

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## JAKE CRAWFORD'S CORPORATION

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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JAKE CRAWFORD looked confidently into the girl's eyes. "Pap allers said if I held on to the lan' hit would fill my pockets some day, Cindy."

"Tain't so much the pockets bein' filled as 't is we can live like f'olks," the girl answered, wistfully, her eyes controlling his and seeming to sweep them both out into the great world beyond the mountains.

"An' Jake," wistfully, "I'd like to be climbin' alongside o' you an' he'pin'. Hit do seem like you an' me might git to what we aimed fur—only" with a sudden trace of uncertainty in her voice, "that bo'nder I heered talkin' to the hotel w'ar I sol' the huckleberries said as how f'olks couldn't live out among f'olks on less'n a milyun dollars. Is hit much, Jake?"

She smiled at her reassuringly. "Yes, I reckon hit's a heap—more'n a thousand, more'n two thousand. But don't ye feel to be skeered, Cindy? I'll git hit fur ye."

They talked and planned for an hour, and then Jake went on toward the 50 or more rocky acres which his father had said would one day fill his pockets. Strangers had examined the land, and talked vaguely of minerals and corporations and big profits, and deplored the fact that transportation was so inadequate and so expensive, and then had gone away without proposing anything definite. Only a few weeks before a man had come with plans for a corporation, in which Jake was to figure as a shareholder in return for his land; but no agreement had been made.

It was a week before the man came again, and then he was vague and indefinite. Evidently he was waiting for Jake to become impatient, and through his impatience, rash.

"You see the transportation is likely to cost more than the whole plant would be worth," the man said, defensively. "If it wasn't for that I would snap your land up at a big figure. The railroad is so far—"

"Then why'd ye come?" interrupted Jake, bluntly. "You cer'nly don't want to go in at a thing that won't pay."

"Oh, I'm not saying that," quickly. "I think it will pay, with good management. There's the manganese land I've been telling you about, on the lower side. It would be worth a fortune near a railroad; and the coal land, too, might—"

"Yes, the coal lan's vallyble, thar ain't no doubt 'bout that," said Jake, his face flushing. Pap allers 'lowed hit would fill my pockets some day. But I ain't much notion o' the manganese lan'. Pap never spoke o' that. I 'low hit's sort o' triflin'."

"Really?" and a sudden light came into the man's eyes. He did not think it necessary to say that he considered the manganese land far more valuable than the coal land, and indeed, that it was the only land of much value in the vicinity. "Sort of trifling. Well, your father ought to have known. But what will you take for it, say cash?"

"Well, I ain't give hit a thought," dutifully. "Hit's the coal lan' I've been countin' on. I reckon I'd rather sell both for straight out cash, though. That's something shore. But s'pose ye tell mo' 'bout them corporations. How'd ye fix 'em, an' do they pay as much?"

"That depends. If a man hasn't working capital, he can divide his business up into shares and sell as he finds necessary. Now, if your coal land was to be worked, a company could issue, say, \$50,000 worth of stock, 500 shares at a hundred dollars each. Enough could be sold to supply a working fund, and the profits divided according to the shares. If the plant proved valuable, stock would go up; and enough could be sold at any time to supply necessary funds. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, I reckon so. Hit's jes' this way. If a man has prop'ty to sell he can fix his own price in stock, 'stead o' havin' to wait on somebody's offer. Like a hundred-dollar mule, if a man can't get but \$40 offers, he'd better make her a corporation."

"He might not be able to sell the stock," hazarded the man.

"S'pose he didn't. S'pose he only sol' 50 shares; he'd have half the mule left, an' the \$50, wouldn't he?"

"Why, yes; but it's always advisable to put out too much stock, or to fix the price too high. It's apt to drag the sale."

"That so?" Jake looked at him curiously for a moment, then went on reflectively. "When ye was up here 't'other day ye spoke of a big corporation, an' 'lowed the mo' sheers was sol' the mo' money thar'd be, an' the mo' money thar'd be the mo' work could be done an' the mo' profits dividin'. Ain't that how ye said? I've been thinkin' a heap o' that corporation sense ye left."

"Why, yes—yes; I believe I did say something like that. But everything must have a limit."

"Is s'pose so. But thar's another pint. If a man has prop'ty worth a thousand

dollars—or say a million or billion—an' puts hit into sheers, he's wuth jes' that much, ain't he, whether he sells or no?"

"Yes, in a way—on paper."

"Jes'so, in stock. An' I've heered stock is safer nor straight money—not stole so easy. An' now ag'in, if that prop'ty ain't put into stock, he's wuth jes' the prop'ty, without no special sum to name?"

"Of course."

"Whereas," continued Jake, sturdily, "if a man has prop'ty, an' wants to know how much 't is, or if he wants to be wuth a special set sum, he'd bes' corporation his belongin's into stock sheers. That's all. An' now, 'bout the 'bout the deal. What'll ye give me, straight cash, for that coal lan'?"

"Why, I—er—we haven't arranged about the manganese land yet."

"No, we ain't; that's a fact. I'd plum forgot, hit's so triflin'. Well, how much for the manganese, fast? I'm aimin' to git the whole thing straightened up now."

"Will ten thousand suit you?"

Jake stared. Ten thousand for that small patch of waste land that only showed a few faint streaks of manganese? Why, it didn't contain even the color of coal. But he only said: "Yes, I reckon that's a fair price. I'll take ten thousand."

"Very well," eagerly. "I will give you a check for it now and get the matter off our hands."

"Jes' as you say. An' now 'bout the coal lan'. I 'low if the price is right, hit'll suit better to sell than to hold fur somebody else."

"The man laughed. "No one else will buy," he declared. "The land is too far from a railroad. I can afford to give more than anyone on account of its

warm, sunny air outside to the cold, wuh-like chill of the dim interior. His next impression is of the florid decoration of the grand altar and chapeau, with a profusion of furnished gildings in the Moorish style, quantities of artificial flowers, ropes of gay-colored tissue paper, trimmings of cotton lace; apostles and saints carved from wood, now decaying and leaving their holy visages rather sub-nosed and flattened by the hand of time.

No doubt to the eyes of the simple Indians, for whose worship, it must be remembered, the church was designed, it seems a very temple of splendor and beauty.

A small butte adjoining the church and crowned by a cross shows on its top the crater of an extinct volcano.

The reservation numbers about 500 Indians, living in tiny adobe huts and brushwood shelters. Many of the women are engaged in making pottery with an entire absence of any tools save their own skillful brown hands. Besides making pottery the women are skilled in basket weaving, while the extensive fields on the reservation give employment to the men. A greater abundance of water is all that is needed to fully develop the agricultural possibilities of this valley of the Santa Cruz to coincide with the development of the mineral resources of the surrounding mountains.

Most everybody is familiar from childhood days with St. Augustine's generally conceded claim to be the oldest town in the United States, says a writer in the Washington Star. Not so many are acquainted with the fact that Tucson ranks next in point of antiquity. This flourishing and progressive American town has been evolved from the nucleus of an American village, wherein many generations of primitive folk, of few and simple wants, passed through existence untouched by a foreshadowing of the more complex society which was to supersede them.

Comprised within the western limits of the Tucson of to-day stand whole streets of flat-roofed, crumbling, one-story adobe buildings, looking rather dark and unsanitary as to interior, but still teeming with dark-skinned tenants, who often show an unmistakable mixture of Indian blood and who retain their soft Spanish dialect and leisurely habits of life, apparently unmodified by contact with their more strenuous American neighbors. The women are often pretty when young, but incline to grow too stout with riper years. They are usually distinguished by a black shawl worn over head and shoulders, while the children run about barefooted, with an apparent insensibility to cold which visitors from a more northern clime are inclined to envy.

The Mexicans and Indians who still form a large part of the population of Tucson appear to be the only adult resident native to the soil; every one else seems to have come to the town from somewhere else and to be held there by the complexity of interests which go to build up a town. Many are health seekers, attracted of late years by the superb winter climate. The town is set down in a sea level sandy valley, 2,400 feet above the sea. It is surrounded by a scanty growth of hardy greasewood, mesquite and cactus. The coming of spring with a rain or two covers this arid-looking region with a carpet of grass and wild flowers. It would be hard to picture the ever-changing beauty of the encompassing mountain ranges, with their jagged tops sharply outlined against the metallic blue of the Arizona sky, the higher peaks capped and furrowed with snow. When the sky is softened by clouds there are a thousand varying effects of light and shade and color; and in the dawn of the morning or steeped in the gorgeous hues of sunset, the customary blue of the mountain ranges gives place to the whole gamut of color, from opaline gray or pink to somber purple or slaty black.

The air is usually so sharp and frosty at night that one wonders at the hardihood of the handsome palms which adorn some of the gardens. However, at midday it is hot enough to induce one to throw off wraps, and the genial, sunny weather favors open-air excursions of all kinds.

One which no visitor should fail to take is to the ancient mission of San Xavier del Bac, nine miles from the old Presidio, now the growing city of Tucson. In answer to the assertion: "You have no ruins in America," one might point to the venerable edifice erected here through the efforts of Franciscan missionaries on which is now the Papago Indian reservation. (Papago, according to the explanation given by the Indians, means "hair cut," by which formerly those converted to the faith were distinguished.) The mission was established in 1607 by Jesuit missionaries, with Father Kino as superior, and after their expulsion by the Mexican government their place was taken by Franciscan priests. The date 1787, seen on one of the doors of the church, is, according to tradition, the date of its completion after 14 years of building. In their humility these architects left no mark to carry down their names to succeeding generations, differing in this respect from many visitors who have contributed to the debasement of the venerable pile by writing or carving their insignificant names upon it. The church is built of stone and brick, and in form of a cross 27 by 105 feet. The mission is now in charge of sisters of St. Joseph. On paying a small fee the visitor is shown into the church by an Indian lad. His first vivid sensation is of the sudden transition from the

land is the more valuable of the two. At any rate, five thousand is all I care to offer for the coal land, and I'm not anxious to have it for that. But what do you consider it worth?"

"One—mil-yun—dollars!" The words were very emphatic and distinct. "Not one cent less, not one cent more."

"It was the man's turn to laugh. "Why, thar's preposterous," he declared.

"Then thar's no use o' you an' me talkin' any mo'," Jake said, turning away abruptly. "My fingers is straight one mil-yun, with no come down."

A few weeks later there was a sudden ripple of excitement along the mountain side. A real frame house, evidently to be very elaborate, built by one of the men, was an event sufficiently startling to cause a general suspension of labor on the slope, and a going back and forth of curious neighbors to watch and make comments.

The \$10,000 did it all, and it purchased a horse and carriage, and set out an apple and peach orchard, and otherwise improved the place. They had decided to "corporation" the coal land; and, against a lawyer's advice, Jake insisted that the shares be issued at \$10,000 each. It would seem "mo'richer," he said, "to have a few big sheers than a lot of little ones;" and when assured they would not sell so easily, had answered that he did not care for them to sell; he and Cindy had everything they wanted, and stock was safer to keep than money.

So the coal land became a corporation, with Jake as all its officers, and with a hundred shares at \$10,000 each, preferably not for sale. But an unfilled certificate was posted conspicuously in the post office, so that folks could see how the thing looked.

The question of transportation was immaterial, for the coal was not to be mined. Jake purchased a safe, in which he carefully locked his stock, only taking it out from time to time to look at or show to friends. And, knowing it to be there, he went to work contentedly and energetically among his fruit trees.

But for all this, the "corporation" served its purpose. The fame of it went beyond the slope, even down into the valley, and on through its length and breadth. People Cindy had only heard of by reputation called on her and found in her something which made them call again, and she and Jake, through returning the calls, and through the books and music and pictures which began to gather in their mountain home, gradually attained to that which they had longed for in a dim, groping way.

he crosses the ocean next month on a big liner he will have half a dozen marconigraphs a day by wireless. He is confident of the success of keeping himself in the public eye, no matter what the cost. One Sunday he received a message in church, and quietly rising to his fullest stature to give the congregation opportunity to view him, he stalked out satisfied that he had made an indelible impression. The message consisted of five words—"Read Reflections of a Barrister."

"Tip Worth a Cool Thousand."

Russell Sage is opposed to tipping waiters; yet only last week he gave the waiter who attended in his home a tip which netted him \$1,113. That waiter has full confidence in his employer's judgment regarding stock speculation.

THE TELEGRAPH HABIT.

One Who Had Contracted It Had a Message Delivered to Him in Church.

Many men have the telegraphing habit, as others have the telephoning habit. They send "a wire" with and without provocation. Even where time is not an object, and a letter would do much more good, they call for a blank and scratch off 20 or 40 words, says the New York Press. There is a young lawyer here whose career has been greatly accelerated by a judicious employment of the telegraph. In some way he always manages to receive two or three messages wherever he happens to be—in a hotel, theater, museum, church, opera house or jail.

# Lesson in American History in Puzzle



INSIDE FORT PULASKI AFTER ITS SURRENDER. Find Col. C. H. Olmstead.

Some of the severest campaigning of the civil war was experienced by the troops that participated in the expeditions along the Atlantic coast, such as the Burnside expedition, the Du Pont and Port Royal expedition, etc. These were undertaken for the purpose of establishing an effective blockade of the southern ports. Of this order of campaigning the siege and capture of Fort Pulaski, located on Cockspur island, at the mouth of the Savannah river, and commanded by Col. C. H. Olmstead, of the confederate army, was one of the most remarkable engineering feats of the war. The ground surrounding this fort for miles on every side was but marshes, the majority of which were under water at high tide. On these marshes batteries had to be established that would command the confederate fort. This was accomplished under the direction of Gen. Q. A. Gillmore, of the engineer corps. Eleven batteries were planted in the marshes. The firing from the federal lines began on the morning of February 10, 1862, and continued until afternoon of the 11th, when the fort surrendered.

## THE SECOND OLDEST CITY.

Tucson, Arizona, Ranks Next to St. Augustine, Florida, in Point of Antiquity.

Most everybody is familiar from childhood days with St. Augustine's generally conceded claim to be the oldest town in the United States, says a writer in the Washington Star. Not so many are acquainted with the fact that Tucson ranks next in point of antiquity. This flourishing and progressive American town has been evolved from the nucleus of an American village, wherein many generations of primitive folk, of few and simple wants, passed through existence untouched by a foreshadowing of the more complex society which was to supersede them.

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## HOSPITAL BALLOONS.

Excursions in the Air for the Cure of Lung Troubles May Become Popular.

Hospital balloons will make half hourly trips between seven and ten each morning. Patients must procure tickets at the dispensary office.

Notices of this sort, we are told by eminent European physicians, will soon be posted in all of the free dispensaries for the poor in the great cities. Balloon voyages up into the better air for anemic and consumptive patients! It will be cheaper than a trip to the mountain altitudes, and has even a more pronounced beneficial effect, says the New York Herald.

Dr. Naugier, of Paris, has for some time been experimenting with patients suffering with anæmia and he has found that balloon excursions for a few hours into the upper air strata have worked marvellous improvement upon his patients. These little excursions into the clouds, or above them, have increased the number of red blood corpuscles in a marked degree, and the change has been lasting.

Other eminent physicians in Europe have duplicated these experiments with success, and in some of the large cities of the Continent arrangements are being made to provide hospitals with balloons for the pale faced and thin blooded people who cannot afford to go to the country for purer air.

Balloons for this purpose could be procured and operated at a comparatively small expense. Physicians in New York say that this method of treatment, while appearing somewhat fantastic, is quite likely to come into common use as navigation of the upper air becomes easier and less expensive. It is generally admitted that two or three hours' inhalation of the air far above the fumes and gases of a great city would be more beneficial in certain cases than any other treatment that could be given.

## The Tropical Centipede.

The sight of a full-grown centipede is said by travelers in tropical lands to be enough to affect the strongest nerves. Ten to eleven inches is the average length, although larger ones have been seen. Lafacido Hearn, in "Two Years in the French West Indies," says that the vitality of the centipede is amazing. He kept one in a bottle, without food or water, for 13 weeks, at the end of which time it remained as active and dangerous as ever. The hen attacks the centipede with delight, and often swallows him head first without taking the trouble to kill him. The cat hunts him, but is careful never to put her head near him. She has a trick of whirling him round and round upon the floor so quickly as to stupefy him, then, when she sees a good chance, she strikes him dead with her claws. If you kill a centipede, you are sure to receive money soon, and even if you dream of killing one it is good luck—at least, so local tradition says.

## THE DOG AND THE SCENT.

An Exhibition of Trailing Power That May Well Be Considered Unique.

The power of a good dog's nose varies. On a dry day when the grass stems are covered with a fine dust and the tiny particles have settled on weeds and briars it is much decreased. The dust gets into the nostrils and causes sneezing, and the mucus deadens the nerves. Sportsmen say then that the scent will not lie, says the New York Sun.

On a muggy day, when vegetation is damp, the scent holds for a surprising time and a pointer or setter has no trouble in following. Dogs are often puzzled by its strength and will follow a trail that is too old to produce anything.

On such days dogs with highly sensitive nostrils have been known to work cautiously along such a trail, believing the prey to be within a few yards and finally coming to a right stand, though the birds had passed that way an hour before and were then a mile away. This was proved by the dog's sticking steadily to the scent and finally routing them out.

Mary, a white and black setter, gyt owned in Lafayette county, Ark., gave an exhibition of following power not long ago that is thought to be unique. She was out with D. V. Lewis, a sporting planter, who owns her, beating the edge of a field that had green spring grass mingled with the old and furnished a good deal of cover.

There had been a slight rain about daylight and everything was soggy. She came hard down in a buttonhook point, her nose within a foot of a clump of grass as big as a bushel basket. Lewis went forward and kicked the clump and a single cock quail flushed. He waited on the bird until it was 30 yards away, missed it with the right barrel and knocked it down with the left. The quail fell on a long weaving slant, showing that it was only winged, and Mary was sent forward to get it. The bird's course had been parallel with the edge of the field and 50 yards away.

She did not find it where it fell and turned toward the woods. She followed to the rail fence, whose corners were grown up in briars, and went down it, working her way through the briars for quite 100 yards. Then she struck off into the woods.

Lewis climbed the fence and went after her. The ground was covered with wet, dead leaves which had lasted through the winter. Two hundred yards in, a small branch or creek was struck. The dog went down one bank a little way and lost the trail.

Crossing, she ran up and down the other bank and struck the trail again, taking it up 20 feet from the water. She was much excited by this time and was going fast. The man went with her, much more interested in her work than in getting the bird.

The trail ran out into the woods, crossed, came back to the creek, crossed it again, and then went to the field, entering it a quarter of a mile from its point of exit. A hundred yards from the fence Mary stopped with her nose within an inch of the ground.

Going forward Lewis found her to be pointing a hole in the ground bigger around than his arm, made originally by a mouse and widened by rains. He did not care to stick his hand in it, since for all he knew it might harbor a snake, yet he did not wish the dog to go unwarded.

Finally he pulled on a glove and thrust in his arm to the shoulder. He took hold of the quail and dragged it out. Then he examined it. The bird had been wing-tipped only, which is to say that the extreme point of its right wing had been broken by a single pellet.

Lewis did a queer thing for a shotgun man. He showed the bird to Mary, rubbing it back and forth across so that she might get the scent, which was to her as sweet as that of roses. Then he broke a toothpick in two and with some thread bound it to the broken bone, joining the ends neatly and wrapping it round and round, bringing the thread down between the feathers. He made a neat job of it and threw the quail in air. It buzzed away as if nothing was the matter. If the toothpick held for a few days, and doubtless it did, the bird got well.

## TRAGEDY OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Something Very Pathetic in the Career of the Beautiful Passenger Pigeon.

To him who knows the story of the passenger pigeon, this group of beautiful grayish brown birds with the iridescent golden sheen upon their throat is the last word of tragedy of animal life, says the New York Evening Post. America was once the land of the wild pigeon. Early American writers are full of references to it. Alexander Wilson, the father of American ornithology, estimated that a flock seen by him in 1808 contained over 2,000,000 individuals. It stretched from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could see, and was over four hours in passing a given point. He saw a nesting colony 100 miles long and several miles in width.

In 1805 Audubon saw schoolers at the wharves in New York loaded, not in packages, but in bulk with wild pigeons caught up the Hudson river and sold for a cent apiece. Up to 1860 the bird continued fairly abundant. Then a frightful slaughter began to supply an increased food demand. Gun, pole, club, net and sulphur pot were employed. Thirty dozen birds were captured at one spring of the net. One man netted 500 dozen in one day. In the nesting season trees were shaken or felled and wagon loads of squab taken nightly, droves of hogs being turned in to utilize what the "hunters" had left. Wherever the distracted flocks appeared the slaughter began. At the last known large "nesting" in 1878, a billion birds were killed during the season. Like the bison, it was effectually exterminated, showing the terrible efficiency of man when he sets out systematically in pursuit of a lower species.

## Uncle Remus Says.

"Yo' kin console a man by tellin' him he's a martyr, or yo' kin hurt his feelin's by callin' him a fool, an' yet nine times out of ten one term will apply as well as de odder."—Detroit Free Press.

# Lesson in American History in Puzzle



THE SINKING OF THE "MONITOR." Find Commander Blankhead.

On December 29, 1862, the "Monitor" left Fort Monroe, at Hampton Roads, and started for Charleston, S. C., under command of Commodore Blankhead. She was convoyed by the "Rhode Island," a sidewheel steamer. The wind was blowing a gale, and the "Rhode Island" was taken in by her conveyer. The sea washing over her soon began to fill her hull, and in time put out the fires under her boilers, and left her practically helpless. The lines connecting her with the "Rhode Island" were cut, and these became entangled in the wheels of the conveyer. An effort was made to save the officers and crew of the little vessel, and all were taken off with the exception of four officers and 12 men before the vessel plunged downward never to rise again, at about midnight on the night of December 31.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Editor Webb, of the Bosworth (Mo.) Weekly Star puts this headline over his announcements of births, marriages and deaths. "Yells, Bells and Knells." King Edward's chef is one M. Menalls, from southern France. He gets \$10,000 a year and comes to Buckingham from his private residence in a hansom.

In Copenhagen lately the new government bill creating elective parish councils for church matters was found to exclude servants from the franchise. Immediately the servant girls federated themselves and with the aid of the social democrats compelled the law committee of the folketing to drop the disfranchising clause. A sartorial authority in London announced some months ago that before long well-dressed men would be wearing corsets. The statement caused some ridicule, but it has been borne out by facts, for the real London swell of to-day is unmistakably corseted. More than that, he is having his hips padded and there is a growing demand for the effeminate articles necessary to giving the appearance of wasp waists.

In a public address recently Wheeler H. Peckham, of New York, took ground against skyscraper office buildings, which he condemned as dangerous to health. "How considerate we are," he exclaimed. "We build hospitals for the poor consumptive and then we turn around and build sky-scraping structures where consumption may breed so that we shall not lack for patients." This matter is beginning to attract serious attention in New York city, especially in the lower part of Manhattan island, where the streets are so narrow and crooked as when the Dutch burghers laid them out or their oxen traced them across the fields.

Among a late crop of stories told at the expense of Chicago is this one, set afloat by an Italian paper: When the duke of Veragua, the descendant of Christopher Columbus, visited Chicago, he inquired at a telegraph office the charge for a telegram to the city of Columbus of ten words. "Fifteen cents," answered the official, not including the signature, which is wired free." Whereupon the duke wired: "Mayor, Columbus: Shall visit your city next Monday or Tuesday." And he signed it: "Cristobal Colon de Toledo y Barreategui de la Cerda Ramirez de Laqueantado Gante Almirante y Adelantado Mayor de las Indias, Marquis de Jamaica, Duque de Veragua y de la Vega, Grande de Espana, Senor del Reino, Caballero de la insigne orden del Toison d'Oro, Gran Cruz de la Concepcion de Villaviciosa, Gentil Hombre de Camarra del Rey de Espana."

## Venezuela's Wealth.

One of nature's most generous endowments to Venezuela is rubber, for which the demand of the world is increasing, while the resources are by no means keeping pace with civilization's needs. With the wants of the world increasing in such enormous strides, it is only a question of time when the producing of rubber must be undertaken upon a large scale and under regular methods of planting, culture, and harvesting. Venezuela offers here a rich field to enterprise, for rudimentary as are the methods of the present, they produced 440,000 pounds from the Rio Negro and Orinoco valleys alone one year ago. Explorers in the upper reaches of the Orinoco and Rio Negro have reported that there are available about six million rubber trees, counting only those within a certain distance of navigable water. Every tree is good for about five pounds of crude rubber per annum, making the possible annual output of the two valleys 30,000,000 pounds. At present it is no more than 400,000 pounds. If the tree survives the attacks of inexperienced or improvident gatherers in its youth, it is good for a century of productivity.—Pearson's Wealth.

## His Predicament.

Parker—What's wrong? You seem worried.

Streeter—I am. I wrote two notes—one to my broker, asking if he took care for a fool, and the other to Miss Golding, asking her if she would be zine. While I was out somebody telephoned "Yes," and I don't know which 'em 't was.—Answers.

## Honesty with Self.

Being honest with one's self is a rather difficult matter for the reason that there is no one who is easier to cheat or who likes it better.—Chicago Journal.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Not Without Reason.—Sunday-School Teacher—"Well, who was sorry at the return of the Prodigal Son?" Little Girl—"The fatted calf."—Boston Christian Register.

Wrong Diagnosis.—Physician—"What you need is a change of climate." Patient—"Why, doctor, I get that every day right here in Chicago."—Chicago Daily News.

Grant—"So Grimes has been forced into bankruptcy? How did it happen?" Gray—"A particular friend of his gave him a tip about a perfectly safe investment."—Boston Transcript.

Land Poor.—Hassit—"It's strange you're so hard up, old man. I thought you owned half of Swamphurst, and had lots to sell?" Haddit—"I have; but what I want is lots to eat."—Town and Country.

Disappointment.—"What did she ever see in him that made her want to marry him?" "Nothing. She married him because she wanted a home." "Poor girl! And he took her to a flat!"—Chicago Tribune.

Didn't Want It.—"Say, Uncle Eben, I guess when your son Sam grows up you'll want him to follow some profession." "Ef you mean foller a profession, w'y, no, suh!" said the old dandy. "W'y de ve'y minute dat boy heahs a band play he follers in the profession immed'jut."—Baltimore Herald.

"Yes," said D'Auber, the artist, patently. "I'm selling my canvases now at my own prices." "You don't say?" replied Sharpley, whose works had not yet caught on. "Yes, indeed. I suppose you'd give a good deal to be a great artist." "No, indeed. I'd rather be you."—Philadelphia Press.

## FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Located in Dorchester, Mass., and the Citizens Were Forced for Its Support.

The first public school in America to be supported by direct taxation "upon the inhabitants of a town" was established at Dorchester, Mass., in May, 1639, states the Chicago Tribune.

In 1636 David Thompson had settled upon Thompson's island, off the coast of the colony town, and in 1638 he gave the island to the town on the payment of 12 pence a year. Having transferred the island to the town, the town council on May 20, 1639, and adopted the following order:

"It is ordered the 20th day of May, 1639, that there shall be a rent of £20 a year imposed forever on Thompson's island, to be paid by every person that hath property in said island, according to the proportion that any such person shall from time to time enjoy and possess there, and this toward the maintenance of a school in Dorchester. This rent of £20 a year to be paid to such schoolmaster as shall undertake to teach English, Latin, and other tongues, also writing. The said schoolmaster to be chosen from time to time by the freemen, and it is left to the discretion of the elders and the seven men for the time being whether maids shall be taught with the boys or not. For the levying of this £20 yearly from the particular persons who ought to pay it according to this order, it is further ordered that some man shall be appointed by the seven men for the time being to recover this, and on refusal to levy it, by distress, and not finding distress, such person as so refuseth payment shall forfeit the land he hath in property in said island."

Here, the first teacher was Rev. Thomas Waterhouse.

How a Snake Moves.

Now anyone who has looked at the skeleton of a snake—and it is really a very beautiful object—and it will have been struck by the great number of ribs, which may be as many as 1,000 pairs. In these lies the secret of the flexibility of the serpent to do some of these wonderful things. The lower end of each rib is connected with one of the broad scales that run along the under side of the snake, and when a rib is twisted slowly backward, it pushes on the scale, the edge of the scale catches on the ground or whatever object his snappiness may be resting on, and the body of the snake is pushed just a little bit forward. Of course, each rib moves the body but a mere trifle; but where the ribs are so many, and they are moved one after another, the result is that the snake moves slowly but steadily ahead.—St. Nicholas.