SEEN IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

Aspinwall, Its Queer People, Its Monkeys, Parrots and Other Sights.

Correspondence Boston Globe.

In Boston we were muffled up in ulsters and caps of fur. In Aspinwall, well, we only wore clothes for the sake of propriety. This modesty was not always shared, however, by our sable friends whom we met in this region during our wanderings; and as for the pickaninnies, until they were ten years of age, neither sex thought it necessary to wear anything not provided gratuitously by nature for their adornment, a simple trinket on the arm or about the neck oftentimes being all that was considered necessary. Aspinwall is a very busy place, being as it is one of the main arteries of traffic between the Atlantic and Pacific coast, trains of the Panama railroad running all the time, giving it quite a metropolitan aspect, especially near the wharves, where many lines of steamships from America, France and Europe touch. As we walked up the main street, which is a small strip on each side of the railroad track, we were met on all sides by darkies of different degrees of respectability, Spaniards and many other nationalities, not excepting the much-abused almond-eyed Celestial from the Flowery Kingdom, all as a rule dressed in loose white cotton garments, while Spanish women dressed in the picturesque costume of the country greeted us on every side, offering for our delectation their wares of oranges, pineapples, bananas, mangoes, and many other fruits peculiar to the country, which they did with violent gestures, and often unintelligible jargon. We purchased our first oranges—oranges that had ripened on the trees. They were delicious, their pulpy sweetness fairly bursting from its captivity upon the slightest puncture of its golden surface.

Through the town itself there were three tracks side by side with branches running to the piers and yards, a small engine with its dusky attendants puffing continually, shifting the freight cars, of which there are many hundred necessarily employed in this great interocean traffic. On one side of the railroad were the piers and the bay; on the other, the low two-story houses peculiar to the tropics, the first floor of each being converted into a store and every occupant seemingly a merchant, although how so many can live and thrive, as they evidently do, is a mystery. The stock in trade in these shops is of every description, much of the stuff being imported from other countries, France and England shipping large quantities, as well as America, some of the stores kept by old women supplying the visitor with the home productions, such as monkey-caps, a natural growth of the palm tree, which can be worn as a hat or stretched to a capacity of a bushel of oranges, the fibers being woven by nature, flexible and strong; also shells and other curiosities, while in the rear is the inevitable bar, the inhabitants being great drinkers of fermented liquors, especially beer and American cocktails, beer being imported in great quantities. I here bought my first stick of sugar cane, for which I paid five cents. It was sweet and sickish to the taste, but the young and indolent portion of the isthmus chew it by the hour, and seem to thrive and grow fat on its sweetness.

After a few days of rest, which we lazily spent in reading, eating bananas and keeping cool in the 150 degrees of temperature about us, we started on a tour of exploration, guided by a youthful Jamaica negro boy, who, for a quarter, agreed to take us through the town and show us all points of interest. We first inspected the American quarter, which was very clean and healthful, being situated near the water on a point of land. On this point was also the Panama Railroad Company's Hotel, and just beyond was the Episcopal Church. The American consul lived in a large house directly opposite, and a little further along we came to Mechanics' Hall, where all the white workmen employed by the company reside. Directly behind the building were the shops of the Panama Railroad Company, which covered a large area.

From here we went over and through the negro and Spanish quarters, which were as dirty as the white quarters were clean. In this quarter were huddled together a mixture of Spanish, low Americans, South American Indians and Jamacia negroes. In the evening gambling is one of their chief amusements, and is carried on openly. At the time I was there one man controlled the whole business, and licensing the owners of tables, from which venture he must have received an enormous revenue. Gaming-tables were at nightfall placed on the sidewalks, and around them gathered an excited crowd of individuals who wagered their bits of silver to win a fortune that seldom materialized. Here I saw some of the smallest ponies in the world, weighing from 200 to 500 pounds. They run wild about the streets when not carrying their burdens. They are very strong and of great endurance, carrying almost twice their own weight on their backs. In this interesting place I found that every one owned either a parrot or monkey, and in front of almost every store, perched or hanging under the wooden awnings, you could see them, the parrots talking Spanish and the monkeys chattering away as you pass in their comical way, not unfrequently jumping down upon your shoulders for a caress or a piece of candy. Turkey buzzards are flying about in every direction, and as they are a scavenger bird and do much toward keeping the place healthy, a fine of $5 is imposed upon any person who has the temerity to kill one.

One morning I bought some mangoes of a charming Spanish girl. I was not particularly pleased with them. Shaped something like a pear, they have the flavor of the peach, although very much sweeter, but their flesh is stringy. They will do to eat when no other fruit is available. One of the interesting places on the isthmus is Monkey hill, probably so-called from the large number of monkeys always to be seen in the trees. It is a few miles from Aspinwall by rail. The great cemetery of Aspinwall is located here, and from this district the greater portion of the bananas shipped to New York are grown. In this place you jump from the semi-civilization of Aspinwall to the customs of an ignorant and primitive people. Here everything is intensely tropical, alligators and snakes and monkeys on every hand; and thriving unmolested. Bread-fruit trees and the most beautiful variety of foliage and flowering plants abound and flourish on all sides, while bananas, cocoanut and palm-trees of every description are scattered about. About the station of Monkey Hill, if a raised platform can be called a station, on the side tracks, where the box cars are switched to receive their freight, there is always a scene of activity, the natives busily working, unloading bananas from the diminutive ponies as they arrive in long strings down the steep path from the mountainous interior.

The costume of the people at this point was more noticeable, or rather its absence was more noticeable than anything we had yet seen. The day that we were there the temperature was 110° in the shade, and the evident purpose of the population of both sexes was to keep cool, which they did with graceful abandon, with no thought or care for our presence. The marriage customs in some parts of this undeveloped country are peculiar, to say the least. No dress suits nor bridal veil, and no minister's sanction is required to bind the bargain or tie the loosely-woven knot between the blushing bride and her future lord. The service is simple. Its only, "You take me," and "I'll take you," and the ceremony is over.

ALLERTON ON MURPHY'S WORK.

How the Millionaire Will Arrange the Chicago Campaign Against Whisky.

Chicago Herald.

"What are your plans as to getting Murphy here?" said a reporter to Mr. Allerton.

"I intend to go around in a day or two among some of my friends and ask them to join with me in the matter. Some money will, of course, be necessary, and arrangements for a hall, etc., will have to be made. I can get him here myself, of course, but prefer to let others share the satisfaction of being instrumental in having him work here. He will be engaged in southern Indiana for a week or two, so I cannot tell just when he will be here. But he will come, that's certain, and there'll be no trouble in making all necessary arrangements. I do not know where it will be best to hold the meetings, but they will be held somewhere on the West Side, I should think. Perhaps it will be best to hold them in different places."

"It is a part of your purpose in bringing Mr. Murphy to disabuse the Anarchists of their peculiar ideas and notions?"

"Oh, I don't think anything will make a good citizen out of a genuine Anarchist. These old-country fellows who come over here with their hair sticking up straight, trying to overthrow our institutions and laws and breed discontent among our working people cannot be reformed or changed by Mr. Murphy or any one else, I believe. But the workingmen can be benefited and recruits to anarchy can be prevented. Mr. Murphy's work will be a preventive rather than a cure of anarchy. The trouble is the working people spend their earnings for drink, they don't prosper, things go wrong with them, they become discouraged, lose ambition, and gradually come to think that everything ought to be changed in some way. When they get to feel like that the Anarchists and these fellows who try to make a living by fomenting discord and trouble, find them willing to listen to their harangues and even disposed to accept their doctrines. Now, if our workingmen will give up their liquor they will become industrious and prosperous. Anarchy will have no temptations for them. Drink is at the bottom of all our trouble in this country, so far as the workingmen are concerned. We are a prosperous Nation in spite of it, but our prosperity, if our workingmen would let drink alone, would be marvelous. Mr. Murphy and his son are doing a great work in this very direction. What they say at their meetings may not produce very great results among the highly educated, but they have a wonderful power in reaching down and touching the heart and better nature of the masses. They get hold of them in some way that tells and produces results. They induce thousands to quit drinking and go to living sober, industrious lives. They cause men to become good citizens. Their teachings lead men away from anarchy and everything that pertains to it. That is the reason why I think they can do a great and a needed work in Chicago, and that is why I am going to get them here."

THE MEN OF ST. PETER'S DOME.

Living in Almost Another Sphere Than Ours—The Great Work of Illumination.

New York Sun.

Before the Papacy lost its temporal power, in 1870, it was customary for the Pope to celebrate mass publicly at the main altar of St. Peter's at three religious festivals, viz., on Easter Sunday, the 29th of June feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, and Christmas. On these occasions the Pope had on his breast a golden ephod, like the one worn by the high priest of Israel. In the evening of the two days first named two great spectacles were always given, the illumination of the dome and cupola of St. Peter's, followed by a splendid and unique exhibition of fire works in the Piazza del Popolo. The illumination was in two parts; first the silver one, so-called, produced by white paper lanterns, hung on the roofs of the two semicircular porticos of the Piazza San Pietro, and about the front of the Basilica, and next, at the stroke of eight, the hour for the Ave Maria, the golden one, in which the dome and cupola were brought out in brilliant outlines of light with almost the rapidity of lightning. The light was produced by iron shells, fitted with wicks and filled with tallow, some containing as much as fifteen pounds, others less, according to the situation and exposure to the wind. It was, indeed, a grand sight, once seen never to be forgotten. No one can tell when it will ever be seen again.

A very erroneous impression has prevailed among Americans, Catholics being as ready to believe and spread it as Protestants, that so great was the danger for the men employed about this illumination they were all regularly prepared for death by the reception of the sacraments of confession and holy communion. That year after year the lives of a great number of men were deliberately and extraordinarily imperiled in order to get up a fine spectacle would hardly seem consistent with the well-known humane and benevolent character of the papal government, and the writer took opportunity during a recent visit to Rome to inquire particularly into the facts of the case, feeling confident that they would be found to involve no censurable disregard of human life.

The men employed about the dome and roof of St. Peter's are called San Pietrini. They dwell upon the roof. Most of them were born there, as were generations of their kind gone before. There are forty-one of them—twenty regular employes, seventeen supernumeraries, two aspirants to the place of supernumerary, and two who do only sweeping and cleaning. The illumination of the dome and cupola used to take over 300 men. Extra hands were hired for the occasion from trades and occupations in which labor is done at dizzy heights, and they were set to work under the direction of the San Pietrini. Every precaution was taken against accidents. The writer's informant, a San Pietrino grown old and gray in the service, said that although oftentimes some of the men employed were careless, yet during the forty-four years preceeding 1870, only three men, all of them San Pietrini, had lost their lives by falling. One fell from the roof while repairing an arm of the statue of St. Andrew; the other two fell while illuminating the dome.

The above statement was confirmed by the head of the Segretaria di State, which is situated in the Vatican, and by the employes in that department. An American lady, a resident in Rome since about 1860, gave similar testimony, and related that she had known Turco, a veteran San Pietrino, who died in 1886, and who had been over fifty years in the service of the Basilica, the leader of four generations, himself, son, grandson and great-grandson being all in the same employment. He used to lament that after 1870 he could no longer take part in the lighting of the dome, and scouted indignantly the idea of any unusual danger attending the operation.

The story about the men being prepared for death by the reception of the sacraments has probably arisen from the fact that in Rome the time for the fulfillment of the Easter precept extends only from Palm Sunday to Low Sunday, inclusive. The San Pietrini have their own chaplain—one of the canons of the Basilica—their own daily mass at 5 or 6 A. M., and general communion on Easter Sunday in compliance with the Easter precept, and on the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul in honor of the Prince of the Apostles. As the illumination took place in the evening of these two feasts, it is easy to see how the story had, as errors often do, its foundation in the perversion of a known truth.

The writer saw a display of surefootedness and skill by the San Pietrini in taking down the crimson draperies with which the interior of St. Peter's had been hung at the Papal jubilee. One man suspended in the air by ropes handled in the triforium above him, unhooked the draperies and attached them to other ropes, by which they were lowered to the floor. It was marvelous to see the skill and self possession with which the operator would spring at that height from the wall into the air by a pressure of his foot, and the surefootedness with which for certain short distances he moved along cornices over which the heels of his shoes could be seen projecting, his hold being on hooks fastened in the wall.

The San Pietrini are said to go hunting in the month of March for young rooks in the nests which that bird builds on the roof of the Basilica. It must be rather a perilous hunt.

HOW THEY LAID TOM HARDIN AWAY.

An Old Bummer's Account of the Burial of a Former Indianapolitan.

Kansas City Times.

Uncle Tom Hardin's remains were buried in Elmwood Cemetery yesterday afternoon only a few paces distant from the grave of murdered "Voiceless Mike." Six carriages followed his body to the cemetery, where a brief speech was made, after which the coffin was lowered and every man present threw a shovelful of clods into the grave. Three saloon-keepers, as many hackmen, and two bartenders who had mixed many a drink for Tom were the pall-bearers. In their march to the grave they were preceded by Morris Frank, a bootblack, who wore a wreath of flowers. The funeral expenses were defrayed by those who knew the old man and liked him for his good characteristics, which often revealed themselves.

The death and funeral were all the talk of his old haunts last night.

"I couldn't keep de weeps dry, pards; de boys stood around cryin' like kids when poor old Uncle Tom Hardin was laid away." The speaker placed his glass upon the bar, and a half dozen men who had just returned from Tom Hardin's funeral did likewise. An interesting group who had known old "Uncle Tom" during much of his dissolute career listened intently to his terse and striking version of the funeral. Rough in exterior appearance his heart seemed to be all right just then, for tears glistened in his eyes.

"Mebbe we didn't plant 'im right, and mebbe we didn't lower 'im into de grave wid all de honors that a man could wish, and when Sheeney Frank, de little bootblack, dropped a wreath upon his grave and said 'Good-bye, Uncle Tom,' a great lump rose in my throat. Many a time had de kid and de old man slept together on some old, played-out pool-table, and the boy blowed in his last cent fur de flowers.

"Wuz there a dry eye in de house when the funeral speech was said? I guess there was not. It takes a good deal to move a man like me, who has been rubbed agin de world 'till he's tough as de wood in dis here bar; but I caved right there. Seemed to me like the remarks wuz addressed to us all, wuz meant for everyone of us. An', pards, when he spoke of de old man's even'ful life, when he traced his career frum the cradle to de grave, told how he had went to school wid Tom Hendricks an' had knocked aroun' wid de high-toned ducks of de country it made me feel glum to hear how he turned an' went wrong.

"But old 'Uncle Tom' laid dere in the coffin wid a smile on his old wrinkled face, which de angels frum 'way back might hev stolen away if the'd seen it. We had dressed him up in a black suit an' dere was a little pin in his caravat—you wouldn't a known him in any such togs if he'd walked in here that way.

"We got 'em a good grave jest off the carriage road in Elmwood Cemetery, not twenty feet away from where they planted 'Voiceless Mike,' who was killed by Billy Mitchell. Dere, pards dat wuz de way in which the boys laid away old 'Uncle Tom,' an' as my vice is gettin' husky jest give us erother round, barkeep, old boy, an' we'll drink to old Tom's mem'ry."

A Countess a Factory Girl Now.

Pall Mall Gazette.

This is what we are coming to. The other day a young and pretty girl came to a magistrate in a town in Austria, demanding the regulation Dienstbuch into which the particulars about the antecedents of any person in search of work are entered, the booklet having to be shown to employers on application for employment. On looking through the girl's papers the magistrate found that his fair applicant was Melaine Countess Keglevich, born at Presburg in 1874. As her papers were in good order, the booklet was handed over to the young Countess, and her ladyship is at present earning her living as a factory girl.

PROSPECTS OF JUDAISM.

Dr. Sonneschein Thinks that It Will Eventually Prevail in America.

Jewish Tidings.

Which has the better prospects, Judaism or Christianity? Judaism, that handful of scattered people, the house of Jacob, at present divided against itself, or Christianity, that grand and world-embracing organization? But grandeur and aggressiveness have nothing to do with these prospects just now. In the first place, Christianity is also divided against itself, being in that respect even in a worse condition than the Judaism of to-day. Furthermore, the history of any church will teach us that just at the commencement of a new era, the forerunners, the first representatives of that new era, are in the most humble and gloomy obscurity. They are not mighty in numbers. They are not grand in influence. They follow humble pursuits in life, and still the glorious crown of success is already hovering above them. And another thing—it is not the believer who nowadays rules the destinies of religion: mark you, not the unconditional believer, who never doubts a particle of the validity or divinity of his special religious denomination. It is the honest doubter who will have to decide which side shall win. Whichever side the average of enlightened and honest doubters give their sympathies to will win.

Then, too, we are living in a new country. Which side will win the sympathy of this new country of ours? When, instead of a scanty 25,000,000 of people, the Mississippi valley shall boast 200,000,000 inhabitants, brave, free, enlightened, to which religious camp will they acknowledge allegiance? Whose are the brighter prospects? Inasmuch as Judaism is a religion of justice, and Christianity of mercy, we immediately have one distinction to guide our conclusion. Is a people, a nation, a humanity that strives for justice to all; a commonwealth which strives to bind all the nations of the earth into one great brotherhood in all the great living issues of humanity; is a government which warrants free education to all alike; a government in the scale of whose judgment the very poorest is allied to the very richest, the humblest the same as the mightiest; is such a government, such a commonwealth, such a nation destined to rely on the idea of mere mercy and grace? No. Grace will retain its power within the precincts of the human heart and in the family, not beyond.

Beyond my heart, beyond my wife, my children, my parents and my few intimate friends I know no grace; but justice, stern, unyielding justice, founded upon a sound education that from boyhood and girlhood one knows the right from the wrong; that grows up under the principles of responsibility for all actions, whether great or small; the principle that I have to bear the consequences of everything I say or do, and even when committing an error, a grave mistake or a crime, ready as a brave man or woman to say: "I have done wrong; I want to be punished." This is just. This is the swaying idea of the future; that idea will reign in the world as surely as there rules in the heavens a power and law of justice.

SHE WEARS PANTS.

A Maine Woman Who Has Worn All Styles for Twenty-Five Years.

Portland Express.

The city of Hallowell numbers among her inhabitants one of the gentler sex whose remarkable peculiarity in dress makes her the observed of all observers whenever and wherever she appears in public. The secret of the peculiarity is, she wears pants! Real matter-of-fact pants. She has her house pants, her street pants, summer pants, winter pants, every-day pants and Sunday-go-to-meeting pants, pants for every occasion, for her wardrobe is extensive and varied, as the Express correspondent can testify to from actual observation. The lady in question is no stranger to the inhabitants of Augusta, Hallowell or Gardiner, for on nearly every pleasant day she may be seen in either one or the other of these cities, clad in her own peculiar costume and carrying a bag of most remarkable construction and proportions, from which she disposes, for the root of all evil, small wares, such as pins, needles, jewelry, eye-glasses, laces, etc., to her regular customers.

Her costume is not what would be called a bloomer dress, for the pants are cut full length, reaching below her ankles, and are of ordinary fullness and plain. Her dress and waist are in one garment, the latter being rather tight fitting, while the former is extremely scant, fits closely to the form and reaches nearly to the knees, buttoning in front. Over this is her coat, also close-fitting, single-breasted and buttoned to the chin. This garment is short, with numerous pockets on the outside of the skirt, reminding one of the regulation shooting coats. Her feet are encased in small but strongly-made button boots. Her hair is cut short, and upon her head, at this season of the year, she wears a woolen cap of unique design, which can be adjusted so as to effectually protect her ears and neck from the weather.

Her ordinary street suit is made from a slate-colored woolen material, dress, pants and coat being alike trimmed with black velvet ribbon, the pants, about half an inch from the bottom, being encircled with a band of the same, about an inch wide. As may be imagined, her appearance is most peculiar, and even those who see her frequently cannot help remarking upon it, while strangers who behold the strange apparition for the first time are fairly spell-bound and express unbounded surprise that such an oddity in dress exists among us. The small boys are ever ready to shout out the latest slang phrase expressive of diversion, skipping out of sight around the most convenient corner in anticipation of immediate pursuit, which, however, never comes, for the lady is as kind in disposition as is possible to imagine, and takes no notice whatever of the remarks of either old or young.

Miss Emeline Prescott is a maiden lady, born in New Sharon, although having resided in Hallowell for many years. She lives alone, her only companion being that proverbial associate of maidenhood, a cat. In conversation Miss Prescott said she had worn pants from childhood, never liking to be hampered by skirts, but desiring to run, jump at will, and had worn the costume for over twenty-five years. She showed all her different suits, which are made to fit the season and occasion of wearing.

A QUEEN ON AN OREGON RANCH.

Young, Clever and Rich, but She Is Not Going to Marry Just Yet.

San Francisco Letter in New York Sun.

On Imnaha creek, about forty miles from the frontier town of LaGrange, in eastern Oregon, lives a handsome girl just out of her teens, who is fast winning fame and fortune. She is Imnaha Williams, daughter of a white man and an Indian woman, formerly a member of Chief Joseph's band. The father died four years ago, leaving a large ranch and some 5,000 cattle and horses to her care. Since then she has increased her herds by over 1,000 head, and has also sold over $20,000 worth of stock. T. C. Henderson, of LaGrange, who is now in this city, talked to a reporter about this girl to-day, saying:

"What Miss Williams has accomplished astonishes everybody in eastern Oregon, and there is a great deal said about her successes. The Imnaha-creek ranch is more than twenty miles from any road, and to get to it one must make his way over a trail across a spur of the Blue mountains. There is no sign of any habitation anywhere, and it is not until you have traveled more than a dozen miles, and reached the crest of the mountains, that you come in sight of a smiling valley, ten miles long and seven or eight wide. It is here that this young girl has her small principality. She owns all the water rights and all the land by first location, and here she is fast getting rich. Traveling on down the grade, you catch sight of a neat log-house, just on the edge of the stream. Around it are some pretty patches of flowers and a garden, and just back of the house, about five hundred yards away, is a large corral. Everything is in perfect order.

The girl's mother is in ill health, and is seldom seen. Two Germans employed by Miss Imnaha take care of the stock, but she is her own superintendent and takes the whole management of the ranch upon herself. She rides like a Tartar chief, and there are few of the masculine sex who know more about stock than she does. She was educated at the Convent in Portland, and it is estimated that she is worth about $200,000.

When she took hold of the ranch it was not worth $50,000, but the rise in real estate throughout the eastern part of the State, and her management, have quadrupled the value of the property.

Already she is the queen of Oregon stock-growers, and has many suitors, but to all she declares that she does not care to marry. She, however, enjoys their society, and at all the entertainments at La Grange she is the reigning attraction.

"No Change Returned in This Court."

"Rambler," in St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

A friend of mine, a traveling man, tells me the following, as having actually occurred at Great Falls, Mont.: Two soldiers who were "out for a time" entered a saloon, where one of them ordered the drinks, throwing down a ten-dollar gold piece, out of which he expected the bartender to take his pay. The latter individual tossed the shiner into the money-drawer without offering to return any change. The soldiers drank their drinks, and, after waiting a short while, the one who had paid for them demanded his change, which the bartender refused to produce. The soldier thereupon had the offender arrested, and in court next day the judge fined the bartender $35 and costs. After sentence had been pronounced, the soldier looked around in an inquiring sort of way, but as no one offered him his change, he inquired of the court where he would receive it. "Change," said his Honor, looking over his glasses in an impressive manner, "Oh, that's all right, we won't fine you anything this time, and will just call the matter square. We never return any change in this court."

JAMAICA-GINGER DRUNKARDS.

Startling Statements Concerning the Prevalence of the Habit.

Boston Traveller.

A somewhat peculiar case was tried before Judge Sherman, in the Superior Civil Court, at Dedham, during the past week. William H. Doble, a grocer, was arraigned on the complaint of Henry H. Faxon, for violating the liquor law, the offense specially charged being the sale of Jamaica ginger as an intoxicant. It appeared from the evidence that the defendant had been doing a rushing business in this article, his sales at retail at times reaching two cases a week. One customer, a woman, was cited in particular as consuming inordinate quantities of this article, it being stated that she had in one instance been known to purchase two bottles during a day.

It was alleged by the prosecution that this demand for Jamaica ginger was not of a medicinal origin, and that many of the grocer's patrons were Jamaica-ginger drunkards, a species of inebriates by no means uncommon. State Assayer Sharples was put upon the stand and testified that the Jamaica ginger sold by Doble was pretty good Jamaica ginger as Jamaica ginger goes, but he created something of a sensation when he furthermore added that it contained 69 and a fraction per cent. of alcohol, but 3 per cent. being purely Jamaica ginger extract, and the balance water. Ordinary grades of whisky, he said, did not contain over 50 per cent. of alcohol, so, according to expert testimony, Jamaica ginger was 20 per cent. more of an intoxicant than the common run of tanglefoot.

The Jamaica ginger, moreover, not only served to increase the strength of the alcohol, but when the whole was used as an habitual beverage had an effect upon the stomach that was pernicious to a superlative degree. Lawyer John E. Eldridge, counsel for the defendant, was not abashed by this expert evidence, and asked that the court instruct the jury that his client could not be convicted, as he had sold simply Jamaica ginger, which was not a beverage, but a medicine, whereas he was charged with selling intoxicating liquor. The court refused to rule as requested, but told the jury that it was a question of fact that they were called upon to consider, and not of law, and they were to decide whether or not it was intoxicating liquor.

That portion of the statute defining intoxicating liquors, was read, as follows: "All porter, strong beer, lager beer, cider, all wines, and any beverage containing more than 3 per cent. of alcohol by volume, at 60° Fahrenheit, as well as distilled spirits, shall be deemed to be intoxicating liquors within the meaning of this chapter." After being out some hours, the jury disagreed and were discharged, and the much-mooted question in Dedham of whether or not Jamaica ginger is an intoxicating liquor remains undecided. But this case will doubtless serve to draw attention to the large number of people who have become addicted to its habitual use other than as a medicine.

It is said by medical authorities that those who have once contracted the habit of using it as a beverage find themselves afflicted with a craving of whose intensity none but a sufferer can form the slightest conception. The deleterious effects of the ginger when constantly taken into the stomach are sufficient to render the habit fatal in a very short time. In fact, it is one of the most dangerous forms of inebriety known. It has found but few victims in large cities where stimulants are easily obtained, but in the rural districts where prohibition is in force it is said to have filled many graves.

A MONARCH TAKEN IN.

King Kalakaua Gets Worsted in a Poker Game with an American.

Honolulu Begum.

Elijah Dumbees, an American, came to Honolula, last week, on the steamer Sea Gull from San Francisco. He registered at the Civilian House, and for a few days has been a familiar figure about town. Yesterday afternoon he dropped in to see the King, as all new-comers are apt to do. King Kalakaua invited the genial American to stay to tea, and Mr. Dumbees consented. During the meal the American told his host a story of a gambling game on board the vessel that brought him to Honolulu, and boasted that he could outplay any man on earth in a game of poker. King Kalakaua replied that he occasionally indulged in a social game himself, and when the meal was over the two adjourned to the throne-room, and the King ordered a menial to bring out a pack of cards.

The Yankee drew forth a half dozen gold pieces and made a little pile in front of him with them. The King followed his example and the chips were divided. Dumbees dealt and Kalakaua changed three cards. The American kept his full hand, to the surprise of his opponent.

Dumbees bet a blue chip on his hand, and, after a little hesitation, our great and good ruler advanced its equal and went him five better. Then Dumbees counted out four reds and placed them in the center of the table. His Majesty remarked that a bluff didn't go in that part of the world, and pushed out enough to balance his opponent's bet and then doubled the amount on the raise. Dumbees put up another hundred better and the King began to weaken. He called the hands and laid down three kings. Dumbees had a pair of five spots.

Kalakaua brushed the chips over to his side of the table and ordered an attendant to bring in a pail of beer. Then the cards were dealt again and the game went on. For an hour the Yankee lost steadily, and then there came a halt. Dumbees had dealt the hand and neither changed a card. The Begum reporter shifted his position in the transom of the door overlooking the game and kept his eye open for fun. The American reached down into his pocket and laid in front of him a small mountain of coins and bills.

Then he deliberately bet twenty blue chips that his hand was the superior of the two. Our respected monarch thought otherwise, and after a careful inspection of his cards advanced him twenty better. Dumbees advanced him back again, and the King returned the compliment. Then the Yankee counted out every cent he had on the board and placed it in the pot.

Kalakaua trembled, but didn't want to have it said that an ordinary American citizen could bluff royalty, and he slowly equaled the pile and then doubled it. The pile of chips, coins and bills hid the table from view, but the Yankee never faltered. He went down into his pocket again and counted out a little more money. The King said he had enough, and made his pile equal to his opponent's. Then he looked at Dumbees, and that individual laid down a pair of jacks. The King spread his cards on the table, and our reporter heard him mutter gloomily:

"Two tens."

The American left for home on this morning's boat, but the rumored deficiency in the Treasury Department is in no way connected with the poker game. It was started by a malicious person engaged on the editorial staff of the Honolulu Kiki.

"Don't You Pinch My Nose."

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A St. Paul gentlemen, who, many years ago, was a resident of Cincinnati, tells a story concerning Powers, the sculptor, which has probably never been in print. There were at that time in Cincinnati two or three connoisseurs in art, who assumed a sort of general censorship in such matters, and everything that they said concerning works of art was supposed to "go." They had unfavorably criticised some of Powers's work, and, as he did not take much stock in their dictations, anyway, he decided to show them up to the art people of the city. He was working some in wax, and announced a reception at which he would show some of the latest products of his genius. Among the figures was one representing the Mayor of the city. It stood in a niche by itself, with the light arranged for the best effect. The high muck-a-mucks of the art world of Cincinnati attended the reception. They examined the figure of the Mayor and made comment on it. "The hands," remarked one, "do not reveal any anatomy." "The legs are a trifle short," said another, "but otherwise I consider it a very fine figure." And so they went on. One of them finally discovered that something was wrong about the bridge of the nose, and raised his hand to point out the defect. "Damn you, don't you pinch my nose," cried the alleged wax "figger" to their astonishment, dismay and complete overthrow as art critics. The sculptor had induced the real live Mayor to help him in his little scheme.

Illustrated Poetry.

* * * * * * * I dearly love
* * * * * * * The stars above
* * * * * * * That twinkle their little twinkles.
* * * * * * * When Mister Moon
Gets full too soon
And 'gins to wink his wrinkles.
The stars above. —Toledo Commercial.

The Richest Town.

Manchester (N. H.) Mirror.

The little town of Brookline, Mass., which is nearly surrounded by Boston, is valued for purposes of taxation at $407,454,028, which is more than one and a half times as much as the valuation of the whole State of New Hampshire. It is the wealthiest town of its size in America, and mainly because it has the reputation of being a tax-payer's paradise.

DEAN BROS' STEAM PUMP WORKS.

PUMPING MACHINERY FOR ALL PURPOSES. INDIANAPOLIS, IND. SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.

KNIGHT & JILLSON
75 and 77 South Pennsylvania Street.

NATURAL GAS LINE PIPE, DRIVE PIPE, TUBING, CASING, BOILER TUBES, of the manufacture of the

NATIONAL TUBE WORKS CO

We carry in stock all sizes, operate four pipe machines, and cut and thread any size, from ⅛ inch to 12 inches in diameter. FULL LINE DRILLERS' SUPPLIES. Our stock covers the whole range of GAS, STEAM and WATER goods, and our establishment is the acknowledged headquarters.

NATURAL GAS SUPPLIES.

Tubing, Casing and Pipe, Cordage, Rig Irons, Drilling Tools, Brass Goods, Malleable, Galvanized and Cast-Iron Fittings. Complete line of House-Fittings for Natural Gas.

GEORGE A. RICHARDS,
TELEPHONE 364. 77 South Illinois Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

IMPROVED UNITED STATES SCALES

We are making all sizes of Railroad Track, Wagon, Hopper, Dormant, Depot and Miners' Scales on greatly simplified and improved designs, and supplanting all other makes wherever introduced. We have had fourteen years' experience in the business, and will guarantee satisfactory work, or no pay. Send for circulars, references and prices before buying. UNITED STATES SCALE CO., Terre Haute, Ind. (Incorporated capital, $50,000.) Second-hand Railroad Track, Wagon and other scales. Fairbanks, Howe and other makes on hand and for sale cheap.

BRYCE'S BREAD
Ask Your Grocer for it. Cheaper than Flour
THE SWEETEST AND MOST NUTRITIOUS

Pears' Soap
Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.
"PEARS'—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."

SEALSKIN SACQUES.

Curious Facts for Women to Know About Their Make.

Boston Herald.

The best sealskins, and the majority of them, come from Alaska. The seals are caught near shore and driven to seal-pens on the land. Here they are kept and fed for a time like other cattle until killing time. They are not allowed to be killed until they are two years old, nor after they are four. The skins of baby seals are too tender, and the old seals are kept for breeding. When they are killed the skins are all packed in brine and sent to London. It seems odd that sealskins which are obtained within the United States have to be taken out of it and carried over the long journey from Alaska to England to be cured and dyed and then brought back to the United States again for sale. Such is the fact, however. The best, and about the only place for preparing sealskins is in London itself, on the banks of the Thames, and the dirty water of the Thames is used in the process. Several attempts have been made to establish places in the United States, but they have all failed, even where the skilled workmen were brought over from the English establishment. It may be the climate or it may be the dirty Thames water which affects the skins peculiarly. Whatever it is, the same skins cannot be prepared here anything near as successfully as they can in London.

After going to London, they are shipped to this country, virtually all ready to be made into garments, as far as the fur itself is concerned, at least. They have been cured and dyed—for it must be remembered that a live seal's natural color is a light gray-brown, not at all like the rich, deep umber which is seen in garments—and the stiff, coarse hairs have all been weeded out, leaving only the soft, delicate under fur, like the down of a duck. But there is a deal of work left for the manufacturers in this country, as the different rooms of Mr. Sears's place show. The skins are first taken to the upper floor, just as they come from from London, and put into the hands of experts to have the flaws taken out. And the best of skins will have dozens of these which an ordinary person would have difficulty to discover. Sometimes it is a coarse hair or two left in the weeding process, sometimes a crack in the skin. A bruise or a bite which the seal may have had when alive, which has healed over, or any defects common in the skins of any animal, like small moles or warts, which one would think could never show in the fur, are considered by honest manufacturers defects in a perfect sealskin, which will be sure to show in time, and a great deal of time and expense is incurred in taking them out. The expert can detect them in a marvelous way by simply examining the backs of the skins. This he does by placing them, face down, upon a broad cutting-board and running his hand over them. Wherever there is a flaw, however slight, he makes a quick cut with his sharp-pointed knife, in the shape of an isoceles triangle, and flings away the faulty strip. It seems like utter ruin, to slash and cut a whole skin, but it is only by this that perfectly sound skins can be had. After the expert eradicator of flaws has finished with a skin the sewing-women take it, and every one of these cuts and slits is drawn together and sewn in a fine, delicate, but firm way, which would seem impossible until one sees it done. It is also strange how comparatively large a triangle may be taken out of the skin and yet have the hole bound together without a pucker.

When the skin leaves the sewing women it is then perfect in preparation, as far as flaws are concerned. Then a stretcher takes them. They must be stretched and beaten to their fullest, so that they will not change form after they are once made up, like the kid in a pair of gloves. The stretcher first wets them and then puts them through a course of pounding and pulling, which would cause the live animal some lively squirming and bring out the officers of the S. P. C. A. in a hurry. After all of these cuttings, sewings and poundings, the fur which arrived from London in the same condition of gloss and finish in which one sees it when made up, is reduced to a sorry-looking, mussed-up and bedraggled pelt. But the matter of restoring it to its former condition is not undertaken until after the fitting, which demands further stretching and pounding.

In the process of fitting comes the strange part, wherein a seal skin cloak differs from cloth garments. A woman comes to be fitted, for instance. The measurements taken of her form are not the stereotyped measurements which tailors ordinarily take. Her back, waist, neck, arms and bust are measured as closely as though one were going to make a perfect plaster model of her. And so they do make a model of her, but not in plaster. There are a lot of soft-wood boards in the fitting-room, which may be cut down as one likes. They are like the common thick beams used in building. Upon the broad edge of these boards, after the measurements have been taken, are cut models of the different sections of the customer's body. There are in all only seven pieces, large and small, to every sack made, and so there are seven different board models made for each. Upon these models, the skin to be used is stretched and pounded into the required form, just as the kid in gloves or boots is molded, so that the expression about a good sealskin, that it "fits one like a glove," is not far from the truth. Mr. Sears was the first to introduce this system of board models in Boston, and he has created a revolution in the manufacture of seal sacks by them. When the pieces of the sack have been molded there remains only for them to be brought together by the same deft sewing women who did the sewing of the first cuts. But in this sewing it is not the sewing together of pieces which will fit more or less perfectly, subject to change when the garment is "tried on." It is, rather, the fastening together of parts of a perfect armor, which already fit their respective places. There is no seam in the front, or in the middle of the back. The skin, itself, without cut or seam, fits perfectly to the outline of the form, following in its very form the undulations of the body, and needs only joining.

After the fur has become a garment the restoring of its gloss and finish is accomplished by apparently endless combings and rubbings, the linings are put in, and the hundred and one odd fancies of woman in the way of facings, trimmings and pockets, are added, and the garment stands completed. "Stands" is a properly expressive term, for a finished sacque made in this way is a suitable prototype of the lovely form which it will have the privilege of embracing later, and stands alone in the dignity of its association.

Like visiting a diamond or lace store, whether one can buy or not, with the same pleasure that one visits an art gallery, so was it interesting to look at the rich furs in Mr. Sears's store, made up into all the beautiful shapes which woman possesses.

A WALL OF WATER.

Two Explorers Lose Their Lives in a Wave Forty Feet High.

New York Sun.

In March last two German officials landed on the southwest coast of the big island of New Britain to explore the island. They had gone there from Finchhaven, in neighboring New Guinea, with a considerable force of natives. No tidings whatever have been heard of them since. Search parties sent out from Finchhaven have sought them in vain, and there is no longer any doubt that they fell victims to a remarkable phenomenon that occurred two or three days after they reached the island.

On the morning of March 13 a sound was heard at Finchhaven as of distant thunder. A few minutes later the sea receded from the shore in an unheard-of manner, and revealed to view, six feet above its surface, a reef at the harbor entrance that had never been seen above water before. Then the sea came back, enormous waves dashing far up on the land and deluging a part of the little settlement. A while after fine ashes began to sift over the coast, and the German colonists knew there had been a volcanic outburst northeast of them.

Two days later the little vessel Ottilie, sent from Finchhaven, reached the south coast of New Britain, eighty miles away. The captain could not at first recognize the coast, though he had seen it often. The aspect of Vulcan island, off the west end of the big island, had entirely altered. The top of it had disappeared, and it is supposed that a volcanic eruption blew it into the sea, and that this was one of the causes of the mighty wave that spread ruin along the south of New Britain.

This wave, judging from its effects, is believed to have been about forty feet high. All the villages that lined the beach had entirely disappeared. For ten or twelve miles along the coast a belt of timber about three-quarters of a mile wide had been swept away. Where the force of the wave began to abate the bodies of a few natives were found lodged in the branches of trees, twenty to thirty feet from the ground. Here and there on the land were heaped great fragments of coral rock and trees, and thousands of dead fish strewed the ground. Many of the natives were killed, and others had their limbs broken by being swept off their feet and dashed against trees.

It is a noteworthy fact that the natives who saw the wave approaching thought it was caused by the evil spirit in the volcano of Akaio, and attacked it with showers of stones and clubs just before it engulfed them. The German explorers, it is supposed, had not yet started inland, and they were overwhelmed in the common destruction. The great wave which overwhelmed many thousands of people after the eruption at Krakataua is said to have traveled several times around the world. It is probable that this enormous wave at New Britain extended its effects in a slight measure to every ocean.

A Georgia Courtship.

Arkansaw Traveler.

A traveler through the pine woods of Georgia heard, as he neared a saw-mill, several persons talking in excited tones. He rode up to the mill. There were standing about an old man, a young man, an old woman and a fat girl.

"What's the matter here?" the traveler demanded.

"A good deal," the man replied.

"Yes," snapped the old woman, "a mighty heap, I tell you."

"So much the matter," said the girl, "that somebody's goin' ter get hurt unless ever'thing's made all right."

"I'll tell you what's the matter," the young man declared. "I came along here some time ago and took the position as head-sawyer of this mill, and now this old man and woman, having taken such a liking to me, want me to marry their daughter, that fat thing standing there."

"You made love to me!" the girl exclaimed.

"I did not."

"Yes, you did. You sidled up close to me last Sunday, when pap an' mur had gone to church, an' 'lowed that I had a putty hand, an' then I told you that you might have it if you wanted it, an' you sorter snickered, an' 'lowed that it was wuth the havin'. Ef that ain't makin' love ter a body, I don't know what is."

"It's almost a marriage contrack," the old man declared.

Why Bailey Was Selected.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

The President's nomination of Leon O. Bailey as United States district attorney for Indiana is palpably based on the qualifications defined by Dogberry, that of selecting "the most senseless and fit man."