

# The Donaldsonville Chief

Published Weekly.

DONALDSONVILLE, LOUISIANA.

## THE WAITING MOMENT.

Next year, we say, may chance to do this thing that seems so dear, so true; Or, some day we shall surely see That fairest spot where we would be; Or else we fear to lose some grass Of health or wealth or lefty place.

Yet, when I plan, there comes to me, Behind the gloom, beyond the seas, What is not hope, and is not fear, But certitude most strong and dear That there is waiting down the way, Somewhere amidst the years or days,

A while-winged moment sweet and still That shall not ask me what I will, Lest I mistake, but I shall know That that will moment bids me go— That all life's tumult-days are done, And shadowless new life begun. —Mary E. Knowlton, in S. S. Times.

### A Commencement Day Idyll.

By Sarah DeWitt Gamwell.

"I BELIEVE you are right. The college graduates and alumnae are in evidence with the roses and brides. Time has come to be the month of the flowing robe and the tasseled mortar-board."

"Yes, and the best place to see the scholastic gowns, in their many-hued velvet facings and brilliant hood linings, is the college campus. The faculty and official guests will soon pass in procession to the chapel."

"What high scholastic attainment they bespeak; what dignity and beauty they lend to an occasion like this."

The gray-haired speaker moved on, while a man who had grasped snapshots of this talk shook his broad shoulders, to make sure he was wide awake. He removed his straw hat to fan himself, noting curiously the scene before him. He saw a broad expanse of turf, green and velvety, intersected by many winding paths under over-arching trees of primeval mold, dotted by a score or more of large, red brick buildings.

Out of these poured crowds of young women, singly and in groups. He looked at them closely. He was not used to women of this type, hardly of any type. All dressed in white, bare-headed, except those who wore black gowns and a square cap with a tassel hanging in front. This must be the "flowing robe and tasseled mortar-board." What did it signify? All seemed in a great hurry; all happy and eager, on a rush for something, brushing so close to him that he inhaled the scent of their roses, yet paying no more heed to him than if he had been invisible.

"This then is a college campus," he thought, "and this is Mount Pisgah, but where in it all, is she?"

He took from his pocket a faded bit of paper, which he had chanced upon five days ago in a coffee-house in Seattle, and reread it for the 100th time. "Commencement at Mount Pisgah," and in the list of "graduates" her name, Dorothy Knox.

It took one day to get himself together, four days in a special car to cross the continent, and he was here, but where was she? Would he know her? The woman of "scholastic attainments" could have no remembrance of the barefooted boy of 15 years ago. He could never make her believe that he had worshipped her all his life, since he had not kept in touch with her.

And why had he not? Fool! what was he here for at this 11th hour, anyway? Meantime the campus was filling from every quarter by the constant arrivals.

And always the talk, and he, crowding on with the rest, hearing it in sections. The bell in the chapel struck the hour.

"That's the signal for the procession to start. See the marshals! They have enough to do, to keep this crowd quiet."

"Will the chapel hold it all?" "Not half; not even tip-toe room."

"There they come! graduates first, I suppose."

"No, choir girls lead. Stand back and give them room. 'tis the largest vested choir in the world, 'tis said."

"Now the grave and reverend seniors come, next the graduates."

The man took a long step forward. Would he know her?

"You'll see them change their tassels to the other side as soon as they receive their degrees."

"Their degrees?"

"Yes, the degree of bachelor of arts, with their diplomas."

Shoulder to shoulder, step to step, they come along the line like trained soldiers, their white gowns just showing under their black robes, these young women. They looked neither to the right nor left, but straight ahead. The goal was straight ahead.

He who had almost annihilated time and space to meet this hour, trembled with the weight of it, now that it had struck. "Was there telegraphy of spirit?" he asked himself. He was used to impressing men. "Could he impress her?" "Send a signal from his heart to hers?" "Make her turn her head, as she passed?" "Force her eyes to meet his?" "Had she grown?" He hoped not much!

He remembered her trick of throwing her head back a little, tilted over her left shoulder; he remembered her dimples; and the fullness of her hair the color of spun gold; and her great brown eyes! He'd defy flowing robes, tasseled mortar-boards and changing years, to do their worst, with such hair and eyes, to say nothing of dimples.

Ah! one is coming now, down the line, on his side too, head held high and tilted in the old way; hair fluffy, color of spun gold; two steps nearer and he sees the dimples in her cheek and chin.

"Now, heart! Out with your grappling-iron, for it is hot!"

Suddenly, when directly opposite to him and so near that he smelt the English violets in her belt—so near that he could touch her, the face turned, and a pair of brown eyes looked full into his with questioning wonder. He saw one flush go up from her lips to

brow, and she passed on, but not before he had sent his soul after hers, in one impassioned cry "Dot!"

"Did you see the president?"

"No, I wasn't looking for her yet; I thought she was to come last, with the orator."

"Miss Webster, the president of the college, yes! I referred to the class president, Miss Dorothy Knox."

"That tall girl?"

"No, the little one with molasses-sandy hair, who turned her face as she passed. She is small but mighty."

"Molasses-cardy hair!" In all the west, he thought he had never heard anything so vulgar as that! Why couldn't people call things by their right names!

"How is she mighty?"

"Oh in a universal way! the most popular girl in college! Can do everything! takes everybody by storm! all prefer her to her wonderful career."

"You really you, and not a ghost!"

The man, our friend in the morning, took his face from between his hands and raised himself from the edge of the bridge to meet this sudden apparition. With bare head and shining eyes, holding out her hands to him.

"I have searched the seas for you, what is the matter? You look as if you had seen the ghost!"

"I have, the ghost of a forlorn hope."

"No hope that is a hope can ever be forlorn."

The truth must be told. This man had been fighting a battle for four of the hardest hours of his life, and believed himself worsted, with the conclusion that if ever a man was born on this earth a fool, he was that man; and the sooner he left his position, where he found himself in the compass of a hippopotamus in a drawing-room the better. For the first time, he felt himself standing in slippery places; but the young woman laughed merrily.

"I am so rejoiced to find you, my old friend, still in the flesh."

"Yes, I am old Jack, still in the flesh, and you are Miss—?"

"I am what you called me, and by that sign I knew it was you. I am Dot."

"I beg your pardon! you are Miss Dorothy Knox, the mighty president of a most distinguished class, a bachelor of arts, with your flowing robe, and mortar-board tassel hanging on the proper side, and a most remarkable career before you."

She made him a mock courtesy. "Where did you learn so much? And may I ask what have you been doing with yourself all the morning?"

"As to the learning I have been to school; and for the rest, skipped stones on the placid pond!"

"And didn't you see me graduate?"

"No, I did not see you take your degree."

"And you didn't hear the address? It was wonderful. It was about Ruskin."

"Ruskin, who's he?"

"I am glad to hear it. I hope he knew enough to keep his place."

"He knew enough to make his place, which is better."

"Oh, is it?"

"You know it is, for you have made your own place."

"I?"

"Of course, you! Don't you suppose I've heard about you, and your doings, and your goings on. Don't you suppose I've swelled with pride remembering that big and mighty you, carried little insignificant me, over mud-puddles to school, and—"

"Had you, Dot?"

"Yes, and when I came opposite you in the path I simply had to turn my face."

"Did you know me?"

"Not at first. You had grown so big and masterful, and your eyes looked so compelling, I was startled; but when I heard you call 'Dot!' I knew it was you. I thought I should fall on my knees and lock the whole thing."

Again she buried her face in the rose. "You call this like 'placid'; I call this—all this—peace; 'tis the dearest spot on earth to me. Now I must go out, into what remains of this day. More than 200 special people are looking for me this minute." She gave him her hand.

"I must know more about you. What are you going to do with yourself this summer, and then, what?"

"For the rest of the summer I am to stay here, in the face of these dear mountains, and refresh my soul."

"She calls these mountains! I could show her mountains."

"In October, I sail—"

"Yes, to join—"

He held his breath, as if she were going to tell him that she was to sail away to paradise, to join the choir invisible.

"A class in Athens. I am working for a degree in art. I am very unfortunate. It comes to me through a scholarship."

"But I thought you took your degree this morning."

"That was only B. A.—a stepping-stone. There is no end to these degrees when once you are fairly started."

Jack was silent a minute, then he found his tongue. "See here, we must have a—who do you call it, when folks have something special on their minds to say to other folks, and—"

"Perhaps you mean a rendezvous."

"Exactly, a rendezvous—that's what I want with you, Dot!"

"I suppose every minute of your precious time is worth nuggets, Jack, but it you could spend the night we could go somewhere to-morrow."

"No, no, not to-morrow, it must be to-day. Now let me say my say, here and now." He pressed her hand almost firmly. The young woman drew back with a gasp.

"Impossible now! I really must—"

"No, you shall not leave me until you have named the time and place for one."

"Rendezvous? Shall we give the sunset hour to Mount Tobe?"

From the summit of Mount Tobe the windows of the Mount Pisgah house looked like sheets of flame hung in mid-air. The sun swung over the western rim like a ball of fire. Between Jack and Dot stood on a granite bowlder, bareheaded in the purple and gold. She was looking at the sunset; he was looking at her.

"Tell me, did you ever see a more lovely sight?"

"Never, Dot! Never a more lovely sight."

"Or more dear to me?"

"Or more dear to me."

"Turn your eyes and see how grandly the shadows are climbing up the sides of the mountains; how peacefully the valley gives itself to the twilight."

"Dot, you ask me an impossible thing! I will never turn my eyes from you, never! So help me God!" Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

## LIBRARY PEDESTRIANS.

Famous Writers of By-Gone Times, Who were Found Taking Long Walks.

"Your note on the late Sir Leslie Stephen's enthusiasm for walking," writes a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette, "reminds me of other great writers who have been equally ardent pedestrians. The greatest of them all was undoubtedly 'Christopher North' (Prof. John Wilson), a giant over six feet high, whose tread seemed almost to shake the streets, and who thought nothing of tramping 40 miles in eight hours or of walking from Liverpool to Ellray, a distance of 80 miles, in a day.

## ASSEMBLY OF PICKED MEN.

Congress Composed of Brains and Business Ability of the Highest Order.

When congress was considering a tariff bill a few years ago a New York business man, believing what he had read in partisan newspapers about the ignorance of the members of the house of representatives, went to Washington to tell them what changes they ought to make in the duties on the goods in which he was interested, says Youth's Companion.

"I have greater respect for congress than I used to have," said he, meekly, when he returned. "The head of the subcommittee to which I was sent knows more about my business than I do. I guess they don't need my advice."

Many citizens labor under the delusion which this man took to Washington with him. If each one will consider his own business in congress, and will remember that the house contains 300 or 400 of the same sort, he will probably change his opinion.

Edward Everett Hill recently reminded an audience in Boston that congress was directing in many big enterprises, any one of which called for business ability of a high order. The government is reclaiming millions of acres of arid land by irrigation, and congress had not only to decide how that was to be done, but had to harmonize many conflicting interests at the same time. Improvements to the rivers and harbors costing hundreds of millions are under way. The protection of the banks of the Mississippi alone will cost more than twice what was paid for the Panama canal. The organization of a civilized government in the Philippines requires not only great ability, but great discretion. Congress has had to exercise both, and has had at its service in all its enterprises more and better information than has been accessible to any private individual.

Orators differ as to the wisdom of such things, but the national legislature does; but whether it is done by one party or by another, it is a great mistake to doubt the ability of the members as a whole. They are not all wise. Perhaps some of them are not honest. But they are the picked men of their states and districts, and it is to the discredit of those who have chosen them if they are not worthy.

## COINS MADE FOR NATIVES.

Birmingham (Eng.) Mint Turns Out Large Quantities of Metal Money for Other Lands.

Birmingham, England, has a mint which, in addition to turning out millions of English coins, does more in the way of supplying foreign governments with coin than any other money-making establishment in the world. A few days ago it shipped the first installment of a huge Egyptian order for 10,000,000 piasters. The consignment weighed five tons, was conveyed in 60 cases, and valued at \$15,000,000.

For well over a century Birmingham has taken the lead in this literal kind of money-making. As far back as 1797 one firm gained a contract for the British government 4,000 tons of copper coin, valued at \$4,000,000. Among the countries and governments which have gone their time after Birmingham for their money are India, Tunis, Canada, Turkey, China, Hong-Kong, Haiti, Sarawak, Tuzany, Venezuela and Chili.

In some instances, notably in that of China, the coins were not made in Birmingham. As a matter of fact, no Chinese coin has, so far as is known, ever been made outside the celestial empire. The pride and prejudice of the Chinese have to be humored, so the firm sent out a complete plant with men to operate it, and the coins were struck in China.

No fewer than eight separate plants have been sent out to China in this way.

For the new kingdom of Italy the same thing was done in 1862, 1,600 of "blanks" being shipped to furnish the raw material. Again, in Marseilles, when the reestablishment of the empire under Napoleon III. rendered necessary a new copper coinage, 750 tons of metal were in this way turned into money on French soil.

## INTERNATIONAL RIVERS.

Great Watercourses Through Which Foreign Craft Are Permitted to Pass.

Several months ago a woman in Iquitos, Peru, who wished to join her husband at Callao, on the other side of the Andes, went by way of the Amazon, New York and Colon, and reached Callao about as quickly and with less discomfort than if she had gone over the mountain passes, says Youth's Companion.

The Amazon is Peru's highway to the sea for travel and trade from the eastern slopes of the mountains. Through agreements with Brazil, and in accordance with the general rule of international law, the river is open to the merchant ships of all nations on equal terms. The Peruvian government has recently been shipping arms up the river to Iquitos, and the Brazilian government has issued an order prohibiting the transit either of arms or of ammunition for Peru through the Brazilian part of the river. This action was taken because Peru disputes the Brazilian boundary claims in the Acre district, and has been suspected of preparing to fight for its territory. The Peruvian government has of course objected to closing the river to any form of its commerce.

The Amazon is not the only international river which has been made free to commerce by the people through whose countries it passes. The Rhine has been free since 1858. The Douro is free to the ships of both Spain and Portugal. The Danube was made free by the treaty at the close of the Crimean war, and the Parana and the Uruguay have been free for a generation.

One of the reasons for the purchase of Louisiana was President Jefferson's desire to keep the Mississippi free, and to prevent such a complication as that in which Brazil and Peru are now involved. And through the insistence of the United States government Great Britain once made the St. Lawrence as free to United States lake shipping as to British. But war invalidates all treaties and has rules of its own.

Justification for closing the Amazon can be found only in the claim that the shipment of arms up the river is a warlike act on the part of Peru.

## QUEER CURRENCY.

Dewarra, a currency of New Britain, is an instance of how the spoils of the chase may be turned to account as the outward and visible sign of wealth.

Dewarra is made by stringing the shells of a dog-walk upon the ribs of palm leaves. These strings may be retailed as such a fathom—usually the price is equivalent to about three shillings a fathom length—or they may be made into various articles of personal adornment to be worn on great occasions. In New Britain the dewarra hoarded up by a rich man is produced at his funeral and divided among his heirs in much the same kind of way as personal property is divided amongst us.

## WASHINGTON WHEAT CROP.

The wheat farmers of eastern Washington expect to harvest a crop of 30,000,000 bushels this season. They planted a larger area than ever before, and have a favorable season. Much of the harvesting is performed by modern machines, which head the grain and thresh it at the same time. Five men and 30 horses harvest 20 acres a day.

## KEEPS OFF FLIES.

Flies will not settle on windows that have been washed in water mixed with a little kerosene.—Good Literature.

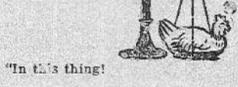
## AN EGG MISLAD.



"Guess I won't stop to go home, but I'll lay at it."



"In this thing!"



"Hard kind of a nest."



"But I'm in a hurry to-day!"



"To think that I should lay a thing like that! I must see the doctor!"



## PORTO RICO LACE WOOD.

Its Fibrous Nature Shown in Making of Whip from One Piece.

A Philadelphian having some business connections in Porto Rico recently had sent to him a natural curiosity from that island in the shape of a whip composed of a single piece of wood, from the rosette on the butt to the end of the lash.

The material from which it is made is known as lace wood, says the New York Tribune. A piece of this tree in its natural state is not much different from that of other trees, but upon removal of the bark and traying out the inside portion the reason of the name is at once apparent.

The inside will be found to consist of fiber-like strands, which are interlaced in exactly the same manner as coarsely woven burlap, and similar materials, which are used for various purposes. The handle of the whip is formed of a piece of wood in its natural state, with a rosette on the butt. This rosette is made by simply separating the different layers of the lacelike growth, the strands overlapping one another with the regularity of a piece of cloth which has been woven in the loom. The lash is formed by making three strings of the wood and plaiting them together. The whip is then one piece of wood from one end to the other, and there is not fastening of any kind whatsoever.

## GOVERNMENTS IN UNITED STATES.

There are at present just nine different forms of government practiced in the United States, to-wit:

1. Constitutional, state and territorial.
2. Special conditions for Alaska.
3. Special conditions for Indian territory.
4. A commission for the Philippines.
5. An experiment in Porto Rico.
6. Naval officers in charge of Guam.
7. Temporary government in Tutuila, Samoa, and other Pacific islands.
8. The territory of Hawaii.
9. The Panama canal zone.—Denver News.

## ON THE OTHER HAND.

"Of course," remarked the very young man who knw it all, "a woman's 'no' always means 'yes.'"

"Perhaps it does," replied the man with the scanty hair, "but I'm right here to tell you that her 'yes' never means 'no.'"—Chicago Daily News.

## LAND RECLAMATION.

Large investigations are now being made looking forward to the betterment of the present facilities and resources of the reclamation projects in the north-west, and it is thought the near future will see rapid progress along these lines.

## TOO MUCH FOR TIGERS.

The cowbells used in Switzerland have a peculiar sound, rather mournful in its droning prolongation. It has been discovered that tigers fear it, and run when they hear it. Therefore Swiss cowbells have been introduced into the Himalayas as a protection for cattle.

## STRENGTH OF LOCOMOTIVE.

The average locomotive will draw 300 tons of goods a mile every three minutes. It would take a man and his team ten times as long to haul a single ton for one mile.

## FOURTH IN PHILIPPINES.

Day of American Independence Joyously Celebrated by the Natives.

On the Fourth of July the Filipino "outlanders" the most patriotic Yankee that ever lived. He has taken the day to his heart, and is as joyous over it as a boy over his first freeracker; and while perhaps he is yet a tiff-hazy as to the exact importance of the event in American history, he is perfectly clear on the subject of flags, and he is perfectly aware of the good times possible on this day, says Woman's Home Companion.

In Manila all the business houses are draped with starry bunting, and the ancient palaces are bright with the stars and stripes, and even the boats in the harbor are decked with "Old Glory." Towering arches, generally of bamboo, are erected in the streets and strung with flags and portraits of our national heroes. In the smaller Philippine towns, where flags cannot be had, these arches are often made of cotton cloth, and decorated with wreaths and suitable inscriptions.

The Filipinos have also adopted a great many of the amusements that used to mark the Fourth in our old New England towns. Climbing a greased pole in the public square is almost always a feature of Independence day in Manila. And besides these, there are various athletic games instituted by our soldiers, and usually participated in by the younger Spaniards and natives. The evening of the Fourth always sees a band concert on the Luneta, and the day ends as with us, with fireworks.

## FUTURE OF PORTO RICO.

More Schools and Aid for Jolotee Industry Needed to Insure Success.

What the people of the United States hope ultimately to see in Porto Rico is, I take it, a government wisely and honestly administered for the Porto Ricans to the largest possible extent by the Porto Ricans, writes James S. Farlan, in the World To-Day. A permanently established government wisely and honestly administered for them by Americans only, would be of no special advantage to either people or involve any great lesson either for them or for us. What we wish in that island is not so much the success of the Americans who reside there or have interests there as the success and well-being of the Porto Ricans whose heritage it is. But the American form of government is founded upon an enlightened suffrage. It cannot flourish long or reach its true development under any other conditions. And we can accomplish little of our ultimate high purpose in Porto Rico until there are school-houses enough to afford an opportunity for education to every boy and girl in the island. Give them more school-houses and some aid for the coffee industry, and the Porto Ricans within the next generation will take their places in the American system as an intelligent, sturdy, self-reliant, prosperous and loyal American community.

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## SLAVERY AMONG MOROS.

Of a Mild Sort and Said to Be Agreeable to Many Held in Bondage.

More slave traders have been at work again in this district, says the Mindanao Herald, this time in the village of Placan, a short distance south of Port Santa Maria. Three Moros arrived at the village in a vinta one morning and inquired of a man named Butus, who, with his two small children, was standing near the shore, if they could buy some buyo (betelnut) in the village, and