

INDIAN BOYCOTTING.

The System of Outcasting in Vogue Among the Brahmans of India.

Boycotting, differing from the same particulars from the way in which it is done in the land where the English term originated, has been practised for ages in India. There is this great difference between Irish and Hindoo boycotting; the former is based mainly on political, semi-political or fiscal reasons; whereas the latter is practised on purely social or religious grounds.

Then the Irish is severer than the Hindoo method in this sense, that no tradesman will sell anything to the boycotted man, who is more or less like a prisoner in his own house, whereas a boycotted Hindoo can buy any thing anywhere or go to any place he likes, only people will not go to his house or associate with him or his family in any way.

On the other hand, the Hindoo is severer than the Irish boycotting in that the latter may be only temporary, and raised at the caprice of the boycotters; whereas the former is often permanent, or can be done away with only by going through certain expiatory rites or costly ceremonies, which come hard even on the richer classes.

Some years ago a learned pundit gave his daughter in marriage when she was a few years older than the prescribed marriageable age among the Hindoos; and the offense was rendered doubly heinous by the perpetrator being a Brahmin of high order.

WHITMAN IN DURANCE.

How a Quaint Verdict Cleared the Author of "Blades of Grass."

The story that Walt Whitman is infirm and poor calls to mind a story of the early days, when the author of "Blades of Grass" lived with his father in Babylon. The old gentleman occupied the Minturn place, west of the village about a mile and a half.

Walt Whitman, as described by the old ladies of the village, was a handsome youth, full of life, pert in his manner and brisk in his walk. He was broad-shouldered and muscular, always walking erect, with a sailor's swing of easy independence.

His dress suggested a "water dog." His collar was cut low and his shirt front was usually rolled back, exposing his robust breast. A short sailor-jacket and wide trousers contributed an air of salt-water, and suggested a jolly marine out for an airing.

He was a popular favorite among both sexes in the village, and many jolly yarns are told of those days which, no doubt, the now aged and suffering poet can recall with pleasure.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

How Meek Mrs. B. Triumphed Over Her Ambitious and Learned Lord.

Mr. Bowser is a great man to "break out in spots." The other evening, after he had lighted a cigar and got his feet braced on the mantel, he suddenly observed:

"Mrs. Bowser, has it never occurred to you to call me Judge?" "Never!" I promptly replied, for he had complained of the biscuit at supper.

"Nor Colonel?" "No!" "While I could probably have gone to the Supreme Bench, or been commissioned Colonel," he softly continued.

"I did not care for the honor. I am not one, Mrs. Bowser, to clutch at titles in order to lift myself up, but I didn't know but it might please you to be known as Mrs. Judge Bowser."

"I don't want the title." "Very well, Mrs. Bowser. If you have no care for social distinction I'm sure I haven't. If your ambition is to plunk yourself in the house with that wall-eyed baby and pay no attention to the demands of society I might as well join another lodge."

I felt a bit conscience-stricken over the way I had acted, and after awhile I went out and told the cook to call him Judge when she came in with the last scuttle of coal. When she came she managed to bump him to give her an excuse for saying: "Excuse me, Mr. Bowser."

There was a solemn silence for five minutes after she left the room. Then Mr. Bowser observed: "Perhaps, on the whole, Mrs. Bowser, it would be as well not to attempt to call me by any title. Hired help is so stupid, you know."

"On a late occasion, as our fireside was a scene of peace and happiness, Mr. Bowser softly remarked: "Mrs. Bowser, whenever it comes handy you'd better throw out hints to your lady friends that you were educated abroad."

"Why, it will increase their respect for you!" "But I was educated in the little red school house at Perryville, you know, and have never been out of the State."

"Don't talk so loud, as Jane may be listening! I told a friend only the other day that I was educated abroad, and had been through all the art galleries of Europe."

MUSICIANS.

The Old Love of Music Still Lingering in the Tents of the Nomads.

In days of yore, long ere the hills of England were tunneled, its rivers crossed, or its valleys were invaded to make way for railway trains, it was sweet to listen to the mild music which, emanating from some Gypsy camp in a secluded dell, mingled with the rich notes of the nightingale and other birds of song, just as the sun, on his vermilion ear, sank below the horizon in the distant west.

Although inroads have been made on the haunts of the Gypsy tribes, and there music is not heard so often now as formerly, the old love of it still lingers in the tents, and lives in the hearts of this singular people. Their home is now and then enlivened by music and dancing, especially when the women have had "good luck," and the men have been successful in their speculations.

It is then they indulge, more than they usually do, in both eating and drinking. A few of "fortune's smiles" will make them so merry, that a tune on the violin is proposed, to which all that are able and so disposed dance with great hilarity, especially to that known as "The White Cockade."

Many of the men dance well, and the women and girls generally move lightly and elegantly, and all of them seem to enjoy the pastime. The favorite instruments of the Gypsies are the harp, fiddle, tambourine and tin whistle.

Such apt pupils in music are many of them, that if they had proper facilities and efficient tutors they would be no disgrace whatever either to the most eminent composers or to the most accomplished musicians.

In different parts of Europe, particularly in Russia and Hungary, many Gypsies have become very popular as singers in cathedrals and churches, and have often been employed to sing before Princes and fashionable assemblies, both private and public.

In Spain some of the Gypsies are theatrical performers, and others are not infrequently in which they have attained great efficiency and popularity. In Hungary a writer relates of knowing several Gypsy women who were popular as public singers, and one in particular whose voice was of such remarkable sweetness that she was almost constantly engaged in singing at concerts given in the private mansion of the rich and noble for many miles around, and for which she was always very munificently paid.

It is said that women dress extravagantly to worry other women. A man who dresses extravagantly generally worries his tailor.—Rochester Union.

AN HONEST FARMER.

How He Managed to Sell a Lot of Poor Wood at a Good Figure.

A woman was standing with her arms resting on the front gate when a squint-eyed old fellow, wearing the conventional habiliments of the pine hills and carrying an enormous ox whip came along and asked:

"Have you seen any thing up er little bay steer round hyar?" "No." "Er steer with er white star in his forehead?"

"No." "Sorter limps with the left hind foot, but pretty peart taken altogether." "I tell yer no," the woman snapp'd. "Fotcher loaf uv wood in this mornin' an' old Darb—that's the steer's name—got out uv the wagin yard an' el'ared hissef. It's the steer I bought from Ben Hardin' last fall—lean Bun. Yer know him, I reckon?"

"No, I don't." "Wall, rest easy about it fur it ain't your fault, kase Ben gits acquainted with mighty high ever' woman he ken. I don't know wh'ar Ben got the steer, but that ain't none uv my bus'ness. Ain't seed him, have yer?"

"I tell you no!" the woman almost screamed. "I didn't know but he would er come up thiser way, fur thar ain't no tellin' wher he'll go when he gits a chance. Went over to old Jim McLaunthim's place one day an' fell in the well. Don't know old Jim, do you?"

"No, I don't, and more than that, I don't want to know him, nor you, either. Go on away from here." "O, yer oughter talk thater way er bout old Jim. Wy, he's the man thar diskivered the persimmon puddin'. Ain't seed nuthin' of the steer, yer say?"

"If you don't go on away from here I'll call a policeman." "O, don't put yerself ter no trouble on my account. I may be honery lookin', but I ain't no fool. I married the puttiest 'oman in all our neighborhood, an' when I leaves home, I allus tells my wife that if I find a puttier 'oman than she is, that—well, I never expected ter see one, thar's all, but I have. Mol-am," taking off his yellow slouch hat and making a bow, "you air that lady."

"O, what an old fool you are!" the woman laughingly replied. "Yes, ma'am, I am er fool, er fool er bout beauty, but not er bout nothin' else. Some men air er fool ter tell er 'oman that she's purty, but I ain't. Thar never wuz nothin' cowardly er bout me. Ter tell yer the truth, I ain't lost no steer, but when I seed yer I haff ter tramp up some sort uv er yarn. I've got er old an' er half uv wood round here on er wagin thar I'm goin' to sell, out sense I've been talkin' ter you I've forgot all er bout the wood. Yer'll uv cose excuse me fur talkin' ter yer so, fur I am er ole man while you air young er about ter be my daughter. Yer'll pardon me, won't yer?"

"O, certainly. What do you ask for your wood?" "You may have the co'd an' er ha' fur five dollars." "All right," the delighted woman replied. "Bring it around here and throw it over the fence."

He drove around, threw over a quarter of a cord of green pine poles, collected the five dollars, bowed to the woman and went away.—Arkansas Traveller.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Conlonge, Can., claims to have a marksman who recently, at five hundred yards, struck squarely the head of a pin stuck in the center of an orange.

—There was a street illumination in a Western city recently, and the reporter called it "a revelation from another planet where the sordid things of earth had never seen the light, but where the superly aesthetic had ever held sway."—Chicago Times.

—The word "seismic," just now so prominent in the description of earth quake phenomena, is from a Greek word meaning "to shake." Without stretching things, an attack of malaria fever might be called the seismic of Springfield (Mass.) Union.

—A peculiar sand known as "sequencing sand" is found at the boiling spring on the Ira Hill farm in Dayton. When rubbed or pressed in the hand it emits a succession of sounds which it would defy a tight-fitting door to outdo.—Biddeford (Me.) Times.

—Louisville has 40,000 colored people, many of whom are prosperous and some of whom are rich. Some of the best real estate in the city is owned by colored men; there are three or four large furniture dealers and many cigar yards; groceries and saloons owned by negroes.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—A farmer near Lawrenceville, Ga., recently mounted a horse to rescue a couple of drowning sheep. He was just entering the stream when his horse pitched him over his head. He appeared to have been struck by the animal's hoof and stunned, for he sank at once and when the body was recovered there was a black mark on his forehead.

—It is said that in a Maine town the postmaster was Republican and was appointed his wife, who is a Democrat, as his deputy. With the change of administration the husband lost his place as an offensive partisan, and the Democratic wife was appointed, and she has reciprocated the favor by selecting her husband as deputy, thus keeping the office comfortably in the family, in spite of the revolution of parties.—Boston Traveller.

—A Boston whisky dealer bought a cheap coffin, put a 41 gallon keg of whisky inside, screwed a plate on the lid of the coffin, on which were engraved the name, age and birthplace of the alleged corpse, boxed the coffin, as is usual, and shipped it to a town in Maine. There an undertaker took charge of the box and drove ten miles into the country before the coffin was opened and the liquor removed.—N. Y. Sun.

—A lady had a peculiar experience a few days ago in Portland, Ore., while riding a horse. The animal was high spirited and, becoming unmanageable, threw the woman entirely out of her riding habit, and ran off with it hanging to the saddle. A young man caught the horse and led it back, and the young woman took the habit from the saddle, but it on, mounted the horse and rode away.

—The trigate bird is considered to be the fleetest animal that flies. Indeed, its speed is such that seamen have believed that it can start with the peep dawn from the coast of Africa, and following the trade winds, land on the American coast before sunset. It is undoubtedly fly more than two hundred miles an hour, but there is no trustworthy record of the speed of which is capable.—Chicago Times.

—A physician said lately in a paper at Saratoga that it should not be suggested to children that they are nervous. There is any amount of wisdom in the sentence. Children with either physical or mental infirmities should not be constantly reminded of them. The mind brooding over such troubles fix them upon the system as chronic ailments—incurable—when the trouble by its treatment would be outgrown and forgotten.—Troy Times.

—The following is related of an East Bridgeport man: He went home a few nights ago, and not feeling well, took what he supposed to be four pills and then slept the sleep of the just. When his wife awoke in the morning she began to search for four shoe buttons which she intended to sew on his shoes before the little one awoke. She could not find them, and the husband joined in the search. Finally he remembered where he had found the pills and said: "Good heavens! I swallowed their buttons."—Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.

—San Francisco boys stole the roof of the new City Hall, which is of lead, taking it away piece by piece.—San Francisco Chronicle.

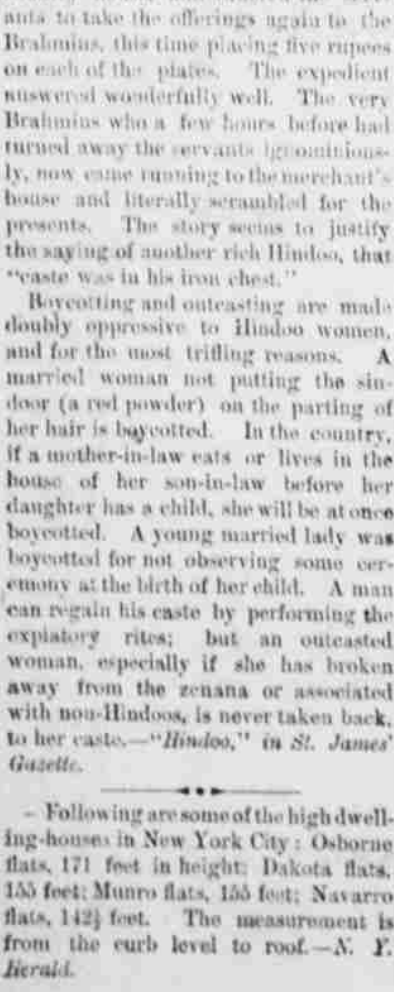
—Following are some of the high dwelling-houses in New York City: Osborne flats, 171 feet in height; Dakota flats, 155 feet; Munro flats, 155 feet; Navarro flats, 142 feet. The measurement is from the curb level to roof.—N. Y. Herald.

—Twenty-eight of the thirty-nine counties of Washington Territory have elected women as school superintendents.

—Some men are born mean and some achieve meanness. No one has meanness thrust upon them.—Texas Siblings.

—A woman in Flatbush, Long Island, has brought suit against a druggist for \$2,500 damages. Some time ago she took two prescriptions to the drug store to be filled. One was a liniment, the other to be taken internally. As he mixed the labels after filling the two bottles she took the liniment in internal doses and rubbed herself with the other stuff. Neither of them did her any harm.

—I suppose you must be tired of my talking," said his girl after she had been talking about fifteen minutes without his being able to get in a word. "O, no," he replied, "I get shaved at a barber's."—Chicago Tribune.



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