## NO LONGER IN DEBT.

### Manitoba Mennonites Even with the Canadian Government.

**The Uphill Work of the Sturdy Colonists in Laying for Their Homes A Thrifty and Growing Community.**

The Mennonite farmers of Manitoba, to whom the dominion government loaned nearly one hundred thousand dollars eighteen years ago to enable them to immigrate to farming lands in Manitoba, have repaid the debt with interest, closing the account, and also the unusual and romantic relations that all these years have existed between them and the government of Canada. The story is told in the latest report of A. M. Burgess, deputy minister of the department of the interior, and quoted by the New York Sun.

Early in 1872, soon after the great northwest had been transferred to Canada, the government began to look abroad for settlers to turn the boundless prairie into fruitful fields. They heard that in Russia was an isolated people, the German Mennonites, a race of farmers who desired to find new homes in the far west, where they and their wives and children could live in peace and quietness, which was no longer assured to them by the government of the czar. Canada at once sent an agent to Russia to ask these people to send representatives to Manitoba to inspect the country. So they sent to Canada several persons in whom they had confidence, and the result of their report was that in 1874 many families went to Manitoba and settled a few miles southeast of Winnipeg. They were supplied with money and needed no assistance. Hundreds of their friends, however, desired to follow them, but were prevented by the fear that they might become stranded in a strange country before they were able to support themselves. This fact was published in a Canadian newspaper, and the result was that about 150 well-to-do farmers of German extraction, who lived in the county of Waterloo, Ont., formed themselves into the Waterloo society and told the government that if it would advance the money required to assist the Mennonites to Manitoba they would pledge their farms as security for the repayment of the loan. The government found the security excellent and accordingly advanced $96,400 to the immigrants with the understanding that it would not ask for any part of the principal or interest until the Mennonites who borrowed the money had been able to get a fair start in their new homes. All the government had to do was to advance the money. The business details were looked after by the Waterloo society. Its secretary saw to the distribution of the loan, its collection and its repayment to the government.

This branch of the Mennonite colony settled in townships immediately north of the international border between the Red river on the east and Pembina mountain on the west. At that time the tract was a treeless prairie, rich in everything, except trees, that makes agricultural lands desirable. The immigrants began to cross the ocean in 1875, and the work of preparing shelter for the winter and the difficulty of getting supplies prevented them the first season from bringing more than a small area under cultivation. Nothing, however, disheartened the sturdy workers, though their first crop was injured by grasshoppers and the next two crops by excessive rains. Each year saw considerable additions to their number and a larger area under cultivation. Their village grew, they built roads and bridges, and to-day the country that seventeen years ago was a treeless prairie without a solitary settler is one of the most thriving in the Canadian northwest. It is, in fact, beginning to overflow, and many of the young men are looking for homesteads further west, either in Manitoba or the northwest territories. The money which these people have repaid includes not only the $96,400 borrowed, but also $33,986 interest, making a total return of $130,386. Mr. Burgess, in his report, rightly observes that "the history of no country affords a case in which an obligation to the government on the part of any society, company or individual has been fulfilled with greater faithfulness than this." The entire transaction seems creditable to the government, the Mennonite immigrants and the Waterloo society, and it is noteworthy that neither of the persons to whom the loan was made nor the Waterloo society, which became accountable for its repayment, has ever requested any abatement of the terms of refund, nor in any case has there been any effort of the settlers or their bondsmen to escape liability.

## THE CZAR'S PECULIARITIES.

**A Ruler of Simple Habits Who Hates All Ceremony.**

The correspondent of the London Times in Paris says that the French will be greatly disappointed if they think that a general or an admiral, as an ambassador in St. Petersburg, will be more successful in getting the ear of the czar than a plain citizen. The fact is, he says, that the czar never gives an audience. He then continues: "This man, who disposes of one of the vastest empires in the world, before whom everything falls down, whom no one resists, for whom it is enough that he should raise a little finger to set in movement millions and millions of men, is neither a soldier nor a sailor nor a diplomat. I might add that he is almost what is known here as a bourgeois. He has a horror of fetes, he detests ceremonies, he loves neither military nor naval reviews. He adores his family and is contented only with them. He is not one of those Russians who are half savage, half Machiavel, he is rather a simple mujik, a lover of truth and a speaker of it. When he returns to St. Petersburg he bids the diplomatic corps not to come to meet him. When he presides perforce at a review, he leaves the field as soon as possible and is pleased to get down from his horse, for he does not like it. At Copenhagen his greatest pleasure consisted in going out in a short coat and a soft hat, mingling with the pedestrians who pretended not to recognize him, and in taking a cab. Indeed, he once amused himself in a very odd fashion, he and all his family taking a tramcar to go into the country. In politics as in everything else the czar's ideas are simple. He is not communicative because he does not know how to develop his thoughts. He has never spoken for five consecutive minutes in his life. When he is in Denmark or in the Crimea, as his government accompanies him, he devotes half an hour a day to signing papers, and that constitutes the only business. The military attaches see him at the reviews, but there is no possible chance of conversation with him. An ambassador may see him when a ball is given in his honor, but he can have no conversation with him; or he may see him at a ball at another ambassador's or at some small court reception, but these occasions are rare."

## LIVING SCARECROWS.

**Children Utilized to Keep the Crows from Pulling Up the Corn.**

A wrecking gang on the Delaware division of the Erie railway were clearing up a wreck at Nobody's Block, not far from Cochecton, last week, says a Port Jervis correspondent of the New York Sun, when their attention was called to a curious, shrill, cooing sound which came at short and regular intervals from a cornfield across the Delaware river in Wayne county, Pennsylvania. They made an investigation and found that the sound emanated from the children of a German farmer who had been stationed around his cornfield to scare away the crows from pulling up the young and tender shoots of corn. The farmer has been unusually well blessed with progeny, his wife having borne him no less than twelve children, including four pairs of twins. He had been yearly bothered with crows in corn-planting time, and he had adapted all the scarecrow devices in common usage among farmers, such as placing stuffed straw men in the fields, stringing twine over poles with bits of white rags fluttering in the wind, etc., but the crows had become used to these things, and, crow-like, would post their sentinels on lofty treetops to give warning of danger while their companions were at work uncovering the hills. A happy thought struck the farmer by which he could protect his corn and utilize his several offspring. Arming two of them with old tin pans each day, he placed them in the field at four o'clock in the morning and told them to call out "Coo! coo!" and pound their pans whenever they saw any crows flying near. When the children became tired the father replaced them with two others, and thus by successive relays the crows were kept away. This process was repeated each day until the corn was of size sufficient to protect itself. It was this strange noise, kept up all day long, from early morn till eve, that made the Erie wreckers marvel. It is said that this is the second year in which the Wayne county farmer has protected his cornfields with living scarecrows.

## TRAVELED ON HIS FACE.

**The "Beat's" Boast Was Proved in a Way That Astonished Him.**

"You've forgotten to pay, sir; you owe sixty cents," said an attendant in a State street hotel to a well-dressed man who was leaving the billiard-room without paying for the games he had lost. With the fumes of one too many glasses dimming his brain, the fellow turned slowly and exclaimed:

"Pay! What'll I pay?"

"Money, boss. That's what we need here."

"Well, I don't have to pay. See? I travel on my face."

The man with whom he had been playing was also tipsy, but not so much as to forget that paying is the sequel to playing.

"If you don't pay your bill," said he, "I will."

"No, you won't," answered the other, who was a large and well-built chap. "I'm three times seven, I am. Come on," and he caught his friend by the coat collar and dragged him along. The attendant ran to the house officer and told him what had occurred. When the festive billiardist reached the rotunda he found that official, accompanied by two stalwart porters, waiting for him. They took him between them and started for the street door, which was over a hundred feet away, says the Chicago Herald. The big fellow gazed at them stupidly a moment as they pushed him along and then said:

"What are you fellows doing?"

"Keep quiet, now," answered the officer. "We're going to put you outdoors, and if you don't keep your mouth shut you'll be locked up."

He gathered himself together and, with a mighty effort, threw them off, but they were instantly on him again.

"Do you take me for a thief?" he gasped, as they choked him down.

"No; only a dead beat," was the answer.

"Now, men, swing him."

The big doors were opened wide and held back, and the two broad-shouldered porters got a good hold on his trousers and sent him flying into the street. He traveled on his face.

## SHE KISSED THE PRINCE.

**It Was Intended for a Soldier, But He Enjoyed the Mistake.**

One of the leading families of Stuttgart gave a supper party, to which the prince royal had been invited, says a writer in Leeds Mercury. His royal highness arrived a little before all the preparations for the feast were completed. Observing that he had arrived a little too soon he decided to take a short stroll in front of the house while daylight was fading into dark. Suddenly a trim servant maid bounced out of the house and ran up to the prince, to whom she handed a parcel containing, as it afterward turned out, a large piece of sausage and some money, and exclaimed under her breath:

"You won't have to come to-day; we're having a large party; the prince himself is coming; so, good-by till to-morrow!" and with that she gave his royal highness a couple of hearty kisses and disappeared before he had time to get a word out.

A moment later he perceived a soldier in his cloak, who was casting wistful glances at the lighted windows of the house, and asked him if his sweetheart lived there, and on the man's replying in the affirmative the prince continued:

"Then this parcel must be intended for you. The person who brought it sends you word that you are to come to-morrow, for she has no time to-day, on account of the party."

"Much obliged; it's all right; I'll come to-morrow," said the soldier.

"She gave me something besides," the prince went on to say, "but I can't deliver you that."

"Oh, you may keep it and welcome," rejoined the soldier. "I've plenty here for to-day."

Everybody at the party noticed that his highness was more lively and good humored than usual. He narrated his adventure over the cigars and wine, but extracted a promise that neither the servant girl nor the soldier should suffer in consequence of the disclosure.

## OLD BUTTONS.

**A Curious Shop Found in a London Side Street.**

In one of the by streets of a crowded thoroughfare in the north of London there is an old gentleman who carries on a very curious trade. His shop is a parlor, and on the window pane is a board which says: "Buttons sold inside; any button matched—from a ½d. to 2d." Inside this room are thousands of buttons in little heaps—pearl, glass, bone, jet, shell, brass, cloth, silk and horn buttons—in fact, every variety of button made.

"You see, sir," he said, "it is often the case that women only buy enough buttons for their dress, and when they lose one it is often difficult to get it matched at the draper's. Those who know me come along here, and I can invariably do it from my stock. I have got my regular customers, for most tradespeople about here who know me send their customers to me when they are unable to suit them, and they seldom go away without finding the very thing they are after. Where do I get them from? Many come from rag shops, where on the rags sold are often buttons.

"I make a round of the various marine stores and bargain for them at so much a pound. Another way I obtain them is visiting the dressmakers, who often have buttons left over, and their lady customers seldom ask for them. These I can buy up very cheap. Although my little board outside says that the highest price I charge is two pence, my better-class customers do not hesitate to offer me sixpence and a shilling for a button they have lost to make their garments look neat and complete."

The old gentleman drew my attention to his daughter in a corner of the room. She was engaged in sorting out the buttons from a large heap and putting them into boxes, on each of which was written the class of buttons it contained.

The latest development in the Frost affair at Chehalis is the swearing out of a warrant by Rev. W. H. Wilson charging Henry Debrainer and Joe Fellows with killing Frost. Frost was a Mason.

The widow of William Wallace, the Colville suicide, could not recover from the shock of his death. She died last week in her father's house.

## BURNING A CHIEF.

### Weird Scenes at the Funeral of a Mojave Indian.

**An Occasion of Feasting Among the Hungry Children of the Desert—A Strange and Revolting Ceremony.**

Dan Murphy, who owns the greater part of all that is valuable in the town of Needles, was in San Francisco recently.

"A short time ago," he said to an Examiner reporter, as he leaned over the counter and pulled his big soft hat thoughtfully over his eyes, "I took part in one of the strangest funeral ceremonies that was ever seen in the west. The corpse was that of Capt. Joe, the old chief of the Mojaves, and who was one of the best known Indians in the west. Joe was one of my friends for years, and while just a plain everyday sort of a buck in life, he was something of a philosopher and an all-round good fellow in his way, although he was inclined to drink a little too much when he could get it. A couple of years ago Joe came to me, and, in one of his bursts of confidence, told me that, as he was growing old, and he realized that his strength was failing, he had decided to prepare for death. He had told his relatives, he said, that when he died he wanted me to take charge of the body and give him the best send-off I could. He wanted the thing done up in regular Indian style, but he wanted it to be about the finest thing of the kind that could be arranged.

"'Me heap big Injun, Dan,' he suggested. 'Heap hoss, heap cow, heap sheep. Byum by die. You fix um.'

"I promised to do the best I could, and thought no more about it for a long time. One night, however, some weeks ago I was aroused from a deep sleep by a noise in my room, and when I awoke I discovered a number of bucks and squaws standing about my bed. They had an old-fashioned tin lantern, such as our grandfathers used, with holes punched in it to let the light shine through from a tallow candle that burned dimly inside. They told me that the chief was dead and that they had come as requested to have me arrange for the funeral. They were bent on having it take place at once, but I persuaded them to wait until morning.

"On the following day we burned Capt. Joe on the banks of the Colorado, about two miles from town. The Indians came for miles and gathered by hundreds to see their chief started on his long journey to the happy hunting grounds. Bundles of mesquite wood were brought by willing hands, and when they had been formed into an enormous heap the body of Joe was placed on the top and a match applied at the bottom. As the flames caught the dry wood and licked their way upward the Indians formed a great circle about the funeral pyre, and with the most fantastic gyrations of the body wailed a funeral dirge so weird that I actually felt the cold chills chase each other up my spinal column. This continued for hours, but at last the pyre burned out and the body was reduced to ashes. These they covered with a heap of dirt, and then the feast began.

"Nine horses, six cows and seven sheep were slaughtered in quick order, and while the flesh was still quivering they cut the carcasses into huge sections and threw them into steaming pots that hung over great fires built in pits 'dug' for that purpose. While this was going on the Indians stood about eager for the feast, and the moment the flesh was cooked through there was a scramble. A buck or a squaw would seize a chunk of half-cooked horseflesh, and, eating it with the avidity of a wild animal, would make a raid on the beef, following it with an attack on the mutton. In this way they would eat until they were completely gorged, and would crawl off in the bush and sleep only to awake and feast afresh. For three days and nights this continued until every mouthful of meat was eaten and the bones picked clean. During the entire time the widow of the chief was not allowed to eat, but, with her face painted black with grease taken from the box of a railroad car, was compelled to sit alone and mourn with all the weird wails she could command. When it was all over the Indians went back to their old lazy life to await another feast."

## SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

TWELVE THOUSAND microbes, strung in a line, would make a procession only one inch in length.

THREE miles per hour is about the average speed of the gulf stream; at certain places, however, this speed is increased to fifty-four miles an hour.

GENERALLY speaking, we say that the curvature of the earth amounts to about 7 inches to the statute mile; it is exactly 6.99 inches, or 7.962 inches for a geographical mile.

ACCORDING to a promise made to her dead husband, Mme. Schliemann is continuing the excavations at Troy, which made his name famous, and personally superintends much of the work.

PROF. BARNARD'S recent photograph of the milky way shows the existence of 500,000,000 suns, each supposed to be the center of a system of planets, where hitherto it was thought to contain only about 20,000,000 such suns.

THE celebrated "globe fish" is not always globe shaped. They have the power of distending themselves into a globular form by inflating a large air sac in the abdomen. When this is blown out they assume a normal shape.

A POUND of rice contains 86.09 per cent. of nutritive matter. Lean beef contains but 26.83 per cent. Fat beef contains 46.03 per cent.; potatoes, 23.24 per cent.; Indian corn, 82.97 per cent.; oats, 74.02 per cent.; rye, 82.79 per cent., and wheat, 82.54 per cent.

**The Atmosphere in Art.**

Artists know, if others do not, that there are states of the atmosphere which soften outlines when they do not conceal them. That is one reason why they like the moist, silvery air of Holland and the gray effects so common in France. The air in this country, even on the coast, is brighter and drier, but occasionally, at this time of year, the air and sun seem to play tricks with the eye. On a recent day when the sun was overcast and the air chill and humid, giving an impression of thickness that would make objects invisible at a distance of two miles, it was noticed that from the upper windows of the tall office buildings the hills about Paterson and Navesink Highlands were as plainly to be seen as in the sharpest October sunlight. But all detail was blurred, and the hills appeared as masses of gray-blue, as the painter likes to see them.

**Very Discouraging.**

One of the Salvation Army recruits, sent to a certain inland town of California, was a young lady of fine social position and savoir faire. She was also very beautiful. Her arrival greatly agitated the chappies, who flocked to the street meetings. Finally one young blood made a bet that he would secure an appointment with the beauty for that same night, and, approaching her after the meeting, he slipped into her hand a twenty-dollar gold-piece. She put it in her pocket. "And—ah—where shall I meet you by and by?" pursued the masher. "In Heaven, I hope," placidly answered the lassie, as she walked away with the golden double-eagle.

NEARLY all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

Dangerous and destructive forest fires are still raging around Winlock.

## MAKING LOVE FOR HIRE.

**The "Cutter-Out," Who Is Employed to Break Up Undesirable Attachments.**

A new profession—that of the "cutter-out"—is thus discussed by the Saturday Review: "The world is over-populated with amiable, good-looking young men, highly educated, healthy and wholly incapable of earning their livelihoods. No ingenuity can provide berths for all of them, but some might be employed as 'cutters-out.' This is a new profession. The duties of the 'cutter-out' are few, simple and agreeable. He or she has merely to make love and to ride away. Thus, put it that some one's daughter, niece, or, it may be, favorite cousin, has become engaged to a man who is not liked or approved by the family. To resist her choice is futile. Opposition merely fans the flame of passion. So you send a note or telegram to the central office of the 'Society for the Utilization of Johnnies,' and they dispatch a cutter-out. He is young, handsome, agreeable, perhaps a lord or an honorable—a baronet very likely. His duty may be explained in a word—he is to cut out the young lady's affianced lover, to make her out of conceit with that disagreeable person, and then to retire gracefully to some outlandish part of the globe. The scheme is peculiarly valuable to parents, but anyone may make use of it. Of course there may also be, and should be, female cutters-out, to be slipped at young men who have entangled their affections undesirably. Lord Algernon is fond of the rector's daughter, of the gardener's daughter, or whom you will. Instead of crying, if you are his lady mother, or swearing, if you are the duke, you send up to the Central depot for a really first-class cutter-out, married lady preferred. In a very few weeks the rector's daughter, or the gardener's daughter, is as disconsolate as Calypso, and then the cutter-out disappears, carrying with her the respectful homage of the family whom she has rescued."

## THEY HAD NEVER SEEN ROSES.

**Pathetic Incident in a Waifs' School at Pittsburgh.**

Two ladies, managers, came into the school the other morning shortly after it had opened. One of them wore a beautiful jacqueminot rose, on which the eyes of the whole school were at once turned admiringly. Noting this, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle, the owner of the flower gave it to one of the teachers for the children.

"Now, children, how many of you know what this is?" asked the young lady, holding up the flower. Nearly every little one shook his head to indicate ignorance.

One small boy and a couple of little girls piped out with great importance:

"It's a posie, please ma'am."

But no one had ever heard of a rose. Most of the children had never seen one before. The flower was passed along the line and small noses lingered longingly over its fragrance, while dirty little palms patted its velvet petals caressingly. No one saw or thought of anything that morning but the rose. The teacher put it in a glass of water to preserve it, and when school was dismissed each child was rendered supremely blissful by the gift of a tiny petal. As they fled out of the door each little waif clutched his treasure tightly in his small hand while he murmured softly to himself the name: "Pitty wose, pitty wose."

## WOMEN AS SHOEBLACKS.

**They Are Numerous in France and Some Have Married Rich Customers.**

A custom is rapidly gaining ground in France, and especially in Toulon and certain other towns, which, it may safely be prophesied, will not find much imitation in this country. This is the employment of women as street shoeblacks.

The French women shoeblacks are most coquettishly gotten up, and as to their caps and frills have somewhat the appearance of hospital nurses, and it is surprising that though their occupation is a tolerably dirty one, they always seem clean and tidy; some of them are doing the polishing in gauntlet gloves.

In the towns in which they are employed they certainly are a success pecuniarily, especially where English and American visitors, who generally seem to treat the whole affair as a good joke, are numerous.

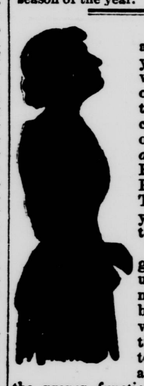
It is said that one reason for the occupation being a popular one among women of a certain grade in life is that many of the fair polishers have married opulent customers who have been impressed by their shining qualities.

**A Hardy Cactus.**

There grows upon the sands of the Atlantic coast, at least as far north as the Virginia line, a little cactus with a pretty yellow flower. It flourishes in the dryest seasons and where nought but bare sand is visible for many square yards. The secret of its sturdy growth amid hard conditions is found, perhaps, in the character of its roots. They are long and tough, like twine cords, and, radiating in several directions, they convey to the plant whatever moisture the ground contains for yards around. Oddly enough, too, this cactus, when torn up by the roots and conveyed north, seems to live on indefinitely under entirely new conditions, its roots cut short, planted in clay soil, and abundantly watered.

**Britain's Boundaries.**

The British make the proud boast that on the queen's dominions the sun never sets, but recently compiled statistics go to show that on the central and most important part of those dominions it seldom rises. George W. Bell told the Royal Botanical society the other day that during last year England had had 1,214 hours of sunshine out of a possible 4,380, and that, he said, was better than for the last five years, of which the average was 1,037 hours. He related as a remarkable fact that one day recently the sun had shone in the society's gardens for eight and a half consecutive hours, an almost unprecedented thing at this season of the year.

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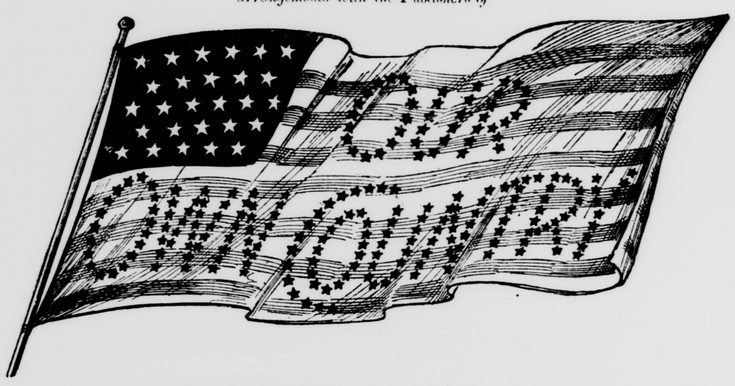

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