The East Oregonian.

PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
—BY—
M. P. BULL.

OFFICE.....COURT STREET,
OPPOSITE THE COURT-HOUSE.

Rates of Subscription in Coin:

One Year.....$4 00
Six Months.....2 50
Three Months.....1 50
Single Copies.....10

The East Oregonian.

VOL. 3. PENDLETON, UMATILLA COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1877. NO. 7.

A Wayside Flower.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

On the brink of the dusty highway
It stood and blossomed alone;
It drank still dew in the darkness—
Its root grew under a stone.

Brave was its heart at morning,
And patient in noon-day heat—
While coming and going, going,
Forever went busy feet.

And some bore burdens of sorrow,
And some were weary with pain,
And others kept happy rhythm
To many a glad refrain.

Not large was its gift to offer,
Yet gladly the weary while
It gave to the high and lowly
Alike of its all—a smile.

And many a sad heart blessed it,
And never a voice could chide,
Till frost from a dreary heaven
Fell over it and it died.

Stanley's Great Exploration.

Another geographical problem, and one of the most important which Africa has held in her grim keeping, has been triumphantly solved. There were good grounds for the belief that Mr. Stanley, with the advantage of his years of experience as an explorer, his vigorous and thoroughly acclimated frame, his combined courage and quickness of decision in situations of peril, and his exceptionally complete equipment for the undertaking, would succeed in reaching the western coast *somewhere;* but that he should have been allowed by fate to follow the Lualaba of Livingstone until it became the Congo, and to locate its entire course from the Manyuema country to the Atlantic Ocean, is one of the most signal successes in the annals of geographical discovery.

Stanley's last letters to the *Herald* before setting out on this wonderful journey, were written from Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in August, 1876, and did not reach their destination until the 13th of last March. He announced his speedy departure for Nyangwe, on the Lualaba, the point beyond which both Livingstone and Cameron found it impossible to proceed. The difficulties encountered by the latter in his endeavors to reach the river from points further west gave us, in advance, a clear conception of the hazardous task which awaited Stanley. When these last messages arrived, six months of his unknown journey had already elapsed, and six more have passed before the news of his safe arrival at Emboma, on the Lower Congo, comes to relieve the general anxiety in regard to his fate, before it has taken the form of a painful suspense. Reaching Emboma on the 8th of August, his travels from Lake Tanganyika to the mouth of the Congo, must have occupied about eleven months, nine of which were spent in traversing territory utterly unknown.

The first report, which the *Herald* has just received, gives a general and somewhat vague geographical outline of the route. Stanley started from Nyangwe, the initial point of exploration, on the 15th of last November. Instead of embarking on the Lualaba, he appears to have pressed forward along the right bank of the river, carrying his supplies and the sections of his boat on the shoulders of men. His progress was greatly impeded by great tracts of dense forest, and the attacks of the savage native tribes, with whom he found it impossible to establish any friendly intercourse. He then crossed the river, and continued his march along the left bank and encountered the same obstacles. Finally the porters from Nyangwe, 140 in number, became so intimidated by the dangers which beset the party, that they deserted in a body. The march, in fact, was necessarily made in military order, with skirmishers in advance, and a rear guard. Many men were struck down by the arrows of the natives, shot at them out of the ambush of the forests. The desertion of the porters was followed by a combined attempt to exterminate the rest of the party, and Stanley was finally compelled to betake himself to the river.

The brief sketch of the voyage will excite a general impatience for fuller details. The great stream flowed northward to the Equator, where its course was interrupted by a succession of cataracts. Stanley, who found that in spite of the hostility of the tribes on both shores he was better able to protect his men in their canoes than in the forests, was obliged to cut a track thirteen miles in length, in order to transport his boat and canoes below the falls. Then, after a period of very necessary rest, the voyage was resumed. On reaching the parallel of 2 degrees north latitude, the course of the river turned westward, and then southwestward, in a great curve. It was from two to ten miles in breadth, and filled with islands, between which the little flotilla pushed forward with less danger from the attacks of the savages. All efforts to communicate with the latter failed; the supplies came to an end, and the party was threatened with starvation. Finally, when three entire days had been passed without food, Stanley halted at a village on the left bank, where by a providential chance the people were friendly, and had some intercourse with the sea-coast. They called the river "Ikuta ya Congo." From that point, the name of Lualaba was replaced by "Kwango," or "Zoure" (Zaire?).

Rested and amply supplied, the expedition set forth again. But its dangers were not yet over; in three days Stanley entered the dominions of a powerful tribe, the men of which were armed with muskets. They put off in fifty-four large canoes to attack the nineteen canoes of the intruders, and a desperate running fight was kept up for twelve miles down the river. This was the last but one of thirty-two separate attacks made upon the expedition, after leaving Nyangwe. Of the force of 350 men with which Stanley left Zanzibar, in November, 1874, 115 survivors, in a miserable state of exhaustion, arrived with him at Emboma. His greatest loss was that of his only English assistant, Francis Pocock, who was carried over one of the cataracts of the Congo on the 3d of June last. A special fortune seems to have attended the explorer, for his own boat, the *Lady Alice,* with himself and crew, was carried over another cataract, six weeks later, all escaping as by miracle. From Emboma there is easy communication with St. Paul de Loanda, and Stanley may, therefore, reach England in another month.

The exploration, it will be seen, beginning at the point where Livingstone and Cameron were interrupted, determines the entire course of the Congo river. But farther, through the great curve of that river beyond the Equator, it carries our line of knowledge over nearly half the unexplored region of Central Africa. Even if there are no great northern affluents of the Congo, as there are southern, we may consider it as now nearly established as settled facts, that the largest feeders of the Victoria N'yanza are the sole sources of the Nile; that the river Welle, of Schweinfurth, belongs either to the Schary, which flows into Lake Tsad, or the Benue, which is the main arm of the Niger; that the Ogowé, at present the favorite field of French explorers, has no important region of its own; in short, that no other large river-system will be found in the yet unknown region lying between the systems of the Nile, the Niger and Congo. The results of Mr. Stanley's discoveries thus extend widely beyond their field. His good fortune has been commensurate with his daring and endurance; and the two journals which equipped him so liberally for the great venture are rewarded by a contribution to geographical knowledge which has never been equalled by any single journey of exploration. When we take Stanley's new route from Zanzibar (or, at least from Ugogo) to the Victoria Lake, including his discovery of the Shimeyu river; his complete circumnavigation of the lake; his examination of the southern end of the Albert Lake; his journey from Karagwe to Ujiji on a new route; his repetition of the complete survey of Lake Tanganyika; and, finally, his marvellous descent of the Lualaba-Congo to the Western Ocean, we must admit that it stands alone, in variety and importance of achievement, in the records of American travel.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Some One to Play With.

A little girl who lived alone with her parents and aunts, had the attention of all the household lavished upon her. When her birthday came around, she had many beautiful gifts, but still did not seem happy. Her kind aunt asked her if her gifts did not please her.

"Yes," she replied, "but I want a little girl to play with. I don't care if it is a little girl in rags."

Such is the craving of a child's nature for companionship. About the oddest playmates I ever heard of were some a little girl in a pleasant country home picked up for herself in her rambles. She went every day to a little grove some distance from the house, and there spent considerable time in play. A friend took an interest in her movements, and had a curiosity to see how she spent her time, which seemed to pass so pleasantly.

So she followed the little, well-worn foot-path through the grass, and soon saw the glimmer of her little pink dress. She was seated upon a log with a shawl pinned about her waist for a trailing skirt, playing the part of a school-mistress with great gravity. You would have laughed to see her scholars. They were seven or eight fat toads, each dressed in a little jacket of calico, with a white apron tied on before, which so secured them that they could not jump. The friend laughed at the odd sight, and the sensitive little girl began to cry, but was reassured by her conversation. The toads were perfectly tame and contented, and when school was out she took off their clothes and laid them away in a box ready for the next session.

It is said that toads, snakes and turtles can be easily tamed, and after getting a little accustomed to it like to be played with as well as other more common pets.

All the inanimate playthings you can give a child will never make up to it the want of a living playmate. Choose your children's associates with the greatest care, but do not isolate them from all children of their own age. Children so carefully secluded are often the most uncomfortable, teazing ones you can find—no comfort to you or to themselves; nor do they grow up so much better than other people's children who have had the advantage of a little wholesome neglect.

ELSIE.

ONE had a watermelon in a basket and the other a big piece of corned beef on her arm, as they met at the Central market yesterday, and chatted for a moment. One had evidently been married but a few days, as the other queried—

"Well, how do you like your second husband?"

"Oh, he's fair—very fair, but you see I don't understand him very well yet," was the answer.

"No trouble, I hope?"

"Oh, no, though for about a week I feared there might be. He went around looking sad and down-hearted, sighed every five minutes, and wouldn't answer till I had spoken several times. I really got alarmed."

"And what was the matter—colic, heart disease or ague?"

"I couldn't make out, as I told you; but he finally explained that he had another wife in Canada and feared she might come here. There the poor man was worrying about it for days and days, and I was thinking he was mad or going crazy. It was a great relief to both of us when he told me the real facts, and now we shall change our name to Thomas, move into a house facing the alley, and live as happy as bees."—*M. Quad.*

UNITED STATES SENATOR MCDONALD expresses the opinion that the railroads have outgrown the narrow limits of the State authority which created them, and that the national Government will have to protect them, precisely as it does commerce on lakes and rivers.

The Christian Revenge.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers. Therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs and most savagely abused. Things went on thus for nearly a year, but the Quaker, a man of decided peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. Matters, however, were drawing to a crisis, for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oaths that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, just four years old, which he had been very careful in raising. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his cornfield, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the fiendish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so; and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence a hired man whom he had recently employed heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated he had shot and wounded a buck, that the herd had attacked him, and that he had hardly escaped with his life.

This story was credited by all but the newly-employed hand, who had a dislike to Watt, and, from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through his head, from which the warm blood was still oozing. The animal was still warm and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been. "I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort. Watt paled for a moment, but recollecting himself he fiercely shouted, "Do you dare to say I killed her?" "How do you know she is dead?" replied the man. Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then walked into the house. A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met Lawson riding in search of his filly. A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains. One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down to breakfast, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broke down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair. "And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obadiah. "I put her in the farm-yard." "Did thee beat her?" "I never struck her a blow." "Right, Jacob, right. Sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast Lawson mounted a horse and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting on the porch in front of the house, and as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it, if he did. "Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair. "All well, I believe," was the reply. "I have a small affair to settle with thee this morning, and I came rather early." "So I suppose," growled Watt. "This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she destroyed a good deal." "And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening. "And what would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah. "I'd have shot her," retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done, but we are even now; heifer for filly is only 'tit for tat.'" "Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair on thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly, but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil to my heart against my neighbor. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from the chair and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked, "What was your filly worth?" "A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah. "Wait." And Dood rushed into the house, whence he soon returned with some gold. "Here's the price of your filly, and hereafter let there be a pleasantness between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the returning of good for evil.

God hath yoked to Guilt her pale tormentor, Misery.—*Bryant.*

The South Pole.

A WORSE PLACE TO GET AT THAN THE NORTH ONE—SOME OF ITS PERILS.

The greatest point of difference between the Arctic and Antarctic regions lies in the fact that the former is dotted over with numerous islands, peninsulas isthmuses, whereas the latter is exposed to the dash of a vast deep ocean. Ross experienced from sweeping currents and winds more than has ever to be borne by northern explorers. On one occasion, when he was becalmed for a few hours, the dead set of the ocean waves drifted the ships towards a range of huge icebergs, against which the sea broke with appalling violence. "Every eye was transfixed with the tremendous spectacle, and destruction appeared inevitable." The ships were thus driven on for eight hours, until within half a mile from the gigantic icebergs, when a gentle air began to stir; the ships yielded to the influence of the puff of wind, which gradually freshened into a gale, and before dark, to the heartfelt satisfaction of all on board, the ships emerged from their peril and got out into the wide ocean. Ross had good means of knowing how thoroughly Wilkes had been deceived concerning the appearance of land at a particular spot, for he spent three days in searching for land which Wilkes had laid down on the chart, but six hundred fathoms' depth of water was found in the very center of the position assigned to the land on the chart. Ross arrived at an opinion that the American commander had been deceived either by ice islands or fog banks. We need not go into much further details concerning this expedition; but a few words may be quoted to show what kind of weather had to be borne in the very middle of the Antarctic summer, and in no higher latitude than sixty-six degrees.

For nine days the crew were alternately drifting, hauling, making fast, mending snapped hawsers, and making efforts to stem opposing currents. On the tenth day, during a thick fog, a gale came on from the north. "The sea quickly rose to a fearful height, breaking over the loftiest icebergs; we were unable any longer to hold our ground, but were driven into the heavy pack under our lee. Soon after midnight our ships were involved in an ocean of floating fragments of ice, hard as floating blocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence that their masts quivered as if they would fall at every successive blow, and the destruction of the ships seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing and filling the sails, we endeavored to avoid collision with the larger masses, but this was not always possible. In the early part of the storm the rudder of the *Erebus* was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use; about the same time I was informed that the *Terror's* was completely destroyed and nearly torn away from the stern-post. Hour passed away after hour without the least mitigation of these awful circumstances in which we were placed. Indeed, there seemed to be but little probability of our ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud, crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart—that was not supported by a trust in him who controls all events—with dismay."

Whenever the gallant commander got south of 60 deg. or so, then the battling with ice began again and again. He once touched the 78th parallel of latitude, and in all probability no human being has ever made a nearer approach to the south pole—less by three or four hundred miles than the approach which has recently been made to the north pole. What we know of the south pole, then, is simply this, that nobody has got within seven or eight hundred miles of it; that icy barriers are met with quite eclipsing anything known in the north frigid zone; that mountains have been seen (one shooting forth volcanic flames) loftier than any discovered by northern explorers; that all the land is covered with snow at all seasons; that no human being has been met with beyond 56 deg. of latitude; that no vegetable growth, except lichens, has been seen beyond 58 deg. of latitude, and that no land quadruped is known to exist beyond 68 deg. of latitude.

THE cab companies of Paris have just started a new style of vehicle, which is very odd-looking, and is not very popular. It is a sort of cross between the London hansom and the French *fiacre,* the body thereof being like unto the hansom, but the driver occupies a seat in front, and not behind, as on the London cab. Just now it is not particularly pleasant to take a ride in one of the new carriages, as your Parisian cabby is nothing if not conservative, and the drivers who have charge of the new innovation are assailed on all sides by shouts and cries from their comrades that are more facetious than complimentary. "Wood-box," "vapor bath," "fire extinguisher," "Sedan chair on wheels," are some of the epithets wherewith the new vehicles are greeted.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S death was being discussed at a London dinner party, when a young lady started the rather bold contention that the principles of Mormonism should for the future be reversed. "Times," she said, "are so bad, and fashions are so expensive, that it is absurd for one man to have four or five wives; whereas, if each woman had four or five husbands, see how much cheaper it would be for each husband, and,"—the point which seemed most to commend itself to her—"how much better wives could dress."

NOTWITHSTANDING that the Benders are still relentlessly pursued by the detectives, there is no truth in the rumor that they belong to the American Tracked Society.

The Sultan's Way.

Two hundred years ago when the Turks made war it was sufficient for the Sultan to command a thing, and it was done. When Suleiman the Great was marching to the relief of Breda, his advance came to the River Drave, and found it impassable by reason of a flood. The pasha in command, who was, by the way, the minister of war, sent a staff officer to the Sultan to say that it would be needful to wait for the subsidence of the waters before the army could cross. The Sultan heard the message, and then said to the aide-de-camp: "Tell the pasha that in four days I shall be at the Drave with this army. If the bridge for us to cross is not then ready, I shall strangle him with my own hands." The bridge was ready and the army crossed at the appointed time, but several hundreds of men had been drowned in the process of bridging the flood. So when artillery was needed for the siege operations, and no artillery could be brought up, because of the lack of roads, the Sultan had only to say: "Have artillery here or you die," and the artillery was always forthcoming, although in several instances metal had to be brought upon camels and the casting of cannon had to be added to the ordinary list of siege operations. A little of the same spirit remains with the Turks of to-day. They have no cavalry and no money to buy horses, and yet cavalry must be had. Orders are sent to the district governors to send cavalry to the front instantly, and it is forthcoming. In every district there are any number of Circassians who are hankering after a fight with the Russians. The governor simply orders out these Circassians, and they help themselves to horses and articles of equipment wherever they find them, and report for duty with smiling countenances, and no questions are asked.

A Parisian Story.

Lately a traveler passed in a carriage along the Avenue du Neuilly; the night was dark; all at once the horses stopped, and the traveler saw the animals had met an obstacle. At the same moment a man raised himself before the horses and uttered a cry.

"Why don't you take care," said the traveler.

"Ah," cried the man, "you would do better, instead of hallooing, to lend me your lantern."

"What for?"

"I had three hundred francs of gold on my person; my pocket has broken, and all is falling in the street. It is a commission with which my master has entrusted me. If I do not find the money I am a ruined man."

"It is not easy to find pieces on such a night; have you none left?"

"Yes, I have one."

"Give it to me."

The man hesitated.

"Give it to me; it will be the means of recovering the others."

The poor fellow gave him his last coin. The traveler whistled; a beautiful Danish dog began to play around him.

"Here," said the traveler, putting the coin to the nose of the dog. "Look."

The intelligent creature sniffed a moment at the money and then began to run the road. Every minute he returned, leaping, and deposited in the hand of his master a Napoleon. In about twenty minutes the whole sum was recovered. The poor fellow, who had got his money back, turned, full of thanks, toward the traveler, who had now got into his carriage.

"Ah, you are my preserver," said he; "tell me at least your name."

"I have done nothing," said the traveler. "Your preserver is my dog; his name is Rabat Joel;" and then whipping his horses, he disappeared in the darkness.

A Lively Patient.

"The sick man of Europe" has, for years back, been a phrase applied with a touch of jocularity and a dash of contempt to the Turk; and in this role the turbaned infidel is just now showing himself a marvelously active, dangerous, and resolute patient. So slow and lethargic were his movements at the outbreak of the present struggle, and so unchecked the liberty of advance he allowed to his colossal foe, that all the diplomatic and other wiseacres exclaimed: "I told you so; the old barbarian will, at most, show a final spasm of frantic violence just before crossing the Styx or the Bosphorus." But with a change of doctors—or rather of generals—this moribund specimen of anachronism has grown wonderfully lively, and besides warding off successfully nearly all the lunges of his gigantic antagonist, has managed to plant some pretty stinging blows on his unwieldy body. Of course, if the struggle is allowed to continue, size, weight, and northern persistence must triumph in the long run; but the Turk has already relieved Europe from an incubus of dread owing to its extravagant estimate of Muscovite power, greatly raised the opinion of the world with regard to his own manhood, and even in his decadence proved himself the lineal descendant of that belligerent race before whose thundering march all Europe, a couple of centuries ago, trembled.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A FEMALE singer, who was in high favor with a German prince, had to sing one of Haydn's compositions. At the rehearsal she and the conductor differed as to the time in which it should be sung. It was agreed that the composer should be referred to; who, when the conductor waited on him, asked if the lady was handsome. "Very," was the reply; "and a special favorite with the duke." "Then she is right," said Hadyn, with a significant look at the poor disconcerted professor, who, in all probability, had he gained his point, would have lost his place, and this Hadyn well knew.

HONOLULU travelers visiting the crater of Kilakeua, during the first week of September, represent it as very active and brilliant. The old South lake was, on the 10th inst., about 1,000 feet in length and 600 feet in width, boiling and spouting.

Extraordinary Antics of Mars' Moons.

The discovery recently of still a third moon of Mars gives additional interest to the calculations of Professor Asaph Watson, in regard to this wonderful object. The outer satellite revolves around the planet in thirty hours and seventeen minutes, at a mean distance of 14,420 miles from its center. The inner one revolves in seven hours and thirty-eight minutes, at a mean distance of only 5,770 miles. The only way in which to form an estimate of their size is to compare their light with that of the planet itself, or with that of some other body whose dimensions are known.

Comparing thus, Professor Watson concludes that the probable diameter of the outer satellite is four and a-half miles, and that of the inner is two and three-quarters miles. The distance of the former from the surface of the planet is 12,370 miles and of the latter 3,710 miles.

Mr. Jacob Ennis says that the inner moon every night rises in the west and sets in the east. All night long, while the other stars are moving slowly westward, as do ours, that inner moon hastens rapidly past them all in a contrary direction—so rapidly that from rising to setting it occupies less than four hours. Standing under a tall tree a person could see its motion plainly over the top. When it rises in the west, soon after twilight, it appears as a very thin, curved crescent, like our own when only a few days old. But it will grow rapidly, become a full moon, and set in the east before midnight. Before morning it will rise in the west again. There may be two new moons or two full moons visible to the same people in one night, all made by the inner satellite, without saying anything of the outer. It must make around the entire planet three full moons every day. The inner moon must be totally eclipsed three times a day.

The outer satellite performs its revolutions around Mars once in thirty hours and fourteen minutes; therefore it will go round nearly as fast as the planet rotates, and in the same direction as the planet. If it appears in the west just after twilight as a thin crescent it will be full moon some time during the middle hours of the night and become totally eclipsed. Before daybreak it will be far in the east, a thin crescent again, but with this difference—now its rounded side is turned eastwardly towards the sun, whereas in the evening its rounded side was turned westerly towards the sun. The inner moon passes the outer one very rapidly in their ceaseless play. The inner may then be called the swift moon, or it may be called the lower moon, and the outer the higher moon, for when they are near the one will always appear above the other. To the inhabitants on the equator the upper will sometimes be hidden by the lower, if the lower be large enough.

Influence of the Mind on the Cure of Disease.

The great influence of mental emotions in causing and curing disease has long been known. Indeed, many of the miracles credited to saints and charlatans are attributed by the irreverent and the shrewd to the faith of the patient rather than to the virtue of the former's sanctity, or the latter's nostrums. Cures of diseases of the spine and also those of a nervous nature, said to have been wrought by blue glass, and similar humbugs, may be safely assigned to the same cause. From experiment and study, an eminent physician was lately able to make the following suggestions:

1. The ill-success of patients treating themselves, and of physicians treating their own families, was partly due to the want of awe and emotion of wonder to co-operate with them.

2. The old custom of keeping patients ignorant of the contents of prescriptions, by writing them in Latin, had a knowledge of the mind on its side. Possibly we may be going too far the other way.

3. It is entirely possible that hydrophobia and lockjaw may be brought on, with all their distinctive symptoms, and that death may result, through the emotions of fear and expectation alone.

4. Patients whose will and intellect are feeble, have a bad prospect of cure; for with them the emotions are not strong and neither is their influence.

5. Physicians of great scientific attainment and real worth may fail when an ignorant and obscure charlatan succeeds; because in the latter case, wonder and awe are excited, and these are more powerful in their healing influence than simple respect.

6. In experimenting in hospitals with new medicines, patients must be deceived, or else the results are complicated by mental influence. DR. H.

JUST after the strike, when Solomon closed the discussion by telling the sluggard to go to the ant, the sluggard replied with a knowing wink—that he had a much softer thing than that.

"As how?" inquired the proverbial monarch.

"I will start a savings bank," replied the man of inertia.

The monarch nodded slowly twice or thrice, and went away to get shaved. The next time he met the sluggard, that deliberate individual was riding in a gold-mounted carriage, with coachman and footman in livery, and in reply to the monarch's nod he just pulled up to say that he was going over to Europe for a little while, till the flurry blew over. And Solomon went back into his sanctum and wrote, "Better is a handful with quietness than a bank-book as big as a Bible with travail and vexation of spirit."

IN the city of Boston for the year 1876 there were 10,751 births—5,453 of foreign parentage. There were also 461 illegitimate births in 1876. The female population in Boston predominated over the males 7,395. The annual deaths from foreign parentage over American averages 3 to 1.

THE Paris Exposition of 1878 is to cost $8,500,000. The original calculation was about $7,000,000.

Modes of Salutation.

It is a little singular that while with us the uncovering of the head is regarded as a mark of respect, among the Orientals the very reverse is true. The Turks regard it as an act of positive irreverence to remove the hat or cap in entering a house of prayer. The Japanese take off their slippers, and in other parts of the East, they remove one of their sandals if they meet a friend outof doors, and one of their stockings if he calls upon them at home. These customs must date back to a very remote antiquity, as we may refer from the direction given to Moses: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." It is rather a beautiful way that they have in New Guinea of greeting an acquaintance by the placing of green leaves, which are the symbol of life, on the top of their heads.

The sight presented in New Zealand, when two persons meet who have not seen each other for some time, must be rather ludicrous to a bystander, however touching it may be to those immediately concerned. As soon as they come together each of the parties envelopes himself in his mat and covers his face all but one eye. They then squat down on the ground opposite to each other, and begin to weep with all their might, the fountain of tears on both sides seeming to be almost inexhaustible. After they have wept as long as the occasion requires, they approach and press their noses together for some time, closing the performance with a series of short and vigorous grunts; after which they are ready to enter upon general conversation. One mode of salutation which prevails in certain of the Pacific islands must call into action some gymnastic skill, as it consists in raising the left foot, passing it lightly over the right leg, and then rubbing the foot on the face. In certain quarters gentlemen of fashion salute each other in the street by striking the knobs of their canes together, which they carry with them for this purpose, instead of lifting their hats as we do. The absence of any head-covering may have driven them to this oddity substitute.

There are certain forms of religious salutation that have a peculiar dignity and impressiveness, like that which exists in the Eastern church, where, on Easter morning, the greeting is on this wise—"The Lord is risen!"—with the response—"He is risen indeed!" Several phrases are also used by the Arabs and Turks which have the same characteristics, such as—"If God will, thou art well." The Persian salutation—"May thy shadow never be less"—would not be so appropriate in countries where the people incline to obesity. The Quaker style of address—"How art thou?"—is a little formal, but is certainly better than the vulgar—"How d'ye?" sometimes heard in certain parts of the land.

As compared with the elaborate and complicated style of the Africans, our modes of bodily salutation are few and meagre. A nod or a bow, a wave of the arm, touching the brim of the hat, or perhaps lifting it slightly from the head, and our perpetual hand-shaking, cover about the whole ground of formal gesticulation in American society. On this last-mentioned form of greeting I desire to say a few plain words. I presume that in proportion to the population there is a greater amount of hand-shaking done in this country than in any other region of the globe. The extent to which this thing is carried may be regarded as a serious objection to accepting any high position in the State. A distinguished army officer who once received a grand ovation in the city of New York, when he had to stand for several hours on a platform and extend his hand to everybody, washed and unwashed, who desired the honor of grasping it, told me that his sufferings were intense after this absurd process had gone on for a certain length of time, and that for several days his hand was so swollen that he could hardly use it. There are people whose grip is like that of an iron vise, and they seem to take a friendly delight in crushing one's fingers and grinding the bones. A movement has recently been made in France to regulate this style of salutation, and reduce it within proper bounds. I wish that it might extend to this country. If one offers you his hand it is awkward to refuse it, even though you might reasonably object on sanitary grounds. It is worth noting that the words *salutary* and *salutation* are both from the same root, which means *health.*

In general it may be remarked that we ought not to salute all persons alike. Our best greeting should be reserved for those who deserve it most. As long ago as the time of the ancient Greeks, we are told that "the most common salutation was by the conjunction of their right hands, the right hand being accounted a pledge of fidelity and friendship; whence Pythagoras advised that the right hand should not be given to every man, meaning that all persons were not fit to be made our friends." Pythagoras was a sensible old philosopher.—*Bishop Clark, R. I.*

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.—During our civil war, the several seceded States used at first distinctive State flags. In March, 1861, the Confederate Congress adopted the so-called "stars and bars," composed of three horizontal bars of equal width, the middle one white, the others red, with a blue union containing nine white stars arranged in a circle. The resemblance of this to the "stars and stripes" led to confusion in and mistakes the field; and in September, 1861, a battle-flag was adopted, a red field charged with a blue saltier, with a narrow border of white, on which were displayed thirteen white stars. In 1863, the "stars and bars" was supplanted by a flag with a white field, having the battle-flag for a union. The flag of 1863 was found deficient in service, it being liable to be mistaken for a flag of truce; and on February 4th, 1865, the outer half of the field beyond the union was covered with a vertical red bar. This was the last flag of the Confederacy.

IF you want to teach a dog arithmetic, tie up one of his paws, and he will put down three and carry one every time.