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THEN THE TEARS ARE NEAR TO

When the heart is overburdened-Full of sorrow, lost in woe; When the world is draped in cypress, And the dirge-winds through it blow— Then the tears are near to flowing. When the soul with joy is freighted, Full of love's delightful glow;

When the world is clad in color, And the song-bells thrilling go-Sister is to sad-eyed woe;

Through the being floodeth—lo.
Then the tears are near to flowing. One is just outside the portals, Sprinkling life with grief-thawed One is just inside the rose-plot. Sprent with pleasure's pearly flow-

The Broad Street Turn.

And we say, the tears are flowing.

BY NYM CRINKLE.

Burt Cliny Halsted, bro'cer, Broad street, turned over a new leaf on a New Year. I met him at Dr. Hall's church in the morning. He had a reformed look in the corner of his eyes. "I am through," he said in a calm, business. like manner. Everything that Cline did was done in

business-like manner. I've known him to get off a car and chase a newsboy for two blocks to get a cent change, because it was business and he would not be swindled, and I have known him to write a note to Ned Harrigan to get a free box and then spend \$200 on flowers and supper before the night was over. With a Broad street peculiarity he in sisted that that was business too.

I believe that anywhere Cline would e called a good fellow. He held strictly to the business principle of skinning his fellow man alive on Broad street and blowing in a pile when the boys were not on that financial warpath. One day Cline, as I said, turned a leaf

He did it methodically, calculatingly and firmly. He was polishing his dome before the glass, and as he laid the brush down he said, "I must get married." Very punctilious and discreet was

Cline. He proposed to get married just as he proposed to buy Nashville and Tennessee. It was a good investment a that time.

Then he set about it in the most ex traordinary Broad street manner. "I don't want," said he, "any giddy beauties around. They've been around till I'm tired. I want a mature, sensible, sober, economical, tidy, level-headed, modest, healthy, good-tempered, prudent, affectionate, sagacious, lovable motherly, genteel, sterling woman. Girls make me weary, and I'm going to organ ize the business of getting what I want. I can give an hour a day for the next year to the finding of what I want, and I'm too old a business hand to have what I don't want."

So Cline at forty-four organized himself. Set up a matrimonial bureau in that private office with cathedral windows. Put his number eleven gaiter or sentiment. Chucked the forget-me-nots out of his soul and came down to hard-

He would advertise. Yes, he would No nonsensical rot about cultured gent desiring to meet cultured lady, but straight business proposition. It would involve immense clerical system--very well, would get typewriter, dictate answers for an hour every morning. "First thing to do-get typewriter; must be business girl."

One morning there came to Cline's general office in Broad street a girl in baby waist, with a pearl-gray pelisse over her shoulders and a cornelian ring on her finger. One of Cline's young men first noticed her standing by the door. He told me afterwards that what he noticed was the absurd chip sailor hat with a blue ribbon and an anchor on it. and he wondered if she hadn't borrowed it from her little brother to come down town in; it set up so perky and saucity

on top of her ridiculous wad of brown hair as if she might be a lieutenant in the Salvation Army.

It's astonishing what things these young idiots notice. He went round and said, "What can

we do for you, madam?" "Madam" is a kind of official squelch kent for girls who venture away from their proper salesrooms to where young men can get back at them and pay them off in their own coin.

"I am a typewriter," said Chip Hat, very meekly. "I came to answer an ad-

They directed her into the little office with cathedral windows. Then they saw the chip hat go through the fatal glass door on the other side of which Cline kept his grim official severity.

He was signing checks. It was one of the most scrious moments of his life. He looked up and saw the chip hat cocked on top of the brown hair. He leaned back in his cathedral chair and fastened his commercial eve on his check-

"Well, young woman, I want a discreet confidential s cretary to answer correspondents. She's got to be here at ter o'clock every morning, attend to business strictly, and she don't get away till two manner? I'm surprised, Miss Chalcey. or three. The salary is \$12 a week. Do I'm hurt."

you think you can get down to that kind of drudgery for that pittance and keep the busines in this room?"

All that Cline ever heard was a demure little "Yes, sir," that had the same suggestion of tremolo in it that one gets from raspberry jelly.

"All right. I can't bother with you to-day; come to-morrow," and Cline fell to signing checks, and Chip Hat went away, and the young man outside poked his nose through the crystal portal of his barrier, puckered his lips and flipped two or three bars of "The Maid with the Milking Pail" after her.

. . IV. The little office with the cathedral windows took on a new feature. There was an instrument under the sash, with a black tin roof over it, and a little sailor hat, with a blue ribbon on it, hung on the bronze peg opgosite the door.

"Now, then," said Cline, putting on a nost forbidding air of strict business. You understand that the matter for which I have engaged you is entirely aside from the regular business of this office. By the way, what shall I call you? Miss what? Chalcey? Well, never mind the Nelly, I'll call you Miss Chalcey, it's more business like; and I don't want you to talk outside of this room about any of the business you have to transact here. Do you understand? If you get that straight to begin with there'il be no trouble."

Then she turned her demure face towards him and said, "Yes, sir," so meekly and patiently and profounly that he noticed her eyes. They were agates -moss agates, by Jove. Funny little spots in them that swam and danced round and melted into each other in the most absurdly molten way, as if there might be little caldrons under them where the light was boiled and softened down into some ridiculous girl nonsense. The worst of it was they always seemed to be just on the point of boiling over, as of light, like music, had some kind of inscrutable pathos in it.

So they got along very nicely without see if the sailor hat was hanging on the I shall not need you any more." peg, grunt out, "Good morning, Miss | She was looking at him dreamily Chalcey," and then sit down at his desk to open letters. Sometimes she would sit demurely for half an hour, her head turned, looking out of the one clear little pane in the cathedral window straight at Bob Slocum's Gothic office opposite. where there was never anything to see except Bob Slocum's window shades, and

that piece of telegraph tape that dangled forever from the wires overhead, in spite of all the sparrows that had tried to pull it off. At other times Cline would die. tate, and then the click of the instrument drowned the monotonous chirp of the janitor's bullfinch that was whistling

Of course she got to know all about it -what it was he was trying to do-and e grew to consult her on some of the details. Like a good girl she put her whole heart into it and really tried to help him all she could to find the wife he wanted. How could she help it, and then, too, she couldn't help finding out by degrees that Cline drew some heavy checks and had a swell circle of acquaint-

And he-well he, like a good method ical business man, fell into a routine hero as elsewhere. His heart was constructed on solid clock-work business principles, and one morning when he came in the sailor hat was not on the peg. It annoyed him at once. It always does annoy a business man to have things irregular. He fidgeted in his chair. It was too bad. Nobody could be depended on, and here were several letters to se answered. He called Swain in. "Where is that young

Swain started a little, as if he felt guilty of having abducted her, and said What do you want, a typewriter Here's Wallace and Durea and Clapp,

any one of 'em can-" And Cline shouted, "Nonsense! Shut the door!"

Then he noticed the bronze peg. had an ironical and plucked aspect. He sat down in the chair by the win

dow and looked at Bob Slocum's shades He couldn't help wondering what Miss Chalcey found to think about during all the vacant hours when she looked out there, waitingly.

The next day when she came he reprimanded her fiercely. "It annoved me very much," he said from his chair, with out looking round. "You should have sent me some word. I depended on you It's very irregular and unbusinesslike." She turned round and looked at him is her meek way. "My mother is dying,

so as not to disappoint you." His astonishment twisted him round his chair, and he came plump up against the agates, swimming in some kind of light he had never seen before.

she said. "I have neglected her to-day

"Confound it, Miss Chalcey." he said jumping up. "What do you mean b having a sick mother and not telling me What do you mean by coming here to day? Will you never get any business ideas into your head? I told you that this room was to be confidential. Do you call it confidential to act in this

He took down the sailor hat. "You are to go back to your mother-at

He opened the door. "Here, Swain, get me a coupe." And Swain saw the sailor hat in his hand.

It was about a week after this. The room had half a ton of letters in it. Cline used to come in. look at the bronze neo and go away again. Then the sailor hat

Miss Chalcey was there waiting, so was her little lunch that she always ate when Cline and Wallace went down to Del monico's, and on Cline's desk was a tiny bunch of violets. He shook hands with her, congratulated her on her mother's recovery, and said: "Pshaw! don't mention it, my child. I'm just about as kind as the average business man-no more no less. We've got a terrible lot of business here."

They both laughed!

Cline was in particularly good spirits that morning. It was so comfortable dou't you know, to have the office routine go on its regular business-like way -to hear the click of the instrument; to get side glimpses of two white rounded wrists dancing a gallopade; to know that the chip hat was covering up that bronz. peg, and you couldn't hear the bullfinch. It went on about a week, with a little bunch of violets every morning on hi deck, which he always put in his button hole when he went uptown. There we two days when he hadn't got a pin, and she had, and so the fastened them on for him, and there was one awfully nasty day when he actually helped her eat her

lunch, and enjoyed it. Then the whole affair came to a sudden stop. These things always do in

It was a Monday morning. . She had hung up her hat and dusted off her machine and looked to see if Bob Slocum's shades were there, when Cline said, with a horribly sad expression of counte-

"Miss Cline, you've been a very faithful and efficient secretary, and I'm sorry any nonsense. Cline would come in I've got to lose you, but the fact is I've about half past ten or eleven, look to | found the woman I want, and of course

> if she wondered where the parazon came from that filled his bill. "Ves." he said. "strange as it may sound I've actually picked out the woman who is to be my wife and I shall not

> want a secretary. We've had a very pleasant time here together, haven't we?" "Yes, sir." "And you remember all the qualities

that I was fool enough to expect in one

"Yes, sir." "Well, I've found most of 'em." "I'm very glad, sir."

"Do you think, Miss Chalcey, from what you know of me, that she will have me if I ask her?"

"Yes, sir." "You really and truly think so, on ousiness principles?" "Yes, sir."

"Then, by Jove, I'll marry her, You can consider yourself discharged, Miss Cline-Nelly."

The only unbusiness-like thing they did was to both try to look out the ridiculous little pane at the same time-and no two business people could do that simultaneously without looking like Siamese twins .- New York World.

The Train Dispatcher's Work. A train dispatcher of the Lake Shore road says: "Many people have an idea

that a train dispatcher controls every movement of each train on a railroad, and that no trains can move without his orders or permission. This is a mistake as each train has a scheduled time. Each conductor and engineer is provided with a time card, showing time of each train on the road, and where to meet and pass each other, and if all trains were run exactly on time there would be no use for train dispatchers. I have people make remarks about the responsibility of a train dispatcher. Even newspapers take up and convey the idea that if the train dispatcher relaxed his watch on the trains for a single moment a collision was liable to occur. This is another great mistake, as, if trains or trainmen follow the rules and schedule and the train dispatcher lets them alone, they would run until doomsday before they would 'get together,' as the railroad boys would say. It is only when trains become late that the train dispatcher gets in his work. If it were, as a great many people imagine, that trains were started out like a raft down a river to trust to luck and the train dispatcher to pull them through, I would not want to travel very much in this country, for about the first day out some backswoodsman, in felling a tree, would break or cross all the wires and the train dispatcher would sit in his office and imagine he heard the engines come together. But under the present system of train dispatching the wires may be all swept away by a cyclone, but still there is no chance for a collision. It is when the train dispatcher does not interfere with the running of trains that he must be careful to see that no mistake is made by himself or the operator who delivers the order to the conductor." - New Orleans Times-Democrat.

OCEAN CABLES.

HOW BROKEN WIRES ARE RAISED AND SPLICED.

Work That is Very Costly and Difficult-Locating a Break-Grappling in Water Two Miles in Depth.

If you visit any of the cable offices in own you may see small sections of the They are used as paper weights and the like. Their diameter varies from that of a silver half dollar to that of good-sized tea-cup. If you see the manner in which the wires that go to make them up are twisted and interweaved you will come to the conclusion that any of these cables, big or little, are enormously strong and capable of standing a trependous strain.

And yet these ocean cables break strong as they are, and what is more the breaks are at times very serious. Mending cable wires lying near the shore and in water that is comparatively shallow is not such a difficult matter, but when it comes to patching up a deep sea wire that lies on the bed of the ocean hundreds of fathoms deep, why that is altogether another matter.

It must not be supposed that occan cables break often. They do not. Still they break often enough to keep the vessels used by the companies for the purpose pretty busy repairing them. There are seven or eight of these ocean cables now owned by the Western Union, the Anglo-American and the Commercial Cable companies.

Off the banks of Newfoundland cables are often broken by coming into contact with the dragging anchors of fishing boats. These breaks are very awkward nes. Then the icebergs that float down from the North at certain seasons extend deep under the water and damage the wires badly.

Then the wear and tear of time i nother cause of breakage. The bottom of the ocean is not flat like the top of a table, but has mountains as wild and valleys as deep as any that you can find between New York and San Francisco. So the cable that stretches from Nova Scotia to the coast of Ireland has to span

The cable companies have now reluced the mending of cables down to a system. It is regarded as a part of their regular business, just as it is to keen inemen at work on land. The companies each year set aside so much money to the account of repairs, and men, and all things needed, are kept constantly on

It costs a very pretty penny to fix at ocean cable when it breaks. The companies have in such a case to maintain fully equipped ocean steamer with expernavigators and electricians on board. whose business it is to devote their trained knowledge to this single matter for, say, two weeks or a month. If, as the Western Union does, they hire a steamer, they must pay for her a daily rental of \$1200. So far, say, three weeks. the rental would run up to more than \$25,000, a pretty number of pennics too. Then, in addition to this, there i the actual cost of the repairs and the twenty-five or thirty miles of new cable usually used in big breaks. Cable sold by the yard, mark you, too, is as costly

much as \$100,000, but of course these were exceptional. The first thing that the experts have to do when it is found that there is a break somewhere in the wire, is to locate that break, and this is not altogether

an easy matter. Still the electricians

as the finest lace. There have been

have brought it down to a pretty fine science, and can figure with very great accuracy as to where any break may be. They have now an instrument by which they can determine with much nicety how far an electric current started on a given line travels before it is interrupted. A calculation is made on this side of the Atlantic by means of this in strument and a similar one on the other. and between the two the true location is

pretty nearly determined. Having determined the location of the break the way is clear. The captain or navigator is informed as to the distance from land the trouble is, and is shown by the chart of the route of the wires that the company has on hand just where he has to go. So fine is the system that he can sometimes steam to the very spot where the cable has parted.

Then comes the grappling for the broken ends. This is quite a long job at times. It is sure to be if the weather is stormy. Grappling for a cable in several hundred fathoms of water, with the waves running mountains high, is, to say the least, not an easy task. However, in ordinarily fair weather, two or three days, or even less, is sufficient time to bring the parted strands to the sur-The grappling irons are long and

heavy, with great hooks on the end that makes them look the giant's fishing tackle that they are. They are attached to huge cables, and are manipulated from the deck by means of machinery, and thus the cables are fished for. The repairers usually aim to grapple with the cable about ten miles from where the break took place. It would not do to then slip off the hook before it could be patrons' teeth every year.

brought to the steamer's deck.

When the cable is grappled the men on the steamer, by the strain where the cable that holds the grappling has gone overboard, know that they have caught their fish. The next thing is to get it on board. The strain on the cable is guaged by a dynamometer, and thus it can be told when the big wire is coming up all right. In some cases when the cable comes to the surface it is found that it has not been broken at all, but

> or something of that kind. In this case the matter is easily remedied. When the cable is tound to be broken. the next thing to do after picking up ends is to splice them together. First, however, communication is established with both the land stations to make sure that, aside from this single break, communication is uninterrupted. Then the work of splicing goes on, and this is something that must be done very carefully. Sometimes when the cable is broken it becomes twisted and torn for considerable distance. The repairers set to work to cut away every part that is at all damaged, a and piece of new

that the electro current has been inter-

rupted by some defect in the insulation

Ordinarily the repairing of the cable nay be carried on on the deck of the steamer without much interruption. But not so in stormy weather. Work then is frequently interfered with. But this the repairers now go prepared for. They have immense buoys known as "cable buoys." It is carried especially for use in rough weather. When a storm comes up, and the waves commence to run high and toss the steamer about from place to place it is obviously impossible to keep the ends of the cables safe on the steamer.

cable is spliced in.

This is not attempted. The ends of he broken cables are attached to these buoys and they are turned over to Father Neptune to have fun with. When he has satisfied himself and the storm has gone down the buoys are picked up again easily and the work of repair again goes on until it is finished .- New York

Superstitious Chinese Gamblers. Chinese gamblers are not less superstitious than those of other races. The

owners of the gaming establishments use the quarters they occupy, because this is the color of mourning as well as the hue of the robes worn by the spirits of the dead in the after world. It is always considered inauspicious, is associated with the idea of losing money and is believed to bring bad fortune to the patrons, with corresponding gains to the coinpanies. Pieces of orange peel are kept in the box with the fan tan cash to bring good luck to the house. In San Franisco each gambling house provides a upper nightly for its customers. Any ne may eat what he wants without charge, but the meal is consumed in si ence, because it is considered unlucky to talk. Gamblers on their way to piay fan tan turn back if any one jostles them. They refrain from reading books before playing, because the word for "book" in he provincial patois is the same as the word for "lose." The almanac, which is roperly termed the "star book," is alvays referred to as "lucky stars," to avoid the omninous designation. Gamblers use the almanac a great deal in the selection of lucky and unlucky days. It also contains rules for the interpretation of breaks in the cables that have cost as dreams, to which the utmost importance

> is attached Many devices are resorted to in order secure the winning numbers in the lotery. Some mark the tickets with their ves closed, while others mark such of the characters as when read in succession will form a happy sentence. A young child is often called upon to mark the ickets. At the shrine of the god of war eighty splints of bamboo, marked with the eighty lottery characters, are ordinarily kept for the convenience of gamolers, who make selection from them at andom and mark their tickets accord. ngly. Among the questions asked on the occasion of the new year's pilgrimage to the temple is whether the votary will be fortunate at play during the coming twelvemonth. Many burn incense and mock money before the god when they intend gambling, and in a fan-tan cellar a tablet is invariably erected to the lord of the place, a tutelary divinity who is hought to rule the household ghosts .-Washington Star.

Murder as a Matter of Course.

A European traveler, who was visiting he court of the Inam of Muscat not long go, relates the following: "I had heard that no ruler of Muscat for the last hundred years had died a natural death, and was interested, when in our conversation. the Imam himself introduced the matter of this extraordinary fatality among the sovereigns of his country." "Is it true," ventured to ask, "that no Imam for a hundred years has died in his bed?" 'Certainly not," said he, with a perfectly grave face; "let me see-four of them nave died in bed." "And they were not ssassinated, then?" "Well," he said, it is true that they were found under he mattress instead of on top of it, but they unquestionably died in bed." They had been smothered by their heirs apparent. - Argonaut.

A woman dentist in New York uses grapple if too near the end, for it would \$1000 worth of gold filling in her

A VOUDOO DANCE.

DESCRIPTION OF A CRAZY ORGIE IN HAYTI

Men and Women Work Themselves Up to a High State of Ex-Fantastic Performances.

Voudooism is practiced quite generally Havti, but with such secrecy, especially in the cities, that few except natives ever witness its rites. Opinions vary as to human sacrifices. Many say they are not offered. Others think that they are always made at the great festivals, but so secretly that it is almost impossible to see

During a political celebration in Portau-Prince one Saturday not long ago. says a writer in the New York Sun, I learned that on Sunday voudoo dances would be held in the vicinity of the city, and so on the following morring I started out to find one. I had walked out about mile, when I heard a drum in the distance. I toiled along under the broiling sun, and at last located the sound behind a screen of freshly cut palms at a little distance from the road. A number of saddled horses were tied to the trees. and I pushed my way through a gap to find in front of me a pavilion about thirty feet square and open at the sides. The flat roof was formed of palm branches and was supported at the centre by a big post. At one end were three men with cylindrical drums made of hollowed logs, one end closed with dried goatskins, the other solid wood. They varied in length from four feet to two. Near the smallest was a man with a long cow-

I took a position outside of the arbor, and little or no attention was paid to me at first, as all hands were watching the entrance to a hut. Presently the drums struck up, all the spectators joined in a guttural chant, and the high priest, or 'Papaloi," came from the hut, bearing china mug carefully covered with a silk handkerchief. With him were an assistant priest and a master of ceremonies, with a small silver bell. Then came "Mammaloi," or priestess, with a small gourd, covered with strings of eads. This she rattled almost cor stantly in time with the drums. Ali were well dressed, as were also the fifty or sixty spectators, mostly women, who were seated or crouched on the ground on three sides of the arbor. The Papaloi was an enormous man, over six feet tall

and splendidly proportioned. The little procession passed around the pavilion and paused in front of the drums. The Papaloi made a number of gestures, holding his covered mug high n front of him, and then he slowly brought it toward his lips. Another arge silk handkerchief was thrown over his head, mug and all, and he drank nstantly he threw off the handkerchief and poured the mug's contents, which locked like water, on the ground on three spots in front of the drums. He sprang to one side and there was a mad rush of women to the spots. They grovelled on the ground, licking the wet dirt, and covering their noses with dabs of mud. Then one by one they crawled to the Papaloi, kissing the ground before him, and striking it with their foreheads. He raised them to their knees, wiped their faces with a silk handkerchief, and, taking one by the right hand, he elevated his arm to its full length and she turned under it to the right, then to the left, and all resumed their

One middle-aged woman began dance ing alone. She became violent and streams of prespiration rolled down her face. She danced up to the Papaloi and bent over so that she touched the ground with the tips of her fingers, and then, springing up, touched her body. He arose and repeated her motions. She took a silk handkerchief and wiped his face carefully. He did the same to her. The dance became more violent, until the Papaloi disappeared in the hut. He emerged with the covered mug, and offered it to her, while the master of ceremonies threw the usual square of silk over her head. She emptied it at a draught. The dancer seizing her dress with both hands, did most wonderful hopping around in a circle. Finally she fell, rolled over and over, raised herself to her knees, her eyes closed, her mouth foaming, and her face contorted, and commenced moving her head round and round, faster and faster, until it seemed that it must fly off. Suddenly she stopped, rose to her feet, and then, without an effort to save herself, tumbled over backward as if she were dead.

The old Mammaloi handed her gourd to another, took her place in the centre, and grasped the post. Suddenly her whole body gave a ghastly twitch and ber face became contorted. Again and again the shudders were repeated with shorter intervals, while her large eyes seemed about to start from her head. It was the most fascinating thing I have ever seen, and I felt the perspiration gather and roll down as I stared at her Suddenly she broke into a gallop around the post. Round and round she went, stopping occasionally to twitch and glare about her. Then she sprang to the Papaloi, seized him by the hands. dragged him out and stared into his face. She whispered something in one ear, then in the other. Then she kissed him

on both cheeks and the mouth. She rubbed the point of her nose against his. then both rubbed faces. She broke away to resume her position at the centre pole, while the Papaloi withdrew for the mug. Her eyes met mine, she advanced, seized my hands, and repeated the kissing and nose rubbing. It was not pleasant, but a furtive glance at the solemn faces around me informed me that discretion was better than cleanliness. I submitted. The master of ceremonies approached me and, after another handshake, invited me to drink. I declined with thanks. The priestess

drank, and the orgy continued. The three priests went into the hut. Presently the Papaloi returned alone, a litter like insanity in his eyes and his touth flecked with foam. The master f ceremonies and his assistant came om the hut, bearing a white chicken. 'hey approached the Papaloi. Intantly all rushed to him, and he was oncealed by the panting, furious crowd or five minutes. When the crowd pened the dancing women had trianguar blotches of blood on their foreheads nd bloody mouths. The chicken had

lisappeared. Up to the time when I left, the dance ad been in progress about three hours, and there had been no drunkenness, but av impression was that the religious art of the ceremony ended with eating he chicken, and that the drinking and he orgy generally commenced at cnce. o be kept up all night. I now honestly pelieve in human sacrifices at these great eremonies. The crowd I left seemed qual to anything.

Antiquity of Writing. It would appear that Palestine, or at

all events the tribes immediately surounding it, were in close contact with civilized power which had established rade-routes from the south, and protected them from the attacks of the nonad Bedouin. The part now performed, or supposed to be performed, by Turkey, was performed before the days of Solomon by the princes and merchants of Ma'in. A conclusion of unexpected nterest follows this discovery. The Minmans were a literary people; they used an alphabetic system of writing, and set up their inscriptions, not only in colonies in the north. If their records eally mount back to the age now claimed or them_and it is difficult to see where counter-arguments are to come fromthey will be far older than the oldest mown inscription in Phonician letters. Instead of deriving the Mingan alphabet from the Phœnician, we must derive the Phonician alphabet from the Minman or from one of the Arabian alphabets of which the Mingean was the mother: instead of seeking in Phœnicia the primitive home of the alphabets of our modern world, we shall have to look for it n Arabia. Canon Isaac Taylor, in his 'History of the Alphabet," had already found himself compelled by palæographc evidence to assign a much earlier late to the alphabet of South Arabia than that which had previously been ascribed to it, and the discoveries of Glaser and Hommel show that he was right. The discovery of the antiquity of writing among the populations of Arabia cannot fail to influence the views hat have been current of late years in recard to the earlier history of the Old Testament. We have hither to taken it for granted that the tribes to whom the Israelites were related were illiterate nomads, and that in Midian or Edom the invaders of Palestine would have had no opportunity for making acquaintance with books and written records. Before the time of Samuel and David it has been strenuously maintained that letters were unknown in Israel, but such assumptions must now be considerably modified. The ancient Oriental world, even in northern Arabia, was a far more literary one than we have been accustomed to imagine; and as for Canaan, the country in which the Israelites settled, fought and intermarried, we now have evidence that education was carried in it to a surprisingly high point. In the principal cities of Palestine an active literary correspondence was not only carried on, but was maintained by means of a foreign language and an extremely complicated script. There must have

Hawaii's Active Volcano.

porary Review.

been plenty of schools and teachers, as

well as of pupils and books .-- Contem

News comes from Honolulu that the volcano is exceptionally active. Fiery fountains of liquid lava are playing to a great height. The area of the great break-down which engulfed Hale-maumau, Dana Lake, New Lake, fourteen or fifteen blow holes and the bluffs surrounding the pits was described by Professor Brigham as 3000 feet, by 2500 feet, forming a pit with an estimated depth of 500 feet, the sides being perpendicular. Three weeks after the collapse the lava began to reappear, and it rose in the pit about 100 feet, virtually forming a lake of liquid lava 250 to 300 feet in diameter. The level of this lake is now reported to be rising and falling as much as forty to fifty feet within au hour, a most splendid sight. - New York

The ratio of insane persons in public and private institutions in the United States to each 1000 inhabitante is 1.56.

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