Wichita Eagle

A BARRIER BETWEEN THEM.

Hostile Neighbors in Africa Who Have Established a No Man's Land.

A little British expedition recently steamed far up the Benue branch of the Niger river in a small steam launch, and finally entered a tributary of the Benue and explored a region which no white man has ever visited before. The most interesting thing about their journey was the curious experience they had with the natives.

They had been passing for a good while through a region that was inhabited by Moslem blacks, fruits of the rather severe methods of conversion employed by the Arab invaders of the Soudan. The country was very fertile, and the people were numerous; but all of a sudden, though the country still wore its usual aspect, and the soil was apparently rich, population entirely ceased. For a stretch of over twenty miles not a hut was to be seen, nor was a single sign of human life anywhere observed. The expedition wondered at this remarkable state of affairs, for the country was certainly inviting, and they could not imagine why it had no inhabitants.

All at once, however, as they rounded a bend in the river they saw big crowds of natives running down the slopes of the hill to the bank. They brandished their spears at the white men on the little boat, and told them to go back, for they wanted no Moslems in their country. There was an interpreter on the vessel, who succeeded in convincing the natives that the visitors were not Moslems, and thereupon the people became quite friendly.

Then the reason for this cursous lack of population was ascertained. When the tribes who had been converted to Islam found the natives near them were just as strong as they were, the spread of their religion in that direction abruptly ceased, but these heathen people and the Moslem converts near them could not live at peace with one another. It was finally decided that as they could not be good neighbors, a stretch of country should be placed between them where no one should live, and in that way they expected to get along with less bloodshed.

So all the people who inhabited this fertile region, about twenty miles wide, packed up their little belongings and moved away, and the stretch of country thus came to be without a single inhabitant. Today it is a No Man's Land, and the only reason is that the people who are neighbors there cannot live on friendly terms, and, having tired of fighting, have put this barrier between them.—Boston Herald.

Freak of a Somnambulist.

A young man who is well known in this city had an unpleasant experience a short time ago. He is a somnambulist and often does peculiar things in his sleep. He went to visit some friends in Waterbury, and as he was not in the habit of retiring as early as the members of the family he was visiting, he remained up and took his shoes off before ascending the stairs.

A few nights after his return to his home he lay down on a lounge and fell asleep. After sleeping soundly a half hour he arose, walked to the foot of the stairs, took off his shoes, and not being content with doing that, he drew off his stockings also. He then clambered upstairs to his room. Taking a match from his pocket he brought one of his feet up so that he could reach the bottom of it, and then deliberately scratched the match on the flat surface.

The match did not light immediately, but he kept on scratching. Finally the match did light. The holder was unconscious of the fact and kept on scratching. Suddenly he awoke in great pain from the burn. He limped about for several days, and since that time questions about the proper mode of lighting a match have been distasteful to him.—New Haven Palladium.

Honors to a Dead Dog.

I saw a queer corpse in the undertaking establishment of Lewis Jones, on LaGrange street, a few days ago, queer even in that grim receptacle. On the embalming board lay the body of a pretty brown spaniel and near by a handsomely constructed hardwood box, elegantly lined, which was to be doggie's chamber when planted in the cold, cold ground. The animal was the pet of a rich lady, who, when he one day became ill, sent him to the dog hospital, and when he died had his body cared for with as much tenderness as though he were a human being. Doggie was shipped from here to the lady's former home in Maine, where the animal was interred with full honors.—Boston Record.

A Poor Sportsman.

We have all encountered him in the field, the man who howls like a maniac at his dog. It is not because the dog is deaf, for even if he were there would be no need of the howling and shrieking, but it is that the howler knows not a bit better. He has the notion that a hunting dog must be worked like a sledge dog amid Arctic ice fields, and so he makes an Esquimau of himself every time he goes shooting. And none of us ever yet saw a dog that worked any better for the racket than he might work, or might at least have been trained to work, without it.—Forest and Stream.

Well Preserved Blankets.

Hon. Moses Tenney, of Georgetown, state treasurer, and receiver general from 1856 to 1861, sleeps between blankets woven by his wife's mother 100 years ago. The blankets have been in use the greater part of the time since they were made, and are in a remarkable state of preservation. Mr. Tenney is nearing fourscore years, and is remarkably active for one so old.—Haverhill Bulletin.

Old Enough.

Mrs. Grubbs—And so your daughter's wedding is set? Don't you think she is too young to marry?

Mrs. Dubbs—No, indeed. She has ruled the whole family for three years

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

WOMAN'S WAY IN CHINA

EDNA SANDFORD ON THE MYSTERIES OF THE ORIENTAL BOUDOIR.

She Grows Enthusiastic Over the Comfort and Elegance of Mongolian Female Attire—Garments Cool in Summer and Warm in Winter.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—There is no reason why American women should not borrow fashions from the far east as well as from London and Paris. Worth and his imitators may be the exclusive masters of style, but they know little of ease or comfort. In fact the modistes of the Old World and the New seem to devote themselves to the elaboration of the clothes which are worn upon public occasions, and to give no thought to that which is used in the privacy of the household. I have

AN INDOOR COSTUME.

never called upon a Chinese or Japanese lady with whom I was on terms of intimacy but what I coveted some if not all of her wearing apparel. In their boudoirs they are pictures of physical content and happiness.

Oriental clothes—and it is true for both men and women—are based upon absolute common sense. In the first place, the waist is never constricted. The corset, stay or tight fitting garment is unknown. A woman can eat and drink without feeling uncomfortable, and can stoop and touch her toes without difficulty. As a consequence she enjoys a health and strength that affords an unpleasant contrast to what is enjoyed by her more civilized sister.

What is of almost equal importance is that the clothes of women in the east hang from the shoulders. There is little or no weight upon the waist or hips. Even when a belt is worn it is almost always a loose girdle attached to a robe, somewhat similar to the silver belts worn by our girls two and three years ago. In many cases the girdle is permanently affixed to the dress, and is practically a portion of that garment. Mrs. Jenness-Miller in her most imaginative moments has never devised a more hygienic article of raiment than that worn by the wealthy women of the orient.

Outside of the sanitary value of eastern clothing it has the additional excellence of beauty, richness and elegance. I recall a visit to the wife of one of the richest Chinamen in southern California where I was allowed the privilege of seeing a good part of her wardrobe. As with us her undergarments were made of the finest silk, but were sewed and not woven, and the threads instead of being stiffened or glazed were left in their natural soft condition. Whether it was the nature of the raw silk, or of some process used in the manufacturing, I cannot say, but the undershirts felt as soft in my hands as the finest woven English merino. Over this she wore a gown, which was held by shoulder straps, leaving the arms bare, and being cut down a reasonable length both in the front and back. It was brought in close to the figure at the waist by darts, and came to a little below the knees.

The material was a pale pink satin, brocaded with figures of a slightly different hue, and embroidered upon the shoulder straps, around the neck, down the front and around the bottom. The embroidery was done with silk floss of different colors and gold and silver bullion thread, and was made to represent vines interspersed with blossoms. The flowers that were yellow in part or whole had this color represented in the gold, and those which were white in silver. The gown was strong and durable, very light and loosely enough woven to allow the air to blow through it. Over this was the outer gown, which was shaped very much like a Newmarket, with the front flaps turned back. The collar was a rolling one, quite deep.

DRESSED FOR AN OUTING.

The sleeves were remarkably large and roomy, and finished with cuffs at least seven inches long, which when pulled down covered the entire hand from view.

The material was a pale blue silk, heavily brocaded, and faced upon the collar, flaps and cuffs with a silk of a much darker blue. Down both fronts ran a line of little silver buttons and buttonholes worked in silver thread and surrounded by silver embroidery, so as to give the effect of two long lines of silver leaves. Around the waist was a girdle, which came down well in front, apparently made of heavy cloth, but so covered with embroidery as to conceal the material beneath. Attached to the girdle were a lot of keys and trinkets. Her stockings were apparently cotton woven, like our own, as far as the ball of the ankle, at which point they were sewed on to stiff black linen boards, which, for the lack of a better name, might be called ankle cuffs.

For state occasions she had a shawl of white silk about six feet square, with a fringe at least a foot deep. The fringe was knotted in very much the same style as Macrame lace. Upon the shawl proper as a field was a quantity of embroidery of almost startling brilliancy. The center figure represented gaily colored birds making love, flying about or feeding their young, each group of birds being surrounded by a wilderness of leaves and flowers. In the four corners were four dragons, in what to American eyes seemed ludicrous attitudes. One seemed to be smelling some flowers and sneezing over them, a second was picking blossoms, a third was eating rosebuds and a fourth was apparently settling down for a nap. For ordinary occasions she had silk shawls either plain or slightly embroidered and of different thicknesses. One shawl was so heavy that it was either padded or else made of several thicknesses of silk.

These shawls are worn according to the weather—the light and diaphanous ones in the dog days, and the heavy and padded ones in the colder seasons. Besides the padded shawl they use an ingenious garment that we might almost call a padded or fur lined wrapper. The padded ones suggest the heavy blouses worn by well to do Chinamen in December. The fur lined ones are greatly like the fur lined circulars which were in fashion a few seasons ago. The Chinese use a larger variety of furs and skins than the European races. They not only employ all the furs familiar to us, but go so far as to use the skins of puppies, kittens, rats, mice, lambs, kids, squirrels, monkeys, yak and awrochs. In fact it may be truthfully said that there is hardly any animal, wild or domesticated, but whose skin is employed for wearing apparel by the thrifty Mongolian people. Feather trimmed garments such as were worn by the Aztec nobles are not uncommon.

Some other dresses that this Chinese lady owned were what might be called court robes, if women of that land were ever allowed in court society. In nearly all of these garments the basis material was a heavy silk of a bright blue, green, gold, scarlet, purple or orange. On each was embroidered a design so large as to cover almost every spare inch of the surface. This embroidery contained a large amount of silver and gold, which varied from about one-tenth to nine-tenths of all that was used. One suit consisted of three pieces—a cape, a vest and a skirt. The vest came down very low in front, and was cut so as to form projecting angles at the sides. The cape was cut almost to the knee, and terminated in points which touched each other in front, while the flaps at the neck were about a foot apart. The sleeves were cut like huge wings or sails, with a curving flare from the shoulder to the end.

IN ROBES OF MOURNING.

The skirt was narrow rather than full, and was gored at the back of the waist. The embroiderer generally makes the embroidery correspond between the cape and the skirt, and gives a smaller pattern to the vest than to the other two garments. These dresses are extremely expensive, and cost in China from 40 to 300 taels, which in our money would be from $50 to about $400. With some of these court robes a singular ornament is used in the shape of shoulder attachments, which gives a woman the appearance of an angel or a theatrical butterfly. The favorite forms which are used for these attachments are one or more peacock tips, flags, artificial flowers and mounted birds. As these are light and easily stirred, and as every eastern woman carries a fan, they make a very beautiful picture when the fans put the ornaments in rapid motion. It is as near to a wind stirred garden of natural flowers as anything that can be imagined.

Another court robe consisted of two pieces, the one a short shoulder cape and the other a princess dress cut moderately low in front, just reaching to the ankles and running to a train about half a yard in length. The cape, sleeves and dress were cut so as to give the effect of sharp re-entering angles.

No lady's wardrobe is complete in the east unless it have an assortment of what we call Turkish trousers. These fit quite snug to the waist and the ankles and are always loose. Where people are wealthy they are so baggy as to be almost laughable. I have seen several pairs, of which each leg was two yards in circumference. The poorer classes make these trousers out of cotton cloth or prints; the well to do use various qualities of silk and satin. They are extremely cool and comfortable in summer, and quite warm in the colder part of the year.

When trousers are worn the dress skirts are usually cut much shorter than usual, so as to display the lower part of the leg from the ankle downward. On very gala occasions the white stockings and ankle cuffs are replaced by those of finer materials and far greater cost, the former being made of silk, and the latter being rigid boards embroidered in brilliant colors, but in such tints and patterns as to afford a bright contrast to the robes above it. The sash is also used in the east, but is not so popular as with us western barbarians. It is generally fringed at the ends, and these, as far as wealthy people are concerned, are handsomely embroidered.

EDNA SANDFORD.

Prepared for the Conductor Now.

The Utah friends of United States Senator J. P. Jones, of Nevada, have presented him with a gold headed cane, the handle of which contains a compartment large enough for the storage of 100 five cent pieces. The reason for the queer gift was the announcement some time ago that Mr. Jones was expelled from a street car because he had not with him the nickle required for fare. His friends propose that he shall "go loaded" hereafter.

The New Game.

The climax in golf has come in England. It is not simply men who work chiefly with their brains—judges, clergymen, artists, journalists, members of parliament and novelists—that have taken to it almost en masse, and are never weary of singing its praises as the sole perfect cure for dyspepsia, the meagrims and worry. Young athletes are abandoning cricket and football for golf, and are competing with each other as to who can "drive the longest ball."—Exchange.

In our time the third finger is usually the one on which the engagement ring is placed, also the wedding ring, some belief possibly existing in the old superstition that a vein ran directly from this part of the left hand to the heart.

The daily mileage made in cities of the United States by cars supplied with electric motors is now more than one hundred thousand and is growing rapidly.

THE COVES OF CRAIL.

The moon white waters wash and leap,
The dark tide floods the coves of Crail;
Sound, sound he lies in dreamless sleep,
Nor hears the sea wind wail.

The pale gold of his cozy locks
Doth hither drift and thither wave;
His thin hands plash against the rocks,
His white lips nothing crave.

Afar away she laughs and sings—
A song he loved, a wild sea strain—
Of how the mermen weave their rings
Upon the reef set main.

Sound, sound he lies in dreamless sleep,
Nor hears the sea wind wail,
Tho' with the tide his white hands creep
Amid the coves of Crail.

—William Sharp in New York Independent.

Settling a Restaurant Bill.

A bluegrass idyl has been circulating through the Southern society for several days. It is a tale of two Kentuckians—one a major, the other a colonel—who determined to gratify an oft expressed desire to visit New York. They came, and after two days of sightseeing the colonel suggested to the major that a trip to New York would not be complete without a dinner at Delmonico's. The major agreed.

It was deemed that it would hardly be considerate to take Mr. Delmonico unawares, and in order to prepare him for so unusual an event as a swell dinner for two the Kentucky gentlemen went to the restaurant early in the day, called for the head waiter and told him what they wanted. "Spare no expense," they said.

They dined at 6. It was a splendid dinner.

They called for their bill. The waiter placed a check, face down, on the menu. The gentlemen were toasting each other as the waiter did this, and when they placed their glasses on the table he was gone. They saw what appeared to them to be a scrap of paper on the menu and brushed it off. The old fellows were ignorant of the customs of French restaurants, and they concluded that the menu must be the bill. The colonel began to figure up the prices. It seemed that they had eaten a great deal, but the names of the dishes were in a language unknown to them, and anyway they were not in a mood to bother about trifles.

But the colonel gasped when he figured up the total. It was $960.

"Great heavens, sah!" he exclaimed to the major. "It is $960. If we pay this we can't get back home."

"We might," suggested the major faintly, "we might jump out of this window and run."

"No, sah," said the colonel, bringing his fist down on the table. "We are Kentucky gentlemen, sah. We will pay this bill, sah, and then, sah, we will shoot the landlord, sah."—New York Times.

He Was Not a Canary Bird.

They were bride and groom, and she was a guileless thing who had been brought up in the mountains of Pennsylvania. They had come to Atlantic City on their tour, and like everybody else took the trip down to the Inlet, from which all the sailing and fishing boats go out. A party had just come in with a pailful of crabs, and the old grandfather of crabs was on top of the lot. He was chagrined, mad, red hot and he was aching to prove to the world that a crab could die fighting.

This guileless bride had never seen an ocean crab before, and she uttered little screams of wonder and delight. Nay, more, she bent over and lifted old grandfather up in her plump, white hand for closer examination. His chance had come. He took hold. In one minute her shrieks had assembled 500 people, and ten seconds later she fainted dead away and upset her husband over a bait box. A fisherman out with his knife and stabbed the crab in the back and then cut him loose, and a carriage was called and the bride with the bleeding finger was borne sobbing away, never, no never, to pick up an old crab again to see whether he was a butterfly or a canary bird.—Cor. Detroit Free Press.

She Swallowed Eighty Pins.

Among involuntary gastronomic feats the most extraordinary was that of a young woman named Mary Spelmore, who lived in St. Peter's parish, Derby. In the month of November, 1779, she was engaged hanging up linen to dry, when some sudden emotion caused her to swallow a small armament of pins with which she had stocked her mouth. A surgeon was sent for, who did all in his power for the unfortunate girl. Though the retching was constant she never brought up more than one at a time, and in three days the total amounted to seventy-six. Some of them were very long, and her convulsions were so violent that it took several persons to hold her. Shortly after entering the hospital at Nottingham tumors formed on the left side near the shoulder. These were suppurated and opened and several pins came out of the wounds. In five months she was discharged cured.—Nottingham (England) Sun.

Calculation on a Potato.

Did you ever calculate the value of a single potato on the basis that that single tuber was the only one left in the world? That one would, of course, contain within itself the possibility of restocking the world with a valuable article of food. If one potato would produce when planted but ten potatoes in ten years the total product of that one potato would be 10,000,000,000, which would stock the whole world with seed. If the world were reduced to one single potato it would be better that London or Chicago be blotted from the earth than for that one tuber to be lost.—St. Louis Republic.

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Better Protection for Letters.

In a recent English divorce case it was stated that a certain letter of an eminently confidential character was opened and read in the kitchen. The simple procedure was to hold the envelope over a boiling kettle and relax the gum. That should be a warning to everybody who does not wish his private correspondence to become the talk of his servants. The wonder is that so many persons are contented with the modern envelope. Made with thick paper and bad gum, it often flies open even without the assistance of a boiling kettle. Letters should be protected with a wax seal.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A Dentist's Wages.

Dr. Anderson, the Fifth avenue dentist, who plugs up the molars of the Four Hundred, says that he has made $500 in a day, but only once. A lady came to him who wanted diamonds put in a gold filling of her front teeth. "It was evident," said Dr. Anderson, "that she had just come into her inheritance. She seemed so anxious to spend money. I didn't approve of the diamonds, and told her so, but she would have them, and I humored her to such an extent that my day's work netted me $500. What do I make ordinarily? Well. I charge $20 an hour, and I rarely work more than five hours. People don't care to come before 10 in the morning, and late in the afternoon the light is not good. One hundred dollars a day is about the extent of what a dentist can make, and it is the most exacting of all the professions."—New York Press.

Highest Meteorological Stations.

The highest point at which regular meteorological observations are made is on a 14,300 foot peak of the Peruvian Andes. Harvard college maintains an observatory in Colorado at an altitude of but 200 feet less than the above. The station on Pike's peak is pushed up 14,100 feet into the rarified atmosphere of Colorado also. In Europe there are but two stations at any considerable height, they being 10,000 and 11,000 feet respectively.—St. Louis R[illegible]

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