

ARMENIAN FOLK SONG—THE MOTHER.

I was a mother, and I weep:
The Night is come—the Day is sped—
The Night of Wee profound, for, oh!
My little golden son is dead!

A TALK ABOUT BUTTER.

A MILKMAID TELLS OF THE PRO-
CESSES OF ITS MAKING.

It All Comes from Cream—A Visit to a
Large Dairy Farm—How the Milk is
Gathered—Recollections of "Cherry,"
"Queen Bess," and Other Old Favorites.

"Why don't you buy creamery butter?
I always do, I think it is better; why, it
is made of cream, you know," said a
young woman who has been recently
married and who superintends the keep-
ing of the dearest house in the world.

DIED WITH HER BOOTS ON.

A Horse Thief That Proved to Be a Hand-
some Young Girl.

In the first days of Leadville wagons
formed the only means of transportation
for the immense quantity of merchan-
dise needed there and for the shipment
of the large output of ore and bullion.

Modern Eastern Magic.

The last issue of The Journal of the
Anthropological society of Bombay con-
tains a curious paper by Mr. Rehatsck
on twenty of the branches of eastern magic,

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

Curious Variation of Dates and Very Cu-
rious Ceremonies.



WORSHIP OF JOSS.

In Chinese annals this is the 4,238th
year of this era, as eras were divided by
Pan Koo Wong, the divine regulator
of time; but as to the real duration of
mundane things Chinese history deals
with eras so vast and reigns so long that
a little variation of 1,000 years is treated
as a trifling discrepancy.

NOW SHE IS FAMOUS.

"Nellie Bly," The New York World's Cir-
cumnavigator.

"Nellie Bly," of The New York World,
who has the satisfaction of having gone
around the world in quicker time than
any other person living or dead, left New
York on Nov. 14 at 9:30 a. m. eastward,



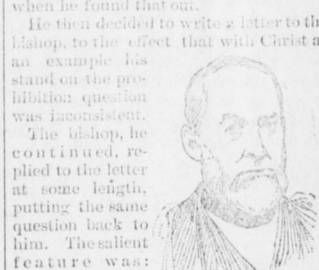
NELLIE AND HER NEW YORK RECEPTION.

From there she went to Paris, and thence
through Venice to Brindisi. From Brin-
disi she set sail on the Mediterranean and
passing through the Suez canal, crossed
the Indian ocean to Penang, China. From
Penang she went to Singapore, and thence
through the China sea to Hong Kong.

A DISCOURAGED PROHIBITIONIST.

His Attempt to Slay Bishop Whitaker at
Philadelphia.

The attempt on the life of Bishop
Whitaker at Philadelphia on a recent
Sunday evening was a strange thing.
Here is a brief recapitulation of the facts
for those who do not recall them:



David Alexander, of Philadelphia,
grew discouraged lately over the slow
progress of prohibition sentiments and
decided to try to shoot the "run
power" out of existence. His first at-
tempt was on the Right Rev. Orin W.
Whitaker, Protestant bishop of eastern
Pennsylvania, and taking a seat near the
altar he fired at the bishop while the
latter was opening the evening service.

He then decided to write a letter to the
bishop, to the effect that with Christ as
an example his
stand on the pro-
hibition question
was inconsistent.

On the 13th of that month two years
ago the Chinese minister gave one of the
finest entertainments ever given in that
city, having 600 guests.

The reason for this remarkable varia-
tion in dates is that Chinese history be-
gins with the reigns of the Tien-hwang,
Ti-Wiang and Yin-Wiang, or celestial,
superhuman terrestrial and human rul-
ers, and at a later date the foundation of
their own empire was recognized, and
finally, the people generally becoming
skeptical, the annual combine against
the devil became a sort of New Year's, as
things had got to such a pass that the
devil was the only invisible power in
which all Chinamen believed.

On another occasion, in spite of our
warnings, they left us, armed only with
assegais, in the worst part of the lion
country. When we followed a few hours
afterward we saw to our horror that
their footprints in the sand had been
partially obliterated by the spoor of a
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yards, and then, probably not being hun-
gry, he wandered off toward a pool of
water.

Such vagaries were to us a source of
constant anxiety, for how could we find
the king without bringing back his in-
dians? Our own lives would not have
been safe. We should have been pro-
claimed as impostors or accused of
witchcraft.

The Bride Rides a Mule.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is
an interesting relic of ancient customs.
The bridegroom goes to bring a bride,
and the guests assembled outside the
house will wait for his coming. Soon the
sound of pipe is heard coming from the
summit of some neighboring hill, and the
marriage procession approaches the
bridegroom's house.

The pipers always come first in the
procession, then the bride muffled up in
a veil, riding a mule led by her lover.
Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed
damsels, sparkling with silver orna-
ments, after which the friends of the
bride follow.

The procession stops in front of the
bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends
line both sides of the pathway. The
pipers march off on one side, while the
bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule
and holds her in his arms. The girl's
friends thereupon throw earth at the
bridegroom when he hurries forward
and carries her over the threshold of his
house. Those about the door beat him
with olive branches, amid much laugh-
ter.

In the evening, on some occasions, the
pipers and drummers are called in, and
the women dance, two at a time, facing
each other; nor does a couple desist
until, panting and exhausted, they step
aside to make room for another. The
dance has great energy of movement,
though the steps are small and changes
of position slight, the dancers only cir-
cling round occasionally.

But they swing their bodies about with
an astonishing energy and suppleness.
As leaves flutter before the gale, so do
they vibrate to the music; they shake;
they shiver and tremble; they extend
quivering arms, wave veils, and their
minds seem lost in the abandon and
frenzy of the dance, while the other
women, looking on, encourage by their
high, piercing, trilling cries, which add
to the noise of the pipes and drums.—
New York Journal.

Wellington's Plans.

Before the battle of Waterloo, no one
was probably more uneasy than Lord
Uxbridge, who, if Wellington should be
killed, would be called upon to succeed
him in command, and who knew nothing
whatever about the duke's plans.

"I am in a very difficult position," he
said to a friend. "If any accident hap-
pens to the duke, I shall find myself com-
mander-in-chief. I would give anything
in the world to know the duke's projects,
and yet I dare not ask him what I ought
to do."

After some consultation on the subject,
they went together to Wellington and
frankly told him the difficulty in hand.

The duke listened without impatience,
and at the end of Lord Uxbridge's speech,
he said, calmly: "Who will attack the
first to-morrow, I or Bonaparte?"

"Bonaparte," replied Lord Uxbridge.

"Well," continued the duke, "Bona-
parte has not given me any idea of his
projects, and, as my plans will depend
upon his, how can you expect me to tell
you what mine are?"

Lord Uxbridge bowed and made no
reply. The duke rose, and continued,
touching him in a friendly way on the
shoulder:

"There is one thing certain, Uxbridge
—that is, that whatever happens, you
and I will do our duty."

He then shook his hand warmly, and
they separated, Lord Uxbridge no wiser
than before, yet feeling that Wellington
had trusted him exactly as far as his
reticent nature would allow.

Yet the great duke did depend in a
great measure upon the application of
common sense to the needs of the mo-
ment. When he was once asked how he
succeeded in conquering Napoleon's mar-
shals, one after another, he replied:

"They planned their campaigns just
as you might make a splendid set of har-
ness. It looks very well and answers
very well until it gets broken, and then
you are done for. Now, I make my
campaign of ropes. If anything went
wrong, I tied a knot and went on."—
Exchange.

Adolphus Trollope's Cook.

Mr. Trollope was fortunate in securing
attached servants. Once, when he paid
a long visit to Venice, his devoted Tus-
can attendants took positive pride in
fighting it out with the "foreign" trades-
people over fire and contention. But oc-
casionally he stumbled on a sad excep-
tion to the rule, and we have one striking
example of how superstition may ex-
ist side by side with irreligion and ras-
cality. A cook had been robbing him
right and left. The one man's word was
set against that of the other, and it came
to a case of hard swearing in court be-
tween the master and the servant. A
cruelty was imputed to the cook, and he
was invited to take oath to his allega-
tions. He twice essayed to utter the
falshood he intended to swear to, but
twice he was unable to utter a word,
turned as white as a sheet, and fell
to the floor in a fainting fit.—London
Times.

After an unusually bold raid a party
was organized, determined to follow the
trail and overtake the thieves, and if the
predators were caught to save all
county expenses in the way of sheriff
fees and trials. The party started early
in the morning, and as the trail was
large and hot they were able to follow it
almost at a gallop. Following along the
west side of the San Luis valley and then
through a defile of the Sangre de Christo
mountains, the course of the pursuers
and pursued emerged into the Arkansas
valley, close to where the South Arkan-
sas flows into the main stream. Here it
was evident that the two parties could
only be a short distance apart. The rob-
bers had taken more stock than they
could easily handle, and did not seem to
be aware that they were being followed.

Two of the stockmen from the ranches
on the route joined the vigilantes and
furnished fresh horses. About noon on
the following day the thieves with the
stolen stock were discovered camped at
the north of Cottonwood creek. There
were but two. One appeared to be a
young boy not over 16; the other was a
fine looking young man of perhaps 20 or
22 years of age. On being called on to
surrender the boy pulled a six shooter
and fired on the vigilantes. At the same
time he and his companion jumped down
behind the bank of the river, from which
place it was found impossible to dislodge
them without the loss of at least three or
four men.

After a hurried council of war, it was
decided for two men to go down the
river, cross over and come up on the other
side to a point where the fugitives could
be easily covered, and the balance to
prevent their escape from the position they
were in. This was done, and when the
thieves were again summoned to surren-
der, they simply turned and commenced
firing at their two pursuers on the op-
posite side of the river. The fire was re-
turned, and resulted in the boy dropping
dead with a broken neck, and his com-
panion falling with a bullet through the
lungs. When the vigilantes went to where
they lay the elder was still alive, and the
boy was, of course, dead, and proved to be
a lovely young girl, with delicate and re-
fined features. The one who could still
talk refused to tell who they were or
from whence they came, only that their
people were respectable, and that he de-
sired them to remove his boots, as he did
not wish to die with his boots on. He
was evidently a man of good education,
but positively refused to give any infor-
mation. In a few hours he also was
dead, and the two were buried beneath
the cottonwoods near the river bank.
Their identity was never discovered.—
Helena Journal.

God's Acre.

The old Teutonic and Saxon term,
"God's Acre," as applied to the last rest-
ing place of the human body. Longfel-
low made the theme of one of his most
touching and beautiful poems; it is an
eminently suggestive term. The acre or
field of God contains the seed hidden in
the ground for a while, to ripen into a
glorious harvest; and, just as we write
the labels in the spring time for seed we
put in the ground, that we may remem-
ber what beautiful flower is to spring
from the little gray atom, so we put a
stone at the head of the grave of our
dead. The name "cemetery" also signifi-
cantly merely the place where one may lie,
slumbering for awhile, till the dawn
shall come and the trumpet sound.—St.
Louis Republic.

A Public Service.

Dr. C. W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, has
done a public service for which he de-
serves thanks. A harrowing dispatch
was sent from a western town telling
how a young girl had been buried alive,
every one supposing her to be dead. Dr.
Dulles took the trouble to write to re-
sponsible people in the town named, and
learned that there was not a word of
truth in the story. More recently an-
other similar story was sent from Spring-
field, O., and the doctor investigated
that also. It proved to be a lie like the
other. The probabilities are that every
such story would be equally de-
void of the fact if it was investigated.
And the same might be said of the stories
about snakes in people's stomachs.—New
York Tribune.

Tough Old Zulu Chiefs.

The old chiefs in South Africa know
nothing about trekking, and on several
occasions became so impatient that they
started off on foot ahead of the wagons.
One day they had to walk thirty-seven
miles before reaching water, and then
had to wait two days on scant rations
before we came up with them. One of
these men is 75 years old, but the tough
old Zulu (the Matabele rulers are of Zulu
origin) was none the worse for the scale
of age.

A Cashmere Shawl.

A cashmere shawl does not depreciate
by age; on the contrary, it gains a cer-
tain mellowness, for the coloring be-
comes toned by time. The true worth
of the vegetable dyes which are em-
ployed may be seen in other descriptions
of shawls which are imported.

The art of invisibility appears to be
only known by name to Mr. Rehatsck,
for he does not desire it. Jeft is a sci-
ence which is only known to one family.
It is defined as "the general science con-
cerning the Tables of the Eternal De-
cree and of Predestination," and enables
adepts to know all that has happened, is
happening or will happen in the most
remote future.—London Times.

Feathered Policemen.

The description given by The London
Globe of the cariamas or soriamas, lo-
cated in the eastern aviary of the Zoo-
logical gardens, will amuse everybody
while it should not surprise any one.
That there should be among birds a
species which is fitted to perform among
its kind the duties undertaken among
men by policemen is a fact for which all
ought to be prepared. Why should not
each variety of created things have in its
midst the same sort of functions and
functionaries, modified according to cir-
cumstances and habit? More than one
pictorial artist—as, for instance, C. H.
Bennett in this country—has shown us
what marvelous resemblances birds and
animals can be made to bear and actually
do bear to man, and if humanity finds it
necessary to have policemen, why should
not the "feathered tribes" be similarly
equipped.

The cariamas seems particularly well
fitted for the post of public guardian. He
perambulates his cage with all the regu-
larity and hauteur of his human pro-
totype on his "beat," and if at intervals he
emits piercing shrieks which seem un-
called for, he only the more faithfully
carries out the analogy. This, no doubt,
is his way of blowing the whistle, and
when he does it in his cage it is probably
from instinct or from immemorial cus-
tom. He has already been acclimated in
the poultry yard, where he faithfully
performs his duty as the preserver of
order. If two young cocks assault or
batter each other he steps in between
them and stops the combat "by a series
of pecks divided impartially at the heads
of both."

Destruction of the Devil.

Hence the "devil drive" excites their
enthusiasm immensely. A journalist who
witnessed the ceremonies in Sacramento,
after describing the interior of the tem-
porary dose house and its gigantic Joss,
adds: "They are not at all whimsical
about their religion and allowed me to go
in and out at will. All over the open area
acrobats were performing, paddlers sail-
ing cakes and lemons, and musicians keep-
ing up their monotonous twang, while
an operatic theatre was giving a play,
and some 10,000 Chinamen seemed full
of hilarity. About midnight a great bang
of sorts and shooting of crackers
announced that the devil was to go up."
The hideous figure was seated in the fire,
all his red and yellow paper trappings
blazed, thousands of crackers flew from
his sides, and when the fire reached the
hollow column constituting his solid
body, he shot high in air, like a rocket,
and exploded with a fearful stink! And
so they were rid of the devil for another
year.

On another occasion, in spite of our
warnings, they left us, armed only with
assegais, in the worst part of the lion
country. When we followed a few hours
afterward we saw to our horror that
their footprints in the sand had been
partially obliterated by the spoor of a
lion. Fortunately, however, he had fol-
lowed them only for some hundred
yards, and then, probably not being hun-
gry, he wandered off toward a pool of
water.

Such vagaries were to us a source of
constant anxiety, for how could we find
the king without bringing back his in-
dians? Our own lives would not have
been safe. We should have been pro-
claimed as impostors or accused of
witchcraft.

However, we managed to divert their
minds and keep them employed at the
wagons by shooting twenty-six gray
monkeys for them. The skins of this
particular species are only worn by
royalty or big chiefs.—Cor. London Tele-
graph.

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