

HEREDITARY FOES.

The Intense Hatred of the Pimas for the Apaches.

The memory of the Pima nor do his traditions run so far back that a mortal enmity with the Apaches did not exist. The first thing the Pima child is taught is to hate the Apache, the vandal of the great American desert, and he seldom forgets his teaching. Though it is not so bad now that the Apaches have surrendered to the United States government, still the hatred exists, and when the opportunity is presented the Pima splits at and heaps all kinds of contumely upon the heads of the Apaches.

As is known, the Pimas seldom leave their valley homes, and, as the Apaches are now on the reservation under the surveillance of troops, it is rarely that they meet, though last winter a company of the Apache soldiers were brought through this city under a United States officer. Before they had been here an hour their old enemies, the Pimas and Maricopas, all knew of it, and by the middle of the afternoon fully two thousand were in town to see them. The Apache sentinel had been taught enough military discipline to know that he must not resent the insults heaped upon him by the Indian onlookers, but it must have been a hard trial to his wild nature.

Years ago the Apaches and the Pimas often settled their differences by single combat or pitched battles, and there is now one Pima living who killed six Apaches in one day in a single combat near where the Sananton agency is located. The Pima used his ironwood club, about two feet in length, and the Apaches their spears and war clubs. It is wonderful how skillful these Pimas are in the use of their clubs, fencing with them equal to the exhibition of a French master of the foil.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

Dickens' Account of a Cobbler's Love for His Dog.

"My father's love for dogs led him into a strange friendship during our stay at Boulogne," writes the famous author's daughter in Ladies' Home Journal. "There lived in a cottage on the street which led from our house to the town a cobbler who used to sit at his window working all day with his dog—a Pomeranian—on the table beside him. The cobbler, in whom my father became very much interested because of the intelligence of his possessor, was taken ill and for many months was unable to work. My father writes: 'The cobbler has been ill these many months. The little dog sits at the door so unhappy and anxious to help that I every day expect to see him beginning a pair of top boots.' Another time father writes in telling the history of this little animal: 'A cobbler at Boulogne, who had the nicest of little dogs that always sat in his sunny window watching him at his work, asked me if I would bring the dog home as he couldn't afford to pay the tax for him. The cobbler and the dog being both my particular friends I complied. The cobbler parted with the dog heartbroken. When the dog got home here my man, like an idiot as he is, tied him up and then untied him. The moment the gate was open, the dog (on the very day after his arrival) ran out. Next day George and I saw him lying all covered with mud, dead, outside the neighboring church. How am I ever to tell the cobbler? He is too poor to come to England, so I feel that I must lie to him for life, and say that the dog is fat and happy.'"

IT IS HER NOSE THAT SUFFERS.

While a Man Goes Along Trying to Warm His Ears.

"Speaking of cold weather, I have discovered that the cold affects men and women differently," says a writer in the New York Herald. "I mean that despite the fact that both sexes are of the human kind they have not the same vulnerable points for Jack Frost to nip.

"You may have noticed as I have, that a woman when outdoors in a cold day goes along apparently comfortable except for her nose. She covers it with her mittened or gloved hand, or if she is very nice she holds her handkerchief up in front of it.

"It is the tip of her nose that the cold takes hold of and won't let go. Her cheeks and her chin never seem to suffer, but her nose always gets red and cold and frostbitten.

"I believe that physicians say the vulnerability of the feminine nose is caused by corsets, or rather by the lacing which the wearing of corsets implies. At any rate it forces the blood to the nose and makes red noses as well as tender noses.

"And the only moral I can see in it is that if the girls would shed their corsets they might not in course of time be forced to the undignified proceeding of holding on to their noses.

"Now, with man it touches him on the ears. There's where a man feels the cold first. It's his ears that tingle when the mercury slips down toward the zero notch; it's his ears that freeze when he stays out in the winter weather long enough."

Engagements in Germany.

When a maiden is betrothed in Germany she is called bride by her sweetheart, who addresses her thus until it becomes time to call her wife. Immediately upon betrothal the lovers exchange rings, which, if the course of true love runs smooth, are to be worn ever afterward until death parts them. The woman wears her betrothal ring on the third finger of her left hand until she is married, and then it is transferred to the third finger of her right hand. The husband continues to wear the ring just as the wife wore hers when she was bride, so that one can tell easily at a glance if a man or a woman is betrothed. A young German matron on being told of the careless American custom of allowing the man to go unfettered exclaimed: "Oh, how dreadful! How unjust to the young wives! How could I expose my Wilhelm—so young—only twenty-five—to the temptations of the world, if he were not to wear a marriage ring. The girls would make love to him. I would not live in America for the world."

GOINGS OF A WOODCO.

A Negro Dresser in Louisiana Swallows Snakes for Fastime.

An aged negress of great repute as a "woodoo," or witch doctor, among the negroes of this section, is attracting much attention, not only from those of her own color, but from the more intelligent portion of the community, and the way in which she does this is to apparently swallow a number of small snakes of a variety unknown in this section. They are of the dusky color, nearly black, and with a dull green at the flat head, and of a dirty white in the belly, says a Louisiana correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

These reptiles remain secreted about old Nance's cabin until she gives a peculiar whistling call, when they will come to her, wriggling in great haste over the floor, up her dress, and run into her open mouth, hissing hideously. They disappear and remain hidden sometimes for minutes. She asserts that they are concealed in her stomach until she recalls them, when they will come pouring out to writhe about her scraggy neck and coil in her bosom.

Where the snakes really go when they vanish in her mouth is a mystery, and has puzzled all the physicians about, many having come from New Orleans to witness the phenomenon. Some really believe that the snakes do go down into the stomach, while others are convinced that the witch is simply playing some sleight-of-hand trick on them; but if the latter is the case it is so cleverly done that there is no detecting the performance.

The witch presents a most extraordinary and hideous appearance sitting with the snakes darting their flat heads in and out of her toothless mouth, with their little bead-like eyes snapping as if in fury at all about their mistress. As nearly as can be counted there are six or seven of these reptiles, though old Nance says there are as many more, but they are all so much of a size and color that they cannot be identified. They are probably of a harmless nature, though old Nance declares they are highly poisonous and no one wishes to experiment with them.

ODD WAYS OF OSTRICHES.

The Males Brood Over the Young and Capture Each Other's Families.

The ostrich has many strange ways, and I was particularly interested in studying them, says a writer in Forest and Stream. They go in flocks of three or four females and one male about their nesting time, and for several weeks before locating their nests the hens drop their eggs all about the pampas. These are called haucha eggs (pronounced "wacha"), and are much more delicate in flavor than the eggs taken from the nests. They have a thinner shell, and when fresh laid are of a beautiful golden color. We cooked them by roasting them before the fire. We would first break a hole in the small end of the egg, the large end being set up among some hot ashes, a pinch of salt and pepper put into it, and the contents kept stirred with a stick so that all would be done alike. The flavor is excellent, and one egg would satisfy a very hungry man.

As soon as the ostriches decide upon a suitable place for a nest, the male bird scratches away the grass and slightly hollows out the ground for a space of about three feet in diameter. All the hens of the flock lay in the same nest until there are from twenty-five to thirty-five eggs laid. The male birds then take possession and sit on the eggs until they are hatched. As soon as the flock can leave the nest, the old fellow leads them away to feed on flies and small insects, and everything is lovely until he spies another male bird with a brood.

As soon as the old birds see each other they make a peculiar booming sound, and every little ostrich disappears in the grass. The old ones then approach each other and engage in a most deadly conflict. They fight until one or the other is killed or runs away. The remaining one will then utter another peculiar sound, and both broods will spring up from their hiding places and follow the victor, who struts off as proud as a peacock. I have seen old male ostriches with three broods, each of a different size, two of which they had captured.

Love of Animals for Drink.

Close observers have noticed that flies will gather upon a half-drunken, sleepy sot, while a dozen sober men in the same room are not molested by them. The flies will buzz around their subject with great delight, frequently alighting upon his perspiring face. Off they go, and return again and again, quaffing the alcoholic nectar issuing from his pores. After awhile their fight becomes uncertain and eccentric, and sometimes they come in collision. Recently a drunken man raised his hand and brushed them from his face. Some fell to the floor and lay there paralyzed. After awhile they got on their feet and wearily flew off, half dazed. Many animals yield to the seduction of rum drinking, especially elephants, horses, cows and swine. Poultry, especially turkeys, will absorb the tempting drink till they tumble over in a leaden sleep, lying around as if dead, and utterly ignoring their accustomed roosts. On awaking they stagger for a few moments and soon recover, but it is hours before they renew their cheerful cackling.

Radically Differ it.

Two things may look very similar on the surface, but be entirely unlike at bottom, as in this case reported by the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche: The landlady of a boarding house in this city had an eight-year-old son who is remarkably precocious. Not long ago he went up to town and had his head shaved. Among the barbers is a gentleman whose hair long ago bade him farewell. This gentleman came to the table the next day, and said: "Why, Charley, you haven't any more hair now than I have." "Yes, sir," said Charley, "that's so; but I have a lot more roots than you have."

IT SPOILS THE WOMEN.

That Is Why the Bachelor Won't Give Up His Seat on the Cars.

"Why don't I get up and give my seat in a car to a woman whom I happen to see standing after I am seated?" said a broker the other day whose reputation for good breeding, according to the New York Herald, is beyond reproach.

"Well, I'll tell you frankly that it is due to the women. They become more ill-bred and bolder every year. They demand a courtesy as a right. They never think of looking at a car as it approaches to see whether it is full or not or as to whether it would be better to wait for the next. They just board the first to come along and look at the men deprecatingly if they do not rise at once.

"Personally I have often waited for four cars to find a seat. Then I hang on to it, except in the case of a woman with babies or an elderly lady. I am a bachelor and propose to remain so until a woman thanks me for giving her my seat in either an elevated train or a horse car. To such a one I think I'd propose marriage at once. But then I'm going to be careful to whom I give up my seat. Pretty soon we men will have to surrender our seats in the theater to the woman who buys an entrance ticket.

"And why not? Your seat in the theater costs perhaps one dollar and fifty cents and your seat in the car costs only five cents. Still the principle is the same, and no woman with a proper sense of delicacy ought to accept anything from a stranger which costs money.

"What would a woman think at the postage stamp window in the post office if a man ahead of her in the line turned around and said: 'Pardon me, madam, won't you take my stamp? Yet a stamp is only two cents.'"

ANTIENS LOVED OPALS.

A Roman Senator Preferred Exile to Parting with His Brilliant Opal.

There are three varieties of this famous gem. Ranking first comes the oriental; as second in value, the fire; and, lastly, the common opal. The affection for this precious treasure, as expressed by the ancients, can hardly be believed, says Harper's Bazar. Nonnia, a Roman senator, absolutely preferred exile to parting with a brilliant opal of the size of a filbert, which was earnestly coveted by Marc Antony. An opal ranking as third among the finest in the world is described as having three longitudinal bands of the harlequin kind, from the uppermost of which rose perpendicularly the most resplendent flames. It measured nine inches by six.

In the last century a very round and brilliant opal was the property of the amateur Fleury. Another, said to be fascinatingly vivid, was owned by a noted French financier. These two were regarded as marvels of beauty among gems. On account of the thousand fissures of the stone, engraving is always difficult, and often impossible. A head of Sappho engraved upon a "presumable opal," an antique, has been highly valued and carefully studied by experts in gem lore. It is catalogued, so we read, among the treasures of a princely home.

Not Americanisms.

An English correspondent of the Boston Herald has found in a "Dictionary of the Isle of Wight Dialect" a number of words which English writers usually class as American provincialisms. Among them are "cute" and "piert," found also in one of George Eliot's novels; "backed up," "call," in the sense of reason or necessity; "chipper," "darn," as a mild oath; "fall," for autumn; "galluses," "heft," "hunk," "jaw," meaning to scold; "jiffy," "get out of kilter," "rare," in the sense of underdone; "thick," for intimate; "gumption," "tan," meaning to thrash; "spells," of weather, "put to rights," etc. The subject is a most interesting one and deserves more attention from philologists than it has thus far received. The compiler of the dictionary in question says that many of the provincialisms in the Isle of Wight are identical with those current in the adjoining counties of Hampshire, Wilts and Dorset, once forming a part of the Saxon Kingdom of Wessex, and that the basis of the dialect of this region is purely Anglo-Saxon.

A Witty Savage.

Mr. Froude tells a story of how a native Maori chief, Teiko, managed to turn the tables upon his missionary teacher. The chief had been frequently warned by him against the evil of indulgence in "firewater." A day came, however, when the missionary, in danger of catching cold, felt constrained to fortify himself with a glass of whisky-toddy. At the moment he was about to raise the tempting fluid to his lips, a dusky figure appeared, and, laying his finger on the glass, said: "Stop, little father! If you drink firewater, you will lose your health, you will lose your character. Perhaps you will lose your life. Nay, little father, you will lose— but that shall not be. Your immortal soul is more precious than mine. The drink will hurt me less than it will hurt you. To save your soul, I will drink it myself." Which he did forthwith.

The Smallest Island.

The smallest sea island on record is nine feet across, and is reported by Capt. John Richards, of the British ship Cambrian Monarch, to have been sighted by him in latitude 39 degrees, 3 minutes north, longitude 137 degrees, 59 minutes west. The sea was smooth around it, and it was clearly an island, tapering upward in a pyramidal shape from below the surface of the water.

Didn't Know It Was There.

A photographer in the Tyrol made a negative of ten tourists against a background of pine woods. When he developed the plate a faithful presentment of a large bear in the act of making for the denser timber appeared in the edge of the forest. Neither the man with the camera nor any of those in the group had known that the brute was near.

THE DOG'S IDEA OF HIS MASTER.

He Probably Regards Him as an Absorbed Member of His Species.

Our custom of ascribing human faculties and modes of thought is an involuntary and invariable one when we are dealing with the mental processes of other beings, says Dr. Louis Robinson in Popular Science Monthly. Even when we speak of the supernatural the same habit is manifest, and human passions, emotions and weaknesses are constantly ascribed to beings presumed to be infinitely more remote from us in power and knowledge than we are from the dog. Thus we see in the not very distant past roasted flesh and fruits were thought by men to be acceptable to the gods, doubtless because they were pleasing to the palates of the worshippers, who reasoned by analogy from the known to the unknown. This should teach us to bear in mind that there is, affecting the dog's point of view, almost undoubtedly such a thing as cynomorphism, and that he has his peculiar and limited ideas of life and range of mental vision, and therefore performs makes his artificial surroundings square with him. It has been said that a man stands to his dog in the position of a god, but when we consider that our own conceptions of deity lead us to the general idea of an enormously powerful and omniscient man, who loves, hates, desires, rewards and punishes in human-like fashion, it involves no strain of imagination to conceive that from the dog's point of view his master is an elongated and abnormally cunning dog; of different shape and manners certainly to the common run of dogs, yet canine in his essential nature.

KICKED BY A DEAD MAN.

A Government Mail Carrier's Experience with a Lynched Robber.

"I had my hat kicked off one dark night by a dead man," said John A. Edwards to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "When a youngster of nineteen I was riding a star mail route in southwestern Missouri. It was just after the war, and footpads were very plentiful.

"One dark night a couple of these gentry tried to hold me up, but I was mounted on a mettlesome horse and I socked the spurs home and rode over them. I went planging on through the darkness for several hundred yards when my horse stopped so suddenly that I inadvertently left the saddle and sat astride his neck.

"My roadster was trembling all over with fright, but, to save me, I could see nothing. I thought it must be more footpads and spurred the horse forward, while I held my pistol ready for the expected attack.

"As I passed a large walnut tree that nearly covered the road a big muddy boot struck me in the face and scraped my hat off. I concluded that I did not need a hat, so did not stop to recover it.

"On my way back next morning I found that the kicker was a dead man who was swinging from a limb with a piece of paper pinned to his shirt, on which was scrawled: 'Thou shalt not steel—especially cows and mows.'"

THE PARSON'S TEETH.

They Didn't Arrive in Time, So He Had to Be Excused.

There is a story of a clergyman who had taken temporary duty for a friend and who had the ill luck to injure his false teeth during the week. The plate was sent to the dentist's for repairs, a faithful assurance being given that it should be duly returned by Sunday's post, but the dentist or the post proved faithless.

With the assistance of the clerk the clergyman managed to stumble through the prayers, but felt it would be impossible to attempt to preach. He therefore instructed the clerk to "make some excuse for him and dismiss the congregation.

But his feelings may be better imagined than described when, in the conclusion of the vestry, he overheard the clerk, in impressive tones, thus deliver the "excuse": "Parson's very sorry, but it is his misfortune to be obliged to wear a set of artificial teeth. They busted last Wednesday and he ain't got them back from London to-day, as he was promised. I've helped him all I could through the service, but I can't do no more for him; isn't any use for him going into the pulpit, for you wouldn't understand a word he said, so he thinks you all may as well go home."

VANISHING ANIMALS.

Man Is Hunting Them Off Completely from the Earth.

No one can read a book of travel in wild countries without having brought forcibly before him the grave fact that many of the most interesting forms on this earth are on the brink of extermination.

The bison is practically gone as a wild animal from North America. The quagga is not now to be found in South Africa. The harmless and interesting ant bear appears also to be going the way of the mammoth and the mastodon. The London Zoo cannot get a giraffe.

The price of animals in the market has gone up to unprecedented figures. We carefully provide their native majesties of Africa with repeating rifles to accelerate the process of annihilation. Travelers warn us that the dismal slaughter proceeds with an ever accelerated pace so long as animals can be found to be killed.

The destruction apparently must soon result in most of the larger wild animals becoming as extinct as the dodo.

Rustic Wit.

Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, England, told a good story the other day, at a reception given him by a Boston gentleman. He said that the English rustics are sometimes regarded as rather feeble-minded and not very promising persons for ministers to work among, but they once in awhile show a native shrewdness by no means to be despised. One of them, one day, leading his donkey, was met by a sportsman, well dressed and equipped, who hailed him with the request: "What shall I give you to have a shot at that donkey?" "O, don't shoot the donkey," drawled the rustic, "let brotherly love continue."

SPORT IN SUMATRA.

Tigers and Buffaloes Engage in a Very Tame Battle.

The following particulars of an official tiger and buffalo fight that took place at Padang Panjang, in the residency of the west coast of Sumatra, are given by the Batavia Nieuwsblad: The assistant resident of the district had determined upon giving this performance to the people, owing to the capture of a large tigress in that neighborhood. The tigress had vainly been offered to the zoological gardens at Batavia and Amsterdam, and by the time of the fight had lost much of her fierceness. The people of the place got together stout bamboos to fence round the arena, a circular piece of ground more than thirty feet broad, with galleries for spectators, who were charged admission fees.

A few weeks before the fight the assistant resident secured a tiger, and the people provided two stout buffaloes to measure themselves in the arena with it and the tigress. On the day of battle crowds thronged the arena, into which the tigress stepped at about ten a. m. to meet a buffalo. The latter quietly held its own against the tigress which, reduced by her long imprisonment, showed no inclination for further attack. To stir them up both animals were pricked now and then with bamboo darts. The buffalo then got some spear thrusts, the wounds being freely drenched with extract of chillies. The tigress was aroused by the application of burning torches and crackers, and, in short, every effort was made to give the onlookers their money's worth.

Despite all this neither buffalo nor tigress would fight, so that in the end orders were given to kill the tigress. After her corpse had been removed the second buffalo was let into the arena, followed by the tiger. This buffalo, aided by its comrade, attacked the tiger, which soon had enough of it, and sought safety by clambering up the palisading until several spear thrusts made it let go. No amount of urging with prices, thrusts and fire proved of any avail in arousing the champions to battle until the prolonged torture of the tiger was ended by killing it with spears. Both corpses were taken to the assistant resident, but the skins proved worthless from being scorched and pierced. The spectators left disappointed at seeing a fight which they had paid so high to see. What would be done with the balance of the fees after deducting expenses was not known, but it was hoped that the government would spend it in relieving the distress caused by a recent earthquake there.

HANDSHAKING WAS A TRIAL.

Peccoliar Aversion of a Famous Scotch Architect.

George Melick Kemp, the architect of the Scott monument at Edinburgh, was a man who raised himself from obscurity by the sheer force of talent and determination, says the Youth's Companion.

He had a retiring nature and a shy and shrinking manner toward strangers. The habit of handshaking created in him an embarrassment and aversion which he could scarcely control, and one of his friends gives an amusing description of the manner in which he accomplished the deed when it became inevitable.

The two were walking along one of the streets in Edinburgh in the full flow of an animated conversation, when Kemp suddenly became aware of a friend approaching them from the opposite direction.

Instantly the current of his thought was arrested, he lost the thread of conversation and then became silent altogether. A whimsically troubled expression crept over his face and a nervous commotion developed itself in his manner.

Extraordinary movements began in his right hand and arm, which he kept dangling and jerking backward and forward in a helpless way, as if he had entirely lost control of them. Gradually the hand appeared to stiffen and rose with the arm until they were at right angles with the body.

With a powerful effort he shot out his hand and grasped that of the friend who had approached, and then, the ordeal passed, with a sigh of relief, he briskly resumed his part of the conversation with the air of a man who has performed an unpleasant but meritorious action.

Illustrate Russians.

Russian merchants do very little advertising, principally because the great majority of the humbler classes cannot read, and this is not to be wondered at, as there are thirty-six letters in the Russian alphabet which seem to have the combined difficulties of the Greek, Chinese and Arabian characters. The signs on the stores in Russia are mostly pictorial; for instance, the dairy signs are cows; the tea signs, Chinese shipping tea; a barber sign, a bare-headed man shaving another, etc. Russia uses more candles than any other country, 60,000,000 pounds a year being the estimate. A large part of these are made in houses instead of large factories. One estimate shows that 75,000 men make 6750,000,000 of goods in their own homes. The fine shawls, known as "ring shawls" are made entirely by hand by the peasants of Oremburg, and Russian lace, velvets, carpets, bronzes, silverware and enamel ware are beautifully made, some of these things being the finest in the world.

The Weaker Sex.

To refer to women as the weaker sex, a German scientist says, is surely a mistake, for they have always known how to preserve their dominion over the so-called stronger sex. Men are, indeed, women's most obedient slaves. Solomon said his wives were bitter death, and surely there never was greater slave to woman. Statues show that seven wives survive even famous men. Heloise survived two of her beloved Abelard two years, and, similarly, the wife of Wellington, though she declared never get over the death of her husband, outlived him thirty years.

THE

THE TEXAS GAZETTE.

A weekly newspaper published at

ST. JOSEPH, LA.

THE

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

—OF THE—

PARISH

OF

TEXAS,

—OF THE—

Board of School Directors

—AND OF THE—

Fifth Dist. Levee Board

Reaching every home in the parish, it is an excellent medium for

ADVERTISERS

—:O:—

who desire the business of this section.

DEMOCRATIC

—:O:—

in principles, it will eventually advocate what seems to be the best interests of the people generally, and the people particularly.

—:O:—

Blanks of every description for Magistrates, Constables and other Officials kept constantly on hand

Advertisements

at Reasonable

Subscription, \$2.00