

KILLED BY HIS SISTERS.

Romance Overruled in a Pennsylvania Farmer's Good and Ill Fortune

(From the Jamestown Tribune.)

One of the saddest of tragedies was that on Friday evening, at the home of Mr. Richard Hothem, near Hillside, Westmoreland County, Pa. Mr. H. and his wife went away on a visit on Friday, leaving at home their son Joseph, aged twenty-two, their daughter Mary, aged nineteen, and two other daughters, nine and eleven years of age respectively. In the evening Joseph attended a spelling "bee," cautioning his sister Mary, as he went away, to beware of tramps. At about nine o'clock he started for home, and as he approached the house the barking of the dogs alarmed his sisters, as Joseph was not expected back so early an hour. It is probable the young man intended to test his sister Mary's courage, for he pulled his hat down over his face and otherwise disguised himself. When he was within a few rods of the house Mary appeared in the doorway and hailed him, "Is that you, Joe?" But he did not answer and continued to advance. The girl, now worked up to a high pitch of excitement, again hailed the advancing figure with, "Who are you?" Still no answer, and Mary shouted again, "Is that you, Joe?" and ran into the house and armed herself with a shotgun. Returning to the door, she discovered, to her surprise, the strange man standing on the steps, and soon as she appeared he advanced toward her. "Stop!" she shouted, "stop, or I'll shoot you!" He advanced another step, and at the same instant the girl raised the gun and fired, and he sank down on the porch groaning, "Oh, my dear sister!" "Oh, my dear brother, I have killed you!" the poor girl screamed, as she threw down the gun and carried him into the house where he soon died.

Richard Hothem, the father, is the man who, in 1861 or 1862, picked up a fortune on the railroad near his home. He was walking along the road and saw a folded newspaper, and on picking it up found inclosed \$50,000 in bank notes. He took the package to an attorney and sought legal advice. Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers throughout the country in the hope of discovering the loser of the money, and for over a year diligent search was made far and wide, but no one ever appeared to claim it, and Mr. Hothem eventually appropriated it to his own uses. A short time previous to the finding of the money a large express robbery had been perpetrated near Harper's Ferry, and it was the general belief that, being closely pressed by pursuers, the thieves had thrown the money from a car window, intending to return for it on the first opportunity of eluding the detectives.

The King of British Cheese.

Only a few housekeepers know how to treat a Stilton when they get one. The history of this king of British cheese is remarkable. In a topography of the midland counties, published in 1790, occurs this passage: "Mrs. Paulet, of Wyomondham, in the Melton quarter of Leicestershire, was the first maker of Stilton cheese. She was related to the famous Cooper Thornhill, who formerly kept the Bell, at Stilton, in Huntingdonshire." Mrs. Paulet, it seems, stocked her kinsman's house with this cheese, which, being of singularly fine quality, became noted among all good judges—for there was a palate as well as a style in those days—who travelled the great North road. The art of making it has been learned by generations of dairywomen in that quarter of England; but the name of Stilton, though belonging to a different county, clings to it still.

The method of producing this kind of cheese is peculiar. The cream of the evening's milk is added to the new milk of next morning, and as there is always more trouble in expelling the whey from the curd when it contains butter, difficulties frequently arise in the manufacture of Stilton cheese, which is very subject to fermentation and bursting. Large dealers know well the necessity of keeping their merchandise moist, and each has his own way of doing it; but the private purchaser or happy recipient of a likely-looking Stilton does not know how to do this. He or she will not go wrong who cuts it boldly in half, as the Roman king is said to have out the lapstone. Having so divided this cheese, the two halves may be judiciously placed with their freshly-cut surfaces downward, each in a dinner-plate of ordinary size, having a small quantity of water (ale is better) reaching not quite to the rim, on which the half-Stilton will rest, so as to be as nearly as possible in contact with the fluid without actually touching it. A moistened cloth as a cover, if the underground larger or cellar be too dry, will complete the arrangement; and then if your Stilton do not ripen prosperously, developing the much-prized blue mould with an even distribution throughout its close substance, it is not worth much.

English Items.

George Eliot will edit the works of her late husband, George Henry Lewes.

In consequence of the depression in trade and a deficient harvest, the Marquis of Bath has conceded to his tenants a reduction of 15 per cent. on their rents.

Mr. George Augustus Sala has just attained his fiftieth birthday. The proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* have presented him with an exquisite service of plate of great value.

Many harmless German Socialists, who do a great deal of talking and lounging and who have been banished from Berlin by Bismarck, hang about London and fraternize with French Socialists.

The death is announced at Bath of a granddaughter of the poet Burns. The deceased lady, Mrs. Everett, was the widow of an assistant surgeon, formerly in the service of the East India Company.

Mr. Theodore Tilton attended a theatrical performance in Indianapolis, Ind., the other night and saw Bessie Turner enact her part in "A Celebrated Case."

The late Mr. McNab, curator of the Edinburgh Botanic Garden, was once taken to see Dubufe's painting of Adam and Eve and was asked for his opinion. "I think no great things of the painting," said the great gardener. "Why, man, Eve's temptin' Adam wi' a pip-pin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago!"

THE ALTAR.—"Remember, now," said an Indiana bride at the altar, "we have separated and been remarried four times, and about once more will convince me that we can never live happily together."

How to Raise Cream.

It is much easier to raise cream than it is to raise money sometimes. Nowadays there are patented ways for raising cream, and many of these implements are on exhibition. One exhibitor at the recent fair in New York, questioned on this subject, gave the following information. In experimenting upon different qualities of milk, some years ago, he discovered that cream could be separated from the milk much more quickly under some peculiar circumstances than is usual under ordinary conditions. He found that by placing the warm milk in a narrower vessel than half an inch in diameter and twelve inches deep, and subjecting it to a temperature of 36 to 40 degrees Fah., he could obtain the cream in two hours, which, under ordinary conditions of setting in broad, open vessels, would require thirty-six hours to obtain. He was very much puzzled by the result and began to experiment on a larger scale. After many failures, he finally got a pail of milk at night under an open window in a tub which was a few inches deeper than the milk can. In the morning he found the cream gathered in concentric rings on the top of the milk, each ring being clearly defined and separated from the others. It occurred to him that the disturbing cause which prevented the cream from rising as quickly in the large vessel as in the small one was the circulation of currents within the body of milk in the larger vessel. Acting upon this idea, he made other efforts to discover their cause and finally traced them to the difference in temperature created by the unequal radiation of heat from different parts of the milk contained in a large, open vessel.

The top of the milk in a large open vessel, being exposed to the air, is rapidly cooled by evaporation, and consequently, becoming more dense, falls to the bottom by its own gravity to take the place of the warmer and lighter milk at the bottom of the vessel. The cause of the cream rising so quickly in the vessel of small diameter he attributes to the small surface exposed to the atmosphere and the attraction of cohesion, which holds the milk still that comes in contact with the sides of the vessel, and consequently leaves the cream free to rise to the surface by virtue of its own specific gravity.

ALL SORTS OF IMPROVEMENTS.

It would be impossible to describe all the patent pans, coolers and various systems devised for the production of a better and more uniform article of butter. A multitude of theories have been advanced in regard to the treatment of milk for butter, and naturally there is a deep rivalry among the exhibitors of appliances supposed to be useful in this particular direction. Mention must be made, however, of a system on exhibition by which the milk is wholly surrounded and covered by water. This makes the surface of the milk of the same temperature as that at the bottom or sides of the vessel, and wholly excluded from the outside atmosphere. By this system cream can be raised within twelve hours, or between milkings, although it must be admitted that there are very many dairymen who do not believe in such hasty work.

The Garden.

The *Toledo Blade* says—We were shown the other morning the finest specimen of the Spitzenburg apple we have ever seen. It weighed 20 ounces, and is as handsome a specimen of fruit as could be imagined. It was sent by mail from Walla Walla, Washington Territory, by Mr. W. H. Reed. It was in a fine state of preservation, considering that it had come 4,000 miles by mail. They grow excellent apples out in that country.

Celery.—This delicious vegetable is not generally appreciated as a cooking vegetable. Wash the stems clean in salt and water, and drop them into boiling water; after boiling twenty minutes, take up and drain; place some toasted bread in the bottom of a dish, lay the celery upon it, and season with butter, pepper and salt.

Ireland.

A man named William Irvine, who had reached the advanced age of 111 years, has just died at Kilsacrenan, Donegal.

One of the projects in connection with the testimonial to the Duke of Connaught on his marriage is the erection for him, at a cost of £20,000, of a hunting-lodge near the Curragh.

Snow fell incessantly in Dublin on Dec. 11. The ground was covered to the depth of nearly a foot with snow, and traffic was suspended entirely in the streets during the morning.

The greatest snow storm experienced in King's County for many years past swept over that district on Dec. 12. In many places the drifts were several feet high, and in the ravines, they appeared like miniature mountains.

The see of Durham, which Dr. Baring has just resigned, is not only one of the richest in the Anglican episcopate, but it possesses very interesting historical associations. The successor of St. Cuthbert is something more than one of the highest and best paid ministers of the English Church. He sits on the throne of the old Prince-Bishops of Durham, who once exercised regal sway over the territory of their diocese. Till the reign of Henry VIII. writs in Durham ran in the Bishop's name, and offenders were tried for breaking "the Bishop's peace"—not the King's. As late even as the reign of William III. what is now called "the County Palatine of Durham" was styled "the Bishopric of Durham." Archbishops are not entitled to encircle their mitres with a ducal coronet, but the Bishop of Durham is, in compliment to the old palatine rights of his predecessors.

Mr. Carlyle as he grows older doesn't grow more gracious, certainly. The London St. Andrew's Society sent him the other day an extremely grateful and pleasant letter of congratulation upon his arrival at his eighty-third year. The crusty Scotchman answered through his niece in a fashion which, considering the kind expressions conveyed to him, seems almost curt. "Sir," says the young lady, "Mr. Carlyle bids me ask you to convey to the London St. Andrew's Society his cordial thanks for your kindness in remembering him in so flattering a way on his birthday. With his thanks for your polite letter, I remain, sir, yours faithfully, Mary Carlyle Aiken."

A man at Lexington, Va., who wanted to see how soon a letter would go around the world, addressed one to his wife in care of an American consul in Japan, with the request to return it if not delivered. He sent the letter east, and got it back by way of San Francisco in just one hundred days.

A Gambler's Story.

Gambling, as it exists in St. Louis, has many phases and many bearings. It involves the men who keep the houses, the men who go there to play, and the officials who protect it and allow it to prosper. Those who suffer are the players and the ones dependent on them. The proprietors reap the first profit; the officials—well, this is rather a delicate matter. It is intended that nothing unreasonable, malicious nor extravagantly sentimental shall appear in the *Post's* articles on gambling. It is a grave subject, and deserves grave and earnest treatment. But it is intended that every hideous feature of gambling shall be revealed, so that the public may know the enormity of the evil that is allowed to exist without restraint. The law has put gambling under the ban because it is wrong—because it is an enemy to the peace and substantiality of society—and because it is devoid of a single redeeming quality. As above remarked, the sufferers are those who patronize the gambling houses. Upon these the proprietors of those establishments feed as the big fish feed on the lesser ones. They spread the nets, and the unwary go in and are swallowed up. The young and inexperienced are the ones sought after. They are the green ones and the most foolish. The professional gamblers make but little of one another, and if gambling were confined to them but little evil would follow. A *Post* reporter met with a young man yesterday who is a victim to the gamblers. He told his story. Said he, "I have been reading the articles in the *Post* on gambling, and have reason to sympathize with the efforts of the paper to break it up. I came to St. Louis three years ago and took a position in one of the wholesale dry goods houses on fifth street. I had been in a country store and become a very good salesman. I went into my position here on a salary of \$20 a week. I had a wife and one little boy, and the future looked very bright to me. The city was a new thing, and, being naturally of a very sociable disposition, I made many friends. Among the number was a gentleman who was at the head of an extensive boot and shoe house. He was well known among all the salesmen in town and commanded a large salary; poor, poor fellow! he is not here now, went down to nothing and slunk out of town like a dog. He had a family, and one of his children was a beautiful girl, nearly grown. I had formed a favorable opinion of him, and looked upon him as a model. Through him I was led into the gambling business. I had confidence in him, and have seen him win a great deal of money. I would stay away from home till one or two o'clock frequently, and when I would go home I would almost die with remorse. I had some good luck at faro. I remember one time I went into a place on Sixth street, with only \$5 in my pocket. It was hardly enough to take me through the balance of the week, but I put it all up and won. I put up and won again, and again. I got excited and bet up as high as \$50 at a time. Sometimes I lost, but luck was with me most of the time, and at three o'clock in the morning I was \$500 ahead. I resolved to draw it out. They begged me to keep on; said I would break the bank and get rich in a single night; that I had better play when my luck was good, etc. But I insisted and drew out my \$500 of winnings. The next morning I put a \$100 bill under my wife's plate at the breakfast table, but when she took it out she cried because she had an idea how I made it. Before I left for the store she and I had a talk and I promised her that I would quit. I believed I could, when I promised. I went to work that day with a strong resolution to attend to my duties better, but before night I had met one or two friends and I told them of my good luck. They said we must have a spree that night; we did, and after we had got pretty full, I loaned one hundred dollars to one of the boys to play faro with and I went home. It was not a month till my money was all gone and I was as hard up as ever. I had lived pretty fast and drank a good deal. I took five dollars and went to try my luck at faro one night. I won three hundred dollars and believed I was going to be as lucky as before. But the thing changed. I lost my three hundred dollars and my original five dollars and was left without a cent. I went home as miserable a man as ever you saw. From that time I began to have all kinds of bad luck, but was continually trying to make a raise at gambling. I went to extremes to get money—used what of my earnings I could spare—often left my dear wife and little boy without what they really needed. Finally I was driven to such a strait that I pawned my clothes and everything else that I could get my hands on. I drank a good deal, and one morning I was told that my services were no longer needed. It came like a clap of thunder, and I did not know what on earth to do. I went down and got a place in a second-class house, where I did not stay long. From worse to worse it went all the time. I had got a terrible mania for gambling, and I neglected everything for it. Nobody knows how I felt and the misery that was at my house. I went to one of the gambling houses in the town and stayed there most all the time, depending on the chances for a living. It was a terrible suspense. Half the time I was without a cent of money. One day, I remember, I went and pawned my only coat for two dollars, and sent half of it to my wife with which to get some dinner. I went all the day without my coat, and at night made a little raise and went and took it out. I got to be a kind of hanger-on, and the men who had made hundreds off me had no further use for me. Oh, it was frightful—worse than death—a hundred times worse. Tears are nothing—I had no tears; my wife's tears were also dried up in sorrow. I could have torn myself into a thousand pieces many a time. One bright morning last July I went out on the street and solemnly resolved, by the help of God, I would there and then forswear gambling forever. I was without money and without friends. I sent my poor wife to the country, not, however, till she had pawned some of her jewellery that I had given her when we were married, in order to raise \$10. I kept \$2 and gave her the balance. I did not know where the next was to come from. Well, I have struggled along for over a month and am still alive. I am going to escape after all, and as I am still a young man, I have hopes of making some amends. I tell you there is nothing in gambling. It is the worst fraud in the world. If I can do anything to stop it, I will do it gladly in order to save others. I have not told you half my experience; I have lightly skimmed over it. I could not tell you what I have seen and felt. There are plenty of them here in town who can tell you a worse story than this. One thing more

I will say, the pretended efforts of the police officials to stop gambling are nothing but a sham, I know how it is and have seen it. The gamblers have it all their own way."

Thus ended the story. The young man who told it lives here in the city, and is well known both to the gamblers, and the employees of a prominent dry-goods house.—*St. Louis Post.*

The Prince of Wales at Home.

(Vanity Fair, December 14)

The Prince of Wales' country house is a pretty two-mile drive from Wolverton, in Norfolk, through a quantity of young plantations in which the Prince takes much interest. On the left you pass a picturesque building called "The Folly," furnished with great taste, and where shooting parties lunch once or twice during the season. The entrance to Sandringham is through the famous Norwich Gates, and so through a fine avenue of limes. The house is a model of comfort. The large hall which you enter on arriving is fitted up as a dining room, with a pianoforte, easy-chairs, and two large writing-tables, at one of which the Prince usually writes his letters on his return from shooting. Behind the piano are a quantity of toys for the children to amuse themselves with at the "children's hour" after tea. Here at five o'clock the tea-table is placed in the centre of the hall, and is presided over by the Princess in the loveliest of tea-gowns. It is a pretty sight to see her surrounded by her three little girls, who look like tiny fairies, and who run about to put "papa's" letters in the large pillar-post box at one end of the hall. There are generally four or five large dogs to add to the circle. In this same hall the balls take place. The floor is excellent, and the music is upstairs in a gallery. At the balls the supper is served at a number of round tables, with one long one down the side of the room.

At Christmas the hall looks like a large bazaar, being then filled with the most costly and beautiful tables, with a large Christmas tree in the centre and objects all around the sides of the hall full of presents for the household and visitors. Their Royal Highnesses arrange these presents all themselves, and no one is permitted to enter till the evening. Some few years back the gentlemen of the household gave the Prince on his birthday a handsome weighing machine, which has ever since been honored with a conspicuous place in the corridor passing alongside the hall; and regularly during each party, generally after tea, the guests are requested to come and be weighed, a proceeding to which some seriously object. They then in their own handwriting have to record the full details in a book kept specially for the purpose; they write their names, date, weight and costume worn at the time. Thus you read: Heavy walking dress, tea-gown, velvet dress—the heavy ones generally attribute some of the fault to the garments. It is an interesting book, containing as it does autographs of many long since passed away.

The drawing-room is a particularly pretty room, full of furniture, and every available corner is filled with gigantic flower glasses full of Pampas grass and evergreens. Here the guests assemble before dinner. The dining-room opens out of this room. The dinner-table decorations are noted, and are all arranged by the gardener, whose taste is very good. The bowling-alley in close proximity to the billiard-room is most popular. The Princess plays very well, while those who have no taste this way sit in a little ante-room, comfortably furnished with two long low settees and rocking-chairs, and from which you command a good view of the game. Out of the drawing room, on the opposite side of the dining-room, is a small sitting-room fitted with bookcases. Beyond this is the Prince's own room, quite full of beautiful things. Here he and the Princess always breakfast, and here on the 9th of November and the 1st of December are laid out all the numerous birthday presents. Of the Princess' private apartments upstairs it will suffice to say that a prettier room than H. R. H.'s own boudoir, or sitting-room, was never seen. All the visitors' rooms are perfect, nor are the servants' comforts neglected. Immediately after tea and coffee (when there is a party staying in the house) the Prince sits down to his whist in the small room leading out of the drawing-room, and the Princess adjourns to the bowling-alley, where two little boys, attired in appropriate costume, are in attendance to send back the heavy balls and set up the bowls.

The gardens are of considerable extent, and the Princess' dairy is a thing of beauty, with a lovely room luxuriously furnished for tea-parties. The usual Sunday afternoon walk, with all the guests, and household children, comprises visits to the garden, the dairy, the farm and the kennels, and always finishes up with the stables. The company consists of very much the same set each year, with occasional additions of foreigners. There are also generally one or two very good whist players.

Accident at Niagara Falls.

Three English tourists, named Samuel Gould, A. H. Prindle and William Gould, arrived with a party at Niagara Falls yesterday morning and attempted to make a trip behind the roaring cataract on the Canada side. At this season of the year the experiment is usually perilous on account of the ice, and the person undertaking it must pick his way with great caution and have plenty of nerve. The gentlemen named did not heed the pleadings of the other members of the party, but took the guide's word for it that there was no danger, and followed him down the steep and slippery steps to the river bank below the Falls. Along this bank the path is narrow and dangerous in summer, but now it is ragged and hazardous in consequence of the frozen spray. Huge icicles overhang the path, attached to the rocks above, and it requires no little skill to dodge them, and at the same time find a safe footing. Mr. Samuel Gould ran against one of these immense frozen pendants with such force as to cause him to fall upon the rough path and to loosen the icicle, which fell with a crash upon him. An ugly cut in the back of the head and a bruised back made it necessary for his companions to assist him back to the hotel. There he received proper attention, and was sufficiently recovered after dinner to take the Central train with his friends for New York. Soon after starting the injured man lost his reason. It required several men to keep him still. Arriving in this city, the unfortunate young man was conveyed to the hospital, and his friends remained over until his recovery. At last accounts this morning he was conscious and slowly recovering.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, Dec. 28.*

A ROGUS PRINCE.

The Man Who Passed as the Duke of Edinburgh—A Reporter Caught Hoaxed.

(From the Detroit Evening News.)

The Duke of Edinburgh passed through Detroit this morning via the Great West and Michigan Central Railroads—that is, individual whom the New York *World* correspondent interviewed at Halifax on the rival of the Black Prince. His real name is Jones—Robert J. Jones. He is said by friends to resemble the Duke not a little. He is Halifax, though it has been but few years since he left England. He holds a Custom House appointment at Halifax, and on the arrival of the Duke's ship, the Black Prince, was bearer of despatches to His Royal Highness. The Duke took the despatches and retired to his stateroom to examine them, bidding messenger wait till he should have perused his replies. Jones was standing, cap in hand, conversing with an officer of a vessel who happened to be something of a wag, when an irrepressible New York newspaper correspondent pressed his way into the cabin and obsequiously enquired if he addressed His Royal Highness Prince Alfred. The waggish officer winked at Jones, formally presented the correspondent. Jones taken aback at first, maintained a studious reserve, but finally, warming to the job, answered freely every question propounded without caring much what the import of answers might be.

When the officer who had put up the jug judged that the Duke might have nearly completed his writing he found means cutting short the interview and bowing the correspondent—successfully getting off him before His Royal Highness appeared. This development satisfactorily explained the issue of veracity between the correspondent of the New York *World* and the prime. The *World* correspondent did correctly report the interview, and the Duke is equally truthful in denying every word of it.

Jones came west this week to attend the wedding of his only sister in Chicago. The train he gave the story away to a Detroit gentleman, who meeting a reporter of *News* on his arrival at Detroit, introduced him to Mr. Jones, from whom he extracted the story direct. Mr. Jones is a distinguished-looking gentleman and when dressed in official uniform, new for the occasion, might very readily be taken for a person of high degree.

AN UNOFFICIAL ALMANAC.

How a Chinaman Examines His Almanac.

The December number of *The American Journal of Science and Art* contains an article on the Chinese Official Almanac, of which it is said that "it is issued annually in January, and is carefully prepared by the Board of Astronomy, an important body imperially appointed, presided over by a prince of the royal blood, and equal in dignity to any other government body of an empire. The almanac is bestowed as a special act of grace by the Emperor on the Corea, Loochooans, Annamites, and other tributary States. As this publication is so highly respected by the Chinese, it may fairly be considered as the representative of the high state of astronomical science reached by them." A large part of the astrological portion of the almanac is intended for "practical guide in the common affairs of life." A translation is given of the admonitions for the first days of the current year follows:

The first day is favorable for sacrifice and for entering school; at noon it is allowable to bathe. It is unfavorable for starting on a journey or changing residence.

The second day is favorable for sacrifice and bathing. It is unfavorable for starting on a journey, removing or practicing a superstitious rite.

The third day; there are no indications.

The fifth day; may visit, bathe, shave, clean up. May not plant and sow.

The fourth day; may receive or make visits and out out clothes; at seven in the morning may draw up contracts, barter or make presents. May not go on a journey or break ground.

The sixth day is favorable for sacrifice, conjugal union, visiting, taking on a new servant, starting on a journey, removing, repairing, building, breaking ground; three in the morning may draw up contracts, open shop, barter, send presents, seal, to the soil and bury.

The seventh day; may level roads, but must not start on a journey.

The eighth; may sacrifice, memorials, enter offices, assume ceremonial clothes; five a. m. may sit toward the southeast; all favorable for conjugal union, visits, weddings, taking on a new servant, starting a journey, erecting uprights and putting crossbeams, building, removing soil or burying.

The writer gives a few more items and comments as follows:

And so it goes on for nearly every day of the year. Enough has been translated to show the excessive childishness and absurdity of this, the principal part of the *Lunar Almanac*. On the 17th one may be treated to illness and open caecities of provisions. On the 22nd it is allowable to pull down old houses and walls, but drains must not be opened wells dug until the 27th. Arrests should be made on the 25th; this is the only favorable day in the month—a very satisfactory arrangement for criminals. There are four days in thirty on which one must out of clothes, and the same number which one may sweep and clean up. It is advised to shave on the 5th, 23rd and 29th and to bathe seven times in the month. Unfortunately the intervals between the bath days are unequal, and the believer in the Almanac must wait from the 5th to the 13th, and from the 14th to the 23rd. Besides the 1st bathing is favorable at an inconvenient hour, viz., noon; the hour on the 29th (five o'clock) is much better.

These indications seem too silly to afford sensible men, yet while the Chinaman is not only sensible, but actually shrewd and keen he guides most of his more important affairs by the almanac. The poorer classes watch the almanac carefully, and marry, bury and do other things only when it advises, and is to be feared that the better educated do not start on a journey nor enter offices on favorable days, though it is to be hoped they bathe, shave and clean oftener.

"No use in my trying to collect that bit of silver," said a collector to his employer, handing the dishonored document to the latter. "Why?" "The man who should pay it is not here," replied the collector. "Then take it and collect it, sir. A non est man will fail to meet his obligations."