The St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor. COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 39.

BETTER LAUGH.

Ef you feel like bein 'blue,
Better laugh;
Sighs won't bring sunshine to you—
Better laugh.
You cain't conquer fate with frowns
In a fight of fifty rounds;
So in all yer ups an' downs
Better thing to do, by half,
Is jist to laugh.

When yer burden's hard to bear
Better grin.
Curses ain't no cure for care,
Better grin.
When your team 'at orter pull
Balks, don't git onmerciful
An' slash and splash aroun'. Fer you'll
Find the surest way to win
Is jist to grin.

When you think of cussin', don't!
Better smile.
When 'skeeters bite and fishes won't,
Better smile.
Ef yer hook an' line gits stuck
On the limb, ur some bad luck,
Only way to show yer pluck,
'Stead uv grumbling all the while,
Is jist to smile.
—Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Herald.

FIGHT WITH A "TIGER."

BY W. THOMSON.

At one period of my somewhat adventurous life, and when many years younger than now, I was engaged in the then lucrative business of mahogany-cutting in British Honduras, my camp being situated on the headwaters of Quesada river, a small affluent of the Belize, by which route our logs were floated to the port of the same name for shipment to Europe.

Though this valuable timber more particularly abounds in the hilly, semi-mountainous regions of the country, exceedingly large individual trees are occasionally found in the densely wooded valleys, and these giant specimens are so highly prized that it often pays to cut a special road through the tangled, vine-enlaced forest to each one.

Now it one time happened that the Liverpool dealers to whom my shipments were usually consigned requested me to send them at any cost as many of these extra-sized logs as I could obtain up to a certain date. Such were not to be found in the immediate neighborhood of our camp, however. Hence I one morning mounted my favorite saddle mule and rode toward El Demonio valley, some ten miles away, which my half-breed foreman assured me contained a considerable number of extraordinarily fine, though scattering, trees.

This place, I was told, had been christened El Demonio (the devil) valley by the superstitious natives, not only because of its gloomy, wild-beast infested character, but also because there was connected therewith an old blood-curdling legend as to the complete and sudden annihilation of its ancient inhabitants—a gruesome and, probably, wholly apocryphal tale, too long to repeat here.

After a weary ride over rugged hills and through lonely, brush-encumbered ravines, I arrived at the edge of the valley, and, securing my mule by a trebled, unbreakable lariat to a tree, in a comparatively open spot, set out to explore the forest, which in some places was so matted and intergrown with clinging parasites as to be almost impervious to human passage, and absolutely so to the sun's cheering rays.

In this region of nearly constant rain, the sweltering, torrid heat of the low-lying valley was so oppressive that to avoid the labor of carrying it, I very foolishly left my repeating rifle strung to the saddle, and took with me only the revolver belted to my waist, a flask of water and a light ax; the latter for the double purpose of putting preemption marks on selected trees and "blazing" a line by which I might, when ready to leave, find my way out of this wondrous wilderness of semi-tropical growth.

For nearly three hours, occasionally climbing a lofty tree to gain a better view of my surroundings, I toiled through those terrible woods, and did succeed in finding 21 remarkably large, straight mahoganies, the least of which, when brought to port, would be worth hundreds of dollars. Then, fearfully tired, and hungry as a wolf, I turned back to rejoin the mule, in whose pannier was stored a generous supply of food.

So far no rain had fallen this day, but now heavy, black clouds obscured the sky, and I knew by the deadly stillness of the stifling atmosphere that I should shortly be caught in one of those tremendous downpours characteristic of the country. Though a good drenching was not likely to hurt me at all, the rain would inevitably fill the open-mouthed haversack, and reduce to a pulp the bread-and-biscuit part of my lunch, besides spoiling the modicum of tea and sugar which I had brought along with the intention of building a little fire and brewing a pannikin of refreshing drink to go with my meal. Hence, I pressed with desperate energy through the thick undergrowth, hoping to reach the mule in time to cover those perishable articles with a waterproof cloak, which was strapped behind the saddle.

In those forest depths the light had been dim enough even when the sky was clear, but now, though it was only two o'clock in the afternoon, so dark a pall settled down upon the scene that I could hardly distinguish, among their countless fellows, the blazed saplings which were my only guide out of the labyrinth.

In addition to this untimely gloom there brooded over all a silence so profound that not a few wild denizens of the woods, believing that night had come, began to steal softly from their lairs in search of prey. Several of the creatures approached so close as to catch a glimpse of my intruding form, whereupon they noiselessly slunk away; but I was fated to discover that all these nocturnal prowlers were not so timid.

While the threatening deluge was yet in abeyance, I came to the edge of the small, open space where stood the mule, and saw, to my surprise, that the usually docile animal was, with fright-distended eyes, straining frantically backward on his tether, as if bound to break away. Supposing that he, thus left alone, was merely alarmed by the ominous weather signs, I cheerily called out:

"Whoa, Pete! Whoa, good fellow; it's all right!"

On hearing my voice, the sagacious beast ceased to pull, and stood quietly, though still gazing intently ahead, and trembling in every limb. Obviously something more serious than the coming shower had scared him.

Peering about to ascertain the cause of his fear, I presently caught sight of two luminously shining balls in the edge of the brushwood, scarcely 20 feet beyond him, and behind these I could now dimly see the sinuous, slow-creeping form of an immense jaguar, who was evidently bent upon making an easily won meal off poor Pete, fast bound between himself and me.

Unfortunately I was fully 30 feet away from and on the wrong side of the terrified beast on whose saddle hung my precious rifle. No use making a rush for it. El tigre (as the native Hondurian calls the jaguar) could reach his expected prey in a single bound, for which he was already crouching. Hurriedly thrusting a hand behind me to draw my revolver, it came in contact with an empty holster. The pistol was gone, doubtless jerked out while I was shoving myself, feet foremost, through some vine-bound aperture, too narrow to at once admit my shoulders, and, preoccupied by other matters, I had never missed it.

So there I was, armed only with a two-pound ax and a hunting-knife, face to face with a full-grown male jaguar, by far the largest and most ferocious of all American felidae, a beast compared to which the so-called mountain lion (puma) is a mere kitten.

There was no time for deliberation. Knowing the generally cowardly nature of the brute, I uttered a series of yells, any one of which would certainly have demoralized a human enemy who had an ear for music, and started toward the mule, hoping to save him from the attack. But the great cat, with all its bloody instincts aroused, did not scare worth a cent. Before I had covered one-half of the 30 yards, it sprang harshly screaming into the air, and, with outstretched talons and gleaming fangs, would have descended fairly upon old Pete's back, had not he, with almost human intelligence, or perhaps paralyzed by terror, sunk flat to the ground; whereupon the monster passed clear over his body and lighted close to me, yet not quite within striking distance.

For one second the baffled brute remained motionless, as if undecided how to act. Then, with a snarling cry of rage, it once more crouched, glaring gloatingly at me, as if, this time, sure of a victim.

With one foot advanced, and the ax held ready for instant use, I watchfully awaited the onset, knowing only too well that if I missed my first blow I should never have a chance for another. The suspense was short, however.

Again the jaguar gathered his hind legs well under him, preparing for the fatal spring—a spring that was never made, for at that moment the aerial flood-gates were opened; the rain came down as if from an overturned lake; vivid lightning played around the steel in my hands, and a mighty crash of thunder shook the earth itself.

The "tiger" seemed appalled. Just as the cloudburst found him, with high-raised, arching back and retracted lips, parted in a fiendish grin, so he remained while one might, perhaps, count three. Then he straightened cowerly out and writhed partly around, as if to fly.

Too late! Though well-nigh overwhelmed by the almost solid sheet of falling water and half blinded by the incessant lightning flashes, I had staggered forward until the ravenous beast was within reach of my long-handled ax, and, while he yet wavered in irresolute bewilderment, I brought the keen blade down with all my strength on his tawny neck, just back of the skull, severing the spinal cord and laying him, helpless and dying, at my feet.

'Twas a lucky stroke indeed. Even a rifle-bullet through his brain could not have paralyzed the monster cat more quickly. Wise old Pete realized the changed condition of affairs at once. With a half bray, half whinney of triumph he rose from the ground and gazed at his now dead enemy with as much pride beaming in his honest eyes as if he himself had won the victory.

But all the soluble part of my dinner was spoiled, and I had to satisfy my hunger on jerked beef washed down with plain water; for even if the ounce of tea had not floated off the top of the overflowed pannier, it would now have been impossible to kindle a fire.

The tempest of rain soon passed away, and I then most carefully skinned the jaguar; a long and tedious job, as I took great pains to preserve the beautiful pelt with head, claws and tail complete.

With the single exception of one I afterward killed in Brazil, this was the largest jaguar I have ever seen, its gorgeously ringed and spotted coat measuring from end of snout to tail-tip within a fraction of 11 feet.

Without further adventure I reached camp shortly before dark, and a week afterward, while cutting paths to the big trees, my men found the lost revolver, which, however, was nearly ruined by rust.—N. Y. Ledger.

ARYAN COWBOYS.

A Race Composed Almost Entirely of Herdsmen.

The study of domestic cattle should be of especial interest to us because they have undoubtedly occupied a more important place in our own ancestral history than any other species of animal. The Aryan tribesmen from whom nearly all western civilization folk are descended were cowboys almost to a man. Like the Kaffirs of South Africa to-day, all their thoughts were about their herds. This is shown in a curious way by the study of the early development of our language. The Sanskrit word for a king meant originally "a chief herdsman." The word for an assembly, or the meeting place of a congress, was the same as that for a cow-yard. A soldier was "one who fights about cows." It would seem as if they regarded nothing else as worth ruling over or talking about or fighting for. Prof. Max Mueller traces the word "daughter" to the ancient term for a milkmaid. In the good old times they plainly did not take any account of young ladies who were not accomplished performers in the cow pen.

The cow or the ox was for long ages the chief standard of value. Everything from a new cent to a new wife was priced at so many cows. Many of our words which refer to money bear traces of this, such as "fee" and "pecuniary," which are directly derived from the old English and Latin words for cattle. Doubtless there were currency disputes when other materials began to be used for coinage, and difficulties arose about the adjustment of relative values. "Cow-metallism" might well have been an important plank in some of the Aryan political platforms.—North American Review.

BUILT OVER THE BAY.

A Little City Within a City That Rests on Piles.

The people of San Francisco do not really know just how many interesting and unusual things there are around about them. Or is it that there are so many strange and curious things on every hand that one grows callous and passes them by without notice?

Down on the Mission mud flats, just off the mouth of the channel, there is a little city on the water that in almost any other part of the world would be a sight to show all visitors. Thousands of people pass it daily and never give it notice. Some patriotic citizens may explain this by saying that there are so many interesting things here that the one in question is of no importance, which may be all very true. But there is no denying the fact that it is worthy of a great deal more attention than it has received in the past.

The commencement of this city's building dates back about ten years. It was at the time the pier was built out toward Mission rock. This naturally made work for a great many people in the immediate vicinity, and the pier became a central point for doing business.

As the business of Mission Rock grew so grew the pier, and soon a number of boat builders were located there. At first they had only their workshops there, but soon moved their household effects also. Houses were built on the pier, and the main passageway became like a street.

Later on a time came when there was no longer room on the pier for the houses. Such a trifle did not interfere with the prospective builders, however. It was a little more work, but they drove piles in the mud as near the pier as was necessary for their purpose and let some of the houses hang over. This has been going on for a long time, and at present the city covers many acres.

It is certainly one of the most picturesque places in the state. The buildings are constructed on easy lines and in such positions as best suited the builders. The result is a conglomeration of sky lines, broken here and there with flagpoles and chimneys. Many of the buildings are in the form of a balcony and hang over the water in the most threatening manner. But they are most likely safe enough, and nobody has ever heard of anybody losing sleep through fear of taking a plunge into the waters of the bay.

In this little city on the water there are about 150 people living. Most of them are engaged in some sort of maritime business, such as fishing or boat building, and the others are there to supply their wants. There are no large dry goods stores in this town, and one will search in vain for a church. But a first-class saloon has been prosperous for many years. One man keeps a sort of general store and his wife takes in boarders. At least she did for a long time.

They are a happy lot of people, these San Francisco Venetians. None of them work themselves to death and they have plenty to eat and drink. They also have time to entertain the few visitors they may have. In other respects the town is like any other. Babies are born there and old people die occasionally, just the same as in any other part of the world.

When seen from any direction this curious town presents a picturesque and artistic appearance. The piles on which it is built are not in the best of repair and are covered with barnacles that give them a rich gray-green color. San Francisco Call.

WOMEN AS GYMNASTS.

Like the Ballet Girl, They Must Keep Constantly in Practice.

It requires about two years' constant practice before a woman can do the routine acts and their combinations with grace in the execution. Like the ballet girl, the woman gymnast must keep constantly in practice, for she never realizes how many muscles and joints and tendons she has until she begins to resume her work after a holiday and sets all of them aching at once. As a rule women in this profession are a very healthy and happy lot of individuals. They get a great many bumps and bruises and the tender skin of their hands is painfully burned with the ropes, and they have to deny themselves something in the line of indigestible food. You can't hang by your feet with a lump like lead in your stomach, and no hearty meals may be eaten before a performance.

The most serious permanent effects seem to be noticeable in the action of the heart, owing to the nervous strain, and the nerves of the eyes. It isn't exactly natural to hang by your feet or spin your body round like a wheel, and seems after awhile to produce near-sightedness and general imperfection of vision.

The average age of gymnasts is 65 years, but it is rare to see a woman follow the profession after she is 35. They depend largely upon the music to inspire them and aid them in the performance of any feat, and directly they hear the band playing to their performance they seem to forget all fear and to be transformed into machines operated by the rise and fall and beat of the notes.

The professional gymnasts find their most famous prototypes in Leona Dare, the "flying queen," who went into training when a mere child and was celebrated for more than 20 years for performing feats no other woman and very few men would dare attempt, and in Azelia, the first female trapezist who ever appeared on the bar, the novelty of whose performance and the grace and suppleness of whose slender form aroused unbounded admiration and called forth a storm of applause from her audiences and produced many imitators of her aerial acts, which in themselves were neither particularly skillful nor daring.

Then there was Jennie Price, who was the first to fly through the air and be caught by her husband from another swinging trapeze. This trick always produces great applause, but it requires only nerve and a complete control of the muscles of the chest.—Pearson's Weekly.

An Outspoken Politician.

"Perhaps you can guess my mission," said the reporter, after the statesman had read the proffered card. "I have called to ascertain what sort of money you are in favor of."

The statesman opened the door, looked out, closed the door again, locked it, pulled down the windows and whispered in the ear of the waiting newspaper man: "Campaign funds."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TERRAPIN FARMS.

The Industry Successfully Carried on in New Jersey.

Of late years the demand for terrapin has become so great that at times it is impossible to fill it. Some Jerseymen finally originated the idea of terrapin farming, and among the first to engage in the business was ex-Senator Gardiner, of Atlantic City. He dammed up a cove in the Thoroughfare near his house and stocked it with terrapin found in the locality. After years of practice and experiment he now emphatically says that terrapin farming pays. In fact, it is now the genial statesman's money-making hobby, as he finds a ready market for the product of his farm in this city.

There are several kinds of terrapin, and the good, gray senator does not raise the best variety, unless he has recently stocked his cove with the celebrated diamond-backs, which are obtainable only in Chesapeake bay. Still, the market for any kind of terrapin is usually good.

The harvest time on the terrapin farm is in the fall. Early in the fall the finest and fattest terrapin are captured and placed in a warm cellar. There they live for weeks, and although left without food, persist in getting fat and fatter until the chill blasts of winter usher in the market time. It is no nonsense to be sent down into a dark cellar to capture fugitive terrapin that may at any moment adhere to your legs or fingers with more than bulldog tenacity. Still, the work of capturing the creatures is easy to a man who understands it.

With a lantern hung where its yellow flickerings will partly banish the darkness, a man with a sort of alpenstock in his hand hunts the terrapin in out-of-the-way places. With a crooked staff he deftly tumbles them over on their backs, and places them in a crate that will hold six or eight heavy-weights. When the terrapin is on his back he is disarmed, for his fat prevents his turning his head back far enough to catch hold of his captor. His legs, too, are so short that he can't get his feet on the ground to enable him to turn over. When the crate is well filled it is covered and expressed to the purchaser.

Diamond-backs in season are worth from two to three dollars each, according to weight. When the stock in the cellar is shipped the slumbering terrapin in the mud at the cove's bottom are rudely awakened. Men go in boats, and, armed with long crooks, prod into the mud to locate the turtles. When the crook strikes a "shell" the work gets exciting. A terrapin, no matter how torpid, instantly regains his usual activity when an iron strikes his shell, and begins plodding away through the mud as fast as he can. The fisherman then tries to catch him under the "fluke" or shell with the crook and so raise the struggling terrapin into the boat. The man with the crook soon gets the hang of the business, and but few terrapin ever escape him when once they are located on the bottom.

When landed in the boat the savage creatures are laid on their backs in a locker, and there they pass the time away, foaming at the mouth, until they are consigned to the crate. These fishermen handle fierce turtles with wonderful skill. The tails are regarded as natural handles, and to grasp them is the first thing necessary in completing their capture. Should the fisherman be clumsy the chances are that the terrapin will chew his fingers. To "monkey" with a terrapin is even more dangerous than to shake hands with a lobster or to tickle a crab under his chin, for when the terrapin gets a grip on anything it holds so that the jaws have to be pried apart before a release can be effected. Then often there will be left but a remnant of a finger, for this turtle's head is nearly all mouth.

It is, in fact, a yawning chasm with swinging walls, the hinges of which are as strong as iron, and the stranger who fools around the terrapin's front door is sure to be taken in.

The average marketable terrapin weighs from eight to twelve pounds. After two or three years' growth they increase in size slowly, but get heavier rapidly. With age the fish becomes more and more firm and solid, and it frequently happens that two terrapins of the same size will vary two or three pounds in weight. The diamond-backed terrapin seldom grow very large, and in size can be readily discounted by the fresh water "loggerhead."

When a terrapin attains great size its flesh becomes very tough and is only available in the kitchen for making soups. Naturalists say that the diamond-backed terrapin never lives more than 25 or 30 years, while his relative, the land tortoise, has been known to be "as young as ever" at 100 years. Some men along the Chesapeake claim that they can accurately tell a terrapin's age by certain lines upon its shell that indicate the growth of the armor year by year. The men who raise them in New Jersey scout this idea, but none of them, so far as known, have ever tested the matter.

Terrapin farming, if successfully conducted, is a money-making business, and pays all the way from 300 to 500 per cent. per annum on the investment. Once in awhile, however, bad luck comes, the terrapin freeze or the waters become impregnated with poisonous matter, and, in consequence, there is an upturning of terrapin toes. However, the few men engaged in the novel business in New Jersey seem well satisfied with their investments.—Philadelphia Times.

The Newspaper.

A statistician has learned that the annual aggregate circulation of the papers of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp any idea of this magnitude we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface; that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper, and, further, that if the number 12,000,000,000 represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over 333 years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement we might press and pile them vertically upward to reach our highest mountains. Topping all these, and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of 490, or, in round numbers, 500 miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to 100,000 years reading the papers.—Buffalo Commercial.

—The first monarch to bear the title King of England was Egbert, king of Wessex, who, having subdued the other states of the heptarchy, established his dominion over the whole English territory.

PITH AND POINT.

—A—"I hear you are deaf to your creditors." B—"How could it be otherwise? I'm over my ears in debt."—Tit-Bits.

—Himmins—"I believe Farlowe would sell his soul for $1,000." Simmons—"I don't. Whatever his faults may be he is no bunko man."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Making His Mark.—She—"Have you heard that our minister is to be tried for heresy?" He—"Yes. It is quite a distinction for so young a man."—Brooklyn Life.

—"Then you mean to tell me I'm a liar?" "Well, no, I don't wish to be quite so rude as that, but I will say this—you'd make a dashed good weather prophet."—Judy.

—The Real Article.—"Uncle Simon, what's an orator?" "He's a man who can get people to stay in a room and hear him talk without having the door locked."—Chicago Record.

—Midgley—"Sad about Kent, wasn't it?" Young — "What was that?" Midgley—"Why, you know, he attempted to make love to a Boston girl." Young—"Yes?" Midgley—"Well, he caught pneumonia and died."—Philadelphia North American.

—"I once knew a man," said the imaginative boarder, "who was so fat that he was actually taller lying down than when he was standing up. What do you think of that?" "It strikes me," said the Cheerful Idiot, "as pretty tall lying."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Your son, I believe, made some experiments while at college?" "Yes, he discovered what he calls his 'scientific paradox.'" "What is the nature of it?" "He succeeded in demonstrating that debts are expanded by contracting them."—Washington Times.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Rifle Bullets May Be Rendered Harmless by the Use of a Dynamo.

The Journal de Geneve gives some startling details respecting the deflection of steel projectiles by electricity. It will be remembered that Dr. Conan Doyle, in the Stark Monro letters, attributed an invention to his crazy hero for deflecting shots from vessels by means of accumulators at the stem and stern. That which appeared improbable now seems to be easy of realization—at least, if the facts stated by our contemporary have not been misapprehended. They are as follows:

"The committee of the federal rifle meeting at Winterhour has made a curious discovery while summing up the results of the last course. The greater number of the hits on the target fired from the right side of the range were marked on the right of the bull's-eye, while those fired from the left of the range were almost exclusively on its left. Moreover, all projectiles partly or wholly constructed of steel had become magnetic. These facts suggested various theories, and among them it was suggested that the diversion of the bullets might be due to the numerous electric and telephone wires extending along both sides of the range at Winterhour. Fresh experiments at the range of Berne and Thun conduced to this conclusion. The authorities at Thun seem to have little or no doubt on the subject.

"At Thun authorities established parallel with the rifle range, at a distance of a little more than 40 yards, an electric current of 8,000 volts, carried along four steel cables. With a view of tracing the whole effect paper circlets were placed at every ten yards. The first experiment was made with the Swiss model rifle of 1889. With this the influence of the electric current was apparent. In a distance of 260 yards the bullet took a lateral deviation of 24 yards, and after that the curve of the trajectory was still more marked. The second experiment was made with the Japanese 3.32mm. rifle of Col. Yamagata, and it was still more decisive, the bullet being rapidly attracted to the electric wire, and following its course with absolute servility. Further attempts were made with artillery. The range selected was one of 3,000 yards, and 200 yards in front of the targets, but 40 yards to the side, was placed the electric battery. Every shot was diverted by its influence far to the side of the target—to be exact, the deviation was one of 14 degrees.

"The conclusion drawn from these experiments are that a section of infantry exposed to fire at 300 yards would enjoy complete safety if a dynamo or accumulator were placed on its flank; a whole company would be in the same security at 500 yards, and artillery fire could be rendered innocuous at 1,000 yards. If these facts are sound, the new small-bore rifle is doomed, and we shall have to return to the heavy bullet of lead, because it is unaffected by electricity. But to military reformers this will signify a repulse along the whole line."—N. Y. Herald.

Conceit All Gone.

Old Gent—Let me see. Yes, I met your nephew five years ago, and if you must know the truth, I was disgusted with him—such a vain, conceited, insufferable puppy I never saw in my life.

Old Neighbor—Oh, he's changed completely now. He's the most modest man you could find in a day's journey—he doesn't believe he knows anything.

"You don't say so! Well, now I think of it, when I met him he was a college sophomore."

"Yes, and now he's a graduate, and trying to earn his own living."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Old, Old Story.

As that fluttering little hand crept into his, his fingers closed about it caressingly. He felt now that he could face any odds. He had to struggle to refrain from shouting aloud in the mad exuberance of his new-found joy. Nevertheless, he assumed an expression of profound disgust and cunningly simulated hesitation, as he sweetened the jack pot with a single red chip.—N. Y. Press.

An Unknown Tribe.

Moplaho is the name of a tribe of Mohammedans which forms a fourth part of the population of the Malabar coast of South India. They are supposed to be descendants of Moors and Arabians who established themselves on the coast and intermarried with native women. Some years ago there were about 600,000 of them.—N. Y. Sun.

A Difficult Feat.

A woman's rights organ calls on the women to stand closely shoulder to shoulder in order to obtain their rights. We don't see how this is possible with the present fashion in sleeves.—Texas Sifter.

JUSTIFYING THE OCCUPATION.

Out of Cowardly Fellahin Good Soldiers Have Been Made.

It is doubted whether even British energy could build up a native Egyptian army. The officers, it is said, might make good regiments of the blacks who passed their lives in fighting, but you cannot carve up rotton wood, and the fellahin, born in the mud of a tropical delta, and enslaved for ages, had lost, if they ever possessed, the Arab courage, and could no more be drilled into fighting men than Bengalese or the Indians of Peru. Egyptian troops would be perfect regiments for parade, being the most obedient and orderly of mankind, but would be useless in the field.

Those who hold this opinion were able to justify it, for they could quote the astounding cowardice of Gen. Hicks' army, in which whole regiments, moved, we fancy, as much by superstition as by fear, threw down their arms, fell on their faces before the dervishes, and begged as fellow-Mussulmans for their lives. The British officers, however, worked on; they gained hope from the behavior of their men in some petty skirmishes, and at last their young chief, Gen. Kitchener, trusted the fellahin frankly in the field at Firkeh.

The Egyptians, who had been well fed, well treated and thoroughly disciplined, responded to the call. They not only did not fly, but they charged as well as the Soudanese, "who are born fighters," and the last doubt as to their efficiency in actual hand-to-hand fighting disappeared. Good treatment and steady discipline had in the course of years restored their confidence in themselves and in their officers, and they showed themselves the equals of men who for generations have despised them as "tame Arabs."

That is a triumph for British organization, with its persistence, its lenity and its almost automatic justice, and it is a triumph, too, for British honesty of purpose. It is not our interest to make good soldiers of the fellahin, for the instant conclusion of the continent will be that if the Egyptians can defend themselves the main argument for the British occupation of Egypt disappears.

It was not our business, however, to consider that danger, but to show that even in the creation of a native army British administration was, as a governor general of Java once described it, "the most vivifying despotism the world has ever seen," and that the work, which has taken 14 years, was carried on patiently and steadily until the very nature of the conscripts seemed changed, and Arabs of the delta charged victoriously upon the most renowned fighters of the Arabs of the desert. The born children of Misr, where for 2,000 years no man has been free, disciplined and led by British officers, scattered the descendants of the shepherd kings in a charge.

That, and not the victory itself, is the thing for Englishmen to be proud of, for no one who reads of it, not the most satirical stroller of the Parisian boulevards, can afterward say, at least, if he knows anything of history, that the British occupation has debased the Egyptians.—London Spectator.

THE ECHO OF A WINK.

The Newly Invented Phonendoscope and Its Application.

The newly-invented phonendoscope is designed to be used by physicians and surgeons for detecting the presence of disease by sound.

The instrument consists of a circular flat metal box or tympanum, having on its one surface two apertures for the attachment of the rubber ear tubes, while the other surface is formed by a thin disk which is readily thrown into vibration. The best results are obtained by simply applying this disk to the surface to be examined. By an ingenious contrivance a second disk can be superposed upon this one and a vulcanite rod attached to the former, so that the area of auscultation may be extremely circumscribed. The conduction of the sounds is only slightly diminished by the use of this rod, which thus combines the principles of the solid stethoscope with that of the tympanum. The rod furnished with the instrument is about two inches in length, but it is stated that there are other rods of variable lengths to enable the "phonendoscopist" to receive sound vibrations from the natural cavities which communicate with the exterior of the body. Altogether, we consider the instrument highly ingenious, says the Lancet, carefully and compactly constructed, useful as an aid to auscultation, but yet not likely to entirely supersede the use of the stethoscope. It may also be found useful in class demonstration, since it would be easy by means of branched tubes to enable several persons to listen at the same time.

The instrument would be particularly useful for the following purposes: 1. The sound of the respiratory organs, of the circulation of the blood and of the digestive organs in the healthy body as well as in the sick subject. 2. The sounds made by the muscles, joints and bones. 3. The sound of the capillary circulation. 4. The slightest sounds produced in any diseased condition of the body; hence it is possible to draw on the body dimensions, the position or any alteration in the position of the various organs and of the fluids which have gathered in the most important cavities of the body. 5. The sounds in the ear, the eye, the bladder, the stomach and the intestines.—Philadelphia Record.

An Ill-Timed Laugh.

"Yes, sir," said the man who had accompanied an arctic expedition, "with the mercury at 60 below I walked 14 miles over the shifting floes. What do you think of that?"

"Pretty cold feat," said the thoughtless youth in the corner. Then the thoughtless youth laughed at his own thoughtless joke.

"Young man," remarked the aged listener, "he who runs might read that you are not a married man."

"Why, no, I'm not," admitted the youth.

"If you were," continued the ancient file, "you wouldn't indulge in hyena laughs over vicious attempts at humor based on the misfortunes of married men. Alas!" added the old philosopher, "how few boys of the present generation remember that their fathers were married men."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The cleverest violinist was Paganini. He seemingly accomplished the impossible with the violin, could inspire any emotion he desired in his auditors and was able to play intricate melodies on a single string.

A SUMMER HOME ON WHEELS.

How a Kansas City Man Took His Family to the Mountains.

Nearly every family plans a trip to the mountains or to some watering resort for a few weeks during each summer. Kansas people generally think of the Rocky mountains. Sometimes they manage to go, but more often they fail. However, it is a pleasure to plan, whether the trip is made or not. But when the whole family wish to go, and the family purse must be squeezed to extract change to buy steak, then a trip to the mountains or to the seashore is not often to be thought of, much less carried into effect. With an invalid wife, three healthy children and the emphatic statement of the family physician that the wife must go to the mountains for a few weeks, if she expects to regain her health, what can a man do upon a limited income

This was the question one Kansas man asked himself, and his solution of the difficulty was novel. With a good team of horses, of which he had several, he believed he could drive from the eastern borders of Kansas to the foot hills in three or four weeks. On arrival the horses could be turned out to graze and the family could enjoy a month's outing in the mountains as cheaply as at home.

After having talked the matter over with his wife the man, who was skillful at handling tools, began the construction of what he termed "a summer house on wheels." When completed it was a model of neatness, stout and yet light. Instead of following the lines of the ordinary "prairie schooner," he constructed his conveyance after the fashion of a river houseboat. The body extended over the wheels; semi-circular places were left for the rear wheels, and small sections were cut away on the forward corners to allow the front wheels plenty of room. The wagon was coupled long and the lower part of the framework was boarded up with light pine lumber. The canvas top curved just enough to shed the rain. Heavy canvas curtains were fastened at the edge of the roof and arranged so they could be buttoned down tightly in case of storm, or raised in fair weather. Within the wagon and on either side was placed a seat, reaching half the length of the box, after the style of a caboose. Upon this the occupants could sit or recline at will.

Directly over the rear wheels was a folding bunk, and just forward of this a curtain hung from the top, dividing the "house" into two sleeping rooms. Heavy canvas formed the door at the rear of the wagon and portable steps reached to the ground. A small oil stove furnished sufficient heat to warm the "house," while a camp stove was used to cook on.

As this odd vehicle, drawn by three horses, passed through the little Kansas towns on its way westward it was regarded with surprise, interest and amusement. The occupants enjoyed the attention which their strange "house" attracted. When a "kodaker" approached the "house" the family all smiled, even to the three-year-old baby.

"They take a shot at us in nearly every town," said the owner.

Against the side of the "house" and within easy reach of the driver, was a Winchester rifle.

"Afraid of robbers?" laughed the traveler. "No, but I expect to kill some game on the way, and more of it when I reach the mountains. We expect to go into a section where there is plenty of deer, some bear and other game."

"How much did your outfit cost?"

"Oh, the wagon cost me about $40, and the rest of the fitting up about $60, and the horses I had, so altogether I guess it cost me probably a little over $100. But it will last several summers. I tell you, stranger, it makes a pretty nice summer house, and it is easy to move. We didn't feel like we could afford a trip unless we did something of this kind. But I've got to drive ten miles yet to-night. Good-by.—Kansas City Star.

IT SLIPPED HIS MIND.

Sam Johnson "Clean Forgot" That He Was to Marry Linda.

A colored man about 30 years of age drove up to the depot with a load of baled cotton, and he had just begun to unload when an old gray-haired negro with a bad limp came down the street and shouted at him:

"Say, yo' pusson dere!"

"Now, den, what sorter man be yo'?" demanded the old man, as he reached the wagon.

"Hello, Uncle Joe!" saluted the other.

"Hu! What yo' mean by dat?"

"Of co'se I ar'. Why, ole man, you's all excited dis mawnin'. What's de mattah?"

"Sam Johnson, I'se got a darter, Linda!" replied Uncle Joe, and he straightened up and waved his arms about.

"Yes, of co'se. Yes, sah, you's got a darter, Linda, an' she's a powerful fine gal."

"Last Sunday night, Sam Johnson, yo' axed dat gal, Linda, to marry yo'!"

"Hu! Hu! Sunday night? Lemme see. Say, I reckon I did!"

"Of co'se you did! She said she'd do it, an' de marriage was sot fur dis mawnin'!"

"Why, I reckon it was, Uncle Joe. Yes, we was to be married dis mawnin'."

"But yo' ain't dar, sah!"

"Dat's a fac. Jist clean slipt my mind."

"But what yo' gwine to do, sah—what yo' gwine to do?" shouted the old man, as he danced around.

"What I gwine ter do? Am Linda all ready an' de preacher dar?"

"Yes, sah."

"Den yo' cum around heah an' hang on to dat mewl an' hold him stiddy an I'll run ober an' marry Linda an' be back heah in ten minnits. If Majah Jones comes 'long an' wants to know why dis cotton hain't dun unloaded yo' tell him dat, owin' to a disreckoleckshun of a matrimonial disremembrance I'se had to procrastinate fur a few minnits!"—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Happy Litigant.

Macbeth Simmons is never so happy as when he has got a lawsuit on hand. He is everlastingly suing somebody or being sued. Not long since he met his lawyer, who said:

"I've got bad news. The court of appeals has decided against us. We have lost the case."

"Never mind losing that case," replied Macbeth. "I've got two new ones since I saw you last, and my brother-in-law is talking about another."—Texas Sifter.

Men who have had a great deal of experience learn not to lose their temper. —Cherbuliez.

"THE ISLE OF TERROR."

Description of Ushant, Where the Drummond Castle Went Down.

Ushant, the island upon whose outlaying reefs the steamer Drummond Castle ran on June 17, sinking three minutes afterward and carrying down every soul except three, lies off the northwest coast of France and forms the corner around which vessels from the south turn into the English channel after crossing the Bay of Biscay. "Ushant" is the Anglicized form of "Ouessant," the French name. Pliny calls the island "Uxantis," and the Bretons knew it as "Enez Heussa," which means "the Isle of Terror." It well deserves the Celtic name.

The inhabitants of Ushant are a hardy race—the men all fishermen and seamen, the women all tillers of the rocky soil. The latter on high days and holidays still often display their ancient costume, with its flat coif, which strikingly recalls the feminine headgear of southern Italy, and whence their dark hair streams in freedom below their waists. Within the last quarter of a century a breed of ponies still roamed in semi-wildness over a large portion of the island, and for centuries the inhabitants themselves were looked upon as savages. Debarred often for long weeks at a time, from any intercourse with the mainland, they certainly led very primitive lives. But at the same time they preserved the primitive virtues, and honesty and hospitality have ever been articles of faith among them.

Losing year by year, with unfailing regularity, a score or two of their own kin and kindred in the treacherous waters around their isle, their sympathies have always been with those whom shipwreck has imperiled. Several of the Breton islands have notoriously harbored communities of "wreckers," but the people of Ushant have again and again distinguished themselves by their efforts to save distressed vessels and their crews.

Whenever one of the islanders is lost at sea, a touching ceremony, called "the Proella," is performed. the relatives and friends of the deceased carry to his house a small wooden cross, over which the clergy repeat the prayers for the dead, as if this symbol were the corpse itself. Then the crossbearer, who, whenever practicable, is the godfather of the defunct (this again a touching instance of symbolism), incloses it in a coffer, and, followed by all the mourners, deposits it at the foot of a statue of St. Pol Aurelien, the patron of the isle. A few years ago a hundred of these coffers could be seen assembled around the statue.

Ushant is known to history. As early as 1388 an English expedition landed on the island, and ravaged it with fire and sword. Then, in 1778, its waters witnessed the much-criticised naval engagement between Keppel and d'Orvilliers, which English histories usually describe as a drawn battle, whereas the French claim it as a decisive victory. Finally, 16 years later, Ushant saw the "glorious 1st of June," when Lord Howe certainly shattered the French ships of war, commanded by Villaret-Joyeuse, but at the same time signally failed to prevent the large fleet of French merchantmen, on whose arrival France depended for means to prosecute the war, from getting safely into the port of Brest.

That Ushant is in Breton estimation predestined to deeds of blood and death is shown by a strange rhymed proverb, which Chateaubriand quotes in his "Memoirs from Beyond the Grave," and which may be Englished thus: "He who sees Belle Isle doth see his isle; he who seeth Groi doth see his joy; but gaze on Ushant's flood, you see your blood."

Of the wild scenery around Ushant there has probably never been any better description than that given by Chateaubriand. The island is the largest, and, from the mainland, the most distant, of those forming the archipelago to which it gives its name. Molene, the next in size, trades largely in its own soil, which on account of certain chemical proprieties, is sought after by Breton agriculturists. Then, in addition to scores of little islets, some of them mere alts and rocks, there is Quemenez, which is about a quarter of the size of Ushant, while near to the mainland is Beniquet, or the Blessed isle, so called on account of its proximity to the Breton shore, and the refuge it offers amid the most dangerous of all the adjacent reefs, that of Les Pierres Noires.

Many a stout ship and many a frail fishing boat have been shattered among these reefs, where the waters ever seeth and roar, even on calm summer days. But winter is the time to see Ushant and its neighboring isles all bare and rugged, rising from amid the gale-lashed waves. No rockbound coast can offer a more impressive spectacle than that which the ocean then presents as it leaps in its dread, blind might around the Isle of Terror.—Westminster Gazette.

Paul Revere's Tower.

It is saddening for the patriotic tourist, after he has gazed with reverence at the towers of old Christ church, to be told that he is not seeing the original windows from which Paul Revere hung out his lanterns, but a copy, the real tower having been blown down in the great gale of 1804. However, there are plenty of genuine relics inside—where the vast majority of Boston never go. There are still the old deep window seats, the balcony surrounding the church, with its supporting pillars and upper arches; the top "slaves' gallery" and the antique pews. The bottom of the ancient pulpit of hour-glass shape is left us, but the top was given away by the church officials in 1820. The clock under the rail has told of the flight of the man with the scythe for 150 years; the "Vinegar Bible," prayer books and silver communion service bearing the royal arms were gifts from King George II. in 1733; the huge christening basin came from a parishioner in 1730. The marble bust of Washington against the wall was the earliest memorial erected to the Father of his Country, having been placed in position but ten years after his death.—Boston Traveler.

Corroborative.

"A great statesman has said," observed the flea, "that the secret of success is to keep close to the people. That's the way I have always managed to get along."

And the thrifty insect proceeded to get very close to one of the people.—Chicago Tribune.

Nevada has produced $[illegible] of gold and $104,191,330 of silver.