

### A Flag that Refused to Go Up.

During the last grand "review" of her troops by the queen of England, at Aldershot, the big flag refused to go up the staff, to the great mortification of the managers. A similar misadventure at Nottingham, at a muster of the troops of the ill-fated Charles I., was thought to have a sinister omen. Victoria, however, has none of the superstition of 240 years ago. Colonel T. W. Higginson, who was present, writes to the *Woman's Journal* this lively account of the scene at Aldershot:

Two soldiers had long stood ready at the flagstaff to hoist the great standard; and, when the queen was seen, the signal for its raising was given. Up it went, flapping in the strong wind; but so clumsily was it done that the flag was wrapped round the staff, and not half of it blew out freely.

The men twitched and tugged in vain; there was no time to mend the matter by lowering and rehoisting, and her majesty trotted by, apparently not noticing the mishap, but nodding and smiling good-naturedly to some of the ladies who sat in favored positions.

When she had gone past, and had turned to drive along the line of troops opposite us, there was a subdued murmur of "Lower the flag and try it again," an officer stepped forward and gave orders, and down it came. Then it began to go up once more, this time blowing out clearly, till it had reached half-mast and stopped. There was a general groan; again twitching and pulling were tried in vain; the halcyon was plainly choked in the block.

At last a soldier advanced to climb the flagstaff; subdued cheers greeted him; the queen was now far away, trotting down the long line of soldiers; there was plenty of time.

Up and up he went, and when he stopped half way up to rest, the cheering grew more outspoken. But more than half way up he never got, and the cheering died into a muffled groan, when the poor fellow with a sheepish smile slid slowly downward, quite exhausted, and the flag was still at half-mast, and the queen was still trotting on.

Then, after a pause and hurried consultation, came forward a cavalryman, and great was the relief when on stripping off his coat he showed the tattooed arm of a soldier.

"Bless him!" gasped a lady near me. "There's but just time," growled her husband.

Up went the bold dragoon, not stopping even to take off his heavy boots. No applause met him till he had passed the point where his predecessor had stopped; then all seemed to take breath, and the murmur of triumph swelled.

But as he went higher he went ominously slower, and ten feet from the top, utterly powerless to climb an inch farther, he stuck helpless, an object of dismay to twenty thousand people. Stretching out his tired arm, bending and unbending it as if to say, "If you only knew how I feel," the poor victim of powerless patriotism slid slowly down, and there was the queen in full sight, and rapidly approaching.

The commander of her advanced guard had just reached the flag-staff as the poor cavalryman slunk back among his mates. "Pull down that flag!" shouted he, or somebody. Down it came, and her majesty, the queen of England and empress of India, reviewed her sixteen thousand picked troops without a flag over her head.

But so far as she was concerned, this annoying test only brought out her finer qualities. Her expression was, as all said, unusually bright and cheerful that day; she cast one light glance at the empty flag-staff, and from that moment seemed to ignore the whole matter.

### What Blind Men Have Done.

The long list of the names of the blind who have been eminent in the various branches of learning from the time of Diodatus, who lived fifty years before the Christian era, to the present time, is well worth remembering. The following are some of those to whom we refer:

Diodatus, of Asia Minor, celebrated for his learning in philosophy, geometry and music.

Eusebius, also of Asia, lived from 315 to 340 of the Christian era; became blind at five years of age; died at twenty-five. And yet, during so short a lifetime, this blind man, by his theological writings, has come to us, and will go down to posterity, as one of the fathers of christianity.

Henry, the minstrel of Scotland, author of "The Poetic Life of Wallace," was born blind in 1361.

Margaret, of Ravens, born in 1505, blind at three months; celebrated for her writings on theology and morals.

Hermann Torrentius, of Switzerland, born in 1546, and author of a history and poetical dictionary.

Nicholas Sanderson, of Yorkshire, England, born in 1682; learned in mathematics, astronomy, and wrote a book on algebra.

Thomas Blacklock, D. D., of Scotland, born in 1761; blind at six months; celebrated for his learning in poetry, divinity and music.

Francis Huber, of Geneva, Switzerland, born in 1610; wrote on natural sciences, bees, ants, and on education.

John Milton, born in 1608, in London; author of "Paradise Lost."

John Metcalf, born in 1717, in England; road surveyor and road contractor.

John Gough, born in 1767, in England; blind at three years; wrote on beauty, natural history, etc.

David Macbeth, born in 1792, in Scotland; learned in music at d mathematics, and inventor of the string alphabet for the blind.

M. Focault, born in Paris in 1799; invented a writing apparatus for the blind.

M. Knio, of Prussia, born blind; was director of an institution for the blind, and wrote on the education of the blind.

Alexander Rodenbach, of Belgium, born in 1786; member of the Belgian congress, and wrote several works on the blind and the deaf-mute.

William Henry Churchman, formerly superintendent of the institution for the blind, at Indianapolis, Ind., and author of architectural designs and reports for the institution.

Prof. Fawcett, member of the British parliament, and an eminent philosophical writer.

### Concerning Diphtheria.

In spite of the careful study that has been given to the disease, diphtheria must still be classed as an unexplainable physical disorder. For a long time it was supposed to be of modern origin, but medical historical research has shown that there is good reason for thinking that it prevailed with deadly effect in India as long ago as 600 B. C., and that the fatal epidemic, called in the Talmud "askara," was essentially diphtheritic in its character. But from this time forward to the seventeenth century there is no disease described with which it can be compared. At that time there were many deaths from this cause; but it appears to have made a complete leap over the eighteenth century, and not to have been taken into professional account until about twenty years ago. Since that time, 1858, it has been intermittent in its severity, when any given locality is concerned, though it has never disappeared, when this and other large countries are taken into account. What regulates its coming and its going is, however, an unsolved mystery. Of the nature of the disease itself the same uncertainty exists, some physicians classing it with the very common disorder known as croup, while others, of seemingly equal authority, maintain that there is no connection between the two. Indeed, almost as much is learned by what it does not do as by what it does. In this way it has been repeatedly shown that it is governed by family or constitutional attractions, since, when one member of a family has it, other members of the household are much more liable to be attacked by it than friends or nurses who are not related by blood ties, even though the exposure in the latter case should be greater than in the former. In view of the number of cases of sickness from this cause in this city at the present time, says a *New York paper*, it would be well for all to bear this last-named circumstance in mind, for the frequency with which two or more members of a family die within a short time from this disease is one of its most painful features. It is, at least, satisfactory to know that the number who recover is now much larger than it once was, for in ancient times it was styled an incurable complaint, while the present rate of mortality from this cause is less than forty per cent. of those who suffer from it. The fact of its complete absence through long terms of years certainly indicates its possible preventability, and in these days of enlightened medical research it will be strange if some way is not discovered of stamping it out as effectually as small-pox has been eradicated.

### Flowers Under the Sea.

In the world under the waters are lovely flowers of every hue, instinct with life and passion, which brighten with pleasure and pale with pain, which wave about on long stems in the shifting currents, as earthly flowers do to the varying zephyrs, or sit in oasious beauty, thick-clustered, on a rough-ribbed branch of coral, or, breaking from their parent stems by a strange aetabasis, unknown to the vegetable analogues, become wanderers and vagabonds for the rest of their lives. Among these submarine flowers, none show a rarer beauty or greater brilliancy than the coral polyps. The tenderest and most subtle grays, the most suggestive and softest carnations, and royal purple robe these little polypoids—"daughters of the sea"—creatures that were, until a hundred and fifty years ago, universally believed to be marine flowers and trees.

There are strange flowers and trees, stalks and branches covered with bark, from which proceed buds that open into flowers, and bear seeds that reproduce the coral; but the stalks, instead of being herbaceous or woody, like those of vegetables, are horny or calcareous; the buds and flowers, endowed with animal life and intelligence, are sensitive and perceptive beings; the petals, opening out into rosettes, are so many arms, feelers, or tentacles that move about in search of food, which, seizing upon, they convey to their common axis or center, where is placed the mouth, and devour. The animated corolla opens and shuts alternately, and on the slightest hint of danger withdraws itself into itself, until nothing but an inconspicuous little gray knob can be seen, where but an instant before all was life, color and motion.

### Rome Sentinel Brevities.

"If you have nothing to give the poor but a little sound advice, you had better retain it," says an exchange. That's so. A bushel of sound potatoes would be better.

The happy Newark father, who is rocking his son, writes to say: "The reason I cradle him is because he's just as good as wheat." He's the family flower, probably.

The Hackensack Republican asks: "Why don't you pay twenty-five cents to some poor fellow and get your sidewalk cleaned?" We have; we've paid thirty cents, and it isn't cleaned yet.

If you want to ascertain if a man is an editor, just examine the second joint of his right thumb.—*Hackensack Republican*. You couldn't find out that way. We don't use the kind they cut ready-made clothing with.

A notorious burglar known as "Piano Charlie," was arrested the other day in Toronto. We suppose he plays on skeleton keys. He ought to be made to suffer the penalty of his crimes B. W.—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*. He probably belongs to an organized gang that does not pay any regard to the law.

### Jefferson's Farewell.

Two days before dying Thomas Jefferson told his daughter, Mrs. Randolph, that in a certain drawer in an old pocket-book she would find something intended for her, and, on afterward looking there, she found the following verses, written by him:

"Life's visions are vanished, its dreams are no more,  
Dear friends of my bosom, why bathed in tears?  
I go to my fathers, I welcome the shore  
Which crowns all my hopes or which buries my care.

Then farewell, my dear, my lov'd daughter  
Adieu!  
The last pang of life is in parting with you!  
Two seraphs await me long stranded in death;  
I will bear them your love on my last parting breath."

### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

#### A Farmer on Chemical Farming.

Mr. Conrad Wilson, in an essay on "Chemical Farming: its possibilities and its mistakes," illustrates the necessity and value of chemical elements when the conditions are right, and the danger of them when the conditions are wrong; and further more includes an examination of the Stockbridge formulas.

In his investigation of the subject Mr. Wilson at the onset makes this very essential distinction: While chemical elements are of great value to the farmer, it does not follow that chemical formulas are either valuable or safe. That they are in certain cases well adapted and successful, and occasional-give striking results, is not denied. But the net result of the yield, cost and final profit that is claimed for them, on a general average can only be safely accepted when definitely proved. In regard to the system of Professor Stockbridge—the fundamental principle of which Mr. Wilson admits is sound, and that some of the conclusions are true and important—he asserts it has not been successful in adapting its formulas in very many cases to the needs of the crop, and says that it is still more unfortunate in not adapting them to the needs of the soil. "It is well known," he says, "that soils differ so often and so widely in their constituent elements that a fertilizer fitted to one is not necessarily suited to another; and that if wrongly applied in a given case it may entail a loss instead of a gain. Yet these formulas make no distinction between rich and poor land, nor do they ever recognize the fact that some soils have already in sufficient amount one or more of the elements presented by this theory. A plan more inconsistent than this, or more opposed to true economy, can hardly be conceived. It involves the necessity of applying more plant food than is needed, and the possibility of using, in some cases, three elements, two of which are not needed, in order to make sure of one. The farmer," he continues, "must adapt his fertilizers to the soil or else cease to apply them, for there is no other way to make chemical farming pay. If he does not fully understand the soil he must be guided by the light he has, and get more as soon as possible. If the chemist can't enlighten him he must look to his own experience, judgement and skill, and just so far as he is in the dark on this point, to that extent his fertilizing is a game of chance. Every crop raised under a new theory is merely an experiment, however improperly performed. Each ray of light struck from the soil in these experiments creates a new value in husbandry and is often a new factor in the cost of production. It belongs not to one individual but to the whole community of farmers."—*New York World*.

#### Orchard and Garden Notes.

Tacks were driven in the bodies of trees from one to six years old on the grounds of the Iowa agricultural college, and at the end of the season it was found that the distance between the tacks had not increased—thus illustrating the fact, familiar to botanists, that tree trunks do not elongate.

Avoid hollows, ravines and any spongy black land. Even if well drained, such land grows trees which are likely to be succulent and short-lived. Cold air settles in the hollows, which are colder than the hills; for an orchard, choose land that is high or relatively high. The land may slope in either direction. There is not much choice unless the land is very steep.—*Professor Beal, Michigan*.

The *Rural New Yorker* says: We condemn the practice of heaping up the earth about the stems of fruit trees as generally recommended. Some say this mound will steady newly transplanted trees and will also tend to keep away mice. The only effects of this mound, to our thinking, are to soften the bark underneath, rendering it more sensitive to the alternations of freezing and thawing in February and March, and to induce sprouts from the parts so covered.

One of its readers sends an exchange the following note: Out of twenty-six witnesses I have examined in reference to the best way of managing an orchard after the trees have matured, nineteen of them say the less ploughing the better—keep in grass and clover, and top-dress with manure every fall. Two of them recommend ploughing shallow every few years to let in the air, and five of them believe in "hog cultivation;" that is, let the hogs run in the orchard and root up the ground as they please. All agreed that up to good bearing age, the cultivation of hoed crops, with liberal dressings of manure, was the only proper way.

Plants are often frosted through neglect, and allowed to die through ignorance. Those that have been quite severely nipped may be saved if treated rightly. An exchange says: The proper way is, when the frost has been partially drawn out of them, naturally, to drench them with cold water from a fine-robed watering pot, and immediately cover again and let them so remain until they regain their natural color. When they are removed clip off all such parts as are blackened. As soon as it is discovered that a plant has been touched by frost remove it to a cool, dark room, and on no account suffer the sun to shine on it. If they can be covered so as to exclude air as well as light, it is better still. Dahlias, cannas and the like need not be removed until the frosts are severe enough to blacken the leaves.

#### Cultivating Roses.

I have for several years cultivated a few choice roses. Last spring I added twenty to the number, and nearly all of them I set out in three or four-inch pots. In June I plunged these into the soil of my flower garden; two of my older roses and three of my new ones, however, were planted directly in the soil. All these roses were of the ever-blooming sort. One of the three new roses that were set in the ground, and only one, grew more luxuriantly and bloomed more abundantly than those in the pots. It was the charming rose *bon sillon*. It gave me six roses in midsummer, and then a new shoot sprang up from the roots, grew very rapidly, and put forth three buds, and a branch put forth two more, so in the autumn I had five roses (eleven in all) on that tiny bush. After potting and removing to

the house in October, I let it rest a few weeks and then cut off nearly all of its leaves; from the shoot referred to I removed every one. At this time, two weeks later, there are vigorous shoots more than an inch long, with three buds already peeping forth, where I cut off the leaves.

Several years ago I was forced to strip my bushes of their leaves, not knowing then how otherwise to get rid of the aphids, though I have since proved the virtues of hellebore. Soon after this deepening the plant, it would repay my harshness by putting forth new shoots at the leaf-joints, crowned with buds. Some people are so careful of their barren rose plants that not a leaf must be cut off, not a branch pruned, so they have naught but the unsightly bush to care for, whereas, if they would cut down the old wood, they might be rewarded by a new growth. A good rich soil is quite as essential as pruning; also moisture and sunshine. I have seen people who have become discouraged because their new rose plants dropped their leaves. No matter how green the stalk, they exclaim, "My rose bush is dead!" and by neglect they soon kill it. Had I pursued the same course, several of my choice plants, that have yielded lovely roses two months after setting out, would have been a failure. So long as there is life in the stalk there is hope that it will put forth and bud.—*M. D. W., in Vick's Magazine*.

#### Value of Apples or Fodder.

The value of apples for fodder for farm stock is one point on which all stock-growers agree who have had an opportunity of giving this fruit a trial in connection with other rations. The chief objection to apples for this purpose—the liability of animals choking on them—disappeared with the introduction of root-cutters, and farmers, especially those operating in climates which forbid grass during the entire year, are increasing the area devoted to orchards, with a view of disposing of any surplus amount as fodder. Some of our progressive dairymen, indeed, go further, and urge apple culture as a necessary adjunct to the dairy business, so thoroughly convinced are they that apples given to milk cows in connection with feed rich in nitrogen, during the winter season, impart to their milk a rich flavor, and to the butter a color akin to that gained from grass. Where soil and climate are adapted to them, there is no doubt but that apples for stock can be grown cheaper than any other kind of food of corresponding value, grass excepted.

Hogs are rapidly fattened on apples, when grain meal is intermixed, and horses and sheep thrive on them in place of roots, when given with hay.

Apples are of comparatively little value when fed alone. This is accounted for by the small amount of nitrogen they contain; hence the necessity of associating them with rations rich in the elements they lack. The same rule holds good with apple-pomace, which is valuable or almost worthless according as it is fed separately or in connection with other materials.—*New York World*.

#### Health Hints.

TO STOP NOSE BLEEDING.—Pressing on the artery that passes along the underside of the right jaw will stop nose bleeding.

BRUISES.—Bathe bad bruises in hot water. Arnica water hastens a cure, but is injurious and weakening to the parts when used too long and too freely.

THE SICK ROOM.—An invalid requires something besides physic. Good nursing and common sense rules, gently and pleasantly enforced, do more toward recovery than the doctor can. Heat the sick room, if possible, by an open grate fire, or wood upon the hearth; the latter is the best of all modes.

BURNS.—In the case of bad burns that take off the skin creosote water is the best remedy. If this is not at hand, wood-soot (not coal), pounded, sifted and mixed with lard is nearly as good, as such soot contains creosote. When a dressing is put on do not remove it till a skin is formed under it. If nothing else is at hand for a bad burn sprinkle flour over the place where the skin is off, and then let it remain, protected by a bandage. The chief aim is to keep the part without skin from the air.

CHILDREN'S GARTERS.—Children's stockings should not be fastened with elastic (or other) bands around the leg, as any band so applied interferes more or less with the circulation of the blood. Buttons should be sewed on the tops of the stockings, on the outer side of the leg, and elastic straps with button-holes at each end should fasten to these and to buttons on the under waists, under the arms. There are patent stocking-supporters much like this, only the strap forks above the knee and attaches to the stocking on the outside, and also on the inside of each stocking-leg. Home-made garters can be arranged the same way, but I find one fastening sufficient.—*Agriculturist*.

What's in a Name.

The Hillman house—distinguished for having been once occupied by Washington—is a great hostelry just north of the capitol, on Delaware avenue. It is much affected by married people with families. In its grand old corridors and the staircases play the most charming beings of children. Among the group is a boy, whose dark, piquant face is as bright and questioning as the one of Murillo's gypsies. He is called "Turcie" and is the son of Capt. Meigs. The legend of his name is that many years ago in the staid old State of Connecticut a great grandfater of the little fellow courted a young girl and asked her to be his wife. Her mother was anxious that her daughter should marry so exemplary a man, but the wayward girl declared him.

The disheartened suitor begged her to think of it, for if he left with her refusal he would never return. She gave him no encouragement, so he left. He was still outside, loth to depart, when the young girl, repenting, ran to the door and opening it suddenly called out: "Return, Jonathan! return, Jonathan!" He did return and they were married. When their first child was born, wishing to commemorate so happy an union, they named him Return Jonathan Meigs. The child was afterward appointed judge of the Territory of Michigan, and resigned in 1808. The grandfater of the district court is at present clerk of the district court.—*Washington Letter*.

#### Where Poets are Buried.

Chaucer was buried in the cloisters of Westminster abbey, without the building; but removed to the south aisle in 1555; Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Crowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan and Campbell all lie within Westminster abbey. Shakspeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried at St. Giles-in-the-Fields; Marlow, in the churchyard of St. Paul's Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger, in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, in Old St. Paul's; Edward Waller, in Beaufield churchyard; Milton in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate; Butler in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Otway, no one knows where; Garth, in the churchyard at Harrow; Pope, in the church at Twickenham; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage, in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Dublin; Parnell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young, at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thompson, in the churchyard at Richmond in Surrey; Collins, Gray, in the churchyard at Chichester; who he conceived his "Elegy"; Goldsmith, in the churchyard of the Temple church; Falconer, at sea, with "All ocean for his grave"; Churchill, in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper, in the church at Dereham; Chatterton, in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries; Byron, in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott, in Dryburgh abbey; Southey in Crosthwaite church, near Keswick.

#### A Parrot's Piety.

Captain James Etchberger vouches for the following bird story:

About thirty years ago when in Honduras in command of the bark *Eldorado*, his wife then accompanying him, he was presented with a parrot, a sprightly bird and fluent discourer in the Spanish language. The bird was brought to this city, where after being domiciled in the house of the captain's family it soon acquired a knowledge of the English tongue. The next door neighbor of the captain was a garrulous woman—an incessant scold—forever quarreling with some one or something.

Polly being allowed full liberty was pleased to take an airing on the yard fence, and in a short time had learned to mimic the scolding neighbor to perfection and became aggressive. Polly not unfrequently rued her impertinence by being knocked off the fence with a broomstick.

This brought forth a torrent of abuse from her injured feelings upon the head of her assailant. Finally the bird's language became so abusive that the captain was obliged to send it away, and Polly was transferred to a good Christian family in the country, where in the course of time she reformed and became to some extent a bird of edifying piety.

Some time ago, while she was sunning herself in the garden, a large hawk swooped down and bore the distressed parrot off as a prize. Her recent religious training came to her assistance, as at the top of her voice she shrieked, "Oh, Lord, save me! Oh, Lord, save me!"

The hawk became so terrified at the unexpected cry that he dropped his intended dinner and soared away in the distance.

Polly still survives her attempted abduction.—*Baltimore (Md.) News*.

#### A Singular Bird Fact.

It has for a long time been an enigma to the ornithologists how certain species of small singing birds, which spend the winter in Egypt or Algeria, and the summer in Southern or Western Europe, ever succeed in crossing the Mediterranean, as many of them are not able to fly one-quarter of a mile without resting. The bedouins of Northern Africa say that they travel on the backs of the larger birds, whiling away the dreary hours of the sea voyage by their song, and bedouin poetry swarms with allusions to this charming picture of the songless stork carrying on his powerful back a cluster of small songsters across the sea. And singularly enough, the peasants of Southern and Western Europe say exactly the same. Every European country has thousands of stories about the splendid gifts which the stork bring along from the Nile, and among these gifts are always mentioned as the first, babies and singing birds. But in spite of this remarkable unanimity in the lower spheres, none has ever dreamed of finding a fact at the bottom of these tales until lately, one great ornithologist after the other—Henglius, Rob, Hedenborg, etc.—declares himself willing to accept the explanation; nor have traces of positive proofs been altogether lacking.

#### Poisonous Stockings.

A dyer writes to a *New York paper* as follows: So much has been said about dyed stocking poisoning, which remarks have been confined entirely to the medical profession, that a few words from a dyer may not be out of place. It does not appear as if any of the gentlemen have given the matter any really practical test in the way of chemical analysis, simply relying upon mere guess-work. After many investigations the writer has concluded that in the cases where bright aniline shades are desired, acids (principally sulphuric acid) are used to develop and brighten the colors, and the simple cause of so much trouble lies in the fact that the acids have not been rinsed out properly. When the stockings are worn, perspiration releases the acid, which causes irritation of the skin, and continued wearing naturally causes the inflammation complained of. Again, if the stockings are (through an economical notion of the dyer) not properly scoured, they will crack off and color the feet, which, without the acid, is perfectly harmless. In concluding, I can add this simple caution. Always wash them in soap and water before wearing. This will neutralize all acids in the yarn and render the objectionable colored stockings perfectly safe to wear.

#### Funerals in New York.

"Is there as much extravagance in funerals as there used to be?" inquired a *New York reporter* of an undertaker. "Oh, no! I suppose few trades suffer more severely from the hard times than ours. Persons who used to spare no expense at the funerals of their dead now calculate every penny, and in all cases, except, strange to say, the very poor, the desire for display has given place to strict economy. There are exceptions, of course, but they are few and far between. In the past twenty years an almost entire change has been worked in one essential of funerals. I mean the carriages. In old times it was customary for families to send out funeral invitations, and provide carriages for those who came, but now the practice is for friends of the family to hire their own carriages. This custom was in vogue among the Irish many years ago, but now it is gaining ground among the Germans and Americans. It is no uncommon thing in Irish funerals for four friends of the dead persons to hire a carriage and attend the funeral, and the Germans are rapidly adopting the same economical habit. Since 1869 the falling off in the number of carriages has been gradual, but steady. Then a hearse followed by one hundred carriages was not regarded as a rarity; now if half that number of carriages were in line persons would wonder who is dead. The French and Italians generally like to provide carriages for those invited to funerals, but the former are gradually settling into the Irish-American custom.

"But, talking about poor persons' funerals," the undertaker resumed, after having opened a case and gazed for a while in silent ecstasy at a group of polished caskets, "you ought to go to a colored person's burying. You have no idea how provident and methodical the better class of colored folks are as to their funerals. Why, in this neighborhood alone they have established a number of burial societies that are well supported. The principle of these institutions is much like that of the building associations so popular in Philadelphia and other cities. The members pay so much each per month until a certain sum is reached. Should death overtake them before that sum is paid, the society buries them out of its surplus funds. I know of colored women who belonged to three or four of these societies at one time. One that we buried last week had a burial fund of \$200, and every cent of it was spent on her funeral by the heirs. Poor things! They inherited nothing. But in all colored funerals, mostly, the family hires the carriages, and friends are invited pretty much as they would be to a feast. The undertaker is handed a list of those who are to ride to the cemetery, and seats the persons accordingly. So thoroughly is each detail arranged, that the load for each carriage is designated, the preference being given first to relatives and then to friends."

#### A Deserted Town.

The only ruined town in the United States, as far as we know, and certainly the one which possesses the most singular history is found on the New Jersey coast, hidden among the low wooded hills which stretch back from the beach.

Stopping at a little station on the Central New Jersey Railroad, the traveler finds the usual two or three new yellow wooden buildings; but half a mile beyond, in the midst of thick woods, he comes upon a deserted, empty town. There are rows of solidly-built blocks of brick dwellings; there are great founderies, and mills, and churches.

The grass grows knee-deep in the streets. Some of the buildings have crumbled into ruin, and are bedded in moss, but the walls of most of them are standing. In the vacant rooms of the unroofed houses, trees have grown, and rank weeds flaunt gayly, while the American ivy climbs up to the top of the gigantic chimneys, which used to belch forth volumes of fire and smoke, and waves its crimson banner in triumph.

Half a dozen laborers' families have found shelter in the best of the old buildings, but their presence only seems to make the solitude more apparent. The town is enclosed in a fence, and a rusty gate creaks on its hinges to admit the curious visitor.

The story told by the superstitious neighbors, to account for iron works in a lonely district where there was neither ore, fuel, a market, or means of transportation, is that the works were a mere shield for the operations of the noted pirate, Gibbs, and his gang, who used them as a place of deposit, coming and going in the boats which brought the ore up the inlet to the town. They allege that on the very day, forty years ago, when Gibbs was hung, the works closed, and the buildings have stood unused ever since.

Unfortunately for the truth of the romantic story, the town belongs to a very respectable family, whose estate has been in litigation for many years—a sufficient clue, probably, to all mysteries.—*Youths' Companion*.

#### Chinese Salutation.

The salutations of the Chinese, like everything else pertaining to this queer people, are peculiar. The salutation between two Chinamen of the better class when they meet consists in each clasping his own hands, instead of each other's, and bowing very profoundly, almost to the ground, several times. A question more common than "How do you do?" is "Have you eaten rice?" It is taken for granted that if you have eaten rice you are well. Etiquette also requires that in conversation each shall compliment the other and everything belonging to him in the most laudatory style, and depreciate himself, with all pertaining to him, to the lowest point. The following is no exaggeration, though not the precise words:

"What is your honorable name?"  
"My insignificant appellation is Wo-g."

"Where is your magnificent palace?"  
"My contemptible hut is on Dupont street."

"How many are your illustrious children?"  
"My vile, worthless brats are five."

"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"  
"My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."—*Golden Era*.

When a young lady wants to appear in a blouse of glory she indulges in a little torchon lace.