

Religion of Confucius.

The ethical system of Confucius is the least metaphysical and speculative of all that have attained a wide adoption among cultivated people.

Admirably, indeed, were some of the rules given by Confucius for the conduct of life. "To subdue one's self and return to propriety is a perfect virtue."

"The ancients who wished to exemplify illustrious virtue throughout the empire, first ordered well their own states. Wishing to order well their states, they first regulated their families."

It is a special honor of Confucius that he applied his teachings to the benefit of mankind at large, and had no esoteric doctrines. "The man of perfect virtue wishing to be established himself seeks also to establish others; wishing to be enlarged himself he seeks also to enlarge others."

That all which Confucius said and did was prompted by a religious sentiment is the impression one receives from an impartial reading of his works. "Man," said he, "has received his nature from heaven. Conduct in accordance with that nature constitutes what is right and true—is a pursuer of the proper path."

There is nothing that is more visible than what is secret, and nothing more manifest than what is minute, and therefore, the superior man is watchful over his aloneness. This seems to carry the distinction of right and wrong behind actions to the innermost thoughts and feelings, and to find in conscience "the eye of the mind" implanted by Heaven.

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cestors, to virtue in the conduct of life, and to justice and kindness toward others.

Romance of a Ring.

A Princess of Prussia at one time received a small antique ring from her governess for a present. About a year after the occurrence the court received a visit from the Grand Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Emperor Alexander, and who at that time was not the heir expectant of the crown.

"What shall I do, then, to influence your intention?" was the reply of the smiling princess.

"You must not refuse to receive my addresses," immediately returned the outspoken Nicholas.

"I ask even more. You ought to give me some encouragement in my endeavors to please you."

"That is still more difficult. Besides, the moment is not well chosen for a favor."

"I beg your Royal Highness to give me a sign that I am not totally indifferent to you. You have a little ring on your finger, the possession of which would render me happy. I beseech you to give me the ring."

"Let me see; press it into this piece of bread and give it to me."

And press the ring into a piece of bread she did and gave it to the future Emperor. Nicholas took an early opportunity to leave the hall, and on examining the treasure from its wheaten tomb discovered an inscription on the inner side in French, and running to the following effect: "L'Imperatrice de la Russie."

He is said to have worn the keepsake for the rest of his days attached to a chain round his neck, the ring being so small, of course, for any of his colossal fingers. The future Emperor, it seems, had been unconsciously wearing for some time the emblem of her future greatness.

American vs. English Girls. American women, despite certain fantastic figures in recent English novels, and despite half-truth caricatures of the "Irene Macgilliguddy" school, have no reason to complain of a lack of admiration from their British cousins of the number of instances of the strongest possible proof of it. The latest of these—the marriage early in the present month of Lord Grantley to Miss MacVickar—is made the occasion of some very pretty compliments by the London Truth, whose title in this case is not a misnomer. "It is curious," the Truth observes, "how many American girls marry Englishmen. This is because they know how to make themselves pleasant. English girls are, as a rule, either too gushing and talkative or have nothing to say for themselves. American girls unite the fact and savoir vivre of Frenchwomen with the solid qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race. They know how to set off their natural advantages with dress, and they are almost always philosophically good tempered."

This is gratifying, and as regards the educated American young women with whom English society has been made most familiar, substantially correct. It may be doubted, however—and this of course has no personal but merely a general application—whether or not on the whole English husbands are likely to get on with American wives as well as American husbands are with English wives. Englishmen are bred to look for a habit of direct and unquestionable obedience in the women they marry, which, be the theory what it may, in American practice is apt to be modified. Women in this country are habitually much more spoiled than in England, and after the first flush of novelty and admiration, an American girl wedded on the other side of the ocean is likely to find out the difference and not likely to enjoy it. The American man, on the contrary, accustomed to give way to women much more than his trans-Atlantic kinsman, is often charmed by the deference and submissiveness toward their lords which English wives are so commonly trained to think a matter of course. Perhaps spoiling on either side is not the safest basis for permanent happiness, but experience has shown in many cases of the sort we suggest—that of cross marriages of the natives of the two countries—that the happy pairs are the happiest when the man is of the new world and the woman of the old.—New York Evening Post.

Plate Glass. Charleroi, a considerable town a short distance from Brussels, is nearly as celebrated for its iron works as it is in the manufacture of plate glass.

Charleroi, a considerable town a short distance from Brussels, is nearly as celebrated for its iron works as it is in the manufacture of plate glass. I learned at the American consulate in this city that glass of the largest size plates and other descriptions were hitherto exported to the United States in large quantities from the manufactories of Charleroi. But during the last few years this trade has been gradually diminished, until now the exportation has dwindled to zero. On further inquiry I was told at the consulate that the chief cause of this diminution was the manufacture of plate glass in the United States; that the progress in the production of this article had been very great of late, and the Belgians are beginning to fear that the "quick witted Americans" will soon be sending plate glass to sell in the shops of Charleroi.—Correspondence to the Cincinnati Gazette.

Notes and Clippings.

It takes a gentleman about three years to learn to fan a young lady so as not to muss her bangs.—Cleveland Herald.

Brave "Pat" Lynch, the New York fireman who so nearly lost his life in trying to save the lives of a woman and her children, was the recipient of a "benefit" at Niblo's Garden, which netted the handsome sum of \$2,250.

It is done at last. A Scotchman informs the Glasgow Philosophical Society that, after experimenting since 1866, he has succeeded in obtaining crystallized forms of carbon, which Professors Tyndall and Smith, with other eminent authorities, pronounce to be diamonds.

A wild story is current in Owingsville, Ky., of a man floating over the place in the air. Several persons declare they saw him. A woman describes him as making extravagant gestures and whirling about; that he had let himself down by a rope from his balloon, which the startled spectators failed to see, in the hope of effecting a landing.

A bank in New Orleans failed last year, leaving about \$600,000 assets, to manage and disburse which a receiver was appointed. Last week he made a statement to the creditors, showing that this balance had been entirely absorbed by his fees and legal expenses. The stockholders thereupon passed a series of drastic resolutions thanking him for not bringing them into debt. The receiver responded cheerfully, saying he had worked pretty hard, it was true, but he was sufficiently rewarded by the proud consciousness of having done his duty. We have since telegraphed the said official a flattering offer to edit this department. A man with such a fine sense of humor as that shouldn't be wasted.—S. F. Post.

A transposition occurred in the making-up of two telegraph paragraphs in the New Haven Journal and Courier recently, which produced the following effect: The first paragraph read: "A large cast-iron wheel, revolving nine hundred times per minute, exploded in that city yesterday after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent thirty-second degree mason." This was followed by the second paragraph which read: "John Fadden, the well known florist and real estate broker, of Newport, R. I., died in Gardner & Russell's sugar mill, at Crystal Lake, Ill., on Saturday, doing \$3,000 damage to the building, and injuring several workmen and Lorenzo Wilcox fatally.—Troy Whig.

Talking about warm hair, a lady in Milwaukee, whose hair very nearly matches the brick in the Wisconsin building, and who has been joked about her hair until she goes around and shoots the last few thousand who make ancient remarks about it, says she heard a new thing on red hair the other day. A friend from the East said to her: "Mrs.—, I rather like this Skeeneales hair of yours." She didn't like to ask any questions, but finally curiosity got the best of her, and she asked "Well, what in the name of the thirteen apostles is Skeeneales hair?" "Oh!" replied he, as he got on the other side of the table, and held his elbow up over his head so the press-board wouldn't hurt, "Skeeneales is about forty miles beyond Auburn, you know." He is now carried in a sling, and his friends have to get a pass from the matron of the hospital to see him.—Boston Globe.

A prominent merchant of St. Johns, N. B., disappeared from his home recently, and after wandering insanely around for a while, was picked up in the streets of Rochester, N. Y., and committed to the asylum. Papers found on his person revealed his identity. His friends were notified, and when his wife arrived at the asylum, the joy of meeting her, instantly restored his reason. He knew nothing about leaving home or where he had been, and was greatly astonished to find himself in a lunatic asylum. A somewhat similar case of sudden insanity occurred in Oakland, Cal., recently. M. P. V. A. Smith, a well educated and highly respected young man, came there from the East last Spring for the purpose, and entered Dr. Toland's Medical College for study. He was well supplied with cash, and seemed to be of good habits. He called on the sheriff of the county one day, week before last, and stated that two men were following for the purpose of killing him. The sheriff locked him in a cell for safety, and on the Monday following, having been adjudged insane, was sent to the asylum at Napa, in care of the deputy sheriff, and while on the way, jumped from the boat into the water and was drowned.

Waterloo, Iowa, Jan. 25, 1879. I was taken with an acute attack of Rheumatism last fall, and confined to bed. At first employed a physician, without benefits; then sent to Wangle Bros. Drug Store, and obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which soon gave me relief, and cared me of the attack. I can safely recommend it to all suffering with Rheumatism. Respectfully, Matt. McDermott, I. C. R. R. shops.

If you are going to paint your house, barn, wagon or machinery, the wonderful Imperishable Mixed Paint is surely the best, for it is warranted by their agents in your own town not to crack, peel or blister; to cover better and work easier than any other paint. The Imperishable Paint was awarded the first premium over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1878, and the gold medal at the Oregon State Fair, 1878. Get a circular from their Agent, which explains this wonderful discovery. Try the mix and you certainly would have no other.

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Little Red Noses.

How that north wind whistled and stung the other day! It was the first signal of a long dreary winter, and even men in overcoats turned sharp corners to get out of the biting blast. Two children, a boy and a girl, neither over 9 years old, stood shivering in a doorway on Monroe avenue, wishing to go on to their lowly home, but dreading the wind. They crept closer and closer to each other, and their chins quivered and their noses grew red as they grew colder. Hundreds of men and women passed up and down without care, but by and along came a whistling, jovial lad of 14, who was swinging his boot-black kit by a strap and picking up the steps of some clog dance. He saw these shivering bits of humanity where others were blind, and halting before them with a "clig-jigger-rigger" of his heels and a toss of his box, he called out: "Kin I borrow them 'ere chins o' yours about an hour?"

"Yes, ma'am," demurely replied the girl. "I kin, eh—oh! ho! ho! ho! That's a give-away on me. Be you chickens cold?"

"Yes, ma'am," she answered again. "An' that 'ere cub is your brother, I s'pose? Well, when I'm cold I get warm. What do you do—freeze?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you please," she replied. "If I please—ha! ha! ha!—nother give-away on me! Well, you autumn leaves come along with me. I ain't got no influence on the weather, but I kin smell a hot stove as fur as the next shiner in this town. Come right over to this store."

He led the way across the street and into an office where there was a fire. He had placed chairs for them when a man came in from a back room and said: "What do you children want here?"

"Want some o' this waste hotness," bluntly replied the shiner. "These 'ere chins is nigh froze to death, and I brought 'em here to thaw out."

"And we won't even look at you, or cough or sneeze," said the little girl, as she saw a frown on the man's face.

"That's richness; there's innocence!" laughed the shiner, and the man's face cleared and he poked up the fire and said they could sit nearer.

"S'pose me'n you chip in and buy 'em sumthin' to stay their stomachs," suggested shiner all of a sudden. "Tell you what, some of the children in this town don't have a square meal any morn' you'n we wear diamonds. Little gal, are ye hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am, if ye won't be mad at us," she replied. "The man stood irresolute, but shiner went down into his pocket, rattled around and said: "Here's ten cents that says they are hungry."

"Well, I'll give as much," replied the man. "You go and buy something and they can sit here and eat it."

Shiner brought crackers and cheese, and the children ate until he was obliged to say: "Now, you cubs, go a little bit slow and save the rest for supper. Kin ye find the way home alone?"

"Yes, ma'am." "And do you feel as warm as tater bugs rolled up in wool?" "Yes, ma'am."

"All right, then. We're dead to rights obliged to this man, and I'll black his boots besides. You'd better run along home now. What ye going to tell your mother?"

"I'll tell her we come awful near going to heaven, and my little brother thanks you, too, and now we'll go, and—thank you, ma'am, ever so many times; good bye."

The man looked after them through the window with softer lines in his face than had been there for many months. The boy stood outside on the walk and watched until they had turned a corner, and then exclaimed: "Phew! but I most feel that I was engaged to that gal!"—Detroit Free Press.

They had an amateur brass band at a funeral a while ago, and when they had squeaked out the "Sweet by and by" at the grave side, the minister in his address said that "the deceased was in one respect most fortunate in being called thus early." That was all he said; but the mourners grinned, and the amateurs think that "blamed sarcasm is infernally out of place at a funeral, you know."

There is one kind of canned goods that goes off quicker than any other—Gunpowder.

Waterloo, Iowa, Jan. 25, 1879. I was taken with an acute attack of Rheumatism last fall, and confined to bed. At first employed a physician, without benefits; then sent to Wangle Bros. Drug Store, and obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which soon gave me relief, and cared me of the attack. I can safely recommend it to all suffering with Rheumatism. Respectfully, Matt. McDermott, I. C. R. R. shops.

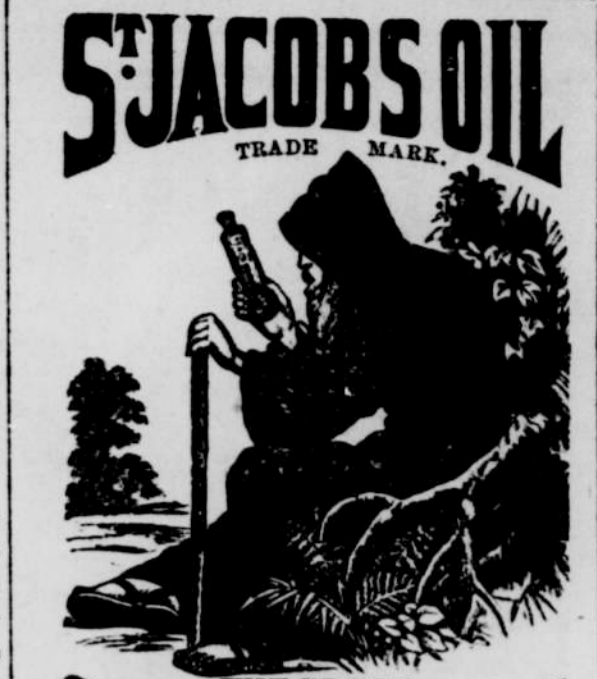
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