IS A HOLY TERROR TO LAGGARDS.

Superior Judge Hinkson Says He Will Have Promptness.

When the Referee of His Court Calls "Time!" the Judge Wants All to be in the Ring.

The new court, Department Three of the Superior Court, is becoming a terror to the dilatory and stubborn. Judge Hinkson started in by notifying all hands that when an hour was set for a case, or for appearance, it did not mean five minutes, nor ten minutes after the hour. His first rattle was with the Bailiff of his court, who came up twenty minutes late one day, and felt in consequence the heavy hand of the law, and found out just exactly the money value of moments of court time.

The next to suffer fines for contempt were two lawyers who did not comply with the warnings of the court. After that witnesses began to "rustle" when ordered to appear at a certain hour, and promptitude became the order of the day.

It is related that an officer of the city police force was having a cool shave last week, when he bethought him of an order to appear, and asked the barber what time it was. "Five minutes to 10," was the reply. "Never mind the other side of the face," shouted the officer, as he bounded from the chair and bolted for the courtroom.

Wednesday Judge Hinkson ordered a recess for five minutes in the midst of a trial, and cautioned witnesses and jurors that it meant exactly five minutes, and no more. When the court reconvened one juror was absent. A wait of five extra minutes followed, for nothing could be done until the juror returned. When the man appeared the court ordered him fined $5. He is a personal close friend of the Judge, and his astonishment was something ludicrous.

This same week a witness, who was jointly indicted with another on trial, was called under order to appear at 10 o'clock, and came in twenty minutes late.

"Why did you keep the court waiting?" "I couldn't come earlier." "Is that your only excuse?" "It is." Ten days for contempt of court was the order.

And down below went the witness as soon as his examination was over. However, yesterday the court relented and allowed the man his freedom, on his promise not to offend again, and because he had opportunity to get work he would miss if longer confined.

Yesterday, however, was the cap sheaf. A witness was on the stand whose tongue was hung in the middle. Nothing could stop him. When asked a question he would reply with a sermon. He talked so fast and loud that no one could understand him. In vain the court warned him to answer a question and then stop. Finally he tried to talk the court down. His honor shouted for him to stop; it was no use. He seemed wound up for all time.

"The judgment of the court is that you are guilty of contempt," ordered the court. Still the man ran on.

"Will you stop long enough for me to sentence you?" was the shouted request of the court. But it fell on deaf ears.

The result was that the man was sent to jail for twenty-four hours to give his tongue a rest.

Judge Hinkson was asked about these cases yesterday and replied: "The time of the court belongs to the people. It is not mine. No man has a right to keep juries and witnesses dancing at his pleasure. When an hour is set I understand it to mean that hour, not ten minutes after. Men who are laggard offend, and it is my duty to punish such offenses, and I shall do it, no matter who suffers.

"Deserves Great Success."

[From the Martinez News.]

The Sacramento RECORD-UNION has entered upon the forty-first year of its existence. The UNION is one of the old reliable papers of the State, is newsy, and ably edited, and is deserving of its great success.

YOUNG WOMEN CHRISTIANS.

Sunday Afternoon Meetings to be Held an Hour Earlier.

The usual Sunday afternoon meeting for women at the Young Women's Christian Association rooms, corner of Eighth and I streets, will be held at 4 instead of 5 o'clock, owing to the shortening of the days.

The various committees are planning for the class work for the winter, and it is thought that most of them will be ready to begin by the middle of October.

It has been necessary to postpone the reception of the General Secretary, and further notice will be given when the date is decided on.

The luncheons are being duly appreciated by many young women who enjoy good home cooking. All women, whether members of the association or not, are invited to lunch at the rooms. The reading and rest rooms are also very inviting.

JOHNSON'S DEFENSE.

A Witness Swears That White Made a Will in His Favor.

The case of Joe Johnson, the negro who was charged with embezzlement, on account of allowing $600 belonging to S. T. E. White to elope with him, was on trial yesterday.

William Selleck testified that at White's wish, he being very sick, he drew up a will giving to Johnson the money and the show paraphernalia owned by him, in case of his death. He also testified that White said he did not want his brother in San Francisco or his wife to have any of his property, the latter being in San Francisco and indulging in bicycling in bloomers.

White, who is suffering from paralysis of the brain, was in court and is evidently a sick man. He talked with his wife and they laughed when Selleck testified concerning her. The case is still on trial.

YOM KIPPUR.

A Large Attendance at the Synagogue Last Night.

The synagogue was crowded last night, the occasion being the celebration of the Day of Atonement which is observed by the Jewish Church. Rabbi Simon officiated, and Cantor M. Luxemberg gave the service in excellent style.

It was a very interesting and beautiful service, and the music was of a high order. The choir was composed of Mrs. Mary M. Ross, Mrs. R. H. Hawley, and Messrs. R. T. Cohn and Horace Crocker.

The services will be continued to-day, and the orthodox Jews will celebrate the occasion for two days. Eight days afterwards will be celebrated the Feast of Tabernacles.

UNDOUBTEDLY ARSON.

A Building Leased by W. H. Basler Burned Last Night.

At 10:30 o'clock last night as John Morley and two companions were going to the country on a fishing expedition, and when near the residence of W. H. Basler, leased by him, just this side of the American-River bridge, they discovered a small dwelling-house, adjoining his home, to be on fire.

They called Mr. Basler, and he hastily dressed himself and with the assistance of neighbors succeeded in saving the barn and other buildings, but the house was completely destroyed. There was some furniture and dairy supplies in the house, brought there by a man who was about to occupy the place, and his loss must be at least $100. Mr. Basler's loss, though he did not own the house, is $150.

During the State Fair Mr. Basler was annoyed by a gang of seven or eight men, who took possession of the house, and he finally drove them away. Subsequently one of these men made threats that they would get even with Mr. Basler, and he believes they had something to do with the burning of the place.

COULDN'T CATCH HIM.

Unsuccessful Chase After an Alleged Swindler.

Quite a commotion was created at the depot last night just as the Eastern overland train was pulling out.

A potato peddler named Sullivan reported to the police that a man named Pete Moore had collected $250 belonging to him, and was about to take the train for the East. Officers Higgins, Taylor and Talbot went to the depot in search of Moore.

The latter saw the officers coming and made his escape among the trees in the vicinity of the depot. A couple of shots were fired in the direction of the flying man by Railroad Officer Marion Wilson, but this only seemed to accelerate his speed, and he soon distanced the officers and escaped.

AMUSEMENTS.

The rule at the Clunie Opera-house is "full house." The extravagant melodrama "The Fire Patrol" draws wonderfully well. The Caldwell Company plays it finely, and makes out of a poor play a lively entertainment. "The Fire Patrol," with its stamp mill in operation, its patrol wagon and horses and its score of sensational scenes, will be played at a matinee at 2 P. M. to-day, again to-night and for the last time to-morrow night.

Andrew Waldron and Jennie Calef, his wife, the popular comedians, who have so long resided here, have accepted an engagement to take the road with the Albert Hosmer Dramatic Troupe. Hosmer was formerly leading man at the Clunie Opera-house.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Richard Trengrove is back from his visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilson are visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Adsit of Oakland are stopping at the Golden Eagle.

W. M. Petrie, who went East with the Knights Templar last month, has returned from his journey. He reports having had a most enjoyable trip.

The evening of the 17th witnessed a pleasing event at the residence of Mr. De Shane, on Twenty-fourth street, it being the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Reeves and Mr. and Mrs. T. W. De Shane, all of the contracting parties having been formerly residents of Walchville, Ill. The presents consisted of useful articles, and the wedding supper was a sumptuous banquet. The invited guests were Rev. J. L. Trefren and wife, Misses Slater, Reeves, Dr. Cronemiller, Harve Slater, Mr. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. Huff and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Farrar and son.

BRIEF NOTES.

Summer evidently forgot something and returned for it.

The night-bloomer serious girls are making the most of these pleasant evenings, for soon storms will come, when no one can ride the wheel.

Some rubbish in the rear of the State Capitol building got on fire yesterday and caused something of a stir. Men from the State Printing Office and the grounds extinguished the blaze before any injury resulted.

A Vicious Drunk.

Officer Rutherford last night arrested four men at Second and L streets who were beastly drunk. While they were being searched at the police station one of them tried to kick Sergeant Plunkett in the stomach.

The Sergeant promptly knocked him down and then threw him into a cell.

Appraisement Filed.

S. H. Farley, John Riley and M. Favero have filed in the Superior Court their inventory and appraisement of the estate of Thomas C. Hamer, consisting of the east half of lot 7, between D and E, Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, valued at $950.

Return of Sales.

E. W. Thomas, administrator of the estate of J. B. Gates, makes his return of sales of real estate, amounting to $400, and asks that it be confirmed.

DOWN THE RIVER.

What Is Going On in the Southern End of the County.

The Rio Vista *News* contains the following items:

The Grand Island dredger arrived on Sunday from Stockton, Captain Joe Hyde in command, where it received a general overhauling. Look out for rapid work in the future.

The ranchers on the various islands are busily engaged in the harvesting of beans. The yield is very heavy, and if the weather continues good the crop will be in splendid condition.

The Dixon *Tribune* says: "The potato farmers from the Sacramento River are beginning to come in with their produce. The river potatoes are generally good and meet with a ready sale."

The clam-shell dredger arrived on Monday of this week at Tyler Island. Captain Bert Williams will be in command, and Captain Adams will take charge of the Samson on the Brannan Island work.

Two detachments of the United States Engineer Corps are located in the vicinity of Isleton, engaged in taking soundings of the river from Ryde to the mouth of Old River. They are also sounding Steamboat Slough.

Frank Hollister of Courtland left on Friday last for Liverpool, England, with his life-long friend, Billy Blair, in search of good health. They took passage on a merchant marine ship. Mr. Blair being interested in that line of business. The well wishes of all their friends go with them.

Death of a Mountain-Climber.

The Rev. Harry Wilson, vicar of St. Augustine, Stepney, London, E., and the Rev. Richard Wilson, his assistant curate, the leaders of the search party who recovered the body of the late Benjamin Eyre of the English chancery bar, send us the following additional particulars of his death at Canton Valais, Switzerland: Mr. Eyre, after ascending the Sparrenhorn (10,000 feet above the sea) by the ordinary route, attempted to return to his hotel by a ridge of rocks to the west, from which he would descend by a gully in the rocks distant rather more than a quarter of a mile from the summit of the Sparrenhorn. This ridge and gully present no serious difficulties to expert mountaineers with the usual equipment of ropes and ice-axes. Unfortunately Mr. Eyre, though an exceptionally strong and active man, had not any great experience in mountaineering, and was alone, and had with him only a walking-stick. It is supposed that, finding at the head of the gully a mass of ice which he was unable to cross safely without an ice-ax, he returned, and endeavored to find a way to the valley below over the face of the rocks. Unfortunately, he seems to have left the ridge too soon, where the rocks below are very steep, with a precipice beneath them of 800 feet. It was at the foot of this that the body was found at daybreak on Saturday, after search parties had been on the mountain the whole night. It was manifest from the injuries to the head that death was instantaneous.—London Telegraph.

Mrs. Fashion—I've picked out a husband for you, daughter. Miss Fashion—Very well; but I want to say right here, mother, when it comes to buying the wedding dress, I'm going to select the material myself.—Truth.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, who will inherit several millions, and Moses Taylor, a young New York millionaire, are reported to be engaged to marry.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Current Literature of the Day and Age.

Late Periodicals—Irrigation Farming—A Forty-Niner's Book—Story of a Queen.

With the October number "The Century" (New York) closes its twenty-fifth year and its fiftieth volume, but, notwithstanding this venerable age among magazines, its contents show youthful vigor and a particular timeliness. This month marks the centenary of Keats, and there are several articles on the poet. Kenyon West writes of "Keats in Hampstead." The article is accompanied by reproductions of the death mask of the poet; Severn's portrait and sketch of him, and the beautiful bust which was recently erected by American admirers in a church at Hampstead. Henry Van Dyke furnishes a study of "The Influence of Keats" on American and English poetry. There are also several tributes to E. J. Glave, the young explorer who died a few months ago in Africa. Robert Howard Russell contributes a paper on Glave's career, quoting Stanley's tribute to him, and Richard Watson Gilder makes his untimely death the subject of a sonnet. Professor Cesare Lombroso has an essay on "Nordau's Degeneration,' Its Value and Its Errors," in which he takes exception to many of the conclusions of his follower. There is a second and concluding paper by Miss Anna L. Bicknell on "Life in the Tuileries Under the Second Empire." Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" reaches the period of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. There is a study of "The Marriage Rate of College Women," by Miss Millicent W. Shinn. It is reinforced with carefully compiled statistics, and is in a line with recent discussion. Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd writes of "A Cruise on the Norfolk Broads," a delightful yachting experience in England, for which Joseph Pennell has drawn a number of illustrations. Besides the concluding chapters of Marion Crawford's dramatic novel, "Casa Braccio," the fiction of the number is contributed by George A. Hibbard, Ruth McEnery Stuart, and George Wharton Edwards.

Most appropriately for the season, the September number of that splendid French magazine, "Monde Moderne," gives a large part of its contents to travels, taking the reader from Montenegro to America, and to the northernmost point of Russia. Exact accounts of interesting voyages are given by persons who knew how to use their eyes, and who have exemplified their vivid descriptions by sketches wherein art is skillfully combined with photography. An article upon sardines is quite apropos at a time when their delay is a grievous disappointment on the Breton coast. Twenty other articles complete this number, many of them beautifully illustrated and all varied and instructive, including: "Yanossik," a story, by Mara Chellga; "Le Bonnet des Hollandaises," by Jean de Corvey; "La Chalcographie du Louvre," by Henry de Chennevieres; "Coup d'oeil sur le Montenegro," by Jacques Bertillon; "La Telegraphie Militaire," by Louis d'Or; "Les Ouragans dans les iles de l'Atlantique sur la cote des Etats-Unis," by Henry Nogressan; "La Sardine sur les Cotes Bretonnes," by G. de Burgraff; "Le Psautier Fleuri," by Rene Lorrain; "Les Sainte-Amaranthe," by G. Lenotre; "L'Œuvre de Berlioz," by Julien Tiersot; "Deux Petites Capitales Germaniques," by Georges Servieres; "Les Grandes Conquetes de la Chirurgie Moderne," by Dr. Marcel Baudoin; "A la Fortune du Pot," by Cotton; "Lo Mouvement Litteraire," by Leo Claretie; "Jeux et Recreations," by G. Beudin; "La Mode du Mois"; "Connaissances Utiles," H. Mouse de Corse. Published by A. Quantin, 5 Rue Saint-Benoit, Paris, France.

"Her Majesty" is one of the most charming fancies in the short story line we have met with in many a day. It is the tale of a young, inexperienced queen of a "far distant" land, who went among her people incog., fell in, in her adventures, with a nobleman also incog., whose sympathies were all with the people, and all for the betterment of social and political conditions. Neither knew for a long time the rank of the other. Both pretended to be poor and of the lower orders, and both landed in prison, and as the result of tyranny. The queen was restored, only in time, however, to be ousted from her throne by a revolution, and to fly in company with her old friend, whom she married. When the revolution ended and corruption had been overthrown, the queen and her consort were recalled by the people, and, having learned true lessons of life, ruled wisely and well, and all was peace and happiness. All in all, a delightful story, with a fine vein of political and social philosophy. It is from the pen of Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, and is from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Lincoln's apprehensive distrust of marriage is revealed in some extremely interesting letters from the great President in the October "Ladies' Home Journal" (Philadelphia), in which John Gilmer Speed discusses "Lincoln's Hesitancy to Marry." Edward S. Martin presents a review of the various theories advanced by scientists in the effort to definitely locate the Garden of Eden. Dr. Parkhurst's article treats of "Religion in the Family." "The Woman Who Most Influenced Me" series of papers is enriched by a contribution from Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Edward W. Bok discusses "Where American Life Really Exists." Robert J. Burdette contributes "The Strike in the Choir." How to fit up and furnish "A Japanese Room" is told and illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews. Elizabeth W. Bellamy's serial, "The Luck of the Pendennings"; "Early Autumn Costumes," by Isabel A. Mallon; "Novelties in Dress Designs," by Emma M. Hooper, appear. In the same issue are suggestions for evening parties and church festivals, helpful, practicable papers, a guide to scrap-book making, etc. Ruth Ashmore discusses "The Girl and Her Church," and Maria Parloa "The Science of French Cooking."

"Harper's Magazine" for October has, with many beautiful illustrations and the usual departments, these special features: "Hindoo and Moslem," fourteen illustrations, by Edward Lord Weeks; "At the Sign of the Balsam Bough," Henry Van Dkye; "Queen Victoria's Highland Home, illustrated, J. R. Hunter; "Three Gringos in Central America, illustrated, Richard Harding Davis; "The Future in Relation to American Naval Power," Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.; "The German Struggle for Liberty," illustrated, Poultney Bigelow; "Hearts Insurgent," Thomas Hardy; "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc;" "The Coupons of Fortune," Mary Stewart Cutting; "Alone in China," illustrated, Julian Ralph; "Jamie the Kid," illustrated, Josiah Flynt. Besides these features, the "Magazine" contains "The Gift of Story-Telling," an essay by Brander Matthews; "Ronzano," a chapter of personal reminiscences, by Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, and "Bookra," a sonnet by Charles Dudley Warner.

"Poet Lore" for August-September (196 Sumner street, Boston) is such a magazine of letters as real lovers of good literature admire. At once finished, critical and elevated it is a study and a pleasure. The double autumn number treats of these subjects: "A Story from the Danish of Drachmann"; "A Story by Villiers de L'isle Adam"; "Margaret Fuller's Permanent Influence," by Kenyon West; "At the Roadhouse," verses in memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Bliss Carman; "On Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'", notes critical and biographical, by Dr. W. J. Rolfe; "Dante's 'Paradiso,' introductory cantos, by Professor Ellen M. Mitchell; "Miss Ariel's Paper Discussed," being Part III. of the "Annals of a Quiet Browning Club"; "Moral Proportion and Fatalism in 'Othello,' by Ella Adams Moore; "Impressions of Maeterlinck," by Richard Hovey; "Our Inherited Bad Grammar," by A. M. Spence; "Consummation," verses by Hannah Parker Kimball; Review, London Literaria, Notes and News.

"Irrigation Farming" is a handbook by Lute Wilcox of Colorado, and is published by the Orange Judd Company of New York. This manual contains ninety-five illustrations. The text is clear and concise, and there is not a line of verblage in the work. It appears to be a fine example of completeness, and treats upon agriculture by irrigation, supplemented with scientific cultivation. This book is primarily written for and adapted to Western farmers and farms, but is, we are assured, equally valuable to farmers in the South and other sections of the country. It is divided into twenty chapters, each of which is a condensed treatise on its special topic. The concluding portions of the book give a review of the common law of irrigation and a glossary of irrigation terms.

"To the Golden Goal and Other Sketches" is a book by Dr. J. C. Tucker, who died in Oakland in 1891. The work is published by William Doxey, San Francisco, for the widow, who presents it to satisfy the friends of the doctor who knew that he had it in preparation. It is a straightforward, graphic recital of the adventures of Dr. Tucker, and his observations in California. He came here in 1849. He was widely and well known in this State, and filled many important trusts. It is freely and handsomely illustrated, and it contains several charmingly unconventional stories and skesches. Dr. Tucker was certainly an interesting writer, and his diction was that of the well-educated gentleman.

The "American Journal of Sociology" for September—late at hand, but not the less welcome—(University of Chicago Press) has these papers: "The American University," Emil G. Hirsch; "Sociology and Cosmology," Lester F. Ward; "Sociology and Political Economy," Rene Worms; "The Guidance of Public Opinion," J. W. Jenks; "Local Alliances," Josiah Strong; "Christian Sociology, I. Man," Shailer Mathews; "Static and Dynamic Sociology," Albion W. Small; "Sociological Miscellany."

"God Forsaken" is a novel by Frederic Breton, from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It is one of the Hudson Library. It is philosophical and allegorical, an odd conceit, but a scholarly and critical production of intense interest. It is in three parts and a prelude, and really is a series of strung-together stories, but all related and making a whole, to which each part is essential. It is a novel that rivets the attention and engages the best emotions and sympathies.

ALLIGATOR FARMS.

Ten Thousand Baby 'Gators Raised Every Year for Sale.

The attention of the United States Fish Commission has been called recently to a new and remarkable industry, the artificial propagation of alligators. For supplying the trade in Florida curiosities there is a large demand for young reptiles of this kind. In Jacksonville, which is the center of the traffic, from 8,000 to 10,000 alligators are sold to tourists annually—nearly all of them baby ones. The latter are collected in considerable numbers by professional hunters, who receive for them $20 to $25 a hundred. Some of them are disposed of alive at retail, but many are stuffed. An infant alligator stuffed is worth twenty-five cents more than a live one. Saurians six to twelve feet long fetch $12 to $25.

The difficulty of securing young alligators in sufficient numbers has led to the establishment of the strange business described. To find the nests of these reptiles is comparatively easy, and the eggs are shipped in bulk by the hunters to Jacksonville. In that city there are twelve dealers in alligators, the best known of them being a man who has earned the sobriquet of "Alligator Davis." It was he who originated the incubator system, which is simple enough. The eggs, about the size of goose eggs, are placed in boxes of sand and covered up. The boxes are exposed on a roof to the torrid rays of a semi-tropical sun, and in a few days the lizards are hatched. They are six inches or so in length when they first make their appearance in the world. Some of them are killed and stuffed as they see daylight.

A species of true crocodile is found in Southern Florida on both coasts. It is hardly distinguishable from the alligator except by the shade of its head, though it grows bigger, attaining a length of eighteen feet. Dr. Hugh M. Smith of the Fish Commission says that young crocodiles are hatched for the market in the same fashion. The mother crocodile lays her eggs in the sand like a turtle and simply covers them over. Somewhat different is the practice of the maternal alligator, who, in April or May, seeks a sheltered spot on a bank and there builds a small mound. The foundation of the mound is of mud and grass, and on this she lays some eggs. She covers the eggs with another stratum of grass and mud, upon which she deposits some more eggs. Thus she proceeds until she has laid from 100 to 200 eggs.

The eggs, in the course of time, are hatched by the sun, assisted by the heat which the decomposition of the vegetable material generates. As soon as they have "chipped the shell" the baby alligators are led to the water by the mother, who provides them with food which she disgorges, showing much anxiety for their safety. At this early period of their existence they are exposed to many dangers, being a favorite prey of fishes and turtles. Alligators' eggs, by the way, are sometimes eaten by Florida Crackers. The robbing of the nests for the market is helping to hasten the inevitable destruction of the alligator fishery, which has been an important and profitable industry in Florida. Facts recently gathered by the Fish Commission show that the reptiles cannot long escape practical extermination. Already they are becoming scarce, and the price of hides has gone up.

It is estimated that 2,500,000 alligators were killed in Florida between 1880 and 1894. In 1889 three firms located at Kissimmee for the purpose of buying skins taken in the region of Lake Kissimmee and Lake Okeechobee handled 30,000 hides. During the same year twelve hunters brought to Fort Pierce 4,000 pelts. Two firms in Jacksonville handled 30,000 skins in 1889. A few years ago an expert hunter could easily secure 600 alligators in three weeks, and one man at Cocoa killed forty-two in one night. The skins are paid for in provisions and ammunition mainly. Dealers get 65 cents apiece for them from tanners in New York.

In 1890 about 250 pounds of alligator teeth were sold, hunters receiving from $1 to $2 per pound for them. They are removed by burying the heads and rottening out the teeth. Of the best teeth, about seventy make a pound. The stuffing of alligators and the polishing of the teeth give employment to forty persons. Unfortunately, alligators grow very slowly. At fifteen years of age they are only two feet long. A twelve-footer may be supposed reasonably to be seventy-five years old. It is believed that they grow as long as they live, and probably they live longer than any other animal.—Washington Evening Star.

Not Tempted.

There is a quaint story told of a couple of Scotch ministers who were taking dinner together one summer day in a little parsonage in the Highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said: "Mon, don' ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go out fishing?" "Na, na," said the other, "I never feel tempted; I just gang,"—Household Words.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A THORNY WONDERLAND.

Plant Freaks With Bayonets in a Texas Desert.

Cactus Monstrosities in a Land of Snakes, Bugs and a New Kind of Game Animal.

A Government expedition has just returned from the exploration of a vegetal wonderland. It is a region totally unlike any other part of the United States—the home of those monstrosities of plant life called cacti. The country is known as the "Desert of the Chaparral," its extent being from the Nueces River of Texas to the north front of the Eastern Sierra Madres of Mexico, and from the mouth of the Pecos on both sides of the Rio Grande nearly to the Gulf.

"The region is unique." said Robert T. Hill, a member of the expedition. "It is a wide, low-lying plain, through which meanders in a sinuous course the muddy Rio Grande. The country is covered with a dusty desert soil in which grows the remarkable vegetation known as 'chaparral.' This vegetation embraces many species of plants that are unknown elsewhere in the world, and each of them is armed with a kind of thorn appropriate for its protection. Here those vegetal freaks, the cacti, assume an astonishing variety of strange forms—every one of them bristling with defensive weapons that run all the way from needles up to the size of bayonets.

"The cactus, you know, is a new type of plant on the face of the earth. There is reason to believe that it did not exist anciently at all—anciently, that is to say, from the geological point of view. The tendency to a gradual drying up of the land surfaces of the globe having brought about desert conditions in places, certain plants have adopted modes of growth suitable for the storing of water. At the same time their leaves have become modified into thorns for their protection against animals. Though some of them look as if scarcely alive, they are found to be juicy enough when cut into, and many of them are useful to man.

"The chaparral in a general way may be described as a dense shrubby vegetation growing just about high enough to obstruct the view of a man on horseback. It might be said to be made up of a series of thorny layers, which combined render travel through it extremely arduous and even painful. Under foot, close to the ground, are innumerable cacti of the 'pincushion' and 'Turk's head' species. They bristle with keen and sharp thorns which easily penetrate the uppers of one's shoes. If you are thirsty, however, you have only to batter in the crown of one of the Turk's heads, and inside of it you will find a delicious draught of water, cool and fresh.

"Just above the pincushions, and high enough to stick into the calves of the legs, come the needle-like points of the 'Spanish dagger,' or 'ixtle,' This, too, has its usefulness, being the great fiber-producing plant of Mexico. It is a small species of aloe, its thick, blade-like leaves terminating in curved needles.

"Higher again, so as to reach any point between the knee and shoulder of the traveler, is the famous 'nopal.' This huge variety of prickly pear is the national plant of Mexico, figuring in the coat-of-arms of that country. The fruit of this plant is pear shaped and nearly as big as a Bartlett pear, but woe to the weary wayfarer who, on a hot summer day, yields to temptation and eats this inviting fruit. He will quickly find himself in a high fever which, though not lasting, is unpleasant.

"Higher yet and above the shoulder reaches the 'Spanish bayonet,' a kind of yucca. Standing in a flower pot in a garden this plant is a handsome and innocent ornament, but in the chaparral its dagger-like points stab through the clothing into the flesh.

"Above, forming a dense mat over the head of the traveler, are thorny shrubs of many species, chiefly the mesquite and its allies, such as the 'huishache' and 'guaxillo' and the 'cat's claw.' Beneath the beautiful and finely cut leaves of these shrubs are innumberable thorns. The 'guaxillo' is a sensitive plant. If you touch one of its leaves gently it will shrink and shrivel up for the moment. If you attempt to handle the plant roughly, however, the sharp, curved claws concealed beneath the leaves will make you sorry. The 'guaxillo' bears a huge bean, which, when dry, makes a rattling like that of a rattlesnake.

"The native Indians from these strange plants obtain soap hair tonic, toothbrushes, hair-brushes and even medicines. Along the lower Rio Grande the mesquite beans are made into bread. Horses are exceedingly fond of these beans, and for them will abandon the choicest oats at any time. The mesquite leaves are masticated as an antidote for fever. It is said that a traveler can live in that country without water for a considerable time by chewing the pulp of the thick leaves of the 'nopal.' The latter is utilized as food for cattle, and a baby food made from the juicy pulp has recently been placed on the market.

"The fauna of this region are also peculiar. Here you find the 'javelina'—a native would not know what you meant if you said 'peccary'—in immense numbers. This animal is considered the gamiest game that can be found anywhere. It fights to the death, and when one of them is wounded its companions usually come to its assistance. With their razor-like tusks they will tear the hunter literally to pieces. In the United States the armadillo is practically restricted to this region.

"Rattlesnakes are plenty, lizards of a great variety of species innumerable and there is no end of centipedes, tarantulas and scorpions. The sting of one species of scorpion known as the 'vinegaroon' is said to be sure death. Gila monsters are reported to be found in the chaparral, but I saw none.

"Most of the region is entirely devoid of surface water. The stream beds are all 'arroyos,' the Spanish name for waterless gullies. The ranches commonly depend on subterranean water for their stock, using windmills to pump it to the surface from a depth sometimes exceeding 500 feet. I rode a horse that had been foaled on one of these ranches and had never seen water except in a trough. When he came to a running stream he was so frightened that he would not go near it."

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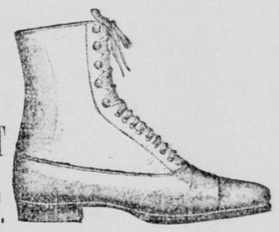

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Most Practical Politics is Honest Politics.

"I have been in practical politics and have taken my share of hard knocks," says Theodore Roosevelt; "and more and more I have come to believe that decency is good politics, and that the most practical politics is honest politics." This view of the matter is justified not only by the general results of political contests in our country, but also by the lessons to be derived from the personal history of successful and unsuccessful public men, says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. There is nothing more certain than that in politics, as in everything else, the best policy is the one that appeals to the proper sense of straightforwardness in the assertion of principles and purposes, and in the management of the various things that constitute what we call campaigns. It is possible for a party or a politician to gain a temporary advantage by a resort to duplicity and dishonesty, but that kind of success is sure in the end to cost more than it is worth. The people are slow to forgive deception or misrepresentation. It is not true, as is sometimes said of them, that they like to be fooled, and that when a trick is played upon them they regard it as a good joke. Many a man has spoiled a career by allowing that grave error to creep into his philosophy; and more than once a great party has been beaten by thus mistaking the character of the average voter.

It is well known, of course, that a political contest corresponds in a large degree to a military campaign. The same order of talent that is required to plan and win a battle is necessary to carry an election. A party is like an army in the sense of being dependent for success upon competent leadership. The voters cannot march to victory in a haphazard way, without sagacious direction and the careful observance of scientific rules and regulations. They must be well organized and disciplined, and every step they take must be according to a definite plan, or their strength will be frittered away in useless endeavor, and defeat will be inevitable. There is strategy in politics as in war, and to neglect legitimate chances of that sort is the worst kind of folly. One party has a right to profit by the errors of another; one party has the right to put another at a disadvantage as often as possible. The only limitation in that respect is the obligation of integrity, which does not forbid the use of artful tactics to accomplish creditable ends. There is no wrong done so long as the strategy conforms to recognized laws and precedents; and parties may properly seize the opportunities that circumstances place within their reach.

The important fact remains, however, that no party and no individual can afford to act upon the theory that everything is fair in politics. There can be no excuse for any form of corruption, or for any species of falsehood. It is not practical politics to use money for bribing purposes, or to steal men's votes from them by premeditated deception. No substantial benefit was ever derived from such electioneering. Putting aside all considerations of abstract morality, it does not pay to be dishonest in politics. All of our great statesmen have been practical politicians, but they have not been men whose integrity was sacrificed to achieve success. They were systematic maneuverers, but they were not perpetrators of any kind of iniquity. Their methods were adroit, and yet scrupulous. They never overstepped the bounds of decency under any stress of fortune or any temptation to avert defeat by unworthy practices. The men who have failed in politics have been mostly of the class noted for bluntness of conscience and crookedness of proceedings. A few of them have prospered for a time, but they have invariably failed as soon as they were found out. All examples, both on the one hand and on the other, go to show that nothing is so practical in politics as honesty, and that nothing is so unprofitable as fraud and trickery.

Jealousy prompts more women than men to mad acts, and poisoning is a much more popular method with her of wreaking vengeance than among her brother criminals. One woman whose whole life had been a series of remarkably skillful poisoning cases, was so devotedly attached to this deadly familiar friend that she carried it always about with her, and when arrested and some arsenic was found in her pocket, "she seemed to tremble with pleasure and gazed upon the white powder with eyes beaming with rapture."