

THE HOUMA COURIER.

VOL. XXII.

HOUMA, TERREBONNE PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1900.

NO. 50.

THE COMING OF THE GREEN.

Now the spirit of the flood is awake,
And the spirit of the wood is stirred,
And the spirit of the air is beautiful and fair,
And so is the song of the bird.
And there cometh a whisper of spring,
And its footfall is light on the sea,
And it cometh from the south, with a jewel in its mouth,
And it bringeth a blessing to me.
And the bare bough is rustling with leaves,
And the dark earth is glistening with gold,
And the land is all shewn with the coming of the green,
And a new world is born of the old.
And the hawthorn is snowy in the brake,
And the dark lark is springing up on high,
And the young things are sprouting, the young children shouting,
And the old trees awake in the eye:
For earth was a paradise once,
And life all a jubilee then,
But the glory once seen in the coming of the green
Departs when we come to be men:
For sweet is the lily in the bed,
And sweet is the flower on the wall,
But sweeter the tear and the pity of the dead—
For the old things were sweetest of all.
—The Spectator.

The Craziness of Jacob Monasmit

By Guisalma Zollinger.

WHEN Mr. Jacob Monasmit took the helm of the Dwigans family as husband to the widow and stepfather of her children, various opinions in regard to the matter were expressed by the citizens of Ganabrant. The town had taken note of the outgoings and incomings, the uprisings and downfalls of the Dwigans family for two years, and felt competent to express itself. And with very few exceptions its comment was unfavorable.

It was two years since Mr. Dwigans died, and for many months it had been felt in the town that the man who succeeded him as head of the family would take a hazardous position. For although Dr. Dwigans had left them a decent provision, they were now destitute, and none of the family seemed to have any intention of mending their circumstances if it was a condition precedent.

"There's five of them, counting the widow," remarked old Peter Havens, on the wedding morning. "And for two years they've been wanting all they saw and buying all they wanted. It's surprising they ain't destitute that they be, and it's my belief that Jacob Monasmit is plumb crazy!"

"Oh, well," responded Mr. Havens' sister, "Jacob's got sense, but he has no power of observation. That's what ails him. Powers of observation were denied him, and he hasn't noticed the children nor how they act."

"Now, there's that 12-year-old Sammie—understand little runt that's smoking cigarettes continually!" resumed Mr. Havens. "Is he going to call Jacob 'father,' and act respectfully? Not much he ain't! He calls him Old Monasmit already. Jacob won't be the one to make a man out of Sammie. Looks kind of conceited in him to be trying it, to my notion."

The elderly sister now moved hurriedly to the window, and looked out upon a short figure she had caught a glimpse of coming up the street. Yes, there came Sammie, his air one of bravado, which he thought manly, his hat on the back of his head, and a cigarette in his mouth. His pale and sallow skin seemed only a different shade from his tawny-colored hair, and his hands were thrust into his trousers pockets. As Miss Havens looked, her expression changed from curiosity to indignation.

"That's Sammie!" she said to her brother. "He said he wasn't going to be at the wedding, and he ain't."

"If he'd said he wasn't going to be to the house after the wedding, it would have been more to the point," responded Mr. Havens. "That's what I should have wanted him to say if I'd have been Jacob, which I thank goodness I ain't."

Now, the Widow Dwigans was extremely comely, and Miss Havens suddenly turned an enlightened gaze upon her brother. "I believe you wish you were Jacob," she observed.

"Not much!" protested the elderly man, while his face flushed. "I wouldn't have the widow, not if she was twice as good-looking as she is—with that there Sammie for a stepson. Not much, I wouldn't have him stepping it around me! Haven't I just been telling you that Jacob Monasmit is plumb crazy to do as he's doing to-day? And would I be doing what I think is crazy in another man?"

"I don't know," returned Miss Havens. "Some men do."

Mr. Havens, knowing from past experience that when he discussed men with his sister he was apt to get the worst of it, now rose abruptly from his chair and left the room.

"Gracious me!" reflected the spinster, after he had gone. "He's a stepfather and he's a stepson to that Sammie!"

Meanwhile Sammie loafed and smoked defiantly. The marriage went

on and was done, and the newly wedded pair, with the three daughters of the bride, sat down to a feast the like of which had not been in that house for months.

This marriage took place in the spring, and as the summer advanced and waned, Sammie grew more moody and defiant. For Mr. Monasmit had said to his wife: "I do not approve of Sammie smoking cigarettes. They're bad for him, whichever way you take it. And I don't feel it my duty to provide him the money to buy them with."

Mrs. Monasmit, who was very happy with her new husband, submitted to his decision, and Sammie, who might otherwise have bullied her into furnishing him cigarette money, saw that she was adamant to all his coaxing and scolding. He might have worked and earned his money, but work for himself was something of which Sammie did not approve.

The town of Ganabrant had not failed to watch with interest Mr. Monasmit's career as a stepfather.

"There's one thing," said old Mr. Havens. "He's shut Sammie off on cigarettes. I hadn't supposed that Jacob would quite get up the nerve to do that. I expect he threatened to lick him if he didn't quit."

This was the last day of September, and the next day Sammie was observed to be smoking again. Somebody had given him a quarter for a trifling service, and the money had at once been spent for cigarettes.

"I thought it was strange if Jacob had got him broken so's he'd stay broken," observed Mr. Havens. "Twas Mr. Janeway gave him the quarter. That's a warning to me, now I tell you. I don't ever pay a boy a quarter for doing anything after this. And Mr. Havens looked as if he had formerly been in the habit of scattering quarters broadcast among boys, whereas it had been a long time since he had given one even a penny, for any service."

Now all the Dwigans family, however wasteful and shiftless they might have been, had always been regarded as strictly honest. And so when the next night a store, or I should have said the store, which sold cigarettes was broken open and the entire stock of cigarettes stolen, nobody for an instant suspected Sammie. Particularly as Sammie the next day, apparelled by the enormity of his deed, carefully hid away the ill-gotten goods and forbore to smoke, although cruelly urged to do so by the pangs of appetite.

"Does seem as if luck was on Jacob's side," commented Mr. Havens. "Here's Sammie smoked up his quarter's worth, and now there won't be any for awhile for Sammie to get hold of."

Meanwhile Jacob Monasmit found the peace and happiness of his life broken in upon. Although temperate himself, he knew the strength of appetite, for Miss Havens was mistaken when she said he had no powers of observation. He had very great powers of observation and a great sympathy for the tempted. And he was not long in discovering the identity of the thief.

"Twas Janeway giving him that quarter that started it," he mused. "Sammie hadn't had any for quite a spell, and when the quarter's worth was gone he got desperate and stole." And Jacob sighed as he put on his hat and went to seek his stepson.

He found him, after some search, behind the barn, sitting listlessly on an seat, overturned wagon-bed. Taking a seat beside him, Jacob said: "Where have you hid them, Sammie?"

The boy started up in terror, but his stepfather laid a detaining hand on his arm. "Sit still!" he said, kindly but firmly. There was silence a moment, during which the strength of will that lay behind that detaining hand was making itself felt all through Sammie's deranged nervous system. And when the question was repeated: "Where have you hid them, Sammie?" the answer came in a whisper: "Up in the loft."

For some time Jacob deliberated. Then he said: "Do you love your mother, Sammie?"

"Yes, I do!" came the answer, and the boy burst into tears.

"I love her, too," said Jacob. "Now we'll see what can be done. We don't want her to find out about this, Sammie."

The boy listened with bated breath. "Do you love her well enough to promise me never to steal any more? That is what I'm asking you, Sammie. Do you love your mother well enough to promise me, because you love her, never to steal any more?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, respectfully.

"Then," said Jacob, removing his hand from the boy's arm and rising, "I love her well enough to get you out of this scrape. But there's one thing more I'd like to ask you. Of course you don't love me, but do you respect me enough to promise me to quit smoking those things?"

"I do!" said Sammie, solemnly.

"I'm not wanting to ask too much of you," said Jacob, "but any time you should feel it in your heart to call me 'pa,' I'll be proud to hear you, son." And then Jacob walked away.

Nobody stood by to see the tumult in Sammie's small nature that day, and nobody saw his spirit burst its bonds and stand ready to begin a larger growth. For Jacob had gone to right

things with the burglarized storekeeper, who was a firm friend of his.

"You can keep your mouth shut, I know," began Jacob, when the two were alone. "Now I've found out who took those cigarettes, and I'm ready to pay for them. Least said, soonest mended. How much were they worth to you?"

The storekeeper named a sum and Jacob promptly paid it. "I could have brought them back to you," he remarked, "but I didn't do it because I didn't want them to be here tempting boys."

For a moment his friend, the storekeeper, looked at him. "Jacob," he said, with admiration, "you were out out for a father if ever a man was."

Jacob blushed all over his homely visage. "I kind of thought I was when I married Sammie and the three girls," he answered, modestly. "The children have lots of good in them, if a body knows where to find it."

And as months passed the town of Ganabrant began to see dimly what the stepfather had all along seen through his large vision.

Years went by and Sammie was out in the world for himself—doing well, too, although Jacob thought, with a sigh, that he had never said "pa." Then Jacob fell sick. The mother, frightened and distracted at the thought of losing him, was of little use. But Sammie, in the full plenitude of his small powers, attended to the front. Straight as a grenadier he marched into Jacob's sick-room and, taking his stepfather's hand cordially in his, he said: "Don't you worry, pa. I'm right here, and I'm going to stay."

Mr. Monasmit smiled and said, faintly: "I knew you would be, son."

"I never see the beat!" declared Miss Havens, who was assisting Mrs. Monasmit, as, indeed, all the town were doing, for Jacob had many friends. "It's 'pa' this and 'pa' that continually and every time that Sammie says 'pa,' it seems as good as a dose of medicine to Jacob."

"Well," admitted Mr. Havens, reluctantly, when Mr. Monasmit had recovered, to the great joy of his family, "Jacob has made a man out of Sammie, but I don't see how he did it."—Youth's Companion.

Odd Use for a Balloon.
Everybody knows that the dust and grime of a city put it at a disadvantage as a place in which to do laundry work. The clear air of the country is missing, and the drying linen cannot be satisfactorily bleached. It is reported that an enterprising Parisian laundry company has solved the problem of bleaching linen in the city as effectually as it can be done in the country. It has hit on the idea of bleaching linen by balloon. A few hundred feet above the earth the atmosphere is nearly as pure over the city as in the open country, and it is in this higher region that the linen is dried by the aid of a captive balloon. The linen is attached to bamboo frames and sent up, a considerable quantity being taken at each ascent. There are about six ascents in a day. An extra charge of from five to fifty centimes, or from one to ten cents, is charged for each article.

Delaying His Progress.
At one time, within the memory of persons now living, the Cleyde was navigable near Vergy only for very small vessels of a light draft. A skipper stuck in the mud near Renfrew, and was not sparing in strong language at the delay to which he was subjected. While waiting for the rise of the tide he spied a young girl approaching the river with a pail to fetch some water. This was too much for the poor skipper, so, leaning over the bulwarks of the vessel, he thus addressed the lassie: "Noo, ye limmer, gin ye tak' ae drap of water out o' here till I get afloat again, I'll crack ye herd wi' a boathook."—Stray Stories.

Tell Me All That's New.
"Can you tell me what Ananias was?" asked the old man of the proprietor of the book store.

"Of course I can," was the reply. "He was the champion liar of the world at one time. Did anyone call you Ananias?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Pippas called me Ananias; and durn my buttons if I didn't think he was giving me a bushel of praise. Next man calls me Ananias won't know what house fell on him."—Washington Post.

Very Sultry.
The elder Dumais knew how to say one thing while seeming to say another.

Arriving one hot day at his son's house, he dropped into a chair in the tiny garden, in the hope of catching a little breeze. But none came.

"Alexandre! Alexandre!" he called to his son in the house. "Open the windows, I beseech you, and let a little air into the garden!"

The Spirit of Envy.
Mamma—Why don't you eat your apple, Tommy?

Tommy—I am waiting till Jimmy Post comes. It wouldn't taste half as good if there was nobody to see me eat it.—N. Y. World.

A Wise Foot.
Kipling was a wise fellow. Nobody the Chicago Record, to wait until Joubert was dead and Cronje locked up before making his latest verses.

DIDN'T LIKE INDIANS.

A Big St. Bernard Dog That Was Endowed with More Than Common Instinct.

Rev. Egerton R. Young had a dog that was afflicted with race prejudice. Although a missionary's dog, says Mr. Young, in the Popular Science Monthly, Jack had no love for the Indian, and when a new Indian servant girl, called Mary, was installed in the kitchen, Jack, who was a fine, big St. Bernard, proceeded to act according to his prejudices rather than according to his training.

He soon discovered that Mary's great zeal was displayed over her kitchen floor. All her spare time was spent in scrubbing it. Here was his opportunity. He would wait until the floor was immaculately clean, and then walk in over it with his feet as dirty as tramping in the worst places outside could make them.

At other times he would plunge into the lake, and instead of shaking himself dry on the rocks, which had been his custom hitherto, would reserve that operation for the middle of Mary's spotless floor.

Sometimes, when his observant eyes told him that Mary was about to begin scrubbing, he would deliberately scratch himself in a prominent place on the floor, and doggedly, resist all efforts to make him move. Once or twice, by stratagem, such as the pretext of feeding the other dogs outside, she got him out, but he soon learned the deceptive nature of her efforts, and paid not the slightest attention to them.

On one occasion, when she had him outside, she fastened the door to keep him out till her scrubbing was done. Now Jack could manipulate that latch when the door was not fastened, and furiously did he rattle it on this occasion. Finding he could not open the door in the usual way, this clever dog went to the wood pile, and, seizing a large bill in his mouth, brought it for use as a battering-ram. So hard did he pound that Mary feared the panel would give way, and in desperation opened the door.

Thereupon Jack proudly marched into the kitchen with the stick of wood in his mouth, walked sedately to the wood box and deposited his burden therein, and then coolly stretched himself out on the floor where he would be the biggest nuisance.

This proved too much for Mary. She went into the study, and in her native Cree language vigorously described Jack's tricks, ending with the declaration that she was sure the spirit of evil was in the dog.

While not fully accepting the last statement, her master thought it time to interfere, and determined to make use of the dog's love for the four-year-old boy of the house to cure him of his ill behavior.

"Eddie, go and tell that naughty Jack he must stop teasing Mary," said Mr. Young. "Tell him his place is not in the kitchen, and he must keep out of it."

The little fellow trotted off to the kitchen, and, seizing the dog by one of his ears, promptly scolded him for molesting Mary, ending with: "Get up and come with me, you naughty dog!"

Jack obeyed, as he always obeyed Eddie, and was led into the study, to the great wolfskin mat on which he generally slept.

"Now, Jack, you keep out of the kitchen!" commanded the child; and to a remarkable extent the order was obeyed. Jack did not like Indians, but he did like Eddie, and race prejudice had to succumb to his love for a little child.

Longfellow's Indians.
Nearly 90 years ago Longfellow visited the Ojibwa tribe of Indians, in the land of Hiawatha on the shores of Lake Superior, and was the guest of the chief, Bukwujjine. One day laetly Wabunosa, the grandson of the chief, and Kabacoosa, his nephew, visited the home of Longfellow in Cambridge, Mass., and were the guests of the poet's daughters, Mrs. Dana, Mrs. Thorp and Miss Longfellow. Kabacoosa sang two Indian songs for his hostesses, one a love song and the other a war song, which his grandfather had composed after the victory which his tribe, as allies of the British, gained over another tribe allied with the colonists at the battle of Queenstown Heights in the war of 1812.—Utica (N. Y.) Press.

A Disreputable Royalty.
Archduke Otto, of Austria, between whom and the succession of the Austrian throne the very precarious life of Archduke Franz Ferdinand stands, has been involved in another disgraceful affair. While drunk he tried to kiss a respectable girl at a Vienna ball, and had his face slapped by the girl's father. The emperor bundled him out of Vienna, and then found out that he had run up \$1,350,000 of debts.

Honeymoon Discoveries.
"Daughter, is your husband amiable?"

"Well, ma, he's just exactly like you when he gets his own way about every thing he's just lovely."—Detroit Free Press.

HE BOUGHT THE BRICK.

A Confidence Game That Misled and the Intended Victim Came Out Ahead.

Jeremiah Harding lives on the West side with several hundred thousand other people, doesn't pretend to be smart, is law-abiding, but has never been indicted for it, and yet he practically sold a confidence man his own gold brick, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

Jerry doesn't need any pointers in transactions where money is one of the active ingredients, for he came by them naturally, but the confidence man didn't know it. In some way the latter learned the dimensions of Mr. Harding's deposit at the bank, and after careful calculations with a range-finder thought the transfer to his own depleted hoard as good as made.

When a business-like, although clerical-looking, middle-aged man, neatly dressed, called upon Jerry at his grocery one day recently soliciting money for the Society for the Propagation of Mendacious Peripatetics, Jerry thought it over, had him stay to the noon dinner, and trotted out the hard cider.

Now, Jerry's rather hurtled a rat, although his conscience smelt him out of mistrusting the eloquent missionary, but it recovered from the attack when the visitor, after handing out lots of information about Cape Nome, where arctic oceans came from, said his brother had sent him several thousand dollars' worth of gold dust, which he had transformed into a per allelopedium, but, needing cash, desired Jeremiah, as a business man, to advise him.

"Sell the thing to a circus," said Jerry.

The stranger threw a pitying smile upon his host, and then explained that the gold had been cast into a brick-shaped mass, adding: "There's \$7,500 worth of gold in it, but I'll take \$5,200 ready money," just the magnitude of Jerry's bank deposit. It was a strange coincidence.

Jeremiah asked to see the brick, but it was down-town; he would not care to endanger its safety by lugging it around, nor would he ask Jerry to buy. Perhaps some bank was in need of it.

"I can have it tested, I suppose?" inquired the groceryman.

"Certainly," responded the missionary; "we'll go to the government assay office and it will be tried by the assay in your presence."

So Jeremiah agreed to meet the missionary at the bank Thursday morning, and both were on time, the stranger with a brick in his satchel large enough to accommodate a hod-load. Jerry caught on to this at once, said nothing, drew \$5,200 in ten \$500 and two \$100 bills, stuffed them carefully into his pocket, took a chew of black tobacco, and then left the bank with the missionary.

The brick was tested at a jeweler's and being pronounced pure in heart and of good financial standing, Jerry, putting it in his pocket, accompanied the missionary to a Van Buren street hotel to complete the transaction. It was evident the good man was disturbed, and hinted two or three times regarding the danger of carrying so precious a burden in one's clothes, but Jerry merely remarked: "I'd like to see some one take this from me. If he does he can have it."

It was rather queer that the religious man's room smelled of smoke and liquor, but Jerry said nothing. The missionary stood aside to let Jerry enter first, but the latter pushed the other ahead, and into the apartment, and merely crossing the threshold, with the open door at his back, the groceryman drew his roll from his pocket and thrust the roll into the crook's hand.

"Nix," shouted the confidence man quite unceremoniously. "Come here, Jim." The missionary, dropping the satchel, was about to reach for a revolver, when he found a glistening barrel shoved under his nose. He could see all the constellations through it, for it was apparently the size of the Yerkes telescope. The hand of the man behind the gun didn't tremble a bit.

Obedient to call, the confederate emerged from behind a curtain in a dark corner of the room, and running forward was about to rush Jerry, when the latter coolly remarked: "I'll kill the missionary if you move an inch further, and then I'll kill you. I won't even let you change bricks on me."

Jerry locked the brick, which was really worth \$7,500, in a safety deposit vault.

When the missionary counted over the bills Jerry had given him, he found they were built of stage money, for the groceryman had fixed it with the paying teller of the bank.

Love of Change.
Milliner—That hat will last you several seasons, Miss Flyhigh.

Miss Flyhigh—Oh, I don't want that kind of a hat; show me one that won't be fit to see in about four weeks.—Chicago Record.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Men who depend on others for their start in life are usually started down.—Chicago Democrat.

Don't get too self-important; the world will move on just the same after you are gone.—Chicago Daily News.

A Measure of Time.—"Have you lived very long in the suburbs?" "Not so very long; only about 14 corks."—Brooklyn Life.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" asked the spider. "No thanks," was the reply. "I'm a little too fly for you."—Golden Days.

Mrs. Stubb—"John, I believe there is a robber in the cellar." Mr. Stubb—"Senseless, Maria, there is nothing down there except the gas meter."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Just Her Make-up.—"The bearded woman has lost all her money." "That's too bad. But, then, I'm sure she will be able to face misfortune like a man."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Customer—"Give me ten cents' worth of paragon, please." Druggist—"Yes, sir." Customer (absent-mindedly)—"How much is it?" Druggist—"A quarter."—Boston Christian Register.

"Hingle tells me he had two horses killed under him in one of the battles of the civil war." "That's right. The railway car he was riding in backed into a drove of them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Too Late.—"We want a shorter day, sir," said the spokesman of the committee of dissatisfied workmen. "You should have spoken sooner," replied the proprietor. "The days are getting longer now."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

COUNTING THE EARTHQUAKES.

Scientists Are Investigating the History of Earth Movements in Japan and Peru.

Japan and Peru are two of the greatest earthquake regions, and for some years past scientific men in those countries have been looking over the books and archives to compile the history of earthquake phenomena within their territories.

The Japan committee, says the New York Sun, began work in 1893 and has not yet quite completed the large task. An earthquake catalogue, recently published, is the first of the reports issued. It was compiled from 497 ancient and modern histories and other Japanese books and manuscripts and gives the dates, the districts and intensity of 1,800 earthquakes that occurred between the years 416 and 1867. Of these earthquakes, 250 were of a destructive character. The early annals are very incomplete, particularly those since the beginning of the seventeenth century, justify the inference that one or another part of Japan is visited about every 2½ years by a shock or series of shocks of sufficient violence to do much damage. Kioto, the capital for 1,070 years, has a record from the years 797 to 1867 of 1,308 earthquakes of which 34 were destructive. Two of these sometimes occurred in one year and there were intervals of 50 and 100 years without an earthquake.

Destructive shocks are most numerous in Japan during the months of July and August, while the ordinary shocks are least frequent during those months. Dividing the destructive earthquakes into local and non-local, it appears that the provinces of the concrete or Japan sea side of the group of islands have been disturbed almost wholly by local shocks, while those on the convex or Pacific side have often been disturbed by great non-local shocks, originating in the ocean and sometimes accompanied by fearful sea waves.

The records thus far compiled of the Peruvian earthquakes embrace over 2,500 earthquakes between 1513 and 1878, of which 215 took place in the sixteenth century, 27 in the seventeenth, 852 in the eighteenth and 1,452 in the nineteenth. It is quite evident that no careful effort was made to record these phenomena before the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Senor Polo, who has compiled the catalogue, says that if they have been recorded at all they must be sought in rare and even in manuscript works on various subjects, such as the chronicles of religious bodies, the lives of holy men and in theological or literary treatises.

Father Cobo is quoted as saying that in the middle of the sixteenth century no year passed without an earthquake in Peru and Chili, and Dr. Puentes has brought the fact to light that between 1815 and 1833 there were eight more or less violent earthquakes every year in Lima. That city and Arequipa appear to be the principal centers of activity. Lima has a record of 928 and Arequipa of 1,377 shocks.

Hard Times.
Physician (presenting his bill)—Let me congratulate you, my dear sir, on the excellent health your family has enjoyed during the past year. Your bill is only half as large as usual.

Husband and Father (rudely)—Ha! Hard times. Had to economize somewhat. Shut down on superfluities.—N. Y. World.