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THE PLEASURES OF EGOTISM.

Would I were such an egotist
As one I chance to know—
Who deems himself the greatest man
Of all men here below—
Who thinks himself the handsomest
Of all God's creatures here—
Who thinks his smile makes women glad,
His frown a thing they fear.
Ay, tell him, if you please, that he's
No better than the rest;
Reveal to him the truth that they
Who praise him only jest,
And he will flout your words and look
With lofty scorn on you,
Declaring that you're jealous, and
Sincerely think it, too!
Would I were fashioned as he is,
With all his lack of wit;
The butt of people's feeble jests,
But never believing it!
Why tell for knowledge or for wealth,
Why should I care for either?
When one might be so happy in
His own immense conceit?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

DECEIVERS EVER

By Ewendolen Overton.

IT IS all a mistake to suppose that good judgment and a level head are the outcome of experience. They are born, not acquired. The man of the world who has tried all things and held fast that which is bad may go all to pieces over some Henrietta, through whose wiles the green boy from the country district would see in an instant. The capitalist and the bank president fall victim to quite as many bunco games as the farmer and the cowboy. And the same lack of rule holds good in the world of women. The blushing maiden from a French convent may be quite as able to take care of herself as the young woman who has absorbed modern fiction, seen men and manners of many sorts and been given her own head in all things. It is a matter of common sense and intuition, and it all depends upon the girl.

But Miss Porter's father did not see that. He had theories to the contrary, and he believed in letting a girl from her earliest infancy see all she wanted of the world, that, having attained to maturity, she might be able to judge accurately for herself. It was a comfortable theory, moreover, and saved Judge Porter trouble. There were those—certain neighbors and friends of little Miss Porter's deceased mother—who would not admit that she was the only child and let her run wild.

At the age of five little Miss Porter was a gourmet; smoked her cigarettes with an air, and swore fluently. But at the age of 20 she was as innocent—if not as ignorant—as the aforesaid convent maiden is popularly supposed to be.

It was at this period that she met Calverley. He was English, and handsome and agreeable. One of her not entirely unobjectionable girl friends had presented him, and, after the custom of America, and more especially of the west, nothing further was necessary. If Miss Porter thought about it at all she thought it would have been the height of folly and inhospitality to have asked further questions.

But by and by one of the aforesaid friends of her mother decided, after much prayer and fasting, that it was her obvious duty to warn Miss Porter, since there was no one else to do it. She trembled at the necessity. Once, in the days of Miss Porter's tender infancy, some other good advice had been met with a storm of bad language, at the mere memory of which the good lady had shuddered and shriveled ever since. But that had been long years before. Miss Porter's language was moderate now, not only moderate but slightly British, as appeared when she received her mother's friend and led her to a cozy corner and proceeded to brew tea.

The five-o'clock tea habit had never been very strong with Miss Porter. Doubtless it was another result of the influence of Calverley—who was just then in the library across the hall, smoking and reading and making himself entirely at home.

"I saw you at the theater the other night," began the elder woman.

"Yes," said Miss Porter.

"Who was the man you were with?"

It was the scandal of Miss Porter's set—which was a good one in spite of all—that she did without chaperons upon most occasions. "I daresay it was Mr. Calverley," said Miss Porter. She knew it was, and so did the other. "Calverley? Do I know him? What is the rest of his name?"

evil language years ago. But she was quite steady still now. "I met him through a friend. Were you at the dance last night?" she said.

"I'll tell you about that later. Tell me about Mr. Calverley first, dears. Are you perfectly sure about him? One has to be so careful of these Englishmen who are not properly accredited."

Miss Porter laughed—a haughty laugh. Not properly accredited, indeed! A friend of the prince, a relative of some or less half the peerage, on nickname terms with all sorts of dukes, and lords, and things, a man of his perfectly apparent means! Not properly accredited, indeed! Her rebuke was ferocious, though brief. She mentioned her own judgment and knowledge of the world, and her mother's friend withdrew, baffled yet doubting.

As she went she caught sight of Calverley in a big leather chair before the fire, smoking his cigar pipe, and that night she told her husband about it. "What can John Porter be thinking of?" she demanded.

"His own troubles, perhaps," he suggested.

"The man is taking possession of the whole place."

Her husband dropped into poetry:

"His easy, unswart path he lends
From Labrador to Guadaloupe;
Till, elowen out by sloven friends,
He camps, at sufferance, on the sloop.
The Spanish is bad, but the sentiment's all there."

"Some one ought to put a stop to it."

"Don't you be the same one, then. Let her work out her own salvation. If she is in love with him, she'll do as she likes; if she isn't, it won't matter."

There was presently no doubt about her being in love with him. She was frank in most things, was Miss Porter. There was but one matter in which she could bring herself to dissemble, and only then because Calverley impressed the great necessity for it upon her. He explained that though he loved her to madness and must marry her, there were sometimes reasons which Americans could not understand why it was best for Englishmen who were friends of the prince, and so very well connected as he was, to keep their marriages secret for a time.

The girl from the French convent might have seen through that. But Miss Porter believed it. Anyway, the notion of an engagement rather appealed to her Californian idea of the picturesque. Upon the day set she went over to the bay with a light heart and made her bow to the good-looking man who was to meet her and take her to the church. He was not there. She waited, but he did not come.

At sunset she recrossed the bay alone, a sadder but not yet a wiser girl. Such was her judgment and knowledge of the world that she thought Calverley must have met with some horrible accident.

A note which she found at the house explained otherwise. It was all about circumstances over which he had no control, and sudden financial reverses, and how he should always love her and cherish her memory. Miss Porter believed it. And her heart was broken—really broken. She even went so far as to be desperately ill for six weeks.

At the end of which time she came forth again, pale, subdued and wilted, but with unshaken faith in Calverley.

The faith remained unshaken through long months of silence, a silence so profound that she thought it must be of the grave, and decided that he had probably killed himself. But one day that happened which filled her constant heart with hope once more.

"I say," a man said to her, casually, "I saw your friend, Clayton-Calverley, down south the other day."

Miss Porter turned white, after the most approved fashion of the shilling shocker, and clutched at her throat. The man very naturally wondered what the deuce he had gotten into, anyway, and explained, in answer to her hoarse entreaty, that he had been in Randsburg on business and had met the British in the street.

Miss Porter asked if he lived there.

"Give it up, I didn't speak to him and he didn't see me. Only he doesn't go by the name of Clayton-Calverley down there. They call him Myers."

There was the suspicion of a twitch about the corners of his mouth, but Miss Porter could not see that it was funny. She could readily understand why he had chosen to hide his identity. A name like Clayton-Calverley would naturally be unwieldy in a rough mining town.

Now, she was a young woman who had always done exactly as she pleased without asking anyone's leave—frequently for the excellent reason that there was no one about of whom to ask it. Such was at present the case. Judge Porter was away, to be gone indefinitely. So she packed her own bag and bought her own ticket, and took that night's express for the south, and in due time the stage set her down in the town of Randsburg, where her appearance—although she was gowned with what had seemed shabby simplicity in San Francisco—caused considerable excitement and some little levity.

The hotel man was very civil, however, when she asked where she could find a man named Myers. He took her out into the street and pointed out a small, unpainted house some distance away. "That there's his shack," he told her, "with a distinct note of inquiry in his voice, which she chose to

ignore; "but he's on day shift, and he won't come up until six o'clock."

So she went to her room and threw herself on the bunk and waited until six o'clock. It began to be borne in upon her that she had done a decidedly bold thing even for her, and the way out of it was not altogether apparent. But then Calverley would show her that; and at six o'clock she went in search of him.

It was very much of a shack, indeed, his place of abode. Her soul yearned toward him; that she should have lived in luxury all these months, while his fortunes had been so low as this. It was also a very untidy woman who opened the shaky door in answer to her not too confident knock; an untidy woman and weary-looking, but pretty withal, and young. And the two children who clung to her skirt were pretty also. There was a third child. It was sitting on Calverley's knee before a red-covered supper table, and Calverley was feeding it something. He sat with the spoon poised, and a blank look in his eyes.

A terrible misgiving took hold of Miss Porter. With most women it would have been a certainty. "Giles!" she called, losing all presence of mind.

But he kept his. It was not the first trying situation he had lived through, though it was, perhaps, the most so. He rose from his chair and spilled the child. His voice rose above its injured howl. "Miss Porter!" he exclaimed.

"How charming! How unexpected! Let me present my wife—Mrs. Myers, Miss Porter."

She tried hard to take it well, to accept her cue from him and turn the tragedy of her life into a society skit, after the manner of women and of the day. But she failed. When she opened her mouth to speak no words would come, and she fell forward into Mrs. Myers' arms.

Mrs. Myers was very kind to her. She took her back to the hotel and stopped there with her that night. "You should not be here all alone," she said, in her sweet, English voice. And when the girl started to sobbingly explain she checked her. "I understand," she said; "you need not tell me. He had sold a claim well and he went away to have a 'good time.' She looked at Miss Porter with a wistful sort of pity and admiration. "And I dare say," she added, "that he had it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

There are two or three libraries and free reading rooms maintained by the citizens, and they are all well patronized. Dealers sell large quantities of paper-back novels as well, and all the periodicals of the east are in eager demand.

There is no police in Juneau, the police function being in the hands of deputy United States marshals, and there is little disorder. Juneau has a climate that is all cloud and fog and mist and rain for about 365 days in the year.

All kinds of hardy vegetables are raised around the town, and one man has a floral garden where roses and other flowers flourish as the green bay tree. Prices are quite reasonable. Good board may be had at from five to six dollars a week, and rooms at from \$10 to \$20 a month. Drinks are 25 cents each, except beer, which is 15 cents, and cigars are usually two for a quarter, but good five cent cigars are to be had, and the time-tried, fire-tested Pittsburgh and Wheeling stogie can be had at "two fer," or two dollars a hundred. A shave costs a quarter, a hair cut 50 cents. Best hotels, which have water, electric light, and all the modern improvements, charge two dollars and three dollars a day, and some very fair as low as one dollar a day.

The town is lighted by electricity from a fine plant, and it has water-works, supplied by mountain streams, so high up that there is force enough to throw water all over town. It is cold water, too, and beautifully clear.

An Idle Girl's Question.

She said she knew better, but that was afterward. At the time she was earnestly inquiring into the ways of nature. They stood outside the fence of the buffalo pen in Lincoln park—she and the man and some others. Before she spoke she scarcely noticed the presence of the others. After it happened she thought the animals lay idly blinking in the sunshine and the girl as idly asked this question: "Do they make buffalo robes out of the hair that falls off their backs?" The crowd began to shout and the man to blush. The girl protested it was a joke. Perhaps it was, but the man found the point too dull for his wife.—Chicago Chronicle.

And That's So.

"Little Robby—Pop, what's a sanitarium?"

Mr. Hadaliver—It's a place where, after you've been there a week, you wish you were dead; and after you've been there a month, you think you never were alive before.—Puck.

An Exact Definition.

Wesley Waggle—What's a holler square, Pete?

Pathfinding Pete—Yer know what a square meal is, don't yer? Well, take out the meal and there's yer holler square.—Judge.

Cloud of Bugs.

A cloud of bugs was recently responsible for the calling out of the Trenton fire department. The bugs were gathered around the steeple of the Fourth Presbyterian church in such numbers and at such a distance from the ground that a passer-by mistook them for smoke and sent in an alarm.

Sad News for the Ladies.

Lieut. Hobson is coming home, but he is saying little or nothing for publication. The Chicago Tribune commenting on this says that his lips were sealed some time ago.

THE PARIS OF ALASKA.

Some Features of Life in Juneau, the Principal City of That Territory.

Juneau is not a pious town, notwithstanding it has a Methodist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Greek, a Catholic, and an Indian church, all of them thrifty. The fact is, Juneau is a good deal Parisian in its style, and is decidedly wide open. Gambling places, casinos, dance halls and dives abound, and they appear to be a necessity of existing conditions. The streets of Juneau, beyond the one at the water front, are mostly uphill, and they are all paved with plank, says the Washington Evening Star.

Wagons are few, ten in all, but there are platform sheds on low runners, that can slide down a street like a toboggan. There are 95 horses in town and one buggy. There are 20 bicycles, but just where they can run is not apparent. There is an opera house, and a unique method of having shows in it. Every Friday night it is open to the best people, at one dollar a seat, with selected talent from the variety shows of the town where the best people cannot go—except the men.

Socially Juneau is quite gay, and pink and other hues prevail in the afternoons, while assemblies, balls, and other functions take up the night time. On special occasions flowers are ordered from Seattle. There are 25 or 30 ladies, who are prominent in society, and entertain. Men are plenty, but there are few unmarried women, and there is an urgent demand for them.

There are two banks, and the stores are very large, with fine window displays. One firm pays its window trimmer \$100 a month. What 3,500 also town in the states does, as well as that? Extensive stocks are carried, running from \$10,000 to \$100,000, with annual sales running as high as \$300,000 at retail. There is a big business done in Indian goods, the Indians selling as high as \$2,000 worth a year from their houses on the street. One excursion company last season carried out 2,000 people of Indian blood.

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MOTHER-IN-LAW'S PARADISE.

It is, in Liberia, Where the Wife's Mother Commands the Family Law, and He Obeys.

"Liberia is the paradise of mothers-in-law," says Miss Anna McAllister, the author of "A Lone Woman in Africa," who has been for the past 12 years in charge of the Garraway mission, Liberia. "A woman can command the services of her sons-in-law for certain duties, and it matters not what their other obligations are, they must obey her. For that reason daughters are exceedingly desirable possessions among Liberians."

"When a child is born some member of the family is sent at once to the devil doctor to inquire who it is and what its name shall be. He goes up into the house top, taking with him a cow horn. This he blows to call the devil, and the devil is supposed to tell who it is that has come back into the world. For the people believe that every new-born child is some deceased member of the family who has returned to life among them. It sometimes receives the same name it had before, and sometimes the name is changed."

"A young another is never permitted to have the care of her child, an older woman being called in. These nurses may be seen any morning sitting on one of their common chairs, which is nothing more than a stick of stove wood, outdoors, with a pepperboard by their side. They will rub one finger in the pepper on the board, then thrust it in far down the child's throat as possible, and massage and stretch the throat thoroughly until the poor little creature is almost strangled and throws up all that is in its stomach. The wretched infant is then laid down to sleep on its little mat on the floor by the fire."

"When a child is nine or ten months old small bells are tied to its person at its wrists, waist and ankles. These are intended to coax it to walk. The mother then takes it in a devil doctor, who makes a charm, which she ties about the waist. But when I have seen children without even these charms, I have wondered how they could walk through the streets. One excursion company last season carried out 2,000 people of Indian blood."

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PEANUT ADVERTISING.

A Frenchman's Novel Method of Advertising the Interest of a Skin Plaster Concern.

"Gimme two cents' worth of those peanuts," said the smooth-faced young man, walking up to the Italian vendor in front of the post office. The Italian, relating the New York Sun, measured the peanuts out, and, at the young man's suggestion, dumped them into the pocket of his coat. They went into the right-hand pocket, but the young man, having his hand into the pocket on the left-hand side, and, hauling out a nut, cracked it open and started to put the contents into his mouth. Suddenly he gave a loud exclamation, and then, with apparent indignation, turned to the Italian and said:

"Say, John, what kind of peanuts do you call these?"

"They all right," protested the Italian.

"All right wuthin'," said the young man. "Just look at this," and from inside the peanut that he had just broken open, he pulled a small piece of paper neatly folded up. Unfolding the paper he read aloud:

"This is no shell game. Use the famous Bumm Bumm Skin Plasters."

The young man took another peanut from the left-hand pocket and cracked that open. Out fell another fold of paper containing the same advertisement. The Italian's eyes were nearly popping out of his head. The young man put on a great show of indignation.

"That's the worst bunco game that I ever ran against," he exclaimed. "Take these peanuts back and keep them. I don't want the blame things," and, with a rapid motion, he extracted a handful of peanuts from the same left-hand pocket, and, throwing them in with the Italian's stock, mixed them up, and went on his way, leaving the Italian gasping for breath, and making frantic efforts to explain.

This man was witnessed by a reporter who decided forthwith that the man was up to some game, as the peanuts which were strengthened with a skin plaster, and, through the man's cunning, he was getting good pay.

"You see, it's this way. I make a living suggesting ways to advertise big concerns. Now the Bumm Bumm Skin Plaster company wanted to reach the common people with advertisements of their stuff. So they sent for me and ask me for a suggestion. The peanut game was one that I thought out a long time ago, but had never put into operation. The Bumm Bumm people thought it was all right and were willing to put up good money. I had a couple of women open up a bushel of peanuts, fold up these little circulars, put them inside, and then, by the use of a very small quantity of paste on each shell, put them together again. I sold the most of the nuts to a candy man and got more for them than I paid for the original bushel."

"I took the lot down to the office of the Bumm Bumm company, and they were dead stuck on the game. They gave me a fat check, and that being the end of my contract, I bobbed up with another suggestion. "You can reach a lot of people with those things just scattering them around the street," I says, "but I've got a better game than that." Then I told them that for \$10 I would mix those fake peanuts up with the stocks of vendors, so that every man who bought peanuts on the street would be bound to get at least one of ours. Say, they were dead stuck on the game, and we closed at once. That's all there is to it. You've seen me at work and know how I do it. Say, but isn't it a peach of a game? I bet I've put 40 peanut stocks on the bogus since I started out, and I've only been working three days."

Only Two Kinds of Cooking.

All things should be cooked well. There are but two classes of cookery, the good and the bad. There is no medium. If things are not palatable they are bad. It is not only the food that is wasted, but the time of preparation; and, strange as it may seem, the most artistic and the most wholesome ways of preparing foods are the simplest. One great trouble with the average housewife is that she has not studied the art of cooking—which, being a complicated one, cannot be learned from a book any more than the art of painting or dancing can be picked up without an instructor. To save trouble the housewife falls into a routine; overwork and over-anxiety rob her of her appetite, and she is a poor judge of the appetite of others.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Fitness of Things.

"See, the sheriff is asleep," said the first convict; "let us jump from the train."

"No, we cannot jump now," objected the second convict. "The train is not yet running 60 miles an hour."

This shows that even the criminal classes read the newspapers and have an idea of the propriety of conforming to conventionalities.—Baltimore American.

A Kaffir Newspaper.

It is not generally known that the Kaffirs of South Africa, popularly supposed to be a tribe of wild savages, publish a newspaper. It is called the Invo, and has for its editors Mr. Tenggo Jabaire and Mr. Makubalo. Contrary to the reports of the leanings of the Kaffirs in the present war, the Invo strongly sympathizes with the Boers.—N. Y. Sun.

His Method.

"My wife and I," remarked Falocum, "run the house without a particle of friction. When things go right I give her all the credit, and when they go wrong I take all the blame."—Chicago Tribune.