

# South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

VOL. 29.

HAMMONTON, N. J., MARCH 7, 1891.

NO. 10

## Your Eyes!

Do they need attention?  
Don't neglect them?

We test eyes free of charge, and guarantee our glasses to give satisfaction. You will find at our store all kinds of Spectacles and Eye-glasses, — Gold, Silver, Nickel, Bronzed, Steel, Celluloid, and Rubber.

**CARL M. COOK,**  
Jeweler and Optician.

## M. STOCKWELL,

Successor to C. E. Hall,

## Dealer in Hardware and Furniture

In all branches, has added a stock of

## Fresh Groceries,

And respectfully invites patronage.

Cor. Bellevue and Central Aves., Hammonton.

## GEORGE ELVINS & SON,

DEALER IN

## Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

## Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,

## Agricultural Implements, etc., etc

N. B.—Superior Family Flour a Specialty.

## New Lard!

## New Lard!

## At M. L. JACKSON'S,

Cor. Second St. and Bellevue Ave., Hammonton.

## Our own make of Sausage

## SPECIAL BARGAINS

In Clothing.

We have secured property adjoining our new store at Thirteenth and Chestnut Streets, and will begin the erection of a large building. In the Spring we shall remove our business in the Ledger Building to the new store, which is the most centrally located in Philadelphia. Great Bargains for Men and Boys before removal. This large stock of Suits and Overcoats will be sold at a great reduction in prices.

**A. C. YATES & Co.,**

8th & Chestnut,  
(Ledger Building.)

18th & Chestnut.  
(New Store.)

### THE WEEKLY SCHOOL REPORT.

W. B. MATTHEWS, Principal.

Week ending Feb. 27, 1891.

The following pupils received an average of 90 in deportment, and 80 or above in recitations, and were regular in attendance, thereby entitling them to enrollment in this

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

##### HIGH SCHOOL.

Miss Carrie E. Alden, Teacher.  
Bertie Jackson Chas. Bradbury  
Mark Pressey Albert Hietley  
Edgar Cloud Percy Whiffen  
Sam. Newcomb Chas. O. Jacobs  
Lella DePuy Daisy Mathis  
Will. Hoyt Mary Hall  
Laura Baker Bertha Matthews  
Nettie Tilton Fannie French  
Josephine Rogers Lawrence Knight  
Elsie Anderson Ida French  
Annie Fitting Camilla O'Neill  
Eddie Cordery Katie Garton  
Austin Scullin Edith Anderson  
Ida Blythe William Cloud  
Belle Hurley Robert Miller  
Maud Leonard Lizzie Laver  
Evelyn Edsall Cora Wilde  
Hurlbert Tomlin Essie Westcott  
Howard White Gertrude North  
Frank Brown Mabel Elvins  
Johnnie Hoyt Harry Treat

##### GRAMMAR.

Miss Clara Cavilleer, Teacher.  
Harry Rutherford Ada Cate  
Harry Simons Annie Walters  
Samuel Laver Willie Sney  
Lewis Cordery John Hoffman  
Eddie Cordery Eddie Hoffman  
Joe Herbert Wilbur Adams  
Bertie Adams  
Nettie Hurley Willie Gifford  
Maud Wilson David Prater  
Ivy Smith Harry McHose  
Myrtle Smith Walter Herbert  
Harry Davison May Simons  
Gertrude Thomas Frank Tomlin  
Florence Miller

##### INTERMEDIATE.

Miss Sara Crowell, Teacher.  
Beulah Jones Bertie King  
Ora Moore Clarence Wilde  
Nettie Jones Parker Treat  
Rebecca Dilks Henry Whiffen  
Howard Bradbury Grace Thayer  
Caroline Mason Cora Warner  
Julia McHose Willie Walters  
Annie Miller Bertha Road  
Charlie Laver Willie Simons  
Edwin Thayer Louis Colwell  
Lora Stone Nick Mick  
Katie Davis Lewis Smith

##### PRIMARY.

Miss Nellie D. Fogg, Teacher.  
Richard Buzby Jennie Garner  
Mary Laver Elmer Horn  
Norris Hurley Maggie Gifford  
Roele Rood Geo. Duzby  
Harvey Horn Mary Fitzpatrick  
Nettie Rood Beckie Birdsell  
Henry Laver Elsie Road  
Morton Crowell Harvey King  
Nettie Lobley Cora Crowell  
Edith Simons Jessie Rose  
Edith Garner Iwde Mason  
Eddie Lawson Harry Langham  
Harry Mack Sam Mack  
Joseph Bowker Dannie Ballard  
Albert Irons Bertie Warner  
Fred McHose George Mason  
Clarence Westcott Eddie Jones  
Albert Fischer Clarence B. Swinn  
Addie Hardy Harry Mathis  
Howard Bakely Harry Gross  
Hans Tradelius

##### LAKE SCHOOL.

Miss Hattie A. Smith, Teacher.  
Margaret Roberts Joel Myers  
Fred Nicolai Edwin Myers  
Elsie Cloud Alice Hartshorn  
Hanna Mott Charlotte Hartshorn  
Sarah Roberts Rosalind Stubber  
Della Nicolai Georgiana Rieuzi  
David Roberts Mary Pinto  
Willie Norcross Albert Hartshorn  
Joshua Brown Jennie Hartshorn  
Edward Roberts Tony Pinto  
Pressey Brown George Pinto

##### MAIN ROAD.

Miss Grace U. North, Teacher.  
No Report.

##### MIDDLE ROAD.

Miss Minnie B. Newcomb, Teacher.  
Charlie Anderson Clarence Anderson  
Phebe Newcomb Congette Diagonino  
Mamie Jacobs Nancie Diagonino  
Isle Seely William Taylor  
Josie Campanella Howard Monfort  
Dudley Farrar

##### MAGNOLIA.

P. Chadwick, Teacher.  
Louis Doerfel Clarence Littlefield  
Willie Doerfel Andrew Littlefield  
John Heiser Dow Seely  
George Heiser Jane Seely  
Bertha Heiser Henry Seely  
Annie Heiser Tom Greenwood  
Chris Heiser Sam Greenwood  
Charles Littlefield George Shaw

##### COLUMBIA.

Miss Nellie Tudor, Teacher.  
Josephine Craig Willis Vanaman  
Albert Westcott Harry Westcott  
Maggie Craig Will. Stewart

##### UNION ROAD.

Miss Bertha Moore, Teacher.  
Eddie O'Neill Artie Werner  
Katie O'Neill William Weekerly  
Angelo Juliani En. en. Werner  
Clarence Fitting Charles D'Fee  
Scavina Mithi Joseph D'Fee  
Emma Mithi

##### STATISTICS.

SCHOOLS.	Total on roll.	Average Attendance.	Percent of Average.	Days of Absence.	Unexcused.	Tardiness.
1 High School.	74	68	92	39	15	
2 Grammar Dep't.	52	40	77	28	18	
3 Intermediate.	11	31	75	55	13	
4 Primary.	75	60	80	47	16	
5 Lake School.	25	21	85	100	62	
6 Main Road.	11	33	75	54	5	
7 Middle Road.	29	23	79	31	7	
8 Magnolia.	35	30	86	25	2	
9 Columbia.	21	14	67	22	2	
10 Union Road.	34	31	91	30	2	

Friedrich Wilhelm, the present heir apparent to the German throne, is a boy of nine years.

## Farm for Sale.

71 Acres.

50 Acres under Cultivation.

Good house, barn, and other buildings. Fruit,—Apples, Pears, Peaches, Black Walnuts, and Chestnuts.

Located four miles from Hammonton, two miles from Elwood, on the main road.

Inquire on the premises, or address  
Z. LOCKWOOD, Elwood.

## Star Brand

Fertilizer

Is one of the very best!

And I can furnish any of them at bottom prices, as I have the sale of it in this vicinity.

Give it a trial, and be convinced. Orders taken at once.

Also, I am again handling the

## White Velvet Flour

That is so well known to my customers.

**W. M. GALBRAITH,**

General Merchandise,

**At ELM.**

SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

## ARE YOU A BAPTIST?

By Profession?

By Education?

By Association?

If one, and you are not already taking it, you need

## THE EXAMINER,

THE

Leading Baptist Paper,

EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH, representing the denomination of the whole country rather than any part thereof.

Send \$2, one year's subscription price, addressing "The Examiner," Box 3861, New York City, and receive credit to Jan. 1, 1892.

### AGENTS WANTED

SEND FOR CIRCULAR OF TERMS.



To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy,

**SMITH'S**

## BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (40 Little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Suitable for all Ages.

Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle.

**KISSING "7-7-70" PHOTOGRAPH**

For Sale for 4c. (copper or stamp). J. F. SMITH & CO. Makers of "BILE BEANS" ST. LOUIS MO.

## WHAT

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
**CURES**  
CONSUMPTION  
SCROFULA  
BRONCHITIS  
COUGHS  
COLDS  
Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer. Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil; the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

**PALATABLE AS MILK.**

Sold by all Druggists.

**SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.**

**2500**

Acres of Land

In Hammonton

For Sale

In Lots to Suit You.

GOOD FARMS.

Your Choice for

**\$15**

Per Acre.

Easy Terms.

**E. STOCKWELL.**

## HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphrey's Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. These Specifics cure without dragging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the world.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fever, Congestion, Inflammation...	
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic...	
3	Crying Cough, or Coughing of Infants...	
4	Diarrhea, or Children or Adults...	
5	Dysentery, Griping, Ruptured Colic...	
6	Cholera, or Stomach, Vomiting...	
7	Coughs, Cold, Whooping Cough...	
8	Neuritis, Toothache, Faceache...	
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo...	
10	Dyspepsia, Stomach Complaints...	
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods...	
12	Whitish, too Profuse Periods...	
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing...	
14	Croup, Cough, or Coughing of Infants...	
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains...	
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria...	
17	Flies, Blind or Bleeding...	
18	Catarrh, Indigestion, Cold in the Head...	
19	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs...	
20	General Debility, Physical Weakness...	
21	Kidney Disease...	
22	Nervous Debility...	
23	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed...	
24	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation...	

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Dr. HUMPHREY'S MANUAL (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 10 Fulton St., N.Y.

## SPECIFICS.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

## PISO

The Best Cough Medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION



## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, MARCH 4, 1912.

Naaman Healed.

### LESSON TEXT.

2 Kings 5: 1-14. Memory verses: 13-14.

### LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Sinning and Serving.*  
GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Godliness is profitable unto all things.*—1 Tim. 4: 8.

LESSON TOPIC: *God's Servant Healing the Sick.*

1. Amicited with Leprosy.  
2. Seeking a Cure, vs. 5-10.  
3. Naaman's Healing, vs. 10-14.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Who forgetteth all his iniquities: who healeth all his diseases.*—Psa. 103: 3.

### DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—2 Kings 5: 1-14. Naaman healed.  
T.—Lev. 13: 1-17. Detection of leprosy.  
W.—Lev. 14: 1-18. Cleansing the leper.  
T.—2 Kings 7: 1-20. The lepers of Samaria.  
F.—Mark 1: 40-45. Jesus heals a leper.  
S.—Luke 17: 11-19. Jesus heals ten lepers.  
S.—1 John 1: 1-10. Cleansing blood.

### LESSON ANALYSIS.

1. AFFLICTED WITH LEPROSY.

2. A GREAT MAN.

3. NAAMAN'S HEALING.

4. THE MIRACLES OF THE JORDAN.

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## JUGGLERS OF INDIA.

WONDERFUL TRICKS PERFORMED BY THE HINDOO WIZARDS.

Slight-of-Hand Exhibitions Which Puzzle the Most Careful Watchers.

Delightful India is the land of Mme. Blavatsky, of Mr. Isaac and of the "Light of Asia." It is here that the esoteric Buddhists look for their instruction, and many of the theosophical societies of America have Indian teachers, with whom they correspond and from whom they expect to get some of that wonderful sweetness and light which is supposed to exist in its purest form in this land of mystical thought. Through them they would learn how to annihilate space, to disembodied their souls for the moment and send them on aerial errands to other parts of the world. They would master that wonderful concentration of soul which enables its possessor to dissolve matter into the elements from which it was made by a word, and by another word "Presto!" to turn it back into the solid or liquid form, from which they have decomposed it. One of them, who is now travelling in India and searching for the masters, tells me he has heard of Indian theosophists who, by a wave of the hand, can change a glass of water into oxygen and hydrogen, of which it is formed, and by the same motion dissolve the glass particles into their original elements. Another wave and the glass containing the water reappears before your eyes, just as full and in exactly the same condition as it was before. I asked this man whether he had seen such a miracle performed. He replied "no," and upon further conversation I found that he had as yet seen nothing which could be called supernatural.

"I have had several talks with the masters," said he, "and I have been told that I would receive a manifestation. It may come within a few days and it may not come for a week, and I hope there will be no natural law that will prevent it. I will wait in India until I receive it."

This was three weeks ago, and at last accounts the man was waiting yet. I have received several letters from America asking me to look into this wonderful Indian theosophy. I have looked, but it may be that I lack faith. I have talked with several of the masters. They are bright, intellectual ascetics, and some of the greater of them are more gross than spirituelle. I have also discussed Mme. Blavatsky with the English residents of India, among whom she has lived, and I have yet to find one who thinks her anything else than a very clever fraud. It may be the case of a prophetic being not without honor, save in her own country, but I give you her reputation as I find it here. I am told that an expose has lately been made of her manifestations, and those tricks of hers which she is reported as performing are to me no more wonderful than the jugglery which I see here on the streets every day. Might it not be that her study of Indian philosophy was accompanied with the teaching of Indian jugglers? I know not, but I do know that the street jugglers of these Indian towns could, by mixing mystical philosophy with their sleight-of-hand performances, easily humbug the eyes of that large class of people in America, who are ever praying for some new thing in religion and in psychological thought.

Let me give you a picture of an Indian juggler! writes Frank Carpenter of the "World." One stands outside my hotel window as I write. He is performing his tricks in the dusty road without a table, cabinet, patent boxes, or any of the accompaniments of the American wizard. His sole possessions consist of three small baskets, ranging in size from half a peck to a bushel, a couple of cloths and a tripod made of three sticks, each two feet long and held together by a string at the top. Three little wooden dolls with red cloths tied around their necks and each not over a foot long, are the gods which enable him to do wonderful things. He has a flute in his mouth and a little drum in his hand. He is black-faced and black-bearded, and his shirt sleeves are pulled up above his elbows. His only assistant is a little turbaned boy, who sits beside him, whom he will shortly put into a basket not more than two feet square, and with him will perform the noted basket trick of India.

The trick is one of the wonderful juggling tricks of the world. The boy's hands are tied and he is put into a net, which is tied over his head and which encloses his whole body so that he apparently cannot move. He is now crowded into the basket. The lid is put down and tight straps are buckled over it. The juggler now takes a sword and with a few passes of these little Hindoo doll babies over it and the muttering of incantations as a preliminary, thrusts the sword again and again into the basket. There is a crying as though some one was in terrible pain. It is the voice of a child and the sword comes out bloody. You hold your breath, and did you not know it to be a trick you would feel like running upon the man. After a moment the basket becomes still, the juggler makes a few more passes, unbuckles the straps and shows you that there is nothing within it. He calls: "Baba! baba!" and in the distance you hear the child's voice. How the boy got out of the basket or escaped being killed by the sword and where the blood came from I do not know. I only know it is a sleight-of-hand performance and wonderful well done.

The mango trick is performed with the three sticks in the shape of a tripod. The juggler takes a pot of water and pours it over a little pot of earth. He then holds up a mango bulb about the size of a walnut, and, putting this into the earth, he throws a cloth over the tripod. He now blows upon his horn, makes mysterious passes, and after a few moments raises the cloth and you see the mango tree sprouting forth from the soil. More passes and more music follow, and the cloth is pulled down again. After a few moments, during which the showing of minor tricks goes on, he pulls out the pot, and the plant has grown about a foot above it. There is more watering and more incantation, and his final triumph comes in showing you a bush nearly a yard high, containing great leaves. This he will pull up by the root and show you the seed at the bottom. It is a wonderful trick, and how the man is able to manipulate the different plants with nothing but thin cotton cloth to help him, which, by the way, he allows you to examine, is hard to conceive. He has a dozen other sleight-of-hand performances equally as wonderful. He puts a little shell into his mouth and appears to choke as he draws out coin after coin and balls of stone almost as big around as your fist. He spits fire, as does the American wizard, pulls miles of string from his stomach, sticks pins through his tongue without hurting himself, and ends the performance with a snake trick, which is to me the most wonderful of all.

In doing this trick he asks for a piece of paper and asks you to hold out your hand. You do so and he places the paper upon it. He then begins to play upon his pipe and to dart out his eyes as though he saw something near your hand. His streets every day. Might it not be that her study of Indian philosophy was accompanied with the teaching of Indian jugglers? I know not, but I do know that the street jugglers of these Indian towns could, by mixing mystical philosophy with their sleight-of-hand performances, easily humbug the eyes of that large class of people in America, who are ever praying for some new thing in religion and in psychological thought.

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The trick is one of the wonderful juggling tricks of the world. The boy's hands are tied and he is put into a net, which is tied over his head and which encloses his whole body so that he apparently cannot move. He is now crowded into the basket. The lid is put down and tight straps are buckled over it. The juggler now takes a sword and with a few passes of these little Hindoo doll babies over it and the muttering of incantations as a preliminary, thrusts the sword again and again into the basket. There is a crying as though some one was in terrible pain. It is the voice of a child and the sword comes out bloody. You hold your breath, and did you not know it to be a trick you would feel like running upon the man. After a moment the basket becomes still, the juggler makes a few more passes, unbuckles the straps and shows you that there is nothing within it. He calls: "Baba! baba!" and in the distance you hear the child's voice. How the boy got out of the basket or escaped being killed by the sword and where the blood came from I do not know. I only know it is a sleight-of-hand performance and wonderful well done.

The mango trick is performed with the three sticks in the shape of a tripod. The juggler takes a pot of water and pours it over a little pot of earth. He then holds up a mango bulb about the size of a walnut, and, putting this into the earth, he throws a cloth over the tripod. He now blows upon his horn, makes mysterious passes, and after a few moments raises the cloth and you see the mango tree sprouting forth from the soil. More passes and more music follow, and the cloth is pulled down again. After a few moments, during which the showing of minor tricks goes on, he pulls out the pot, and the plant has grown about a foot above it. There is more watering and more incantation, and his final triumph comes in showing you a bush nearly a yard high, containing great leaves. This he will pull up by the root and show you the seed at the bottom. It is a wonderful trick, and how the man is able to manipulate the different plants with nothing but thin cotton cloth to help him, which, by the way, he allows you to examine, is hard to conceive. He has a dozen other sleight-of-hand performances equally as wonderful. He puts a little shell into his mouth and appears to choke as he draws out coin after coin and balls of stone almost as big around as your fist. He spits fire, as does the American wizard, pulls miles of string from his stomach, sticks pins through his tongue without hurting himself, and ends the performance with a snake trick, which is to me the most wonderful of all.

In doing this trick he asks for a piece of paper and asks you to hold out your hand. You do so and he places the paper upon it. He then begins to play upon his pipe and to dart out his eyes as though he saw something near your hand. His streets every day. Might it not be that her study of Indian philosophy was accompanied with the teaching of Indian jugglers? I know not, but I do know that the street jugglers of these Indian towns could, by mixing mystical philosophy with their sleight-of-hand performances, easily humbug the eyes of that large class of people in America, who are ever praying for some new thing in religion and in psychological thought.

Let me give you a picture of an Indian juggler! writes Frank Carpenter of the "World." One stands outside my hotel window as I write. He is performing his tricks in the dusty road without a table, cabinet, patent boxes, or any of the accompaniments of the American wizard. His sole possessions consist of three small baskets, ranging in size from half a peck to a bushel, a couple of cloths and a tripod made of three sticks, each two feet long and held together by a string at the top. Three little wooden dolls with red cloths tied around their necks and each not over a foot long, are the gods which enable him to do wonderful things. He has a flute in his mouth and a little drum in his hand. He is black-faced and black-bearded, and his shirt sleeves are pulled up above his elbows. His only assistant is a little turbaned boy, who sits beside him, whom he will shortly put into a basket not more than two feet square, and with him will perform the noted basket trick of India.

I saw two women jugglers at Jeypore. They were bright, intelligent-looking girls, one of whom appeared almost old enough to be the mother of the other. They did many wonderful things, one of which was mixing up sand in water and then putting the sand into the discolored fluid, they brought a handful of sand, which they showed to the crowd. The youngest of these girls was perhaps fifteen. She was tall, well-formed and fine-looking. She had bracelets on arms and on feet, and her eyes were as beautiful as those of a gazelle. One of her tricks was the lifting of a heavy chair by her eyelids, the thought of which almost makes my eyes sore. The chair was a heavy mahogany one, which belonged to the room in which I was staying. She tied two strong strings to the top of this and affixed the ends of these strings to her eyes by little round metal cups, each about the size of a nickel. These fitted over the eyeballs and under the lids, and she bent over while they were so fastened. Raising herself she pulled up the chair with these strings with the muscles of her eyelids and carried it from one side of the room to the other. It was a horrible sight, and as she took the metal cups from her eyes they filled with water and she almost sank to the floor. I told her the trick was disgusting, and that she ought never to try it again. Still for all this and the rest of the show these girls were well satisfied with two rupees or about seventy cents.

These women jugglers came from Jeypore, and they are a fair type of the girls of Western India. I am surprised at the variety of races you find here in India, and there are more people in Hindoostan than in all Europe. The costumes of the women differ in different provinces, and in the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal, where the great prisons of the English are located, the native women are clad in fig leaves and a basket of wicker. These people have only names for common gender, which are applicable to either sex, and they use a noise like crying to express friendship or joy. Some of the hill tribes of India look very much like negroes, and there are in India tribes which are little more than savages. In Central India only seventeen years ago there was a tribe of about ten thousand who were women were no clothes. The sole covering of the females consisted of a few beads around the waist with a bunch of leaves tied before and behind, and they were clothed finally by the order of the English Government. An English officer gave strips of cotton to the women and they put them on. Since then many of them have gone back to their beads and leaves.

On the slopes of the Himalayas there are many curious tribes. Some of the tribes near Darjeeling reckon a journey by the number of loads of tobacco which they chew upon the way, and some of the most gorgeous specimens of Hindoo jewelry I have seen, I saw on the woman of the Himalayas. I remember one mountain pink who had fifty rupees around her neck and whose limbs were loaded down with silver. She had gold plates twice the diameter of her head, and she wore a silver mouth was covered by a fat, gold nose ring.

Here at Bombay are the prettiest women of India. They are the Parses. With delicate, olive-brown skins, they are tall and well-shaped, have beautiful eyes and fine, intellectual faces. They dress in silks of the most delicate colors and the dress seems to consist of one large piece of silk, which is wound around the waist and then carried up over the body and the top of the head so that the face looks out and the whole hangs in a beautiful drapery. Many of them, I note, have silk stockings and slippers to match the color of their dresses, and they are brightest and prettiest women I have seen.

On a Wrong Track.

A small boy on Thirteenth street was heard gravely mumble over a single sentence one Sunday recently. His mother caught a word or two and drew near to catch the whole. "Why son," said she, gaspingly, "what are you saying?"

"Why, my Sunday-school teacher told us to 'member the text of the sermon, and I am saying it over so as to 'member it.' (Pronounce the devil of the Baptist Church.) Pronounce the devil of the Baptist Church."

It took the good lady five minutes to figure out the real text. It was: "Renounce the devil and all his works."

## THE LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

It's strange how little birds mothers can find it all out about their boys.

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THE DUSKY DUCK.

With the blind, before his light,  
I take my place to watch, and wait  
The coming of the morning light,  
Of dusky ducks to meet the fate,  
The mist against the eastern sky,  
Is rising now, as breaks the day,  
The gloom is fading into light,  
The horizon is streaked with gray.  
I think that up the stream I see  
A welcome sight, as in the air  
A speck appears; yes, one, two, three,  
Nine large black ducks toward me bear,  
My trusty "Scott" with trembling hands  
My heart grips, and try to calm  
My beating heart, while on the stream  
I lower crouch so that the ducks  
May not be broken; now the flock  
Is surely coming to the island;  
My heart beats beating; here they come  
On whirling plumes like the wind.  
Just as they turn my sight speaks out,  
And bang! apart! now two ducks fall,  
Then with the left through smoke and doubt,  
I speak, two answer to the call.  
Two shots, four ducks, with rapture held,  
There's nothing more I can desire.  
My wife at once the dream depicted  
With "Come get up and make the fire."

SPECTRES ON THE TRAIL.

In the summer of 1875 I was thirty years of age—in perfect health and of steady nerve. I was no believer in the uncanny—hardly in the supernatural—and had always pooh-poohed at tales of ghosts, phantoms and visions of all sorts. But at the time mentioned above the experience I am about to relate put my intellect and sensibility to test in such a manner as to make me sparing thereafter of ridicule, and forced me to find a place in credence for the possibility of apparitions.  
It is unnecessary to explain how I came to be travelling in the Far West without companions, except for horse, and dog and gun. Following the general route of the old overland trail, I camped one night in the edge of a considerable forest, and at a point where which I could look forth over a broad, open plain.  
It was already after sundown. The good horse was picketed, and having provided a supper for myself and the dog from a rabbit which my gun had brought down an hour or two earlier, I disposed things for the night, and, as the stars came out, lay down to sleep, comfortably rolled in a blanket.  
It was probably in the small hours of night that I awoke and rose to a sitting posture. The moon was climbing the eastern sky, with not a feather of cloud in her course, and every object stood forth as clearly as in the day.  
But it was not for me to contemplate in quietude the rare beauty of the night. In almost the first moment of consciousness my eyes fell upon a slowly moving object in the distance. It was one of those "canvases-covered wagons," the "prairie schooners" so familiar in the early days of overland travel to California.  
It was approaching almost directly toward me, and my curiosity was at once aroused. Why anyone should be traveling thus, and so late at night, I could not imagine. The movement was heavy, as if the horses were jaded, and the man who walked by their side had a weary step.  
Twenty minutes passed, the vehicle approaching nearer and nearer. Still on it came, until within about thirty yards from me it suddenly stopped, and the man looking about seemed to be considering the wisdom of making camp.  
At this moment I suddenly realized that the approach of the wagon had been utterly noiseless. Not a chuck of the wheels, not the sound of a step, either of horse or man. And, furthermore, there was no indication that I had been discovered, although I should have been as visible to this man as was I to him. What could this mean? Was I dreaming? No, I was never more awake. Was this hallucination? No, for the dog, who had been aroused by my movement in awakening, now turned his head in the direction of the new arrival, and uttered a low growl. I laid my hand on him to keep him quiet.  
The man now stood by the forward wheel, looking in at the opening of the canvas top, and though I heard no voice, I imagined that he was speaking to some one within. A woman's head appeared, and after a glance around, gave a nod of assent, and the man proceeded to unharness the horses and turn them loose to graze. Then, after a moment, in which he seemed to be cautiously surveying the trail over

which they had come, he helped the woman to alight.  
And now their movements greatly puzzled me. Walking to and fro, they seemed to be searching for some particular spot of ground. As I said above, I had selected my camping ground in the outer edge of the forest. They were moving about there, amid mingled shadows and moonbeams, but every motion was visible. Finally the woman pointed to a space between two young trees, and the man after looking at it for a moment went to the rear end of the wagon and brought forth a spade. With the edge of this implement he marked off a rectangular space about five feet by two, and began to dig. All this, let it be remembered, was in absolute silence. Here were apparently living beings, actively engaged, and yet not more than a hundred feet away, and yet no sound was borne to me on the quiet air.  
By this time my curiosity had turned to marvel. Here was a contradiction of common sense I could not believe that what I saw was real; these beings must be apparitions. And yet here by my side was the dog, as alert as I, and trembling with an impulse to investigate, while obedient to my hand of restraint.  
The digging proceeded, and the soil being soft five feet of depth was soon reached, and then the man threw out the spade upon the ground. The woman, meanwhile, had been plucking branches of evergreen, bringing them in armfuls and throwing them beside "the grave," I thought. And now, with the utmost care and patience, the whole cavity was lined with these sprigs of evergreen, held in place by twigs thrust into the banks on either side.  
This done, the man sprang out. The two surveyed their work for a moment, and then after gazing once more, as if in anxiety, over the route by which they had come, approached the wagon. Having rolled up the canvas on one side, they lifted out a small mattress, depositing it upon a blanket which they had spread upon the ground.  
This mattress was not without its burden. The beams of the full moon enabled me to see thereon a slight form—that of a little girl who had scarcely lived out three years. The pretty white hands were folded over the breast. Long golden curls fell on either side upon the pillow. The face, which I could see with astonishing clearness, was wonderfully beautiful in its aspect of innocence, and bore a life-like smile, as if in answer to the radiant queen of the sky, who seemed to be smiling, too, as she looked steadfastly down upon the living and the dead.  
The mother forthwith proceeded to arrange the spreads upon the child, tucking them and smoothing them down as if she were only putting her little one to bed, although while I heard no sob nor any expression of grief, I could see that her breast was heaving with sorrow and her face was visited by tears.  
The two now knelt on either side, kissing their darling many times, and weeping over her, though trying apparently to comfort one another in their mutual wretchedness, if perchance there might come in their hearts a calm like that with which the moon was still sending down her beams to illumine the fearful scene.  
Then laying hold of the blanket they carried their darling to the grave, and by the aid of the bride-reins let the precious burden down into the place which they had so carefully prepared. Green boughs were scattered over her, until they covered the beautiful form many inches deep, and then the clouds were gently replaced, and a little mound was heaped, and the child transferred from her mother's bosom was sleeping at last in the bosom of that greater mother—Earth. The two sad mourners knelt again beside the grave, and seemed to be engaged in prayer, lifting their faces now and then to the sky, as if in its infinite clear depths they saw the future hopes.  
All this—though I still thought it unreal—had awakened in me the keenest interest and sympathy. But my attention was now suddenly diverted to a line of figures in the distance, somewhat beyond the spot where I had seen the wagon when I first awoke. These were horsemen who came sweeping on at a rapid pace, as if engaged in eager pursuit. From the manner in

which they rode I knew they were Indians. Ah! I saw it all now, and understood why these spectral visitors had so often looked back apprehensively in the direction from which they had approached. These pilgrims across the plains had seen signs of savages, and had used the night to push on beyond their reach, if haply they might bury their dead in peace and find safety for themselves. But the foe had discovered their trail and followed them, bent on massacre.  
I laid my hand instinctively on the rifle under the edge of my blanket that I might join in the defense, and was about to cry out in warning of the danger I saw approaching, but instantly I thought myself that this was unreal—a mere vision, calling for no practical action, and I might better let these shadows work out their tragedy to the end. I again restrained the dog who seemed agitated, whether because he saw what I was seeing, or out of sympathy with my emotion—I know not which.  
The two at the grave seemed unconscious of the threatened danger until their enemies were within a hundred yards, when the man sprang up and lifted the woman also to her feet. They turned toward the wagon, as if to gain its shelter and secure weapons for defence. It was too late. I saw flashes of fire and also a slight arrow, still without a sound, however, to break the calm of the night.  
Both the man and woman staggered as if wounded. They stopped and turned face to face, throwing their arms about each other as if realizing that this was their last embrace. Another volley, and still clinging to each other in the agony of death, they fell together upon the grave of their child.  
The Indians were not long in completing their work. Then catching the horses and harnessing them into the wagon they hastened away, as though themselves in fear of pursuit. I watched them until they disappeared and then was alone with my thoughts and the brilliant night.  
I realized that I had seen a vision, and, though I turned myself resolutely to rest, my sleep for the remainder of the night was fitful and disturbed. When finally I awakened again, the sun had risen, and under the influence of that great dispeller of illusions, and in spite of the vividness of the night's experience, I began to think that after all I might have been only dreaming; especially when I saw that the space where I had seen the burial and the tragedy that followed was not open and clear, but overgrown with brush and young trees.  
Nevertheless, yielding to a curiosity of which I was meanwhile almost ashamed, I soon made my way into the bushes. Parting these with my hands as I went forward and scanning the ground closely, I shortly experienced a new shock of surprise. For there in the exact spot marked by the night scene, was a little mound and over it the remains of two skeletons.  
And now for a retrospective fact which gave to this weird experience of the night a personal significance. While I was yet a lad in my teens my brother, twenty years older, had taken his young wife and only child and set out to cross the plains in pursuit of fortune. The mails had brought home tidings of the progress of their journey up to a certain point. Beyond this all trace was lost, and we never heard of them again.  
I have not been able to account exactly for what I have related. Was this an indubitable information vouchsafed to me from another world as to the fate of my relatives? If so, why was it reserved for this time and place? Was it impossible that I should have this vision elsewhere. And if this is the case, then why? Had nature photographed these tragic scenes and preserved their reflection, to reproduce them for an eye that was filled by some occult law of sympathy to behold? Let the savants answer if they can—I cannot.—Edward B. Bayne in The Overland.

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I laid my hand instinctively on the rifle under the edge of my blanket that I might join in the defense, and was about to cry out in warning of the danger I saw approaching, but instantly I thought myself that this was unreal—a mere vision, calling for no practical action, and I might better let these shadows work out their tragedy to the end. I again restrained the dog who seemed agitated, whether because he saw what I was seeing, or out of sympathy with my emotion—I know not which.  
The two at the grave seemed unconscious of the threatened danger until their enemies were within a hundred yards, when the man sprang up and lifted the woman also to her feet. They turned toward the wagon, as if to gain its shelter and secure weapons for defence. It was too late. I saw flashes of fire and also a slight arrow, still without a sound, however, to break the calm of the night.  
Both the man and woman staggered as if wounded. They stopped and turned face to face, throwing their arms about each other as if realizing that this was their last embrace. Another volley, and still clinging to each other in the agony of death, they fell together upon the grave of their child.  
The Indians were not long in completing their work. Then catching the horses and harnessing them into the wagon they hastened away, as though themselves in fear of pursuit. I watched them until they disappeared and then was alone with my thoughts and the brilliant night.  
I realized that I had seen a vision, and, though I turned myself resolutely to rest, my sleep for the remainder of the night was fitful and disturbed. When finally I awakened again, the sun had risen, and under the influence of that great dispeller of illusions, and in spite of the vividness of the night's experience, I began to think that after all I might have been only dreaming; especially when I saw that the space where I had seen the burial and the tragedy that followed was not open and clear, but overgrown with brush and young trees.  
Nevertheless, yielding to a curiosity of which I was meanwhile almost ashamed, I soon made my way into the bushes. Parting these with my hands as I went forward and scanning the ground closely, I shortly experienced a new shock of surprise. For there in the exact spot marked by the night scene, was a little mound and over it the remains of two skeletons.  
And now for a retrospective fact which gave to this weird experience of the night a personal significance. While I was yet a lad in my teens my brother, twenty years older, had taken his young wife and only child and set out to cross the plains in pursuit of fortune. The mails had brought home tidings of the progress of their journey up to a certain point. Beyond this all trace was lost, and we never heard of them again.  
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