HARNEY VALLEY ITEMS.

HINDOO GIRL-BRIDES.

The Wedding Cart of One of These Drawn by White Bullocks.

There was much excitement and some lamentation in the home of a native banker of the upper provinces of India when the day arrived which was to see his only daughter, Nareena, sent away from the parental roof to the guardianship of her husband's parents, who were to complete her education.

The little bride had been contracted in marriage ever since she was five years old, and according to Hindoo custom she should have been sent to her new home at about eleven or twelve years of age, but her parents could not part with their beloved one so soon, and it was only now, at the age of fourteen, that with tears and blessings they consented to let her go.

No wonder that there should be some weeping. The young Nareena had never even seen the boy-bridegroom who awaited her arrival, and although the distance which would divide her from her parents was only fifty miles, she would probably never see her mother again. Hindoo women of good estate rarely leave their houses, even on a visit to their nearest relatives.

The conveyance in which the little maiden traveled in was a long cart with a canopy of thickly-wadded cloth, the interior being tastefully lined and decorated, while the vehicle was drawn by huge snow-white bullocks, their horns and hoofs dyed red, blue or yellow, and their bodies adorned with showy trappings of scarlet and gold.

Several other carriages containing her retinue of servants preceded the bride by a short distance, but the young girl, splendidly dressed and glittering with armlets and chains of gold, sat alone in her wedding car. It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and the great heat of the day had passed, when at length the marriage procession moved away and began the journey of fifty miles.

They traveled slowly all night, halting in the morning beneath the shade of a grove of mango trees. Here the young Hindoo lady was served with breakfast, and here she rested till the cooler hours of the evening would permit her to resume her journey.

Nareena was a beautiful young creature, her dark eyes fringed with long lashes, her features delicate, and her complexion fairer than most of her country women, but it would have shocked her greatly to have been seen. The young bride remembered her upbringing, and while peeping forth she carefully concealed herself behind her wadded curtains.

At four o'clock the cavalcade again set out, expecting to arrive at their destination about five o'clock on the following morning. They had not gone far on their way when they overtook a very old woman, crying bitterly, and apparently overcome either by illness or fatigue.

Nareena's attendants passed this distressed old woman with perfect unconcern, though night was drawing on, and she was all alone, but the gentle little bride was filled with compassion.

"Mother, do not weep," said the little lady. "I am going to Muttra, and you shall go with me. Get into the carriage."

The weary old creature was eloquent in her gratitude. As she entered the vehicle she kissed the feet of the bride, and wished her every blessing of the married state.

"May your throne be perpetual," she said; "may your children give you joy; may you be the mother of a line of kings." Then again kissing the feet of the young girl, she took her seat as directed in the wedding car.

At length, as it grew dark, Nareena became sleepy and composed herself to rest, kindly bestowing a wadded coverlet upon her old companion, who crouched herself down after the manner of native women in a corner, gently shampooing the limbs of the young lady till Nareena fell into a sound and refreshing slumber.—Cor. N. Y. Morning Journal.

CURIOUS LEGAL CUSTOM.

How Malefactors Rewarded Lenient Judges in the Days of Yore.

A custom prevails at Maiden Assizes (i. e., when no prisoner is capitally convicted) to present the judges with white gloves. In the court of the Lord Mayor of London this usage still prevails when "no charges" await his Lordship's jurisdiction. From a passage in Clarell's "Recantation of an Ill-led Life," (1634), it may be inferred that anciently this present was made by such prisoners as received pardon after condemnation. In the dedication to "The impartial judges of his Majesty's Bench, my Lord Chief Justice and his other three honorable assistants," we have

> Those pardoned men, who taste their Prince's loves
> (As married to new life), do give you gloves, etc.

Clarell was a highwayman, who had just received the King's pardon. He dates from the King's Bench Prison, October, 1627. So also Fuller, in his "Mixt Contemplations on these Times" (1660), writes: "It passeth for a general report of what was customary in former times, that the sheriff of the county used to present the judge with a pair of white gloves, at those which we call Mayden Assizes, viz., when no malefactor is put to death therein."—Notes and Queries.

VALUE OF AUTOGRAPHS.

Some Reflections of Interest to Ardent Collectors of Signatures.

A collector of autographs, as of other things, and almost beyond other collectors, enjoys a second pleasure, beside that of contemplating and exhibiting. Collectors have no overweening pride in their own durability or in that of their collections. They know they and theirs are mortal, and will come to Wellington street in time. Meanwhile, they have the charming occupation of watching the turn of their market, and speculating on the eventful value of their investments. As they experience whenever they bid and buy, the oldest established among their favorite wares were continually going up and down. It might be expected that autographs, like the rest of the world's treasures, should vary with the rising or declining prosperity of the day. That is natural. It is more surprising to find that relative values are never steady and fixed. Hume, and Johnson, and Voltaire, it is manifest, are no longer autograph names to conjure by. Bolingbroke, Queen Elizabeth, George Washington and Carlyle attract no such ardent worshipers as Lamb, Shelley, Keats, Dickens and Thackeray.

When there are such vicissitudes in the worth of the names of personages whose rank might be presumed to have been long ago determined, it is clear that the autograph collector is left more or less to guess work in appraising in shillings and pounds the handwriting of living celebrities. Yet, he can not escape the risks; and, if he have the genuine collector's passion, he ought to revel in the necessity. Any body with a long purse can buy up letters by Shelley, Lamb, Scott and Byron. True sagacity and insight are requisite to invest successfully upon the autographic prospects of the existing generation. Collectors who plunge upon a rising statesman may find that he is no better than a political Mr. Toots. They may have amassed manuscript verses by the bard of the future to discover that the future pronounces the phenomenon a poetaster.

To turn over the pages of an autograph album of living or all but living names is to walk through a neglected churchyard. But, on the other hand, there are occasional consolations. In the darkest corner of a birthday book may lurk a name, requested out of reluctant politeness, which hereafter will fetch guineas in the auction-room. It should nerve the genius of the obscurities of the generation to feel that by a bound into fame they will confer the sincerest gratification at any rate upon all possessors of their autographs.—London Times.

WONDERFUL BLIND MEN.

One Is an Ohio Man and the Other a Native of France.

It is almost incredible that Simon Collins, of Marietta, who has been blind for twenty-seven years, is an expert carpet-weaver, makes and prints paper flour sacks in colors, doing the printing on a Washington hand-press, and with a perfect register. I have known him for seven or eight years and have seen him frequently on the streets of his town, cane in hand, walking rapidly, making all the ins and outs, going down into a basement or up-stairs into a business office, never making a mistake and never being hurt. A year ago he made a canoe from his own design, and the same boat won a race in the regatta upon the Susquehanna at Columbia. He is the patentee of a brush handle, makes fishing nets and cane-seated chairs. His latest triumph is the mastery of the type-writer. He bought one some months ago, and is now able to operate it quickly and correctly. He is said to be an expert euchre player, but I can not vouch for that, though it is scarcely more notable than many things already mentioned which I have known him to do.

Vidal, the blind French sculptor, has been without vision since his twenty-first year. He is now one of the wonders of Paris. One can understand how a blind farmer would cultivate the ground with the plow, spade and hoe; how he would feel around the tender plants and gently loosen the dirt from their roots; or how the blind Birmingham (Ala.) miner tells, with the sense of touch alone, the direction and to what depth to drill his holes before putting in the blast; but the work of Vidal stands out in bold relief, unique, wonderful and incomparable. To be a sculptor it is generally supposed that one must have the "mechanic's eye" and the artist's taste and perspicuity. The latter faculties Vidal has to an exceptional degree—even more acute, he believes, than if the former were not lost to him forever. By slowly passing his hands over an object he notes its external proportions, and imitates them in clay in a manner which strikes the beholder dumb with surprise. A dog, horse, human face, or any thing alive or dead, he models with as much ease as any of the dozens of Parisian sculptors who still retain the faculty of sight. From 1855 to 1875 Vidal received more medals than any other exhibitor of works, in the Paris art exhibitions. Many of his works, made in the solitude of his perpetual midnight, are now on the shelves at the great Exposition, where the blind wonder contends in friendly rivalry with his less unfortunate brother artists. He never complains, is always genial and festive when among his friends, who always speak of and to him as though he could see, and well may they do so, for he is one of the best art critics in all Paris.—

THE DANGEROUS MODISTE.

How Many a Good Woman Wrecks Her Peace of Mind.

Talk about the dangers of the amateur stage, of drink or of cigarette-smoking—they are as nothing compared to the wickedness of the first-class dress-maker. You are a nice-looking little woman, with a pretty figure which Tom has always liked to see well dressed, and he thinks that if any woman does understand the art of gowning it is you. All your long life you have bought your materials at a first-class shop, taken them to a fairly good dress-maker, paid a reasonable price for the making, suggested to the modiste a frill here, a puff there, an artistic effect some place else, and when you wore the frock it was with an easy conscience and a happy heart which added to your good looks.

Some day you enter the parlor of Serpent, Cash & Co.; suddenly your pretty gown has a second-rate look. Mrs. Serpent admires your figure; Mrs. Cash moans how unfortunate it is that you are not dressed properly, and the Company sits behind the desk and grins, knowing what the outcome will be. You see a wondrous gown, just from Paris, which is certain to suit you. You are induced to try it on, and then you hear the price. You shudder at it. You say you can not get it; but, oh! you do look so handsome in it. You know Tom can not afford that money; you know that usually you get three frocks for that amount; but the style is so good, and the voice of the charmer is listened to. You go out of that house with the knowledge that you are going to get that frock, for you have been fitted for it, and you are the most miserable slave in the world.

Mrs. Cash has told you that you can pay twenty-five or fifty dollars at a time on your bill, and get every thing you want there. Well, you begin by paying your twenty-five or fifty dollars; you get more and more new clothes, the bill does not come in for a year, and when it does, you gasp with terror. Coats were sold to you that you were told would cost nothing—and nothing, to Serpent, Cash & Co., means any thing from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty dollars. Still, you think that you can raise a few hundred dollars, and that Tom may give you a little extra money without your telling him what it is for, and then you chirp up and remember that Mrs. Cash said you could pay a little at a time, and, after all, it was just the bill coming in. Poor little wretch! You have a feeling at your heart all the time now as if you were a thief, and within a week you get an insolent note from Mrs. Serpent suggesting that you remit at once.—San Francisco Argonaut.

WIGWAM ROMANCE.

The Modern Red Man a Disappointment to Sentimentalists.

In these times we are but little disposed to associate any thing either like romance or danger with the subdued and poverty-stricken remnants of the Indian race. Now and then, indeed, we have met with a newly-arrived European to whom the Indian of the wigwam is still the fierce and noble savage of Cooper and the other romancists of red life and character.

Such sentimentalists are usually much disappointed on being for the first time introduced to the modern wigwam. No scalps stretched upon hoops, and hung out in the sun to dry, are there to arouse their sensations. The squaw of the establishment has her feet incased, just as likely as not, in varnished Balmoral boots. If her lord and master is not out in the bush, snaring rabbits, or cutting switches for the manufacture of baskets, he is probably lying somewhere about the place in a limp heap, performing a wild and irregular war-song through his nose, under the influence of his real idol, the whisky-bottle.

The European having read of Indian massacres away in the Northwest, is naturally puzzled and uneasy at the mild form in which the aboriginal is here presented to him. He observes that the papoose of tender years is as importunate for money as any small white mendicant of the city pavements; also that he knows a bad copper from a good one when he sees it, and has a sound opinion generally on the subject of currency; and the disappointed European goes his way, perfectly convinced that there never could have been any romance really connected with Indian character, and that, as for the modern red man, he has no more bite left in him than a rattlesnake deprived of its fangs.

As a general thing, all this is true enough when predicted of the miserable remnants of Indian tribes that still haunt the borders of our great lakes and rivers. Nevertheless, they yet have a romance of their own, which comes to light only now and then, and after much close observation and intercourse with them. The poorest wigwam, like the lordly castle, has its traditions; and the further from the haunts of civilization the wigwam is situated, the more thrilling are its legends.—N. Y. Ledger.

Houses Made of Iron.

Iron is rapidly increasing in its use for houses. You can buy a complete iron house at the manufacturer's and have it sent anywhere in pieces. A large number of iron villas have been sent from England to the Riviera and put up there upon plats of land purchased or leased, with the provision that when the lease expires the house can be taken away. A comfortable house can readily be built in a month. The price of a room measuring 20x13 feet is about $250.—London Letter.

—Where there's a will, there is often nothing left for the heirs.

WHERE IMMIGRANTS GO.

How They Are Governed in Choosing Homes in the New World.

It is interesting to observe how the different nationalities that make up the stream of immigrants which lands on our shores have a certain tendency to cluster in colonies. This is partly due to a desire to associate with friends or at least with people of the same language and the same interests, partly, also, to the fact that certain places are better fitted for men of a certain class. Of course, individuals of almost every nationality are scattered almost all over the United States, but still, with the exception of the English, Irish and Germans, who are about equally divided among the different States, the different nationalities prefer some certain localities.

The Welsh immigrants, most of whom are miners, go chiefly to Pennsylvania, where their headquarters seem to be around Scranton. At this place, during the winter, Welsh performances are given at a theater.

The Scandinavians generally go to the Northwestern States. The Dakotas, perhaps, get the largest share of them, although Missouri, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa and Minnesota also get a part. Few of them are skilled laborers or artisans, so most engage in farming. The Danes of late have lately gone to Nebraska, and the Finlanders seem to find in the forests of Michigan and Northern Ohio occupations and a climate which suit them exactly.

The Italians may be divided in three classes. Those who are merely common laborers, and who come chiefly from around Naples to work on railroads, as street cleaners, etc., for a larger part stop in New York or its vicinity; from here they are then sent by their bosses, or padrones, all over the country, wherever railroads are being built. From Northern Italy comes a large number of miners, who chiefly go to the coal mines in Illinois or Michigan, or to the mines of Arizona, Colorado or Montana. This class of people is of much higher intelligence than the first class. Then a great many farmers and wine-growers from Northern Italy go to California. To that State also go many French farmers from the departments of Gascogne and Basses Pyrenees, as well as a few Swiss farmers. Otherwise the Frenchmen, if they do not settle in New York, mostly go to New Orleans or to French Canada, while the Swiss, among whom are many dairymen and silk weavers, chiefly settle in this vicinity.

The Hebrews, from Russia, Poland, Austria or Roumania, for the largest part, settle in New York. More than half of them are tailors, about one-third peddlers and the rest are divided among the different trades.

Of genuine Russians only a few emigrate to this country. During the latter years a great many German Russians, whose forefathers about a hundred years ago emigrated from Wurtemberg to Russia, have come to this country. They still keep up their German language, traditions and customs, and are all farmers. Most of them go to Dakota. They are large and powerfully built men, and when they come in their sheepskin overcoats, with a row of children following them, all clad in the same way, they form a picturesque sight.

From the Austro-Hungarian monarchy come the Slavaks, Poles and Hungarians, most of whom go to Pennsylvania, where they work in the coal mines or the coal yards; the Bohemians, who go to the vicinity of Buffalo or Pittsburgh; the Tyrolese, the Dalmations, the Croations and Moravians, who generally settle in Pennsylvania around Pittsburgh.

The Hollanders go to Paterson, N. J., or to Wisconsin, where their headquarters is Green Bay, or to Iowa or Michigan. The Belgians are either of Flemish or French origin. The former are chiefly farmers, and go to the same places where the Hollanders go, while the French-speaking Belgians are almost all either glass workers or miners. The former go to the coal mines of Illinois or Pennsylvania, the latter chiefly to Tarentum or Pittsburgh, Pa.

Most of the Icelanders go to Manitoba; there is also a colony of them in Sayreville, N. J., where they work in the brickyards.

The Armenians, of whom a great many have arrived lately, are like the Arabs, peddlers or tradesmen, in which case they stay in New York, or they are silk weavers, and stay in New York or the neighboring New Jersey towns, or they are common laborers. The last named, almost without exception, go to Worcester, Mass., where a large number of them are employed in wire factories.

The Greeks have during late years begun to crowd the Italians out of the fruit and flower selling trade in New York; some of them also go West and South, where they compete with the Italians on the work on the railroads.

America as a Naval Power.

The advent of the Americans on the high seas as the first naval power in the world is as certain as the rising of the sun, but hitherto the development of the navy of the United States has been slow. The Secretary of the Navy at Washington is, however, moving in the matter, and his latest report recommends the building of two fleets of battle-ships, eight for the Pacific and twelve for the Atlantic, twenty coast-defense ships and five first-class torpedo boats. This is of course only a fancy programme. But it has substance enough in it to give stimulus to the hope that before long an Anglo-American flag may be unfurled which will represent the combined naval forces of the English-speaking world.—Pall Mall Gazette.

STANLEY ON LOVE.

The Unterrified African Explorer Can't Talk to a Woman.

A very curious letter, in which Henry M. Stanley gives his views on love and the ladies generally, has fallen into my hands. The letter is dated from Jermyn street, London, where Stanley lived before his departure for his last trip into the heart of the Dark Continent, and it is dated August 1, 1884. He says:

"For the life of me I can not sit still a moment when any thing approaching to love comes upon the tapis. I have lived with men, not women; and it is the man's intense ruggedness, plainness, directness, that I have contracted by sheer force of circumstances. Poets and women appear to me to be so soft, so very unlike (at least what I have seen) the rude type of mankind, that one soon feels by talking to them that he must soften his speech and drawl, or effect a singular articulation, lest offense be taken where none was intended. Hence men are seldom sincere to women or poets. Have you ever thought of how you looked when speaking to a woman? If my recollections serves me right, I have seen you talk with such an affected softness that I can not compare the manner of it to any thing better than that of a strong man handling a baby—tenderly, gingerly. So! But my pen is carrying me away. I wished to say, my dear friend, that I am absolutely uncomfortable when speaking to a woman, unless she is such a rare one that she will let me hear some common sense. The fact is, I can't talk to women. In their presence I am just as much of a hypocrite as any other man, and it galls me that I must act and be affected, and parody myself for no earthly reason, but because I think, with other men, that to speak or act otherwise would not be appreciated. It is such a false position that I do not care to put myself into it."

Stanley then goes on to qualify his strictures by saying that there is one lady, a friend of the poet to whom he writes, to whom he can speak, because "after the first few minutes of strangeness have gone, she soon lets you know what chaff won't do. Therefore," he adds, "please say a hearty friend wishes her daily enjoyment of her life."—Theodore Child, in Woman's Cycle.

TORTURE FOR BILL.

How Lizy's Little Brother Makes Her Beau's Life a Burden.

When a big, gawky, overgrown rural youth of about nineteen summers, makes his first appearance in public as a beau to a bashful, sweetly modest miss of about the same age, their misery is already so great that the wretched youth would be justified in slaying the young brother of ten or twelve years, who maliciously insists on tagging around after the young couple at a Fourth of July celebration, and frequently giving utterance to such fiendish expressions as these:

"Hi, there, look at our Bill!"

"Think yer derned smart, don't ye, Bill Weatherwax, beauin' Lizy Shockly 'round!"

"Hee, hee, hee! See Bill and Lizy! Say, Bill, does your mother know yer out?"

If poor Bill has at any time in the dead and gone past offended this interesting younger brother that vindictive youth "gets even" by following steadily in Bill's wake all day propounding such mortifying questions as these:

"Hey, Bill, ye spent all that fifty cents pop give you this morning? He'll wallop you if yu do!"

"Ye goin' home in time to do up the chores, Bill? Pop said you'd had to and you'd better, sir!"

"Don't ye jist think yer some pumpkins, Bill Weatherwax? Now don't ye? How mighty smart we are!"

His fertile imagination suggests the propriety of gathering together all the small boys of his acquaintance and getting them to follow around after poor Bill and Liza, a giggling, jeering, fiendish crowd of young vagabonds who add to Bill's anguish by saying: "Hurrah for you Bill!"

"Take good care of him, Lizy!"

"Say, Bill, did ye shave 'fore ye started from home?"

This sort of torment goes on and is increased by the pleasing ingenuity of the small boy, until poor Bill and the blushing Eliza are reduced to the last stage of misery and they separate, after which it is to be hoped Bill "gets even" with the small boy.—Drake's Magazine.

The Best of All Cribs.

A mother says: "A clothes-basket makes one of the nicest possible cribs for a baby. All my children were raised in a clothes-basket and a hammock, with never a cradle or crib. It was a large-sized one (the basket, I mean), with handles at the ends. For the first baby it was covered with blue silesia and dotted Swiss. But when the other babies came an old cretonne for the inside and out did very well. The sides were padded with a piece of old bed-quilt, and a little mattress made for the bottom. When baby fell asleep the basket was easily carried into a quiet room, which could be made dark." The idea could not be a bad one. Such a basket would do very nicely for the babies who are just learning to sit alone. The padding would save the little heads from many a hard bump, and also keep the little ones from feeling the drafts which rush along the floor."—Detroit News.

—When a man is vile and villainous, and thinks nobody knows it, he is cherishing a big error that will some day greatly confuse him.