

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

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VOL. 28.

HAMMONTON, N. J., SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

NO. 36

CARL M. COOK,

Jeweler and Optician.

A FULL LINE OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

And Optical Goods.

**Prompt and Careful Attention Given
to all kinds of Repairing.**

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That you will find what you want to go to housekeeping with,
for he keeps

COOK and PARLOR STOVES.

HARDWARE and TINWARE,

FURNITURE, CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS.

Stove-pipe in all shapes and sizes. Stove repairs got to order at
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Goods delivered to all parts of the town.

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Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes

Flour, Feed, Fertilizers,

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Edwin Jones.

DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF

Fresh & Salt Meats

Butter, Eggs, Lard, etc.

**Wagons run through the Town
and vicinity.**

**The Philadelphia weekly Press
and the Republican, both one year
for \$1.25, cash.**

From Breckenridge, Col.

August 25th, 1890.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN,

In my last, I had reached my friend's cabin, near Decatur, above the timberline where I spent the night. This was the first time I had slept so high. I had for covering a pair of woolen blankets and a coverlet; but the cold penetrated these, and I slept but little. The next night I kept all my under-clothing on, which was heavy, but still I was cold. Late experiments with a most delicate instrument, the bolometer, as well as the skin on my nose, proves that the direct ray of the sun on mountain tops is more powerful than in the valley; but the light and dry atmosphere there allows the heat to immediately radiate into space, and when the sun has gone down and ceases there its genial rays, it at once becomes cold. It is the clouds and dampness in the air, at low altitudes, that act as a blanket to the earth to keep it warm.

Next morning we started to examine some veins on the sides of Gray's Peak. After clambering up to a dizzy height, I saw what my friend claimed would be a great mine, but it presented nothing to my vision but a large vein, slightly mineralized; but with its present development nothing certain could be told of its worth. My friend was interested in this vein, and could see far more than I could.

From here we went to a developed and paying mine, the Peruvian, where we found the superintendent and part owner busily engaged in erecting new machinery, preparatory to sinking deeper on the lode. He received us with politeness, and when I told him our desire to see his mines, he said, if we would wait about fifteen minutes he would go with us to the boarding-house, and after joining him in disposing of what the cook had prepared for dinner, he would show us through the mines with pleasure. This we assented to and he proved himself to be a hospitable, refined and intelligent gentleman. He was a one armed man, like myself; having lost his right arm by a blast, he was rather worse off than I. However he climbed ladders and got around in difficult places wonderfully well. We entered into a compact to buy our gloves together, he taking the left hand one, and I the right, in future.

We entered a tunnel into the mountain, about four feet wide by six and one-half high for about two hundred feet, to the vein. There we turned on the vein, and he showed us the mineral lining the top. Sometimes it was the whole width of the tunnel, then contracted to a small streak; and then for twenty feet entirely disappeared. Then it came in again and attained a good size. Whenever we reached the breast (end of tunnel) we could see the mineral up and down the height of the tunnel. Then he took us up and to a "stop" and showed the mineral there.

A stop is an upper story in a mine. When all the mineral is taken out, as high as men can reach, large timbers are put in overhead, across the cut, and smaller timbers laid the other way, and the mineral is blasted down on this floor. This is "stopping." Stopes are put in, one after another, till the top mineral is reached and taken out. This mine is good grade argentiferous galena and pyrites of iron, and runs in value about \$50 per ton of selected ore. There are about ten men worked here, and a four horse team is kept running with ore to Keystone, to ship to Pueblo.

After going through all the workings and seeing all that was to be seen, and after thanking our entertainer, Mr. Clark, for his courtesy and kindness, we mounted our horses and started for the PENNSYLVANIA MINE, about one mile distant. Here we met with equal courtesy, and were shown by one of the gentlemen owners through tunnels, stopes and shafts. This mine is something immense. The vein is in some places fourteen feet wide, and is largely mineralized throughout. They had a tunnel on the vein for eighty feet, and had taken six hundred tons of mineral

from it, fit to ship,—this averaging \$40 to \$50 per ton. The average width of mineral was eight feet. There was probably much more than six hundred tons of ore, worth some \$20 per ton, that was thrown into the dump for future concentration, when a mill is erected. They were stopping fourteen feet wide. I asked what the mine could be bought for, and was told the modest sum of \$200,000. I believe it very cheap. They have seven claims patented, and all have good veins, I was told, but not much development beyond what I saw. They keep two four horse teams going, shipping grade ore. I got a variety of specimens to add to my cabinet at home. There were beautiful blue crystals, and I thought them quartz colored (by copper) which makes the emerald; but on examination I found this substance to be blue vitriol—bluestone.

How wonderful is the laboratory of nature! No combination of mineral substance can be made—but what is made in the chemical works of nature. Yours, &c.,

A. J. KING.

**The Thirtieth
ANNUAL FAIR**
of the
Atlantic County
Agricultural & Horticultural
Association
will be held
At Egg Harbor City, N. J.,
on
Sept. 21, 22, 23, 1890.

Liber'l Premiums
In all Departments.

Competition open to all.
Low fares on railroads.
For Space, Permits, Premium Lists, etc.,
apply to
V. P. ROEMANN, Sec'y.

SALE FOR TAXES.
For the Tax of 1888.
TOWN OF HAMMONTON.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a warrant issued by P. H. Jacobs, Esq., to make the taxes laid on unimproved and unencumbered lands, and on lands tenanted by persons not the lawful proprietors, who are unable to pay their tax, in the Town of Hammonton, County of Atlantic, the Collector of said town will, on TUESDAY, the

23rd day of September.
Next, at the hour of 2 o'clock P.M., at the office of the Town Clerk, sell the timber, wood, herbage, and other real property found on the premises subject to the said taxes, to make the taxes and costs annexed to their respective names, with interest at the rate of 12 per cent, per annum from Dec. 20, 1888, to the day of sale.

The Costs in each case will be 80 cents.				
Block.	Lot No.	Acres.	Tax	
Block 1, 1st lot.	1	.11	9	\$2.26
Block 1, 2nd lot.	2	.11	10	1.70
Block 1, 3rd lot.	3	.11	10	2.21
Block 1, 4th lot.	4	.11	10	2.25
Block 1, 5th lot.	5	.11	10	46.70
Block 1, 6th lot.	6	.11	10	8.99
Block 1, 7th lot.	7	.11	10	6.67
Block 1, 8th lot.	8	.11	10	6.22
Block 1, 9th lot.	9	.11	10	22.50
Block 1, 10th lot.	10	.11	10	1.14
Block 1, 11th lot.	11	.11	10	4.28
Block 1, 12th lot.	12	.11	10	1.70
Block 1, 13th lot.	13	.11	10	8.45
Block 1, 14th lot.	14	.11	10	1.14
Block 1, 15th lot.	15	.11	10	67
Block 1, 16th lot.	16	.11	10	1.14
Block 1, 17th lot.	17	.11	10	8.45
Block 1, 18th lot.	18	.11	10	4.50
Block 1, 19th lot.	19	.11	10	1.09
Block 1, 20th lot.	20	.11	10	2.25
Block 1, 21st lot.	21	.11	10	2.25
Block 1, 22nd lot.	22	.11	10	4.50
Block 1, 23rd lot.	23	.11	10	2.25
Block 1, 24th lot.	24	.11	10	2.25
Block 1, 25th lot.	25	.11	10	3.39
Block 1, 26th lot.	26	.11	10	2.25
Block 1, 27th lot.	27	.11	10	3.39
Block 1, 28th lot.	28	.11	10	4.50
Block 1, 29th lot.	29	.11	10	1.70
Block 1, 30th lot.	30	.11	10	2.25
Block 1, 31st lot.	31	.11	10	1.70
Block 1, 32nd lot.	32	.11	10	1.70

Stephen Caldwell. — Block 1, lots 50, 51, 54, 43, 47, 56, 67. Block 2, lots 76, 78, 80, 82. Block 3, lots 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92. Block 4, lots 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98. Block 5, lots 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104. Block 6, lots 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110. Block 7, lots 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116. Block 8, lots 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122. Block 9, lots 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128. Block 10, lots 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134. Block 11, lots 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140. Block 12, lots 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146. Block 13, lots 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152. Block 14, lots 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158. Block 15, lots 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164. Block 16, lots 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170. Block 17, lots 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176. Block 18, lots 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182. Block 19, lots 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188. Block 20, lots 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194. Block 21, lots 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200. Block 22, lots 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206. 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THE INDIAN CONGRESS

COMPOSED OF HINDOO, MAHOMEDAN, AND CHRISTIAN, TAMIL AND PARSE.

National Aspirations—The Pandita Rambalal Speaks For Hindoo Women.

The recent National Congress of India held its sittings in an immense hall at Bhyullee, within the precincts of the lordly city of Bombay. A huge canvas admitted more than 4000 persons to its grateful shade. The interior was arranged like an amphitheatre, with a raised platform, and the columns of support were decorated with red, green and gilt. Here in concentric rows sat thousands of native people, their red, white, pink and purple shawls, with here and there the black tint of a turban, or the glaze tint of a Parsee, with the many white garments, made a most picturesque scene. The dark faces were full of intelligence and aglow with enthusiasm. And the Hindu or Mahomedan Parsee of such an assemblage as is the "chosen of the people" is an exceedingly handsome man, particularly if he wear his native dress.

Expectancy was at its highest pitch, when, precisely at the hour appointed, a little band of men was seen making its way through the aisle at the right, preceded by a long line of ushers with staves and poles. Here were Sir William Wedderburn, the President of the Indian Congress to preside over the congress, Mr. Hume, its promoter; and Charles Bradlaugh, M. P., who has earned the title, through his advocacy of measures for the benefit of this country, of "Member for India," and who had been a revered visitor to this people. There was clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs and hearty English hurrah from Hindu through, as the Englishman, in a plain and took to their seats. Confusion there was in that great audience from its beginning to its end. No meaningless stamping or shuffling of feet, a fact explained by the reason that everybody was a man.

The proceedings opened with a patriotic address by the chairman of the reception committee, Mr. Pherozeshah Mehta, a Parsee, and a most eloquent speaker. He referred to the political situation of the world together such a diversity of peoples in one hall, as a republic, and expressed the belief that the people of India were also. "On the way to a common national existence," he was followed by a Mahomedan, who, with a most peculiar and amusing fashion of striking his emphasis in long sentences, standing on one foot while he did so, and giving a jump at the end, but who so commanded much respect, and at the same time, commanded one of the things so much as a great man, followed by a Brahmin (the highest Hindu caste), who supported the motion, calling Sir William Wedderburn to the aid, and who, in the end, had his representation, to be followed by the fourth, and two excellent addresses by Sir William.

Day by day it grew warmer while the congress lasted, and the pretty Indian hangings on the outside of the hall were changed to a pale pink and white, the heads of the English residents of Bombay were conspicuous by their absence, and the names of India tried in vain to prove that other nationalities were poorly represented. On the first day, however, the delegates came up from their snowy garments as though no inconvenience to them resulted from the extreme heat. On the last afternoon, when enthusiasm was high, confidence began to waver for the execution of maintaining the congress at fifteen thousand rupees were asked for, but bag after bag of silver was brought up by excited delegates, and the promise given, until a man on the floor and rough sound as he had every year supplied deficits on his own purse, tried to thank the audience, when for fifteen minutes he was interrupted by a cheering was so hearty and prolonged.

In the social conference there was a discussion about the postponement of the marriageable period for us to the age of twelve years; also the passage of a law forbidding the head before the age of eighteen, and then only with her full consent.

There was an opportunity for the Pandita Rambalal (a recent visitor to the United States), whose work for the education of the Hindoo people was well known in public esteem. As the light white-robed figure rose in the great hall, men eagerly crowded forward and met with cheer of her voice, and she was well regarded on all sides. She was then restored, the soft voice was heard to say, "It is not at strange, my countrymen; that my age is small and weak, since this is the first time a woman has been allowed to exercise her voice among men."

As the laughter subsided, she went on, earnestly, making a motion that the men should be allowed to have the right of the head to be brought to the custom of the Hindoo nation, in glowing words she shame the modification of young women

PRESIDENTS' NICKNAMES

TITLES GIVEN TO THE NATION'S CHIEF EXECUTIVES.

Washington "The American Cincinnati." "Independence Forever" Adams.

"The American Cincinnatus?"

This grand appellation was the sole pseudonym that the American people ever found suitable to the traits and characteristics of George Washington, the first President of the United States. The name was attempted to furnish material in a certain portrait; which he has drawn of Washington, for a nickname of another sort, much less dignified, but the popular canonization, even in England, of the great man had too long been so fixed in the minds of the satirist were universally rejected.

The fondness for designating each President of the United States by some name supposed to be appropriate by the public was not developed until Washington had gone to the silent, undiscovered country.

John Adams called himself "a President of three votes." He was known long after his death by a certain title which he also supplied himself indulgently with.

On the morning of the 30th of June, 1826, an individual who was chosen to give the oration of the Fourth of July at Quincy, John Adams's home, called at the house of Mr. Adams and asked him to deliver a patriotic toast as the subject as the orator.

"I will give you one, the noblest you could choose," said the philosopher President, forgetting for the nonce the restraint and frigid dignity of his manner:

"Independence forever!"

The words were reported in the slow way of the time, but the people, as they took the phrase came to their ears, applied it to the democratic and philosophic grandeur of the character of John Adams.

No one ever presumed to think of a nickname in connection with the name of Jefferson, although the democratic familiarity in the world.

He himself baptized his favorite plants, and gave them names to suit his fancy; but none ever dared to dub him with a nickname.

Jackson was never known other than as one—the least—of Jefferson's "political family" as it was called.

James Monroe was known as a man of such purity and simplicity, his manners so touchingly complaisant and appealing, that he won friends and at heart a enemy. No one ever had the courage to designate him by any disreputable name.

John Quincy Adams was called, almost from the beginning of his political career, "Tribune of the People," "Columbus" and "Pублика" were given names that were barren by comparison.

Neither Jackson nor Van Buren were given distinctive names, but Jackson's great victory at New Orleans gave occasion for many heroic titles which were used during his life, but none of them were remembered to go down to posterity with the fame of their possessor.

President Taylor was never known by any other name than "Zach." It was attributed to his countrymen to convey a sense of his loyalty and rare persistence of the man.

General Pierce was called Frank. His qualities were negative—a great virtue in a President of the Republic.

President Pierce had a peculiarly unbusinesslike manner in making promises. He told him he was sure to do what he desired in the way of office. Possibly the name Frank, short, insignificant, gave just the meaning necessary to express the estimate formed by the people of their president.

President Buchanan was always known as "Buck," "Bucky" and "Streck," a happy reference to Mr. Bucklebridge, were familiar and oft-repeated words in the flitings.

Congressman William Henry Harrison's appellation, "Tippecanoe," is immortalized.

A reflected similitude belongs to hyphenated name given to President Tyler.

Abraham Lincoln had many nicknames: They were given by different sections of the citizens of the republic. They were homely, most of them, but they all possessed one great merit—propriety—appropriateness. He was often designated by the force and energy of definition.

The man was one of the people, and under in intellect than most of them, of such simplicity and soundness of heart that his fellow-countrymen were not difficult in choosing names to denote their appreciation of his genius.

"Uncle Sam" (Grover) and "Sire," the one unfamiliarity of the people, the other reverently applied by Mr. Cleveland's celebrated private secretary were the only ones which the ex-President often applied before the public witnessed his administration.

President Harrison has been supplied with a nickname by the citizens and York, especially of the city of

(UNION PACIFIC R. R. 1880.)

As empty bare, a sky of grayest ethereal,
A bare, bleak shed in blackest silhouette,
Twelve yards of platform, and, beyond them
Twelve miles of glaring glimmering through
the wet.

North, south, east and west—the same dull
gray, the same monotony.

The laboring vapors of a vanished train,
The narrowing rails that meet to pierce the
eye.

Or break the columns of the far-off rain.

Nought but myself—nor form nor figure
waking.

The dull humbled level and stark shining
water.

Nothing but means to fill the vision asking
If where the shadow-fall in sullen haze.

Nothing beyond, Ah, yes! From out the
station

A stiff gaunt figure thrown against the sky,
Black and white with some wooden silhouette
Caught from his signals as the train dashed
by.

Yielding one place beside him with dumb ge-
stures.

Bears that red relicious of any and all
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one ge-
sture.

Of silence, sadness, and unspoken care.

Each following his own thought—around us
darkening.

The same bounded boundaries and stretching
track;

Each following those dim parallels and heart-
beats.

For long lost voices that will not come
back;

Until, suddenly—I knew not why nor where-
fore.

He moved, bit by bit, his dreary part,
Like gathered clouds that seemed to choke—then
the parted.

Some dull down-dropping of their care at
last.

"Long had he lived there. As a boy had
started
From the blacked corner the lullian's painted
face;
Heard the wolver howl the weeping water
from the parted.

His father's hut from the last camping
place.

"Nature had mocked him; thrice had claimed
his life;
With scyth of fire of lands once he
sawn;
Scent the air—round his heartstone
heaping
Batter'd, dead faces, that were like his own.

"Then came the war time. When its shadows
beckoned
He had wandered dumbly where the flag had
led
Through camp and fen—unknown, un-
grated, unreckon'd—
To famine, fever, and a prison bed.

"Till the storm passed, and the slow tide re-
turning
Cast the wreck beneath his native sky;
At this lone watch gave him the chance of
earning
Scant means to live—by whom the right to
die."

"All this I heard—or seemed to hear—ah!—
blending
With the low murmur of the coming
breeze,
The call of some lost bird and the mending
and noise sobbing of those gray grass
seeds.

Until at last the spell of desolation
Broke with a trembling star and frosty
cry.

The coming train! I glanced around the sta-
tion.
All lie empty as the upper sky!

Nought but myself—nor form nor figure
waking.

The dull humbled level and stark shining
water—
Nought but myself, that cry, and the dull
shaking
Of wheel and axle, stopped in breathless
rest.

"Now, then—look sharp! Eh, what? The
station master?

"That's none! We stopped here of our own
accord.

The man who killed in that down-train dis-
aster
That last evening. Right there! All
aboard!"

London, England. —Bret Harte.

A FLOURISHING TOWN.

The most extraordinary newspaper I
have ever had any knowledge of was
published up in the Sierra range about
fifteen years ago. The Mangantus In-
dex.

The publication alluded to had mysteri-
ously fallen into my mail-box in
San Francisco for some year, and it
was always a welcome arrival.

It was neatly printed, carried several
columns of live advertisements, and
it had a bright bustling air about it that
always gave me a very favorable im-
pression of Mangantus, as well as of
the man who edited the paper.

He took a dinner on the table every day
of the course of the day, and in all the
country transpiring in the town where
his paper was published he carried
cavalry to the verge of bewildering
rashness.

One day I saw a paper edited with such
absolute fearlessness, and I often won-
dered why it was that the editor was not
at some time mobbed or murdered.

At last my business took me in the
vicinity of Mangantus, and I decided to
make a little article on the paper.

It was fast coming on nightfall as I
nearly the spot where the town was lo-
cated, and I spurred my horse up the
steep main incline, thinking of the warm
and excellent supper I should
soon be enjoying.

My mind was full of the Slavin
house, a hotel of very superior accom-
modations, which advertised liberally
in the Index, and whose royal ven-
der was the house on the hill. The
place was never weary of describing.

"Only a mile west," I said to my-
self, as I thumped my weary horse
with a good-sized stick and after
another mile I repeated my observation
and after another horse went a check
of five miles and miles, while I per-
sisted in my journey.

for the welcome twinkling from cotton
windows that in darkness tell the tra-
veler of the town, and that night on
a little horse more than
horse, and still I was alone.

Presently I came to a log cabin in
my heart rose as I saw the light gleam-
ing through the chinks: "Dismount!"
I yelled, and I was on the case
and hammered on the door.

A little, bent-up man, with a white
kied, leathery face, came to answer
and as he opened the door cautiously
I noticed that he had a cocked pistol
in his hand.

"See the pistol I said: "Here
is civilization."

After the little man with the
pistol had surveyed my famished
and tired horse, he opened the door
little wider, and he and I were
in the little cabin. He opened the apolo-
gy in his character, invited me in.

"How far to Mangantus?" I asked.

He looked at me in a rather quiv-
ery way, and then bit his under lip
nipping a small nail with his teeth.

"How far from here? Can I
it to-night?"

"Hardly think you can make it
to-night," he replied with a tone of
puzzlement; "somehow; can't you go
all night?" he asked. "Better
wait here, possibly make Mangantus
to-night."

I accepted the invitation with alac-
rity. My horse being provided for
was soon absorbing the heat of
cheery fire and listening to the de-
lightful chatter of the old man.

He was a man of very fluent ex-
pression, and possessed a wonderful
flow of information—scores of topics
ordinarily discussed by men who oc-
cupied log cabins in the mountains.

While he pondered on this odd cir-
culation, could he hear a monotonous
noise in the next room; and I certain-
ly thought I heard the familiar sound
some one rapidly folding newspapers.

My ear did not deceive me, for I
soon heard the door of the next room
girl appeared and handed my com-
panion a paper which he at once pas-
sured over to me. It was damp from
press, and I read the title:

"THE MANGANTUS INDEX."

"How long you have," I asked.
"The Index," he replied, "is pub-
lished \$5.00 per annum, payable in advance.
My host smiled as he handed me the
paper.

"How long the town is here," I asked.
"Let me go to the hotel; the Sierra
House, I believe. I do not desire to
trespass upon the hospitality of
stranger."

"You will remain here, sir," he re-
plied. "I blush to confess it, but
is the town of Mangantus, and
cabin is the only habitation for three
miles."

I stared at the man in astonish-
ment. "How can you be puzzled?" he
continued. "But I will explain. This
is a group of mines near here where
certain capitalists of San Francisco
are anxious to place upon the London mar-
ket. They have hired me to adver-
tise the mines, and at the same time
to gain to run my paper in such a
way that the London readers will think
that a large town is flourishing here
See?"

I nodded vaguely and he went
on: "My imagination is not sluggish,
and so I manufacture all I write.
I leave no stone unturned to make
mythical city of Mangantus a real
bustling town. You will find I have
issued a public notice to this effect:
The question of a new bridge across
stream that exists only in the columns
of the Index. Here is the wife of
a prominent mining superintendent
clipping with a member of the
Council of the highway to
knocking the s. thorough out of
cigar-store. You will note the as-
sessment of the cigar-store in an-
column. Here is the killing of Tom
Pete and the subsequent trial of
the murderer's jury. The cause of
shooting was a dispute relative to
ownership of a mining location of
utmost richness. There is also in
other portion of the paper, a
summarized account of the
the town (one of the principles in
to try) to do his assessment work-
lose his interest. All my work di-
tells nicely in, has a plausible look
shows no flaw, yet it is about
the most extraordinary thing I have
seen."

"This is the most extraordi-
nary thing I ever heard of," I said to
him. "This country is full of ex-
traordinary things," he quietly re-
plied. "Where does this edition go
ask?"

"Clara, bring me the mailing list."

I glanced over the list, and saw it
embraced the leading banking in the
of London and New York, as well
as the most prominent of the world.

My own name was oddly enough
in the list. About a hundred copies
mailed, and every one went where
would do the most good.

I found that my friend editor
was married and had a pretty
daughter was learning the art.

"I have no complications except—
little daughter—and the town of
Mangantus," he added, with a smile.

I passed the evening in the
the east of the wind through the
and the rocking of the cabin had
become a soothing effect, and I
the warm bed thinking and re-
till morning broke I slept.

When I awoke I found a very
attractive breakfast. He never al-

DON'T LIKE TWIN

HOW THE AFRICAN MOTHERS MUST SUFFER.

More Sorrow Than One Child at a Time.

Few things are more mysterious than the undefinable sympathy which often exists between two human beings who came into the world together. The sympathy is real, and the effect of the imagination, as some have supposed. So far as is known it does not always develop at infancy, and when it is present its cause is not by any means understood. A true real affection generally exists between twins, and often seems to show itself in the earliest days of infancy. It is no uncommon thing for a twin who has lost his or her counterpart to pine away, clinging gradually into the clutches of the destroyer, who, in taking away the other, has deprived life of all its joy. But though intense fondness is no doubt to a large extent the cause of the occurrence, the sympathy which twins have for one another shows itself here.

With many savage races twins are hurried out of the world immediately after their birth; others allow them to live, and then certainly commit them to death. In Western Africa, a little below the equator, between ten degrees and twelve degrees east-longitude, lives a large tribe called the Ishogo. They have many peculiar customs, but one of these is the killing of twins and of the mother who is so unfortunate as to bear them. An idea seems to exist with them that no woman ought to produce more than a single child at a time, and that if she does the error of giving them their duties every chance of killing one of the children before they have arrived at the age at which they are considered able to take care of themselves. This is held to be necessary for the good of the race, and has been passed, it is thought by these people that a proper balance between life and death has again been struck, and they do not deem any further precautions necessary.

Immediately the birth of twins takes place in this tribe, the mother happens is marked in some manner which will render it readily distinguishable from all others in the village. Those who have read accounts of African travel will probably remember that the explorer who has been exploring the interior of the dark continent bear to the extraordinary loquacity of its natives. Africans talk as they breathe—unceasingly—and yet they unfortunate—unceasingly. This is forbidden to the immediate members of her family. She may go into the forest for firewood, and perform the household work necessary for the existence of herself and her children, but it is not to be talked to her until she is dead, unless she finds herself near one of her close relatives. The consequence of this peculiar custom is that the Ishogo more than any other tribe of the world are childless, and nothing irritates a newly married woman more than to tell her that she is sure to become the mother of two children at a birth.

When the six years of probation have dragged out, the weary length of the Ishogo's life is held to celebrate the release of the three captives, and their admission to the society of the unfellowed. At a prearranged village in the principality of the captives are taken up their stand on either side of the door of the hut, having previously whitened their legs and faces. The rest of the inhabitants of the place congregate round the door, and the three captives, with their legs and hands, and capering about, the friend beating a lusty tattoo upon a drum and singing a song, and the procession is then taken to the place where has gone the general dance. Then every one sits down to a grand feast, and eating, drinking, and dancing are carried on till the sun has set, and the moon is high in the night. As soon as, the next day dawns all restrictions upon the mother and her offspring are known to be removed.

This ceremony is known to the whites, and which signifies both the twins and the rite by virtue of which they and their mother are admitted to the companionship of their kind. Cases in which one of a pair of twins has fallen in infancy, or one of the twins has died when it was falling his or her mother are numerous among all others of the kind, though instances rarely are apt to border upon the land of fiction, but there are many which are true. In fact, the mother of twins is held to be the very extremes of darkness and evilness. But though unlike bodily they resemble each other mentally, they pass from the bottom to the top of one of our great public schools.

[illegible]

