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## NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

"Wish you a happy New Year, boys!" "Happy New Year!" responded three clear trebles, and the loudest of them added:

"Going to make any calls to-day, Uncle Fred?"

"Of course I am, Johnny," responded the rosy, frosty-whiskered, middle-aged gentleman they were talking to, as he opened the door of his carriage. "What are you and your friends going to do?"

"We're going to make calls, too," sang out one of Johnny's comrades,—"he and I and Tracy Plumb."

"What is Tom Fitch going with you? Where are you going to call?"

"Everywhere," sturdily replied Tom Fitch, with a hitch at his neck-tie. "All round the block."

"You are, are you! Have you any cards, for places where they are not at home?"

"Yes, sir, we've cards for everybody."

"Indeed! Let me see them."

Uncle Fred's good-humored face was all a broad grin as he held out his hand, for the two smaller boys could not have been much more than eight years old, and Johnny Cook himself, their head man, was barely ten.

"I wrote my own cards," said Johnny, with proud self-satisfaction, as he dragged a handful of bits of white paste-board from his coat-pocket.

"Tip-top!" exclaimed Uncle Fred; "only you should always spell your name in one way. J-o-n-n-y, and that one's J-o-n-n-y. But they'll all do."

"Mine are better than his," said Tom. "Mother gave me some of her old ones; and so did sister Belle, and Tracy Plumb has some of his own father's. Show 'em to him, Tracy."

"That is grand!" said Uncle Fred. "Now you must always send your cards in ahead of you, so they'll know who's coming."

He was getting very red in the face just then, and the boys did not hear him mutter, as he hurriedly stepped into his carriage and drove off:

"Mustn't let them see me laugh. Might scare 'em out of it and spoil the fun. But shouldn't I like to be somewhere when those three come in?"

There were no signs of laughter on the faces of Johnny Cook, Tracy Plumb and Tom Fitch. It was decidedly a serious business for them, and they marched steadily away up the street.

"Where'll we call first?" said Tom.

"Let Johnny tell. He knows," said Tracy.

"There's a basket on Mr. Jones's door-bell, boys. We'll go there first. That's to put our cards in."

Up the steps they went, and the bell was duly rung, but it had to be pulled again before any one came to the door.

"Well, thin, what is it? What do yiz want?"

"Why, Biddy," exclaimed Tom, "we're calling! Didn't you know it was New Year's day?"

"It's callin' ye are? An' didn't ye see the basket? Mrs. Jones isn't at home the day?"

"Oh!" said Johnny; "she's out making her own calls. Give Biddy your cards, boys."

"How'd on, thin, ivvy wan of yiz, till I show her thin cards."

"I thought you said she wasn't at home?"

"Dade an' she isn't; but I'd rather lose me place than not have her luk at thin. Shtand where yiz are till I come."

The Jones family were too near neighbors for Biddy to know these three very young gentlemen; and in a moment more, a nice-looking lady upstairs was saying to herself:

"J-o-n-n-y, Johnny, C-o-o-o-k-e, Cook, and Miss Arabella Fitch, and Marmaduke Plumb."

"It's the three b'yes, mum!" exclaimed Biddy, with her plump sides shaking with fun. "Sure an' it's calls they're makin'!"

"Bring them in, Biddy. Call up the children, and bring a plate of cake quick as ever you can. I'll come right down to the parlor."

She was there, sure enough, just in time to hear Tracy say: "There, Tom, I told you Johnny Cook knew. And Mrs. Jones would not let Biddy tell stories about her."

"Wish you a happy New Year, young gentlemen. Have a chair, Mr. Cook. Please be seated, Mr. Plumb and Mr. Fitch. Our young people will be here in a moment."

"We're not calling on the children to-day," said Johnny, "but you might let them come in."

And in they came, a round half dozen of little Joneses, and Biddy after with a big plate of cake.

"Tom," whispered Tracy, "Johnny said we must not eat too much in any one place."

"I'll put the rest of mine in my pocket."

And so he did; but it was a good while before Mrs. Jones got through asking them about their plans for the day, and after that it was hard work to keep Ben Jones from going with them. In fact, the moment they were out of doors again, Ben sat down in a corner and began to howl over it, so that he had to stay in the corner till dinner-time.

"Where'll we go now, Johnny?"

"Judge Curtin's is the biggest house on the block, boys, and he hasn't any children."

"That's the place. They'll have ice cream there, see if they don't!"

But the moment the bell of Judge Curtin's door was pulled, the door swung open wide, and there stood his wife waiting, in a yellow-tailed coat and white apron, looking down in wonder at his disabused guests. It was in vain for Johnny Cook to look big and hold his head up as he handed out the cards, and Tom and Tracy edged a little behind him.

"You're behind!" You boys want something?"

"New Year's calls," exclaimed Johnny.

"Are the ladies at home?"

"So? Very good. Walk right in. I dake in dose card, too. De madame will be proud to see you. Walk in."

"Johnny knows," muttered Tom to Tracy. "They'll have cream here."

"May be some candy, too."

But the big water was bowing them into the parlor now, where Mrs. Curtin and her grown up daughters were entertaining quite an array of their gentlemen friends, and Johnny whispered back:

"Hush, boys! There's a table, and it's full."

A very large and stately lady was Mrs. Curtin, and it seemed to the three newcomers that everybody in that room was at least a size or two larger than common; but Johnny Cook led them on bravely, and all the ladies bowed very low when they said:

"Wish you a happy New Year."

"I am acquainted with Mr. Cook," said Mrs. Curtin, as she held out her hand to him; "but which of you is Mr. Marmaduke Plumb?"

"That's my papa, ma'am, and I'm Tracy."

"Oh, you are making his calls for him?"

"No, ma'am; he's out, too, but I use some of his cards."

"Exactly, I see. And this is Miss Arabella Fitch?"

"Please, ma'am, if you'll give me back Belle's card, I'll give you one of mother's," said Tom a little doubtfully.

"Oh, this is just as good. But I must introduce you to the company, while Pierre is getting you some refreshments. Plenty of cream, Pierre, and some confectionary."

"That's it," whispered Tom to Tracy, and the latter answered: "Hush, Tom, Johnny knows."

It was remarkable how very polite were all these tall ladies and gentlemen. One great, thin, yellow-whiskered man, in particular, kept them so long with his questions, that Tom at last felt compelled to remark: "Don't talk to him any more, Johnny; the ice-cream'll be all melted."

"So it will," said Mrs. Curtin. "Do let me off, Mr. Grant. Were you never a boy?—I mean, a very young gentleman?"

"Never," said Mr. Grant. "I was always old enough to want to eat my cream before it melted. Come, boys, I'll see you through. I like to associate with fellows of my own age. Come on."

He was very grave and dignified about it, but between him and Pierre and Mrs. Curtin, Johnny Cook was compelled to say to his friends:

"We must stop eating, or we can't be polite in the next house."

But he made no objection to Mr. Grant putting confectionery in their pockets, and then the whole company bowed, as Pierre showed them the way to the front door. They wondered what he meant, as he smiled in their faces and said:

"Bon jour, mes enfants."

"What's a bunjer?" asked Tom.

"Johnny knows," began Tracy; but their leader was thinking of something else just then.

"Can you eat any more, boys? I can, if we walk a little."

They said they thought they could.

"Thea we'll go to Dr. Micklin's. He tended our baby when it had the measles."

"Do doctors have any New Year's day?"

"Don't you s'pose Johnny knows, Tom?" said Tracy Plumb. "Of course they do."

The doctor lived in a big brick house on a corner, nearly two blocks beyond Judge Curtin's; but the boys were only half sure they were hungry when they rang the bell.

The door was opened by a gentleman with a coffee-colored face and curly hair, and who could not have been more than twice as old as Tom.

"Is dey anybody took sick at your house?"

"Sick? No," said Johnny. "It's New Year's calls. Take our cards to Mrs. Micklin."

"She knows my mother," Tom had said to Johnny, "and I'll send in her card instead of Belle's."

Mrs. Micklin was a little, black-eyed woman, with a nose that was almost too sharply pointed, and when the coffee-colored youth handed her these three cards, her first remark was:

"Julius! Julius! Caesar! How often have I forbidden you to laugh in that way when you come into my presence? Mrs. Fitch? On New Year's day? And why, what can have happened! And Mr. Marmaduke Plumb with her? It must be something serious. And Johnny Cook? How I wish the doctor was here. Show them right in, Julius, and stop that giggling."

She had bounced from her chair and was smoothing the folds of her silk dress, nervously, as Julius Caesar chuckled his way back to the front door, and just at that moment a whole sleigh-load of other callers came hurrying up the steps.

"Wish you happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year!" "Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year, Johnny," said Mrs. Micklin. "But Tracy, where's your father? Tom, why does not your mother come in?" I told Julius—"

"Why, Mrs. Micklin," said Tom, "it's only the cards. We passed 'em at Mr. Jones's and at Judge Curtin's. Only I sent in Belle's there instead of mother's."

"Why, you mischievous boys! And here you've frightened me so I thought something dreadful had happened—"

"But at that moment the other visitors came pouring in, and Mrs. Micklin had to say "happy New Year" to them, and shake hands and smile and talk, and the three boys were almost pushed out of the way, while Julius Caesar

stood at the parlor door and seemed to be trying to laugh without making any noise.

"Julius," whispered Tom, as he edged near him, "where's the ice-cream?"

But Tom's whisper was loud enough to be heard by everybody in the room, for it seemed to slip into a quiet little place in the conversation, and so did Julius Caesar's reply: "Dah ain't none."

Mrs. Micklin blushed, and one of her gentlemen guests remarked:

"My dear Mrs. Micklin, I'm delighted to see that you have joined the reform movement. You won't ask your friends to stuff themselves."

And she said something in reply, and the others said something; but Tom Fitch put his lips to Johnny's ear, and said, pretty loudly: "Let's go. There's nothing in this house but medicine."

"How to Mrs. Micklin before you go," said Johnny; but everybody in the parlor, excepting the doctor's wife, was laughing about something or other when Julius Caesar opened the front door for those three boys to go out.

"Where'll we go now, boys?" said Johnny, when they reached the sidewalk.

"There isn't any other place so good as Mrs. Curtin's remarked Tom.

"Can't go twice to the same house," said Tracy. "Can we, Johnny?"

"No, I s'pose not. But we've plenty of cards. Let's try that white house over yonder."

"Who lives there?"

"I don't know. But we can find out when we get in."

It was a very nice house, and there were three young ladies in it, and one of them was at that very moment standing by one of the front windows, all hidden among the heavy curtains, and another was saying: "It's just too bad, girls. Here it is two o'clock, and we've only had five callers, and one of them was the minister."

"And nobody has eaten anything."

"Hush, girls; what can those three boys be coming here for? I've seen one of them before. They're making calls."

"Tell John to show them right in."

And John did, although Tom Fitch insisted that the cards must go in ahead of them.

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

Three on each side, and then the girls talked right on, so fast their callers had no chance to correct their names.

"Johnny, you'll have some cake?"

"Marmaduke, I must give you some ice-cream."

"Now Arabella, some chicken-salad."

"My name's Tom."

"Your card says your name's Arabella."

"Here's my other card."

"No, my dear, you're not a married lady. And you must have a cup of coffee."

Very hospitable indeed were the three young ladies, and by the time they had helped their young callers to several times as much as any three boys could eat, Jenny was able to remark: "Now, girls, the table begins to look as if somebody'd been here."

"But I think we'd better go now," said Johnny Cook. "I can't eat any more."

"Oh, very well, my dear, and Arabella too, and Marmaduke."

"That's my father's name, and mine's Tracy Plumb."

"Just as good, Tracy. Won't you eat some more cream?"

"No, ma'am. Johnny says we'd better go."

The girls were in high glee over their young gentlemen callers; but when the latter reached the sidewalk, Johnny Cook remarked: "I guess we won't have any more calls. I'm going home."

"So an I," said Tom. "But I've four more cards."

"I've more'n that," said Tracy; "but I don't want to go anywhere else. I couldn't be polite."

Not one of them could have been polite enough to eat another mouthful, and that or something else made them a very sober-looking lot of New Year's day callers, as they walked down the street.

Tom and Tracy were not heard from again that day; but Johnny Cook wondered, when Uncle Fred came home that night, why he was compelled to give so careful an account of everything.

"You were very polite, everywhere?"

"Yes, Uncle Fred; and at the last place Tom Fitch forgot to bow when he came out, and I made him go 'way back into the parlor and do it."

"That was right. If there was any other place where he forgot it he ought to go back there next New Year's day and bow."

But Johnny only said: "I don't think I want to eat any supper, to-night, Uncle Fred."—*St. Nicholas.*

### Fencing Lessons for Ladies.

For some time past, especially since the opening of the present season, New York women have been receiving instruction in fencing, and they like it, as women usually like anything and everything new. Apart from its novelty it is so healthful an exercise that it has been recommended by different physicians on medical grounds alone. Those who have practiced it have, they say, experienced much benefit, and are enthusiastic in its behalf. It develops their chests and muscles, quickens their blood, steadies their nerves, and helps them in many ways. Fencing is particularly advantageous to persons of sedentary habits and delicate constitution, which includes the majority of American women residing in cities. They need exercise sorely, and to their lack of it must be ascribed many of their ailments, much of their invalidism. While fencing is active, excellent exercise, it is not violent, requires no special amount of musculature and straining, and is, therefore, admirably adapted to women. Flexibility of limb, which the other sex commonly have to a conspicuous degree, as well as quickness of eye and delicacy of touch, are always important in sword play, and are, consequently, inducements to women to learn it. Foils arduous enough, ordinarily, for any woman to handle, and can be made lighter if necessary. It is odd that women have not taken up fencing before this, so well are they qualified for it. They would probably have done so, had they not considered it a purely masculine accomplishment. The argument formerly employed against fencing—that it encouraged duelling—could not apply to women, even were this a duelling-age and country, which, fortunately, it is not. A good many fashions and customs originate in New York that are unworthy of countenance or imitation. Fencing is not one of them, and we hope that the country in general will be eager and energetic to emulate the metropolis in this particular. A number of professors of arms, as they style themselves, advertise to give women public or private lessons, and some of them say that they have found their feminine pupils very apt and skilful. Married women are as much benefited, as indeed were benefited than, unmarried women by sword play. It is to be hoped that all women who can afford it will take lessons. Fencing will not only give a new departure to their minds, it will yield them a new pursuit; it will, too, reddens their cheeks, brighten their eyes, stimulate their brains, render their figures, augment their gracefulness, increase their agility and strength—in a word, improve materially both their health and beauty. When anything appeals to the aesthetic as well as hygienic in woman it ought to enlist her interest, especially when it is no trouble, and its advantages are palpable.—*New York Times.*

### Adulterated Teas.

It is pretty generally known that the teas prepared in the East for America and European consumption are adulterated, but comparatively few people are aware of the extent to which this adulteration is carried on, or what substances are used. M. Hussien, a French chemist of note, has made thorough investigation of the subject, and the result of his researches has been laid before the academy of Science. He finds that Prussian blue, indigo and gypsum, in small quantities, are the principal ingredients employed to impart the "face," or "bloom," to teas, and that in the proportions used they are very innocuous. This adulteration takes place where the plants are raised; but more extensive adulteration is subsequently indulged in by the Europeans, who, with their superior knowledge, have surpassed the Asiatics in their fraud by the use of still more dangerous drugs, such as chromate of lead and arseniate of copper, besides making use of comparatively innocuous substances, such as sulphate of iron, stearates, carbonates of lime and magnesia. The Chinese have become most expert in manipulating green teas, which they color with a few simple substances some of them poisonous— for example, plumbago, Prussian blue, curcuma and kaolin. With or without the true leaf of the shrub, they can produce a tea of any desired tint. In order to give the inferior or false leaf the aroma of the tea, the Celestials mix a quantity of it with certain flowers, especially a species of olive. In short, according to M. Hussien, so injurious proceeding is omitted in the Celestial empire to palm on the outer barbarian inferior or false teas. In the leading tea-growing districts the government has a corps of inspectors who are required to see that the goods are dispatched in a pure state. The precaution, however, avails little—for at the shipping ports there is no attempt to prevent the merchants, or brokers from commencing their fraudulent practices, which they carry on to their heart's content.

### A CENTENARIAN.

An old lady, aged one hundred and twelve years, has just died at Ghowitz, a small town in Silesia. She possibly headed the list of European centenarians. This remarkable person, by name Judith Singer, was a Jewess, and furnishes another instance of the longevity of her race. It is stated that she was born on the 11th of June, 1768, and had already become the mother of two children when the present Emperor of Germany was born, nearly eighty-four years since. Of her fifteen sons and daughters, only three have survived their mother. Mrs. Singer had just buried her elder daughter at the good old age of eighty-four

### Steamer Life on the Red Sea.

Although it was so hot, our spirits— that is, of the younger members of the party—were quite unaffected by the weather. The sea was calm as glass, and we had all got to be intimate and friendly. It was a comfort, too, to be assured by the older passengers that the heat on board was much greater than anything we should encounter at Calcutta. We youngsters did not mind the heat a bit; if India was no worse than this we should think nothing of it, and we could not understand why the others should make such a fuss about it. And, the heat notwithstanding, we all had excellent appetites, for staidly ing which ample provision was made in a rough sort of way. Stewed tea and coffee, with biscuits, at 6:30 in the morning; breakfast at 8:30, with fresh roasts, and eggs, very eatable poached; a profusion of dishes, and light wine for those who preferred it to tea and coffee; at noon there was a slight luncheon, with cheese, sardines, and bottled stout; and then nothing further was supplied till dinner, at 4:30. This was an elaborate meal, served in the good old fashion, with all the dishes put on the table together, to send up the temperature of the saloon a degree or two higher, while there was hardly room for the stewards running about against each other, with helpings obtained from dishes at opposing ends of the cabin. Everything was carved at table, and there was always a great run on the roast pork, the preliminary sacrifice of which took place on the previous evening, and might be witnessed by those smoking forward, near the part of the deck partitioned off for the butcher. The butcher was one of the few Europeans among the crew, and a much-esteemed member of it. The dinner was followed by dessert, with plenty of good strong port and sherry, and everything suited to the climate and the temperature; the Peninsular and Oriental Company prided themselves on doing things in good old English style. Then there would be quiet playing or single-stick, or mild gymnastic exercises, appropriate to the hour and to the digestion, until tea-time—tea and coffee again, stewed in a caldron, with plenty of toast and liquid salt butter. This was served at 7. At 9, an array of spirit-bottles graced the saloon table, with lemons, sugar, and iced water; those who preferred it might have hot water instead; and ham sandwiches were supplied if asked for. We all partook heartily of these meals and refreshments, and then if any one was ill we put it down to the climate. And I have often since then noticed that in India the climate, and not the diet, is made responsible for all the illness there; nor is this mode of inference peculiar to India. Rough profusion, then, was the order of the day on board of all the Peninsular and Oriental vessels, and, if now and then a steward or two tumbled down dead, it was ascribed to heat-apoplexy.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### A COURTEOUS RECTOR.

A courteous Rector in a northern county was in the habit of not beginning divine services until he had satisfied himself that the squire was duly enunciated in the family pew, but happening one Sunday to omit ascertaining the fact, he had gone into the reading-desk and had commenced "When the wicked man—" when he was instantly stopped by the faithful clerk, who exclaimed, "He ain't come in, sir!" This is a well-known story, and is perhaps apocryphal, but something similar happened to a friend of mine, who did his first duty after his ordination as deacon in a village church to which he had been appointed curate, his Rector being engaged at a second church in another part of the parish. The old parish clerk, after ringing the two bells at the west end of the church, came up to the chancel where the curate had put on his surplice behind the high-curtained end of the Squire's pew, the church not boasting a vestry, and was looking at his watch with a nervous anxiety to keep to the exact time for beginning his first service. To his surprise, the clerk, "you must wait a bit, sir, we ain't ready," stepped into the communion table, and stood upon it while he looked through the east window and carefully scrutinized the churchyard path that led past the window to a door in the wall of the Squire's garden, through which his wife, who was lady of title, was accustomed to come to church with her children. The curate was full of George Herbert's and Keble's reverence for holy places, and was agitated at the sight of the parish clerk thus standing on the communion table in full sight of the congregation, and coolly turning round from his inspection through the east window, and saying to the curate in an audible voice: "You must begin yet. Her ladyship ain't come." "Pray come down," exclaimed the curate. "I can see best where I be," replied the imperturbable clerk. "I'm watching the garden door. Here she be, and the Squire!" upon which he descended from his perch, and, greatly to the curate's relief, As the incident excited no surprise among the rustic congregation, it probably was of frequent occurrence.—*The Year Book.*

### Remarkable Indian Costumes.

The graphic art is not unknown, it appears, to native journalists in India, for from one of them we get a most vivid portrait of the great nobles who attended the late durbar at Lahore. The puissant Maharajah of Cashmere is described as looking far younger than his real age, by reason of his having "dyed the hair about his face with a most powerful compound, which also straightened his features and twisted up his mustache into parallel lines to his nose." The scribe adds, rather needlessly, that the general result was "a truly formidable aspect." The Nawab of Bhawalpore has his portrait drawn at full length. "Dark, slim, awkward, weak, haggard and dissipated-looking," this young chief wore on his head a monstrous turban thickly incrustated with gems, "from under which long wisps of unclean-looking hair escaped on his shoulders, and his bloodshot eyes, surrounded by coatings of black lead, peered in a forbidding manner." Not a pleasant picture, but it may be as well to remember that the subject was a Mohammedan, the painter a Hindu. The old Rajah of Jheend pleased the critic immensely, chiefly on account of "his large, long eyes with a dignity in them." Unfortunately, the Rajah is stout, a personal peculiarity which did not harmonize with "a very tight kineeb coat, made tighter still by strings of massive jewelry." It thus fell out that when the old gentleman had to stoop his head, in accordance with the prescriptions of durbar etiquette, to have his neck encircled with a splendid necklace by the master of ceremonies, he could not perform the feat, strive as he might. The kineeb was stout, the sewing held firmly, the Rajah seemed likely to be seized with apoplexy, until the difficulty was surmounted by cutting the necklace in two and then throwing it loosely over his shoulders. He came to the assembly, we are told, in a "barouche, made of silver, drawn by four horses, with six elephants bearing silver howdahs in chief, remarkable for his "gloomy eyebrows," and for being the possessor of "a beard, black, inexpressive, though defiant." He seems to have been in a bad temper, for "his face was as dark as thunder" throughout the sitting. Of the Nawab of Malabar Kotia, the chronicler mentions that he has "a thin, scattered beard, and red teeth," a rather unimpressive combination, we should imagine.—*London Globe.*

### An Interesting Invalid.

The Nachrichten of Basle adds a new anecdote to the rich collection of German stork-tales. During one of the great storms of the present year, the lightning struck a barn in the village of Lowenberg, and a stork's nest—in which there were some young storklings—was threatened by the flames. The two parent birds contemplated the horrible situation from a distance, with evident distress. At last the mother-bird darted down upon the nest, and, seizing one of her young family with her beak, bore it off to a safe spot upon a meadow. The father followed her, and settled down to keep watch over his offspring. When the mother returned to the scene of danger the fire had reached the nest, in which one bird still remained; but while she was flying round it, preparing for a descent, the young one fell through the charred nest into the burning barn. It was no moment for thought. Down darted the mother into the smoke and fire, and, coming up with her appalling in her beak, flew off, apparently unhurt.

On the next day a wounded stork fell to the ground in the market place of the neighboring town of Trebbin. She was unable to stand, and the policeman of the little town carried her into the guard-house, where it was discovered that both her legs were sorely burned, and she was recognized as the heroic mother who had done the brave feat of rescue at the fire in Lowenberg. A physician was sent for, and the burgomaster found her a temporary hospital in the Rathaus. Meanwhile, the spouse of the sick she-stork had discovered her whereabouts. He attended diligently to the two young ones, and paid daily visits to the mother, as if to inform himself how the patient was getting on, and to assure her that their children were doing well. The school children of Trebbin readily charged themselves with the task of finding food for the patient, bringing her every day far more than the necessary number of living frogs. The burgomaster paid an official visit every day to the sick guest of the municipality, to see that the doctor's orders were duly carried out, and in less than a fortnight the bird was sufficiently hale to fly away to her husband and children.

### A NEW COLONY.

The Argentine government is endeavoring to found an English-speaking colony on the banks of the Rio Negro, and President Roca is prepared to grant land free for 50,000 Irish immigrants. Buenos Ayres Standard says that the fact seems to be ignored in England that the Plate is infinitely richer than Australia or New Zealand, whereas the lands in Buenos Ayres are to be had far cheaper.

A scheme is under consideration for a canal across the Malay Peninsula, by which it is believed that English mails may be delivered in Hong Kong in twenty-nine days and a half, a saving of nearly seven days by the present route. The line would be from Bombay to Madras by rail, thence across the Bay of Bengal, and by the canal over the peninsula into the Gulf of Siam, and direct to Hong Kong.

### A Peaceful Disposition.

A peaceful disposition is not absolute protection against the turmoils of life. What is more peaceful than a clam? And yet, ten to one, it ends its life in a broil. And then, how frequently an eyelid and yet how frequently it gets mixed up in a stew.

### Philadelphia.

Philadelphia is less than manufacturer's prices, and could well afford to, for they were stolen from a wholesale firm, with whose clerk he had a private partnership.

Who is the beautiful in person, we must not only conform to all the laws of physical health, and by gymnastic arts and artificial appliances develop the elements of our physical being in symmetry and completeness, but we must also train the mind and develop the affections to the highest possible degree. To be beautiful, we must feed the spark of intellectual fire by reading and meditation, until it burns in a steady flame, irradiating the face by its brilliancy, suffusing the countenance with light. To be beautiful, we must put a great organizing and ennobling purpose into the will, and concentrate our thought and affection upon it until enthusiasm swells up in the heart, suffuses the countenance, and rebuilds the body on its own divine plan. To be beautiful, we must cherish every kind impulse and generous disposition, making love the ruling affection of the heart and the ordering principle and inspiring motive of life. The more kind, the more beauty; the more love, the more loveliness. And this is the beauty that lasts. Mere physical good looks fade with years, bleach out with sickness, yield to the slow decay and wasting breath of mortality. But the beauty that has its seat and source in kind disposition, noble purposes, and great thoughts, outlasts youth and maturity; increases with age, and, like the luscious peach, colored with the delicate blush of purple and gold which comes with autumn ripeness, is never so beautiful as when waiting to be plucked by the gatherer's hand.

### A Road Wagon.

Mr. C. H. Warrington, of West-Chester, Pa., has invented a novel road engine, which we think worthy of public attention and which may prove a great benefit in locomotion. It requires neither steam or solid fuel, consequently it does not carry either water or coal.

The fuel, which is at the same time the motive agent, is common illuminating gas, which is mixed with a certain proportion of air, and exploded in the cylinder in the manner common to well-known gas engines. The engine is secured to a frame, which is supported at the rear by the axle, and in front by a cast-iron wheel, whose frame is provided with a lever moved by a rack and pinion, the shaft of the pinion being provided with a hand wheel, which is turned one way or the other in the operation of guiding the carriage.

The box upon which the passengers sit contains a weighted bellows filled with gas, which is admitted to the cylinder through its forward end. The vehicle is provided with a brake which is within easy reach of the driver.

The engine can be instantly stopped and started, and its speed may be varied by varying the amount of gas admitted to the cylinder. A skilled engineer is not required to operate it, as the management of it is very simple. The inventor prefers to use high wheels similar to velocipede wheels, and to connect the piston of the engine directly with a crank formed in the axle, but he is not confined to this construction.

### Olives.

Of the olive harvest of 1880 a Naples correspondent of the London Daily News writes: "According to the last reports the olives in the provinces of Puglia and Calabria are of unusually good quality. The temperature could not have been better than it was during the last six weeks, a period essential for the definitive ripening of the fruit, which in consequence is so firmly attached to the branches that no firm falls, and it can be plucked at leisure. In Calabria especially not an olive has fallen, a thing that has not been noticed for many years, and if the weather continues so mild and without frost there is a certainty that the fruit will yield oil of exceptional quality and quantity. The markets at Gora and Gallipoli are calm, with little business doing, and if no further reduction in price is verified, it is only because the actual price of oil is already low enough for an abundant harvest, from which foreign countries have still to lay in their large stores. Reports from Spain, the Ionian Islands, Greece and Tunis are also excellent; the last named place will yield a harvest three times more than the average quality."

### CHARLESTON, S. C.

Like New York, Charleston is built upon a narrow strip of land, surrounded on all sides by deep water, and its possible extent of wharfage is practically unlimited. The sea is but five miles away, and the only thing that places the city at a disadvantage compared with northern ports is the bar at the mouth of the harbor, which limits access to vessels drawing not over seventeen feet of water. The two jetties which are being constructed by the government are expected to remove this difficulty. The north jetty, which will be 11,000 feet in length, has been completed to a height of about seven feet for two-thirds of the distance, and the south jetty, which will have a total length of 8,000 feet, has received the first courses of stone for about one-third that distance. The work is under the direction of Capt. J. C. Post, U. S. A., who is hopeful that when completed it will give a channel of at least twenty-six feet across the bar. So far, over half a million of dollars have been appropriated for the work, and if no delay occurs in future appropriations, the entire work can be finished within the next two years, and at a cost of something less than the original estimate of \$1,800,000.

### COFFEE.

Although Brazilian coffee makes up about one-half of the quantity produced in the entire world, it seems to be held of so little account by the markets that to insure a sale it has to be labelled as Java, Porto Rico, Ceylon, or Mocha produce. In the country there are no fewer than 500,000 plantations, covering 1,500,000 acres, and yielding a crop of 200,000 tons, of which 50,000 are retained for home consumption.





