# 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, OCTOBER 24, 1896. VOL. XXI.—NO. 43.


## DOWN IN THE PASTURE.

Down in the pasture the dewberries grow,
Black and shining and juicy;
Down in the pasture we two used to go
Driving the cows in the morning, you know,
I and the little girl Lucy.

Bright were the mornings and golden her hair
As the first sunlight danced on it—
Drifting like mists in the warm summer air,
Hiding the neck that was tinted and bare,
Falling astray from her bonnet.

I to the maid was a leader of men,
Proof against slander or malice.
Good to our minds was the summer world then—
She was but seven and I counted ten,
And wore a blue drilling "gallus."

Bare feet for both of us pressed the grass, wet,
There where the sweet williams flowered;
Quickly we brushed back the spider's gray net,
Which as a guardian in the night she had set,
Where the black dewberries cowered.

Down in the pasture the dewberries gleam,
Black and shining and juicy,
And through the years that have gathered I seem
Backward to drift on the wings of a dream
To the sweet little girl Lucy.

And the red cows, and the bars, and the creek,
And the green willows careening,
And the young squirrels that play hide and seek—
These, as they unto my memory speak,
Cancel the time intervening.

Though the years come, and the years, too, may go,
Yet shall I cherish a tender
Thought of a pasture where dewberries grow,
And a small maid with her face all aglow,
And a boy with one suspender.
—Chicago Record.

## STOPPED HER TEARS.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

IT WAS a bright September morning. The earth, nature's good servant, wrought nature's will in cheerful silence, storing the ruddy gold of leaves for disbursement in spring, guarding the slumbering seed, and performing a thousand other offices against the winter—and all these offices in a hush of stillness. Nature is so quiet; she turns this big-little world of ours on its liber axis with less sound than a boy makes clattering down the street.

On a sudden from beyond a bend of the lane came the hubbub of a human creature howling. The term is not euphonious, but the truth remains that man howls in the childhood of his years as doubtless he howled in the childhood of his race. The noise increased—a vehement protest in infantile key. There was a flutter of wings, a tremor of leaves, then silence. In the animal world curiosity is rife, and many a tiny creature, heart in mouth, peeped from behind a leafy cover. For this howler had good lungs. Presently she came in sight. The winged folk swallowed their hearts; she was but a girl-child. But the creeping things hurried from the boots that were to them as a brace of steam-rollers.

She was an angelic-looking person of some four years old. She had a halo of golden curls about her face, which was soft and chubby. Her eyes were blue and limpid, more limpid than usual by virtue of her tears. Her rosy lips were widely parted revealing a double row of pearls set as in a ruby cupid-bow, and out of this treasure house issued fragrant breath and wild hubbub. Had she but told her grief in tears alone, then had she been mistaken for some seraph astray. But her voice was essentially a creature of earth.

A boy, some two years older, attempted comfort. He had her by the hand and jerked her at intervals.

"Ef you won't say naught about what you're grislin' for, nobody can't do nothink," he broke out, hotly, for they had come to the end of the lane, and still she howled. The cherub must have been something of a grammarian, for she plainly unraveled a positive statement out of this tangle of knots. She must also have been something of a logician, for its reason appealed to her. Her crying diminuendoed into sobs. Once more you would have taken her for an infant angel. The boy jerked her again—not unkindly, but with masculine imperativeness and impatience.

"Wots it all about?" he insisted.

The answer came softly. It was obvious, from an intelligent gleam in the cherub's eye, that she knew what it was all about, but [illegible] four narration of a fact, however simple—and no doubt she desired to state her case well—is somewhat of an undertaking. She whimpered under the embarrassment of words that teased her. Yet again the boy jerked her, simulating speech.

"Anybody hit ye?"

The cherub shook her head. The curling gold danced emphatically in the sunlight, while a pugilistic glance proclaimed her ability to deal with anybody bold enough to hit her.

"Fall down?"

Again she shook her head, this time contemptuously. Surely he might have known such grief as hers had no such commonplace origin. He stooped and picked a stone. He was losing interest in the cherub's mourning. He poised his hand. An early robin with a brand-new waistcoat had hopped dangerously low, uttering crisp, cheery salutations. The cherub, womanlike, detecting the wane of her brother's interest, showed symptoms of renewed grief. The boy threw his stone in a hurry. The robin flew and chirped as cheerily from a higher bough. The boy took the cherub by the shoulders and shook her vehemently.

"Ef you don't tell me wot it's all about I'll call the ole black man to come an' put you in 'is bag," he threatened. "Bawlin' an' bawlin' like as if anyone had murdered you! Ef it hadn't been for you, Milly, you might have 'ad a robin pie for supper."

The cherub found new speech. She opened her mouth. She dug her soft fists in her eyes. She stuttered with excess of feeling.

"Milly 'anted t' see pig killed," she panted. "Dad take Lithey 'n' Bob t' see pig killed. Me 'ant t' see pig killed, too." The silent air was rent afresh.

"Pooh!" said the boy, "is that all? 'Tain't much to see. Don't you never mind that. It's offle messy for a little gell."

But Milly was a new young woman, and she cared not to obtain her experiences of pig-killing second-hand; so she howled with augmented grief and vigor. The boy took a different tack; he stopped short, knelt in the road and put an arm about her.

"There, now," he persuaded, "don'tee ky now. Billy's ducky! Billy 'ull buy a great anormous apple and Milly sh'll 'ave a bite."

Milly rather liked this, but she did not mean to surrender all at once. She came down from the top of a howl to a subdued whine. She rubbed her nose and sniffed. Then she proceeded to make terms.

"A big bite?" she demanded, in a voice intended to stir the deepest pity. But Billy having conjured his vision of an apple found it good. It were wise to make reservations.

"One big bite or two little 'uns," he stipulated.

"Not teeny, weeny littluns," Milly submitted, holding the back of a mottled wrist in readiness should tears be necessary to the conclusion of terms.

"Not the weeniest," said Billy, hastily, then reflecting, "but I shall hold the apple."

"With both hands?" she interrogated.

"'BILLY 'ULL BUY A GREAT ANORMOUS APPLE AND MILLY SH'LL 'AVE A BITE.'"

Billy deliberated. He held up a dirty fist and measured its possibilities with careful eye. Plainly he suspected guile.

"No, only one 'and," he allowed, reluctantly, for Milly had begun sniffing again.

At this assurance Milly smiled—the smile of a Machiavelli. Then stooped and pulled up a pair of socks, thick, mother-knitted socks, so many sizes too big for her that they slipped persistently about her boots. She hitched the eleastic of her hat behind her ears and rammed the crown down firmly on her curls. She caught her brother by the hand.

"Let's Milly and Billy run," she said, breathlessly.

Whereupon Milly and Billy ran till they were out of sight.—Black and White.

### Had to Work Their Way.

"A great many years ago," said an old army officer, "I was stationed on the government reservation at Kibisillah, on the coast of Mendocino county. About the only amusement I had was working tramps, and they were scarce. The hills along the coast from Kibisillah to Fort Bragg are very precipitous, and in those days there was nothing but a little trail that wound along the sandy beach at the base of the bluff. Whenever a tramp came along and begged a meal I would caution him against the dangers of the beach and warn him that the tide might catch him most anywhere. Then, to insure his safety, I would strap on him an old life-preserver from which I had removed nearly all the cork and substituted scrap iron. He would carry that 18 miles to Fort Bragg, and there a friend of mine would relieve him of it. In a day or two I would see it coming up the trail on the back of another tramp. I don't know how many hundreds of miles that scrap iron was carried, but it was kept on the move the greater part of a year and a half."—San Francisco Post.

—Seven sons in the army is the record of Mrs. Keveth, of St. Breward, Cornwall. Queen Victoria has sent her $50, her engraved picture in a frame, and a letter of her private secretary, asking for her photograph and that of her sons.—Military Gazette, Chicago.

## "LITTLE FEMALE LETTERS."

### Storms of Trouble at a Big Camp Meeting.

A Wicked Young Man, Two Innocent Old People and a Gay Young Widow—An Arkansas Story—A Waiting Game.

The big campmeetin over yonder at the Indian Creek grounds is now in session. Me and mother haven't went over there as yet, though we would be tremendius glad if we can go this comin Sunday. But the fatted calf aint fat enough for beef, whilst the chickens have now got the cholery and got it bad, and a big meetin in this country without chicken pie and a little fresh meat, and the like of that, would drag along as dull and slow and heavy as an ox wagon without a tar bucket or a whip.

#### Fun and "Confusionment" to Spare.

But in the main time Aunt Nancy Newton she went on over to the camp grounds Tuesday mornin, and then on Friday evenin she driv by our house returnin back to the Panther Creek settlement.

"The camp meetin is runnin along as reglar and natural as you please," says Aunt Nancy to mother and me, "but I driv all the way around by here to tell you that they have got so scandlous much fun and confusionment goin on over there in that country till the very native air is hot and blue all around in spots as big as a bed quilt.

"It would seem like the clouds riz all of a suddent and a furious bad storm is now blowin betwixt the Blantons and the Widder Milford. You all will remember, no doubts, that Squire Steve Blanton and old Miss Creesy Walton they took and got married along in the spring of the year. Old Steve had lost his secont wife, and all the children they had married and settled down, whilst Miss Creesy was one of your old maids—red-headed and pecurious—but still willin to mix clothes with Squire Blanton for weal or for woe.

"Now, the Widder Milford—Bob Milford's widder—Mittie Gaskins, as she used to be—lives over there in the same settlement with the Blantons. If you all never have scraped up any reglar acquaintance with Mittie Milford, I reckon to be certainly you have heard some tell of her. But anyhow, she is young—she is right tolerable good lookin—she dresses out of sight and cuts a wide and reckless swath everywhere she goes. From general reports I reckon she must of been about three times too many for Bob Milford, which you recollect Bob he pulled up and went out west three years ago come next Christmas.

"You must likewise keep in mind, Rufus, that Will Tom Pickens—the outdacious rascal—he went over last week and tended the camp meetin two days and a night. In during of that time he took and writ two letters on the sly and dropped them into Squire Blanton's coat pockets—one on this side and one on that—unbeknowance to old Steve, you understand. He writ both letters in a neat little female hand writin—which looks powerful like Mittie Milford's hand write—and signed the widder's maiden name to both of them. Nobody knows for certain how it was done, but at any rates them letters got into the squire's pockets whilst the night meetin was goin on, and when old Steve went to bed that night he was shoutin happy and as innocent as a first born lamb. But in climbin into his Sunday clothes the next mornin a little white paper fluttered and fell out of his pocket and his good wife, Miss Creesy, she picked it up and read it and then went ravin crazy mad on the spot. The squire he wint down on his knees and helt a private prayer meetin with his wife right then and there. He told Miss Creesy that somebody else had writ the letter for pure spite and cussedness, and swore by the livin and the dead that he wouldn't know the Widder Milford if he was to meet her in the big road in broad open daylight—which I reckon he told the sober truth in regards to that—and finally at last he got her cooled down sufficient to kiss and spile out, and let the white wings of peace flutter over the camp grounds onest more.

"It was nothin to me and none of my business maybe, but I put in and tried my level best to find out if I could what all the letter said to the old squire," Aunt Nancy went on in her plain, blunt, honest way, "but nobody couldn't tell exceptin Miss Creesy, and she would only give out the news in a general way. But anyhow it would seem from what little has leaked out that it was the most sweetest and all-overest love letter that ever was writ in female handwrite to any livin man in 40 miles of Indian Creek camp grounds."

#### "One More Female Letter."

"But you recollect, Rufus, what the poet says—when troubles come they come not like the gentle April showers, but in great gobs and sluices.

"Right when it looked like pluperfect peace was onest more in the saddle, bless goodness another cloud riz and the storm bust loose in a fresh place. It was durin the noon recessin and everybody had took out to feed. Squire Blanton and his good wife, Miss Creesy, had jined in the general spread lookin as prosperous like and pleasant as a pair of mellow maypops. But now presently Miss Creesy she went foolin and fumblin around in the squire's coat pockets huntin for a hankercher, when all of a suddent she jumped and screamed like she was snake bit. Everybody wanted to know what in all the round created world was the matter, and it didn't take so very long to find out. Miss Creesy she had found another one of them little female letters. It was to the squire. It was fixed up powerful like the Widder Milford's handwrite, and it was likewise also signed "Lovingly Yours, Mittie." They thought at first that Miss Creesy would faint away, but she soon recovered and opened on the squire. She read some little snatches from the letter out loud right there in the crowd and then she fairly scorched the air with her opinions of old Steve and the widder. Squire Blanton he prayed and he begged, and he begged and he prayed. But it wouldn't go down with Miss Creesy. She had stood the scandalation of one letter from Mittie Milford to the squire, but two of a kind in one day was altogether too many.

"And from all the general appearments, Rufus, that second letter must have been sugar-coated and out of sight. They tell me that it had the smell of cinnamon draps about it, whilst every other word was 'Darlin' and 'Honey' and the like of that.

"The women folks they got Miss Creesy off down to the spring to see if they couldn't do somethin to hush the storm, whilst some of the brethren helt an extra prayer meetin with the squire. The Widder Milford she was there on the grounds, and she told everybody that Miss Blanton was barkin up the wrong stump, as she had never writ a letter to a man of that name in all of her born days. I have no doubts but what the widder told the truth in that regards, but the whole united world couldn't make Miss Creesy believe it. She wanted to scratch Mittie Milford's eyes out, and tear her raven locks up by the roots, and it took six or seven common women to keep her from proceedin with the proceedins along that line.

"But at last Miss Creesy went home with some of her kinnery. Squire Blanton went on back to his lonely fireside, whilst the Widder Milford she remains over on the camp grounds till yet. In the maintime Will Tom Pickens has let the cat out of the wallet as to who it was that writ them little female letters. The women folks are now at work tryin to get Miss Creesy to believe Will Tom and forgive the squire, which I reckon she will soon git tired and quit pullin on the bits. Old Steve is innocent and hopeful, whilst the Widder Milford still wears the finest clothes and the most of 'em of any woman on the camp grounds. You ought to go over there, Rufus, and hear the news and save the country."

Right now there is more fusion and confusion in the politics of this country than I have ever saw before in my day and generation. The democrats have fused with some of the third party, and some of the third party has fused with scalawags and niggers, and there you are, as the man says in the play.

Me and mother and the children turned out and took in one of them fusion meetins last week, wherein mainest question seemed to be whether it is better to hold the hand we have got or draw to others which we know not of. But at any rates, in the general "confusionment" I fused with a crowd of good women and got on the outside of a monstrous good dinner.

As to politics, I reckon it maybe mought be better for me to stay out and let the other fellows settle the question.

Onest upon a time I was makin a horseback trip through Arkansas to the Red River country of Texas. It was late into the shank of the evenin. The weather was tremendius cold, and I was so starvin hongry till even to my socks didn't fit comfortable. A suddent bend in the road brought me in sight of a big log house with a "board and lodgin" sign out, the very sight of which made my heart feel a whole lot lighter.

When I rid up I couldn't see a livin soul, but I heard a great rucus goin on in the house. I hollered two or three times at the top of my voice before I got a hearin. Then a man opened the shutter and poked his head out of a window. His face was scratched and bloody and he didn't have on any clothes to speak of.

"Cold and tired and hongry—I would love to find out who is runnin this house," says I.

"Well, dadblame it, stranger," says the man at the window, "you will have to wait and see. Me and the old lady are now tryin to settle that very pint."

So in regards to the great game of American politics. A mighty rucus is now goin on, and I will have to wait till the people fight it out.

RUFUS SANDERS.

### Knocked Out with One Blow.

A cutting story is being told at the expense of a well-known Louisville man, who is something of a beat, as well as a bore. A wealthy man from the east was in the city a short time ago, and during his stay the Louisville man did his best to get his friendship preparatory to borrowing a goodly sum of money. He showed the eastern man all about the town, saw that he was admitted into the sacred precincts of the clubs, and took care that he had a good time in all respects. The easterner was charmed. He had often heard of Kentucky hospitality, and his greatest expectations were discounted by what the Louisville man did for him. He was no fool, however, and it was not long before he learned that his alleged friend was simply laying a trap for him. One day, when the Louisville man thought his way to the rich man's pocketbook was clear, he broached the subject of a loan, doing this, of course, in the most artistic and seductive manner. The rich man appeared much impressed, but when the story was ended he said simply: "Excuse me a minute while I go across the street and get a drink." When he returned the Louisville man had vanished. The coldness of the easterner who could announce cold-bloodedly that he was going to drink alone had got under the cuticle of the schemer.—Louisville Commercial.

### Dancing Skeletons Killed Him.

A remarkable cause of death from fright was the case of the Dutch painter Poutman. He was at work in his studio, where there was a number of death's heads and skeletons, when he happened to fall asleep. During his sleep there was a slight shock of earthquake, and when he woke up suddenly he saw the skeletons and skulls dancing around in the greatest confusion. He at once became panic-stricken, and rushed across the room and threw himself out of the window on the pavement below. He died in a few days after, not from injuries received in the fall, but from the nervous shock given by the dancing skeletons, though the cause of the festivity was explained to him.

### A Roland for an Oliver.

"If I were so unfortunate," said the man who had no use for the clergy, "as to have a stupid son, I'd prepare him for the ministry."

"In that respect," replied a mild mannered divine, "you think very differently from your father." — Washington Times.

### In the Light of Experience.

The Newly Married Man (on his first night off, sadly)—I wonder what my wife will say when I get home?

The Other—When you've been married as long as I have, old man, you'll know beforehand.—Truth.

## IDYLLIC LIFE IN JAPAN.

Dainty Little Houses Set in a Rustic Glen.

There is an isolated, aristocratic quarter of the village in the ravine behind the temple inhabited by priests and superior folk; and the far ravine holds the Momiji, or maple leaf, tea house—most bewitching cluster of doll houses in the most picturesque setting ever found in Japan. There is the usual large living-room, or office of the landlord, and a general "food-preparing" room for the establishment, opening on the roadway; but within the gates one finds a deep, green glen, an awful hasm some 15 feet deep and twice as wide, all filled with delicate, airy branches of cut-leaf maples. A terrible torrent some two feet wide dashes madly down from the mountain-side, spreads out into a lake the size of a large dinner table, with a wooden sauce-boat moored at one side.

Each vantage spot on the steep bank holds a one, two or three-roomed doll house—such dainty, exquisite little toy dwellings, with such fairy balconies, such spotless screens and soft, shining mats, that one hesitates to desecrate them with the clumsy, defiling, destructive appurtenances of the simplest foreign living; and as for himself fitting into one of these midget mansions, it is Gulliver alive among the Liliputians. Our life in that glen of maple leaves was full of interest, from the moment of slipping back the screens in the morning with some anxiety lest the mite of a glen and its midget lake were not there or real—rolled up over night, and some other charming Japanese drop-curtain put in its place—to the last banging of the amados, or wooden outer screens, at night.

The deer were friends and neighbors from the moment of our arrival, coming to drink from the musical fountain jet in our three-feet-square court of entrance, and then to the edge of our porch to bob their heads in well-mannered appeals for deer cake. These pretty beggars, with their lovely eyes, their sharp muzzles and delicate feet, seemed to know the value of their charms, and, having no fear of man, had only to pose a few moments to move the stoniest and most indolent heart to wait on them. It was even more idyllic in the early morning to find some antlered friend, or an equally fearless doe and her tiny fawn, waiting by the lakeside to share our breakfast.

After Miyajima one may well boast of having lived in Arcadia, and each day, more idyllic than the other, puts one in the better spirit for enjoying the rare Japanese charm of it all. The peace of the island is as perfect as its piety, and few sounds but the gently dashing stream and the flutter of maple leaves disturbed our enchanted little glen. One spoke softly, as befitted a place of such perfect beauty. Neighbors came to the doll houses across the chasm, but only the rat-tat of their pipes on the bamboo cups of the tobacco trays was evidence of their presence there.

In that simple, intimate life there were no mysteries, not even of the menu. All the villagers who passed might stop and watch our cook making his highly colored curry for our midday meal; and the peddlers who came to tempt the tea house maids with gay kimono patterns watched his strange concoctions, and sought pretexts to watch our further play with the knife and fork as we sat at feast on our little veranda over the lake. The small boy of the tea house added the comic element, and his morning pursuit of our dinner chicken was always a feature. He would chase the angry hen around and around the lake, and when it fled cackling up the bank, a swift movement of his palm across the lake would spurt such showers of water on the ruffled fowl as might soon empty the whole vast deep and rob the ravine of its choicest landscape ornament. When the tea house staff had combined against the hen, our major-domo would bring the captive to us in his arms and display the fine "stew chicken."

There was a solidity and an adamantine fiber to the Miyajima fowls that resisted ordinary cooking, and we commanded one day that the bird should be divided at every joint, the body quartered, and all kept stewing for the three hours during which we expected to be gone on an excursion. Summoned to see if all was right, we found the pallid, uncooked chicken dismembered to the last joint; but the whole puzzle had been neatly put together again, and the bird wound over and over with the closest network of fine spool cotton—a strange travesty on that Gulliver to whom we were always comparing ourselves.—Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, in Century.

### Size of an Earthquake Wave.

Seismologists say that every great earthquake causes pulsations which extend for thousands of miles in all directions on the globe, and Prof. Milne likens such pulsations to the long, low swells that sweep across the ocean. Recently Prof. Charles Davidson has attempted to measure the height and length of the waves of an earthquake that occurred in Greece on April 27, 1894, the pulsations of which were perceived by the aid of a specially constructed pendulum at Birmingham in England. The pulsations, or waves, passed through the rocky crust of the earth with a velocity of about two miles a second, and each of the largest of them, according to Prof. Davidson, must have been about 28 miles in length, but only half an inch in height!—Youth's Companion.

### Where Death Never Comes.

The island of Miyajima is one of the three wonders of Japan. It is a strange little village, where no wheel ever turns, where no fields are tilled and where the religious rules of so many centuries have forbidden deaths or births to occur, many a soul entering and leaving the world in the boat that hurriedly bears them over to the Aki shore. The tiny village of Ono, in a crevice of the opposite Aki hills, shows from the island its cremation temple and graveyard, where generations of Miyajima people have been laid away, and the little thatched dwellings where Miyajima mothers remain until their infants are 30 days old, when they may be taken back with rejoicings for their first ceremonial visit to the great temple.—Century.

—During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the extension of English commerce resulted in a remarkable development of the English language, and by association with foreign nations thousands of words unknown before in England were brought into common use.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

—"Why does Stimson always carry his umbrella closed when it rains?" "He is afraid the owner may recognize it."—Detroit Free Press.

—He—"Do you think Jack is in love with you?" She—"Certainly. I have the most positive proof. He never knows whether my hat is on straight or not."—Buffalo Times.

—Benevolent Party—"So you fought in the late war?" Mendicant—"Yes, sir." Benevolent Party—"Where were you wounded?" Mendicant—"In my substitute."—N. Y. Herald.

—"Have you read that article 'How to Tell a Bad Egg'?" "No, I haven't; but my advice would be if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, why, break it gently."—Household Words.

—"This blackberry pie isn't nearly so good as those mother used to make." "No; I told your mother this morning when she made it that you would be sure to find fault with it."—Chicago Record.

—An English paper tells of a real Mrs. Partington. She walked into the office of the judge of probate and asked: "Are you the judge of reprobates?" "I am the judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the lady. "You see, my husband died detested, and left me several little infidels, and I want to be appointed their executioner."—N. Y. Tribune.

—"There goes a feller," said the man who was whittling a shingle, "that is the ign'rantest man in this hull township. "That's a pretty hard thing to say." "He practically owned up ter it hisself, though. We wus talkin' things over in the store the other night, an' I'm dumgasted ef he didn't come right out an' own up thet he didn't know exactly how this gover'ment orter be run!"—Washington Star.

—"Jibbs and the rest of the boys didn't want to swear off poker entirely, but they'd been playing a good deal lately, and to get a rest they went into camp last week 20 miles back in the woods from Bogville, so they wouldn't see a card for a month." "Yes. I saw Jibbs in Bogville yesterday." "What! Has he quit the camp?" "No. Came in after a poker-deck."—N. Y. Sun.

## FOR JAPAN'S MUSEUM.

An Agent Making a Collection of American Inventions.

The people of Japan will soon gaze with wonder at the kissing scene in the Widow Jones through the medium of a vitascope. They will be initiated into the mysteries of plumbing, and thereby learn to appreciate the rare wit of American paragraphers. They will also build bicycle factories and inaugurate a bloomer craze among the dark-eyed houris of the orient.

They will do these things and much else besides when W. Araki, who is now in Chicago, returns to his native land. Mr. Araki is here for the Japanese government for the purpose of enriching from American fields the Commercial museum at Osake, the metropolis and business center of that country. This museum would serve as a profitable object lesson to many countries far more advanced than is Japan. Its size is surprising, for it occupies more than two blocks of ground, but as an educator it has no equal.

Its foreign department is filled with the results of the inventive genius of every outside country. No new device in machinery is long on the market before it finds its way to the Osake museum. It is labeled and the progressive Japanese may read where the article was manufactured and by whom, the retail and wholesale price, the amount of the duty fixed upon it and its uses in business. In the museum may be seen a cotton mill and a miniature brewery in operation. The Japanese have the trading instinct developed, and so the museum has a domestic department in which foreigners are shown curios, porcelains, screens, mattings, bamboos, swords, pottery—everything, in fact, that Japan produces. Just outside of the museum proper the favored merchants of Osaka have a big salesroom where they will sell in duplicate everything the foreigner takes a fancy to inside.

Mr. Araki is in America to procure new ideas and the newest things in American invention for the education of his own people. He is a young man of much culture, and speaks English fluently. He acted as interpreter during the China-Japan war. The Chinese naval officers coud not speak Japanese, but they had learned English, and Mr. Araki interpreted it to his brethren.

"Osaka is the greatest business center of Japan," said he. "Its population is 600,000, and the people take great pride in their museum, for which I am collecting new things. I am very much interested in the kinetograph, addressograph and vitascope, and am arranging to take one of each home with me, that my people may see their practical benefits. Everything new is utilized, and the inventors of America would confer a benefit on us and increase the scope of their market if they would send their catalogue to the Commercial museum, Osaka, Japan. I have bought a complete outfit of plumbers' materials to demonstrate their use in connection with our really superb system of water works. They came pretty high, though. The linotype interested me, but I think it will be impracticable in Japan, owing to the large number of characters in our alphabet. I shall favor the building of a bicycle factory as soon as I reach home. They are not made in our country, although they are used somewhat.

"Japan is having a big boom. The lower classes get good wages as soldiers, and are spending their money to such an extent that business of all kinds is very brisk. The era of low wages among the poorer classes is fast departing, as new manufacturing enterprises are being launched, increasing the demand for labor."

Mr. Araki hopes to effect an exchange of curios with the Field Columbian museum directors, and will go to New York, London, and thence home.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Wearisome.

Mrs. Jones—How does your daughter Helen get along on the sewing machine?

Mrs. Brown—Oh, she had to give it up; the exertion of moving the pedal was altogether too much for her.

"Where is she now?"

"Oh, she is out on her wheel. She is perfectly infatuated with it. She has already made three century runs in a fortnight."—Boston Transcript.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mr. Sewall, the democratic vice presidential candidate, is a member of the Swedenborgian church.

—Archduchess Maria Dorothea, when she marries the duke of Orleans, will observe the new law and have a civil marriage before the religious ceremony, although the royal family is expressly excepted from the operation of the law.

—A hale and venerable Lewiston man who has been well all his life ascribes an illness which overtook him while he was visiting one of his sons to the deprivation of his habitual morning plunge in Wayne pond, near which he lives.

—The late M. de Goncourt, who hated ordinary costume, had expressed a wish to be dressed out in a white robe for burial since "he did not wish to appear before God dressed like a fool," but his friends did not comply with his request.

—Wilfred Laurier, the new premier of Canada, is a fine type of the educated French Canadian. He looks younger than his 55 years, and is slender, active and handsome. His eloquence and magnetism make him a man of great personal popularity.

—Princess Li, the wife of Li Hung Chang, is 50 years old, but is said to look 20 years younger. Her feet have been fashioned to such smallness that she cannot walk, and has to be carried about in a chair—a magnificent one, of course—yet she owns 1,000 pairs of shoes. Her husband's wealth enables her to have nearly 1,000 silk dresses, and she can select from 500 fur garments in winter.

—Paris creators of dramatic stars charge less for their services than their American rivals. Mlle. Delna, of the Opera Comique, has just been sued by Mlle. Savary, once of the Comedie Francaise, for 18,000 francs as compensation for five years' labor, during which Mlle. Savary "did not hesitate to sacrifice without stint her time, her knowledge and her pains in order to turn out a great artist."

—Foreign books are admitted free of duty in all cases in 60 countries out of 110 whose laws have been investigated by M. Le Soudier. In 13 others unbound books are free, but there is a duty on the binding. In 28 countries books pay duty, though in eight of them exceptions are made in favor of books intended for teaching. In most cases the duties are very slight, hardly interfering with importations. In China the customs duties on the books imported by missionaries is a cent or two a pound on the weight.

## LIKE A STREET IN ALGIERS.

Picturesque Architecture in the Heart of San Francisco.

It frequently happens that men do good things without knowing it, and also that people will pass these same things and not see the beauties in them. There are numerous instances of this kind in San Francisco, but one of the most pronounced is that of an arch that crosses an alleyway that runs through from Bush to Pine streets, between Kearney and Montgomery.

It is many years since this arch was built, and the name of the architect has been forgotten, but he certainly "builded better than he knew." The location of the arch makes it a little difficult to see, but that only adds to its artistic effect. All of the surroundings are also just right to produce the appearance of an old street in Algiers. In fact, there are a number of streets in Algiers that are really not half so picturesque, and yet dozens of artists paint pictures of them every year—and sell them, too.

Seen at any time of the day the beautiful proportions of this arch in comparison with the surrounding walls are apparent, but it is only in the glare of the noontide sun that the Algerian effect is visible. Not only is the shape of the arch responsible for this, but the surroundings are also incidental to it. Add to this fact that the walls are all whitewashed in true ancient style and as dirty as any oriental could desire, and there is nothing wanting.

The best place to see the arch is to look at it from Bush street and at any hour between eleven and two o'clock during the day. The eastern wall will then be in shadow, as will be also the whole inside of the arch. The sunlight will fall on the southern portion of the wall and make it dazzling brilliant. The roadway between the arch is made of wood and of course does not look as bright as the walls, but it has just the effect of the mud streets of the far-away orient.

To look through the arch to the street beyond the effect is most pleasing. An iron gate partly fills the passageway and through this can be caught glimpses of bright-colored vehicles and a few green palms. The white walls of the other buildings only tend to add to the general effect of artistic picturesqueness. Occasionally the Algerian effect is increased by a few rugs being suspended from places along the banks of the roadway.

Of course, this street is not Algiers, and many things are required to make it so, but it is undoubtedly one of the most artistic bits of San Francisco.—San Francisco Call.

### Polish Sportsmen.

In Poland no one is considered a perfect sportsman until he has captured a live wolf. In order to accomplish this feat a wolf is driven into the open and chased by a well-mounted horseman, armed only with a long whip and some rope. After a time the wolf attempts to rest, but is forced on by its pursuer until it falls down exhausted. The rider then dismounts, jumps astride the wolf, and, seizing it by the ears, secures it with the rope. The assistance of a mounted companion is needed by most men. Then the capture is comparatively easy. To secure one single-handed is a difficult feat, attended with very great danger. Very few obtain this blue ribbon of Polish sport.—N. Y. Sun.

### Wise Old Man.

"What made that young man stay so late?" asked the father.

"We got to talking about the coinage question," said the fair daughter, "and did not notice the flight of time."

"I don't think that story will do," said the old man. "People who discuss the coinage question make a lot more noise than you two did."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Perfectly Independent.

"Tellsyer is running as an independent candidate, I hear."

"Perfectly independent. Nobody is supporting him but himself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## LIGHT AND DISEASE.

Germs That Multiply Under Artificial Light.

Two objections are commonly brought against the disinfectants recommended for general use: they are expensive and cannot be used promiscuously without more or less damage. It will be welcome news, therefore, that investigations are now going on, looking to some practical application of the well-known disinfecting properties of light.

Various species of microbes have been examined to ascertain their power of resistance to the sun's rays. For instance, Koch has shown that the germ of consumption can withstand the solar rays for only a short time. Cholera germs are easily rendered inert under the influence of direct sunlight, and other germs are susceptible, in varying degrees, to the same influence.

Experiments have been made upon fabrics and manufactured articles of household use, like furniture, by first impregnating them with germs and afterward exposing them to the direct action of the sunlight. It is found that while the sun's rays have a distinct action upon the upper layers of stuff, the disinfecting process is somewhat retarded in the lower or deeper layers. Objects of a dark color are but little affected.

Investigators report that direct solar light kills in from one to two hours germs of typhoid fever which may be present in water. Even diffused light exerts an appreciable effect in purifying water. In fairly clear water the effect has been known to be exerted at a depth of more than six feet.

In bodies of water exposed to the rays of the sun a minimum of germs is found in the early evening and night hours, and, as might have been expected, a maximum of the same germs is found in the early part of the day.

A study of the action of artificial light upon disease has revealed the fact that nearly every germ develops in some one or two particular rays of the spectrum. For instance, typhoid germs multiply rapidly in orange, deep red, or deep violet rays, while they cease to develope in green, blue, or pale violet rays.

This corresponds in some degree to facts elicited by a study of the action of artificial light upon plant-life in general, of which latter facts growers have taken advantage to produce wonderful results.

Of all forms of artificial light the arc-electric seems to promise greatest results to experimenters on this interesting subject, but it is probable that nothing can equal the direct rays of the sun itself.

That the sun does exert an important influence as a disinfectant—and this not merely because of its warmth or drying power—is not to be disputed.—Youth's Companion.

## RESTORED HER FAITH IN WOMAN

Exasperating Woman with an Unfailing Memory and the Antidote.

The met on Huron street, near Cass. The tall girl in the black skirt and silk waist was flushed and warm and her eyes were brimming over with tears that seemed to have their source in a fountain of vexation.

"Good gracious," chirped the pretty blonde in the pink and white organdie, "what ails you? You are all put out about something."

"I've been making a call," snapped the tall girl.

"A-a-hem," commented the blonde. "If it always affects you that way I'd advise you to stay at home."

"Now, don't say a word," said the tall girl. "Just wait till you hear my explanation and then you will see if you do not sympathize with me. I've been calling on Mrs. Blake. She is a woman who never forgets anything. When her husband was living he was the greatest martyr to her abnormally developed faculty for remembering things. She was his second wife. Mrs. Blake No. 1 was the possessor of a mind that could hardly retain a fact through the period of its happening, and Mr. Blake endured many inconveniences because of his wife's forgetfulness. So when he embarked on matrimonial seas a second time he chose for a mate one who was the exact opposite of his former companion. After her husband died Mrs. Blake focused the powers of her wonderful memory on her friends, and a sorry time we have had of it.

"She has just returned from a trip abroad and I hoped that a year's sojourn in strange lands might get her a little muddled, but she has the same infallible memory as of yore. The first thing she said to me was: 'You've still got six freckles on the right side of your nose, just as you had when I went away,' and when I left she remarked in the presence of half a dozen other ladies there that 'I had kept this waist remarkably well, and that she remembered perfectly how pretty I looked in it when it was new two years ago.' And the worst of it was she didn't say it to be vindictive or to taunt me with my poverty, but merely to show off her boasted memory."

The two girls walked along in silence till they reached St. Clair street. There their ways diverged.

"O, say, dear," called out the pretty blonde, "I am so sorry, but I forgot to return that sleeve pattern, and you said you would want it to-day, too."

The tall girl beamed upon her affectionately.

"Heaven bless you," she murmured, affectionately. "You have restored my faith in woman."—Chicago Tribune.

### Sure Prevention.

"Professor," said the fair leader of the reform delegation to the national neighborhood philosopher who was supposed to know everything, "we're trying to make this world better, and have taken the liberty of asking your advice. What is the surest way to prevent divorces in this country?"

"Don't get married."

And the delegation filed out.—Detroit Free Press.

### Fichus.

Fichus and Gainsborough hats go together—that is, if you want to carry out the beginning-of-the-century style that one sees so charmingly portrayed in [illegible] portraits. The prettiest fichus are those made out of soft chiffon, finished with fine pleatings, drawn into V shape at the waist and fastened in a bow knot.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Mrs. Mary [illegible], of Pomfret, Conn., now 94 years of age, is the only surviving great-granddaughter of Gen. Israel Putnam.—Military Gazette, Chicago.