of their customs and modes of thought date back to the infancy of the race. They have some elements of character grander than ours, and they need only to be developed and enlightened in order to add immensely to the riches of civilization. It is a part of the West to seek to win them to purer faith and a nobler worship, and to show them that they can not reach their best estate until through all their realms, woman is elevated in the social scale, and made what she was meant to be—the equal and companion of man.

Interesting Brevities.

- A rare combination Dollars and Sex.
- What State is high in the middle and round at both ends? Ohio.
- Why was not Eve afraid of the mesleey because she'd Adam?
- Among the officers of the Chicago Row is a Sorcerer.
- Latitude, like a clothesline stretches from pole to pole.
- Age before beauty, of course. Let old folks rest before you.
- In Switzerland one who kills another is liable for the debts of the murdered man.
- Indiana has eight hundred and thirty-three aboriginal school-houses still in use.
- Roman type were first made in 1467, but about the year 1500.
- An edition of Donatus was the first book printed on movable types.
- Weilman, who swore Mrs. Surratt's death, is a reporter on a Philadelphia paper.
- Flat fights and law making are the leading business of the Tennessee Legislature.
- Texas has this year raised a large crop of corn. Little folks will be sorry to hear it.
- Nearly \$20,000,000 are annually spent in liquor sold by retail in Golly Massachusetts.
- What great man's name ought to rush to the mind of a lover when his sweetheart says "h'm!" (h'm!)
- A Terre Haute minister bets that he can learn to manage a velocipede in less than a week.
- Punch thinks the poorest farmer in Ireland, if unable to feed his calves, can always graze his swine.
- Five horse thieves were taken from the Dyerburg, Tenn., lately, by the citizens, and shot to death.
- "Velocipede candy" is now sold. It is a manufacturer finds unnecessary to give notice that it is not worked with the feet.
- A little girl in Wisconsin made a break in an iron safe, of which she was so vainly proud. She has not yet explained.
- It is estimated that there are nearly ten thousand young men in Boston under marriage engagements, waiting for better times.
- A Red river correspondent describes an Indian captive being "as grave, yet thoughtful as a man over the corpse of his step-mother."
- Sir John Bowring's translation of "The Tien Ki" (The Flower Scroll, a Chinese novel, has lately been published in London.
- The first letters were characters in the handwriting of Printing was introduced in Paris in 1470, into London four years later.
- Jim, chief of the Washoe Indians in Nevada, consisting of two hosts, will be voted among his moon-ohable widows.
- The dog tax in Massachusetts is paid in Hampden County it yields \$5 more than the damage the dogs do to sheep.
- Scientists in France and Germany think the recent convulsions of the earth indicate the ultimate formation of a new continent.
- A Michigan inventor has perfected a chain to put on work, in the same way will do the work of three men.
- The question of arbitration upon a party question between Great Britain and Portugal, has been accepted by the President of the United States.
- Type founding was formerly a part of the business of a printer, and was declared a printing art by a decree of the State Chamber in 1837.
- The recent lunar eclipse could be seen from the summit of the Sierra Nevada, the sun was still in sight. This phenomenon was caused by refraction.
- Eighty persons have applied for divorce in the February term of the First Maine District Court. A large percentage from adjoining States.
- In the late Maine shipwreck the wife and her wife assisted with the survivors, and a Newfoundland dog swam with the baby.
- Out of 492,869 soldiers in the Austro army, but 4,530 are able to write, so that one man in ten can hope to become a sub-officer.
- An Oregon journal is progressing. It is two births under the head of "Oregon," and ranges its style "Fixed to Stay," and its reports under the head of "Oregon."
- It is said that every farm of 100 acres in Eastern Kansas is underlaid with 1,000,000 of coal, or nine times more fuel than the best faces were covered with heavy timber.
- There is a bill before the Wisconsin Legislature making the attendance at school children between eight and fourteen years age compulsory.
- A man being asked, as he lay sunning himself in the grass, what the height of his ambition, replied, "To marry a rich widow with a big dowry."
- A New Orleans lawyer has married a girl whom he took from begging on the street ten years ago, educated and fell in love with her.
- Quails are so rapidly disappearing from the prairies, even as far west as Kansas, that the Legislature of that State is called upon to pass a law against catching them in nets.
- The last novelty out is a "hair" album. Locks of hair belonging to your friends, and their autographs, are tastefully arranged on the pages. It is quite unique, and promises to be popular.
- The Mosque of Foundouky, at Constantinople, built by order of the Sultan, been lit and gas, and the other Mussulman places of worship are likely to be shortly provided with similar apparatus.
- The South American Republics have accepted the mediation of the United States in their disputes with Spain. The Congress of Washington is expected to meet at the end of the spring.
- Here is a man, a Congressman, Ketchum in fine, who has introduced a bill to encourage and protect inventing of new kinds of fruit. "But who is to protect the fruit?" said a cabbage, double action beet, the water-battle plum, and warbling parrot? You must punish thieves, but how Ketchum?
- Becher says that "the only way to exterminate the Canada thistle is to plant it in crop and propose to make money out of it. The worms will gnaw it, bugs will bite it, beetles will bore it, aphids will suck it, birds will peck it, heat will scorch it, rain will drown it, mildew and blight will ride it."