

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Journal devoted to the Interests of the Residents of the Suburbs of Washington.

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Its CONTRIBUTORS are Business Men, Business Women, Scientists, Plain People, Travelers, Poets, etc., etc. In other words, people familiar wherever they write, who tell their stories in a way that will interest our suburban friends.

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The Ripans Chemical Co., of New York, has just contracted for considerable space in our columns, and by paying for it in advance for a full year they make a net saving of about forty dollars.

We understand the Commissioners have before them a bill, H. R. 9148, to regulate the practice of veterinary medicine in the District of Columbia, and we hope they will see their way clear to approve it, so it can be enacted into law. Of late years so many "fake" veterinarians have been operating here that something ought to be done to protect the profession as well as the general public.

Superintendent of Schools Frye has reported to Governor-General Wood that 1878 primary schools have been opened in the island of Cuba and that 100,000 children are in attendance. The opening of the schools has done much to bring about a better feeling towards the Americans throughout the island.

The President of the English Board of Agriculture, which, of course, is a department of the Government, has appointed a committee of experts to decide what is milk, and to frame regulations to determine what deficiency in any of the normal constituents of genuine milk or cream, or what addition of extraneous matter or proportion of water in any sample of milk, including condensed milk or cream, shall raise the presumption that the milk or cream is not genuine.

A friendly shoulder slap broke a man's neck the other day in New York City. There is only one worse nuisance in the world than the rib-poker, and that is the shoulder-slapper. They have both outlived their usefulness and are fit objects of solicitude for the Society for Doing Without Some People. The fiend who takes you unaware on a crowded pavement with a facetious bat on the shoulder-blade when you are meditating on the ideal and the beautiful, and expects you to twist your shaken vertebrae into a genial nod and greet him with a happy, appreciative smile, possesses an heroic soul that would not recognize the language of conventional remonstrance. He is not criminal and he is not crazy; he is simply an idiot. The lunatic asylums and the jails are overworked, but the fool-killer doesn't half know his business.

ICE CAVE IN WYOMING.

French Trapper Discovers Large Cavern in a Glacier.

Catacombs of marvelous extent and beauty exist in the living ice of Cloud Mountain, in northern Wyoming. They were found by Jacques Moulin, a French trapper. Nothing like them is known elsewhere in the Rocky Mountains, and the circumstances of their discovery form a strange story. Cloud Mountain is a lofty peak in a little-explored region of the Big Horn range, and near its summit, judging from Moulin's description, is a true glacier. His story, in substance, is as follows:

"In the snow near the top of the mountain I made a dugout to live in while I was trapping there last December. This but was in the midst of a great snow and ice drift that clings to the side of the mountain. I was far above timber line, and to make the wood that I brought there go as far as possible I used to build my campfire on the floor of my little cave. One morning I awoke to find that where the fire had been was a yawning well, the bottom of which I could not see. I had been living on the roof of a huge cavern and the fire had melted its way into the depths.

"Taking a long and stout rope, I fastened one end of it secure near the edge of the hole and lowered myself into the depths. I took with me a pitch pine torch and a ball of twine. The opening rapidly became larger as I went down, and at a depth of about forty feet I stood upon the floor of a large room. All around me were walls of ice, blue in color and clear as crystal. Through the ice the light filtered dimly, giving the place a shadowy unreality. It was intensely cold and I returned to the surface for my fur clothing.

"After lowering myself into the cavern again I tied the twine to the end of the rope, lighted my torch and followed the course of the opening, which seemed to lead like a long hallway directly toward the heart of the mountain. The cavern became higher the farther I went, and about 150 yards from my starting place the roof seemed to be at least seventy-five feet above me. Here I found myself in a room from which galleries like the one I had entered stretched away in every direction. In width the galleries varied from ten to fifty feet, and at their intersections great transparent columns extended to the roof. The mixture of the dim, white light of the cave and the reflections of the torch's flame from a thousand of glittering surfaces was at once bewildering and fascinating. Again and again I returned to feast my eyes on the beauties of this natural ice palace. But the cold was so great that I always had to cut short my visits. I never explored the other galleries, and how far they extend I cannot guess. The ice seems to be honeycombed by the caverns, and yet the walls and floors are as hard and firm, apparently, as the mountain itself."

WISE WORDS.

A foolish friend is more troublesome than a wise enemy. Even if your enemy is as small as a fly, fancy him as large as an elephant. The man who weeps for every one will soon become blind. He who rides only borrowed horses will seldom mount into the saddle.

True independence never merges into isolation but gladly welcomes every aid from every source—not in servile and indolent submission, but as the growing plant welcomes the warm sun and the refreshing rain by which it is to gain in strength, in beauty, and in fruitfulness.

Large views, high hopes and unselfish aims dissipate a whole army of petty trials, annoyances and irritations, and even greatly reduce real anxieties and solicitude.

The mind requires not, like an earthen vessel, to be kept full; convenient food aliment only will influence it with a desire of knowledge and an ardent love of truth.

What a world of gossip would be prevented if it were only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

Very slight words and deeds may have a sacramental efficacy, if we can cast our self-love behind us, in order to say or do them.

All great natures delight in stability; all great men find eternity affirmed in the very promise of their faculties.

Whatever your calling, master all its bearings and details, its principles, instruments and applications.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is useful to praise which deceives them.—Turkish Proverbs.

Wild Horses Being Extirminated.

The wild horse of the West seems destined to share the fate of the buffalo. Slowly, but surely, the great herds of these beautiful animals which roam the plains of Washington, Idaho and Montana are being decimated. In the last two years at least 65,000 head of horses have been removed from the ranges of Eastern Washington alone.

This loss has been double the natural increase, reducing the number of wild horses in that State from about 125,000 to 80,000 or 90,000. At this rate of decrease they would last for some years, but the fact is that the horses are being confined to a smaller area each successive year, thereby increasing their chances of destruction.

At least 5000 horses died of starvation last winter in the districts north and south of the Snake River. Fifty to eighty per cent. of some bands vanished under the conditions of short grass and deep snow.

TERRORS OF INDIAN FAMINE.

Condition of the People on Relief Works Is Beyond Description.

A letter from the Rev. Edward Fairbank, missionary of the American board at Vadala, India, gives some particulars of the famine in India. It is as follows:

"Here at Vadala, and within three miles of us, there are 8000 persons on the relief works. It was only two weeks ago that there were less than 3000. People are flocking to these camps by the hundreds. The overseer of the works told me that he took on 900 in one day. These facts alone will show that the stress is rapidly growing extreme.

"The condition of the people on the relief works is far beyond description. Three years ago, at Sholapur, at the end of the famine I saw less wretchedness and emaciation than I see here today at the beginning of the famine. People have not recovered from the last famine. They have nothing in their houses to pawn but a few brass vessels that they had been able to buy since that famine. These brass dishes are now being pawned by those who come into the relief works. It is their last resort to keep their bodies and souls together before they get relief from the government paymasters. The merchants here and in the near villages have cartloads on cartloads of brass dishes.

"There is great suffering from the cold in the nights of these days. The people are not only clothless, but almost ragless. The wretchedness is terrible, but still worse is the emaciation. Living skeletons in abundance are in evidence on every side. The village clerk tells me that many children are dying in the camps—too far gone to recover. Many men and women have also died here. The only reason given is lack of food. The other night a man died in the camp who, they say, had not had anything to eat for three days.

"This famine is undoubtedly far more severe in these parts than that of 1876 or that of 1896. One of the worst features is the lack of water. Rivers usually flowing full at this time are dry beds of sand. Wells that have never failed before in the memory of any one living have not a drop of water in them. The well that waters our garden and has never failed since my father came here, almost 45 years ago, is dry. The village well, that was supposed to have a large living spring, has nothing in it now. Our little town is, however, well off in the matter of water as compared with most of the towns and villages in these parts.

"Government officers tell me that the Indian government looks with the greatest apprehension on the famine. It already feels unable to cope with it, so great are its dimensions and proportions at the very opening, and without any doubt for nine months more the famine must rage. "Undoubtedly private philanthropy must supply great help in this famine, far greater than the last famine, if millions in these and other parts of India are to be saved from starvation."

Bagpipes on the Veldt.

Strangely enough, Englishmen had the bagpipes long before the Highlanders. Then, as British musical art developed, the pipes were passed on across the Tweed. They were first used in battle by the Scottish forces at the battle of Balrinnes, in 1594, although tradition has it that they formed one of the most potent elements in the rout at Bannockburn. Since that day they have done wonders in cheering and rallying the Highland forces at critical moments, notably at the battles of Quebec (1760), and Porto Nuovo (1781), and, still later, at the celebrated charge of Dargai, on October 21, 1897.

The Cookney "Tommy" whose fortune it may be to sleep for the first time alongside the tents of a Highland regiment, may well be excused if he awakes under the mistaken impression that the Transvaal lines are at their "waning." The fact of the matter is that the "braw laddies" have from time immemorial turned out to the sound of the national bagpipe, the sound of which, as heard in the cold gray light of a winter's morning, is the reverse of cheering.—London Mail.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Use palliatives when you contradict. Modesty is the only sure bait when you angle for praise.

The desire of pleasing is at least half the art of doing it.

Give me but virtuous actions, and I will not quibble and chicanery about the motives.

I believe there is more judgment required for proper conduct of our virtues than for avoiding their opposite vices.

When you have found out the prevailing passion of any man, remember not to trust him where that passion is concerned.

A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as his income—Culled from the Earl of Chesterfield's Letters to His Son.

I really know nothing more criminal, more mean, more ridiculous than lying. It is the production of either malice, cowardice or vanity.

Style is the dress of thoughts. . . it is not every understanding that can judge of matter, but every ear can and does judge more or less of style.

If you will please people, you must please them in their own way; and, as you cannot make them what they should be, you must take them as they are.

A spruceness of dress is very becoming at your age, as the negligence of it implies an indifference about pleasing, which does not become a young fellow.

Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt never is; our pride remembers it forever; it implies a discovery of weakness which we are more careful to conceal than crimes.

A man is fit for neither business nor pleasure who either cannot or does not command and direct his attention to the present object, and banish for that time all other objects from his thought.

Next to doing the things that deserve to be written, there is nothing that gets a man more credit, and gives him more pleasure than to write the things that deserve to be read.

Great talents are above the generality of the world, who neither possess them themselves nor judge of them rightly in others; but all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability and an agreeable address and manner.

Contraband of War.

Many old stories are told with regard to the difficulties in detecting contraband of war, but there is another side to the question. During the Franco-Prussian War a lady in a carriage was stopped on her way through the Prussian lines. A search was instituted to see whether she had been playing the spy or had suspicious papers. Nothing was found until the Prussians came to a certain black box, which the lady positively refused to give up or allow to be opened. She was told that she must. She refused, abused the soldiers as cowards and screamed loudly. Eventually the box was opened by force in spite of her resistance, and then it was found to be full of toilet accessories—contraband of the tournament of flirtation. She was passed on with apologies and smiles.

The Veldt a Fine Camping Ground.

We have seen a good deal of camp life on the Veldt, and if one excepts a few discomforts, such as the brown color of our drinking water and an occasional flight of locusts, we must admit that the veldt, with its level space and bracing air, is an almost ideal field for campaigning. And even the storms of dust, rain and locusts are welcome in moderation, for they are features of the country which go to make up a full experience of life in South Africa. In one week there have been two rainstorms and one flight of locusts. There is certainly no hardship in that; indeed the rain is most welcome, for it cools the air and helps to lay the dust.—H. J. Wigham, in Scribner's.

Fund for Mine Sufferers.

Charleston, W. Va., (Special).—The fund being raised in this city for the widows and orphans of the Red Ash Mine disaster has reached \$328. A check for \$100 was received from Senator S. B. Eikins.

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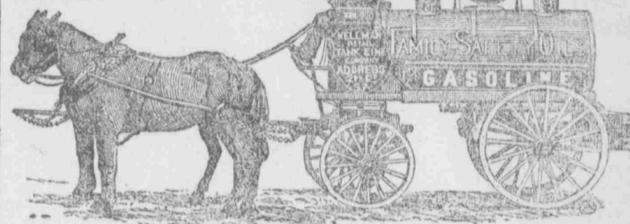
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