

The Houma Courier

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THE COUNTRY TOWN.

It's common to sneer at the country town,
With its quiet streets and its peaceful air,
Where the little river meanders down
To be lost in the broad, blue sea some-
where.
As we who think we are wise are lost
In the roaring city that, like the sea,
Has its ebb and flow, with its millions
tossed.
As bubbles robbed of identity,
Their fellowship in the country town,
With its empty streets and its spreading
trees,
Where the country songbirds warble down
At madd' as fair as man's ever seen;
Where the wind blows sweet from the fields
near by,
Where men know the names which their
neighbors bear,
Where a man is missed when he's gone to
be,
With the peaceful ones who have ceased
to care.
These are joys out there in the country
town,
That we of the city may never learn,
In the rush for money and for renown,
Confronting strangers where'er we turn!
Oh, wasn't God's world serene and fair,
In the country town ere we came away?
And won't it be sweet to sleep out there,
Far from the city's roar, some day?
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A CASE of ILL-LUCK

By BERNARD BARRY.

IN THE little cottage on the south-
ern slope of Telegraph Hill, Nita
was repeating many Ave Marias be-
fore an atrocious lithograph of the
Madonna. The fog-horn had been
growling all morning, and her father
and her lover were out with the fish-
ing fleet. For every Ave she offered up
for Louis, the lover, she offered two for
her father, the Padrone. Every one
connected with the fishing industry in
San Francisco knew the Padrone, and
his advice was the law of the fisher-
men. Even those who had incurred
his disfavor at times bore him no ill-
will, for the heart of that gentle, gray-
haired giant was as soft as his gray
beard. Nita loved him as only a petted
but unspoiled child could. Even
Louis was not half so dear to her as
the father—her method of praying
showed that.

Just at that time Louis and the
Padrone were greatly in need of
prayer, or perhaps, more material as-
sistance. A tug-boat—certainly
steaming much faster than the half
speed prescribed by law for vessels
in the fog—had made matchwood out
of their little boat. Louis and the
Padrone plunged almost simultane-
ously into the cold water just in time to



TOSSED HIM SOFTLY UP ON THE LEDGE.

avoid being entangled in the debris.
The tug may or may not have re-
turned to investigate the damage. At
any rate, it did not find Louis or the
Padrone, who were left floundering
in the sea.
"Boots off, Louis," called the Pa-
drone, almost cheerily; "we must swim
till we reach the islands, or till the
fog lifts." He wanted to keep the
younger man from realizing how hope-
less was their condition. In a short
time they divested themselves of their
boots and their outer clothing, for
they were both good swimmers.
"This way, the Paralone are this
way. Follow close, but save your
strength," said the Padrone. He was
completely lost, but there were vol-
umes of confidence and hope in his
voice. The men struck out, breasting
the waves with strong, sturdy strokes.
They swam for several hours, but
the fog did not lift or thin in the least.
Louis began to tire, and the Padrone
heard his gasping for breath. "Cour-
age, boy, for Nita," he cried. But
Louis' strength was fast giving out.
"Put your hand on my shoulder,"
ventured the Padrone; "I can tow you."
"No," panted Louis; "I cannot last.
Save yourself."
"It is for Nita, boy. You must be
saved," said the Padrone, sharply;
"in the name of God, listen!—the
breakers! There is land ahead."
The young man struck out desper-

ately, and the Padrone, swimming be-
hind, with one powerful arm, pushed
him forward, holding him by the hair
with the other hand. A heavy roller
caught the pair, hurling Louis upon an
exceedingly small area of sandy beach.
He was dashed against a high rock on
one side of the beach, and though he
managed to crawl over to Louis, his
left knee was painfully crippled. They
lay breathless on the sand for some
time.

Apparently they were in a little
gully, with walls running perpendicu-
larly, and the floor sloping upward at
a sharp angle.
"Holy Mary!" whispered the Pa-
drone. Out of the mist above came
the sharp bark of the seal. Louis was
too much exhausted to realize what it
meant. But the Padrone knew. The
seals would soon become alarmed and
come sliding down that narrow slope
seeking the water, after their custom
when alarmed. Several more com-
menced to bark. The Padrone looked
upward in despair. Several feet above,
on one of the walls, a little ledge of
rock jutted outward like a shelf.

"Thank God," muttered the Pa-
drone; "I can save him for Nita. Yes,
the old man will save her Louis for his
little girl."
He dragged himself quickly to his
feet, though the sharp pain in his knee
made him wince. The seals were thor-
oughly aroused by this time. Rapidly
gauging the distance with his eyes,
the Padrone seized the unconscious
young man in his arms and tossed him
softly up on the ledge.

The Padrone could hear the sound of
the seals' flippers as they began their
descent. He bowed his head to receive
death, with a prayer on his lips. But
in the kaleidoscopic flashes of recol-
lection that come to men at such times,
came the momentary remembrance
of the days when he stood shoulder to
shoulder with the red-shirted men in
Italy to receive the charges of Pio
Nino's troops. He lifted his head with
fierce pride, and shook his fist de-
fiantly.

"Viva Garibaldi!" shouted the Pa-
drone, raising the old battle cry with
his last breath. For the seals slid
down upon him in a frenzied mass,
crushing him to death and rolling his
body into the sea.

The story of Louis' rescue covered
nearly a page of a certain enterprising
journal, for he was found and brought
back to San Francisco in a specially
chartered tug by two of their report-
ers. After they had photographed and
interviewed him to their heart's con-
tent, he hurried off to Fisherman's
Wharf.

"Where is the Padrone?" was the
first inquiry hurled at him fiercely.
"Dog! Coward! Where is the Pa-
drone?" And the fisherman gathered
about him with their fists.

Louis seemed not to see or fear the
angry looks. He had been thinking of
the ordeal of facing Nita with the
news.
"It was at the little cove on Saddle
Rock," he replied, doggedly. "I was
half dead, and he threw me up on a
ledge. Then the seals slid down and
killed him."
"Dog! Beast!" came the angry
chorus. "How dare you come back to
tell it. Death to the coward!" And
several knives were drawn.

Manuel, a tall, wiry Italian, who,
next to the Padrone, held highest au-
thority over the men, pushed Louis
into a shed, where the fish were stored,
and blocked the doorway.
"Wait!" he cried, sharply. "Listen
to reason. We will leave the matter
to the daughter of the Padrone. If
she desires it, we will send him to her.
If not—we will punish. Pedro—go
and find what she wishes."
A stalwart young fisherman quickly
started on the errand, and returned
with an expression of savage joy in his
swarthy face, for he had been an ad-
mirer of Nita.

"She says that she does not wish to
see him again," he panted.
A cry of approval rose from the
crowd. "Death to the coward!" they
insisted.
"It is decided, then," said Manuel,
calmly. "We will take him back to
Saddle Rock, to die a coward's death,
where he might have died a man's.
We want no cowards in the fishing
fleet. Pedro, we will go in your boat."
Four fishermen, turned execution-
ers, glided out through the Golden
Gate in Pedro's boat. Louis lay in
the bottom bound, sullen and silent
with bitter resignation. A fresh north-
easter brought them to Saddle Rock
just before sunset.

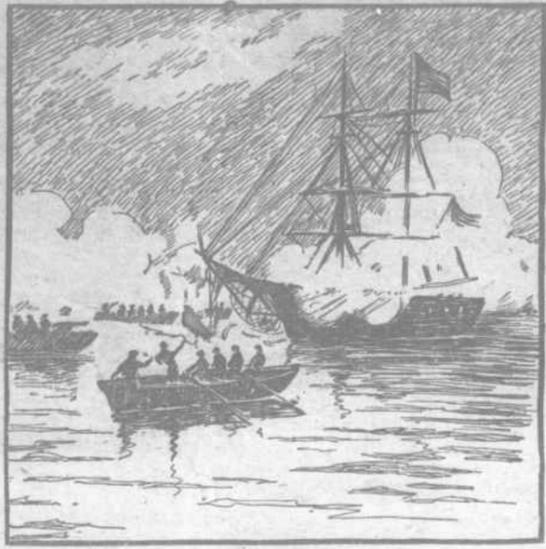
"Good," said Manuel, eagerly, "the
seals are there. Quick, boys, before
they become frightened."
The seal clattered down, and two of
the men bent to the oars. Manuel
picked up the helpless Louis and
hurled him up on the bench with all
his strength, then pushed off with his
leg. The men backed desperately
with the oars, and the little craft drew
off, none too soon, for the foremost
seal collided forcibly with the bottom
of the boat. When the men looked at
the little beach again, it was deserted.

In the little cottage on Telegraph
Hill, Nita offered Aves to the Madon-
na's picture for the repose of her fa-
ther's soul. No one prayed for the
soul of Louis, whose only crime was
ill-luck.—San Francisco Argonaut.

foreign nationality, who, in consid-
eration for their tender years, were
treated to a milder form of chastise-
ment."
A Concealed Man.
Phyllis—Harry is the most conceal-
ed man I ever met.
Maud—What makes you think so?
Phyllis—Why, he first asserts that I
am the most adorable woman in the
world, and the most beautiful and in-
tellectual, and in every respect a para-
gon, and then he wants me to marry him!
—Washington Times.

Whip for Female Kleptomaniacs.
London Truth tells of a method
dealing summarily with female klep-
tomaniacs of gentle birth, which is
followed in certain West End shops.
Every woman detected in the act of
shoplifting is given her option of being
prosecuted in court or being
bribed by the manageress, a person
specially selected for her biops. The
bribe is a formidable one. "In one
shop alone," says Truth, "20 women
have accepted the ordeal of birching,
in addition to two young girls of a

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



THE BOMBARDMENT OF BALTIMORE.
Find Francis Scott Key.

After the capture and destruction of Washington by the British in
1814 they retired to a point near Baltimore, and Gen. Ross, the English
commander, announced that he would spend the winter in Baltimore. He
was assisted in the attack upon the city by a fleet of 16 ships, which kept
up a bombardment of the city during the night of September 13. Francis
Scott Key and a friend had gone on board one of these boats to secure
the exchange of a friend, and were detained over night. Key was so de-
lighted at seeing the American flag still waving on the following morn-
ing that he wrote, almost on the spur of the moment, our national song,
"The Star-Spangled Banner." During the attack on Baltimore Gen. Ross
was mortally wounded, and the attack was repelled.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Though the memory of Henry Ward
Beecher is held in deep veneration
by Brooklyn citizens generally, they
are making strong objection against
changing the name of Clifton street
to Beecher avenue.

An enthusiastic sightseer in Lon-
don was telling her friend that she
had been fortunate enough to get a
good view of Lord Kitchener. "Ah!"
said the friend, "I suppose he is a
very bellicose man?" "Oh, no!" was
the reply; "quite slim, I assure you."

About five years ago a Maine wom-
an, taking a consumptive husband to
the mountains of Arizona, was shown
an old abandoned claim by her Indian
servant. She took it, with great dif-
ficulty secured \$500 to work it, and
before the year was out sold it for
\$30,000 and a life interest.

Its members of the Kansas legisla-
ture are expert cowboys. They are
all in the house—C. Mc. Bowen, of
Ford; W. H. Weldon, of Clark; W.
W. Martin, of Morton; Fred Friar,
of Wichita; R. B. Campbell, of
Meade; and Sherman William, of
Stanton. "Clank! Beeson is dean of
the outfit. He has always been a
cowboy, though he owns a fine ranch
in the southwestern part of the state
and keeps it stocked with from 700
to 1,000 cattle. It was Beeson who
in 1880 got together a real cowboy
band, which later became famous all
over the country.

Senator Warren, of Wyoming, towers
a giant among men. One of his
hands was badly injured years ago
while he was president of the senate
in the state named. One day
a fight started between two mem-
bers and the sergeant-at-arms was
unable to stop it. Warren moved
down from his desk and threw both
of the fighting legislators out of
the hall. But before he had accomplished
that one of the warriors in trying to
hit his combatant with a heavy ruler
struck Warren on the hand. Several
bones were broken and the hand has
been disabled ever since.

When John D. Long was secretary
of the navy one of his subordinates
was a dapper little man whose name
closely resembles Skeeters. He was
rather bibulously inclined at times,
so one morning when the secretary
found it necessary to dismiss some-
body for drunkenness he embraced
the occasion to deliver a temperance
lecture, being a teetotaler himself.
"Of course, Mr. Skeeters," he said,
"you do not drink." "Oh, certainly
not, Mr. Secretary," was the reply,
"only for medicinal purposes. I gen-
erally take a little toddy at meal
times." "And what does Mrs. Skeet-
ers say?" said the secretary, re-
proachfully. "Generally she says:
'Skeeters, here's your toddy,' and
that's all."

One Phase of the Nile.
In the Shab loka pass we have one of
the many instances in which the Nile
has hurried itself at an opposing moun-
tain barrier and cut its way through.
In fact, it often seems to select these
unpropitious places for its course,
when on each side, a few miles away,
there is a tolerably level, unbroken
expanse of desert. For ten miles the
river twists in and out before escap-
ing to the open ocean more. Its current is
very rapid, making it well-nigh im-
passable at low water because of the
numerous rocks; but at the time of my
descent the summer flood was well
along, and all but a few of these bar-
riers were hidden below the surface,
their presence being marked only by
occasional eddies.—William Gage Er-
ving, in Century.

Most Likely.
"Did you hear about poor Palmers?
He went to New Guinea as a mission-
ary, you know, and he was pursued by
cannibals. He was running away from
them as fast as he could when he hap-
pened to fall. And then—"
"And then I suppose the cannibals
felt to."—N. Y. World.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Mr. Stove—"What became of Miss
Ironpipe?" Mr. Desk—"Haven't you
heard? Why, the radiator!"—Princeton
Tiger.

Friend—"Shakespeare, your wife is
awfully headstrong, isn't she?" Wil-
liam—"Yes, Ann Hathaway."—Colum-
bia University Jester.

Generous.—"When Mr. Casey died
he left all he had to the orphan asy-
lum." "Indeed! That was nice of
him. What did he leave?" "His 12
children."—Detroit Free Press.

About Ghosts.—"If you know, if I
were ever to see a ghost, don't cher-
ish it, I believe I should be a hope-
less idiot for the rest of my life!"
She (absently)—"Have you ever seen
a ghost?"—The King.

Native Pride.—"If I were not an
Englishman," said the Briton, patroniz-
ingly, "I should wish to be an
Irishman." "Indeed?" exclaimed the
Irishman. "Faith, if I was not an
Irishman, I'd wish I was one."—
Philadelphia Press.

The presence of mind of an im-
pudic lover was illustrated re-
cently at a bazaar, where there was a
stall for the sale of watch-charms.
"Oh, George!" she said, "buy me a
charm." "Sarah," answered he, "you
have too many already."—London
Tit-Bits.

THE GAY MEXICAN CAPITAL.

A City of 350,000 Inhabitants, Most
of Whom Are Born Seekers
After Pleasure.

The City of Mexico lies at an altitude
of 7,350 feet, its climate being equable
and salubrious. Socially, it is one of
the gayest capitals in the world, and
every year is becoming more popular
as a winter resort, says the New York
Post.

The city has about 350,000 inhabi-
tants, most of whom are born pleasure
seekers. Like all Spanish cities, the
prominent amusement here is the bull
fight, which always draws an immense
audience of wealthy and fashionable,
as well as numbers of curiosity seek-
ers. There are many theaters, for
Mexicans appreciate the drama
and good music.

Among the "sights" to which tour-
ists are invariably directed are the
castle of Chapultepec, at present used
as the military academy (the West
Point of Mexico), and as the residence
of President Diaz, the national library,
the mint, the museum, the "Monte
Piedad," the public markets, the scene of
Alvarado's leap for life, the shrine of
Guadalupe, the gardens of San An-
gel and Tacubaya, the great cathedral,
the theaters and the La Viga canal with
its bordering Paseo lined with flowers
of every description and hue, the drives
always gay with stylish turnouts con-
taining the dark-eyed beauties of the
capital.

HOW KINGS PAY DOCTORS.

In Addition to Large Fees, Knight-
hood is Sometimes Conferred
on the Medics.

Kings sometimes pay their doctors
well for the services that they need
quite as much as more ordinary mor-
tals, says the Philadelphia Press.

The coronation baronetcy, for in-
stance, conferred upon Sir Frederick
Treves will not be the great sur-
geon's only reward for his successful
conveyance of his ruler out of dan-
ger.

For the recovery of the king from
typhoid fever in 1871 Sir William Gull
received £10,000, as well as the dig-
nity of baronet.

Twice the amount was paid to Sir
Morrell Mackenzie for his treatment
of the late Emperor Frederick, and in
addition he was presented with the
Order of the Red Eagle.

The doctors who attended Queen
Victoria in her last illness received
2,000 guineas each.

But the record in medical fees is
held by the ancestor of the present
lord mayor of London, Dr. Dimdale,
who received for his journey to St.
Petersburg and vaccination of Em-
press Catherine II. £10,000 as his fee,
£5,000 for traveling expenses and
also the title of baron and a life
pension of £500 a year.

Sir Frederick Treves has certainly
earned a generous reward for his
skill. At little more than a month's
notice he placed his whole time at
the king's service, and for at least
seven days and nights he never went
to bed, snatching sleep at Bucking-
ham palace at odd moments.

His daughter's wedding occurred
during those critical days, and it was
only when she herself drove to the
palace and put the case before her
father that he took a hurried half
hour to attend the quiet ceremony.

The medical men who are attend-
ing the king are attached to his
majesty's household, some in hono-
rary capacities and others under
nominal pay.

For instance, Sir Thomas Barlow,
as physician to the household, is in
receipt of a small salary, while Sir
Frederick Treves and Sir Thomas
Smith, as "honorary sergeant sur-
geons," are not in receipt of pay.
Nor can they, by reason of court
usage, send a bill for services ren-
dered. The king may, and usually
does, send the "honoraries" a recom-
pense of some sort, which compares
more than favorably with honorari-
ums received from private persons.

The surgeons and physicians to the
household, such as Sir Francis Lak-
ing, Sir Thomas Barlow, Dr. Hewitt,
Mr. Allingham and Mr. Fripp, are
in receipt of from £200 to £300 per
year, for which they are expected to
attend upon all the members of the
royal household, without further
charge.

If the wife of the master of the
household or the subdean of the
chapel royal, or the master of music,
or the captain of the Yeomen of the
Guard, wish it they may have the
advice of any of these gentlemen
without paying for it.

ANTS AS FARMERS.

An Account of Some Species Which
Show Much Skill in Fertilizing
and Pruning.

Recent study of ants has added an-
other to the many facts that show the
intelligence these insects possess. This
latest discovery is that some species
actually plant and raise their own
crops, says Nature.

The big leaf-cutting ant of the
tropics is the most proficient species
in the agricultural line. These ants
visit plants and cut little fragments
out of the leaves. Sometimes they
will ruin a whole plantation over night,
leaving the plants with ragged frag-
ments of their foliage.

Until recently it was supposed that
the leaf-cutters ate the pieces of leaf.
But now it is known that they carry
the fragments to their mounds, where
they chew them over and over, moisten-
ing them at the same time with acid
secretions, until they have made a soft
spongy mass. This is kneaded and
worked over and over again until it
is a big heap full of small holes.

In this spongy mass the ants deposit
the spores of a certain fungus which
forms the greater part of their food
supply. Different species of ants have
different species of fungus.
The most highly developed of them
all is grown by a Brazilian ant. It is
known as the rozites gongliophora.
This fungus is very rich and full of
albumen, which is particularly loved
by the ants.
To produce most albumen the fungus
must not be permitted to seed. Of
course, this is a simple matter, well
known to every florist and agricul-
turalist. But it certainly is wonderful
that ants should have learned it.
They attend to the pruning of the
fungus stems and suckers just as care-
fully as a human planter would. As
soon as the fungus begins to grow it
sends out fine threadlike stems into
the air. If these are allowed to grow
they will finally bear spores. But the
ants do not permit them to grow.
They keep certain members of their
colony busy biting them off the
moment they appear.
After being pruned for a short time
the fungus begins to develop little
swellings which are particularly rich
in albumen. And after being culti-
vated for a few months the little swell-
ings are found everywhere around the
bottom of the pile.
Some species of ants carry fertilizers
to their gardens. They bear finely
chewed wood, moldering leaves, dead
insects, and other similar material to
the fungus plantations to enrich the
soil and increase their yield.



How an abscess in the Fallo-
pian Tubes of Mrs. Hollinger
was removed without a surgical
operation.

"I had an abscess in my side in
the fallopian tube (the fallopian
tube is a connection of the ovaries).
I suffered untold misery and was
so weak I could scarcely get around.
The sharp burning pains low down
in my side were terrible. My physi-
cian said there was no help for me
unless I would go to the hospital and
be operated on. I thought before
that I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound which, fortun-
ately, I did, and it has made me a
stout, healthy woman. My advice to
all women who suffer with any kind
of female trouble is to commence
taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Veget-
able Compound at once."—Mrs. I. S. HOLLINGER,
Stillville, Ohio.—\$5000 forfeit if original
above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

It would seem by this state-
ment that women would save
time and much sickness if they
would get Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound at once,
and also write to Mrs. Pinkham
at Lynn, Mass., for special ad-
vice. It is free and always helps.
No other person can give such
helpful advice as Mrs. Pinkham
to women who are sick.

STOOD UP FOR HIS COUNTRY.

Wasn't Going to Acknowledge Before
a Britisher That Washington
Ever Was Licked.

"Right over there," said the old settler,
pointing with his cane, "is the place where
General Washington licked the British Gen-
eral Braddock in the revolutionary war."
"Surely you mistake," objected one of
the tourists. "If I have read history cor-
rectly Gen. Braddock was defeated. It hap-
pened before the revolutionary war. Wash-
ington was in that battle, but he was not
general, and he was defeated along with
Braddock by a force of French and In-
dians—mostly Indians."

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded
the old settler, "that General Washington is
on the British side and got licked here?"
"Yes, only he was Col. Washington, and
he fought well and bravely. The colonies
had not rebelled against the mother coun-
try then, and the trouble was between En-
gland and France."

The old settler took him to one side.
"Isn't that chap over there with the side
whiskers an Englishman?" he asked.
"No; he's a New York banker."
"Any Englishmen in the crowd?"
"No."
"Well, that makes a difference," replied
the old settler. "Of course I knowed
George Washin'ton got licked, but I wasn't
goin' to admit it before no Britisher."

Bathing the Baby.

Young mothers naturally feel anxious
about the baby's bath. It is best to begin
at six weeks to put the little one in the
water, first folding a soft towel in the bot-
tom of the basin. Use only Ivory Soap,
as many of the highly colored and per-
fumed soaps are very injurious to the ten-
der skin of an infant.

ELEANOR R. PARKER.
"What is it that makes men great, papa?"
"Persistent advertising, my son."—Cleve-
land Plain Dealer.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of
as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third
Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

A life without principles and principles
without life are two evils to be avoided.—
United Presbyterian.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A man's own good breeding is the best
security against other people's ill-manners.—
Chesterfield.

A small door may lead to a large room.—
Ran's Horns.

BAD BACKS.

Bad backs are found
in every household.
A bad back is a back
that's lame, weak or
aching. Most back-
ache pains come
from kidney de-
rangements and
should be promptly
attended to.

Reach the cause of
backache by relieving
the kidneys and
curing their ills.
Doan's Kidney Pills
are for the kidneys
only and cure the
dangers of urinary and bladder dis-
orders, from common inflammation,
to Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's disease.
CASE NO. 40,321.—Mr. W. H. Ham-
mer, well-known builder, residing at
125 N. Hinde Street, Washington G. H.,
Ohio, says: "I am glad to endorse a
remedy which possesses such instin-
tively valuable as Doan's Kidney Pills. They
cured me of inflammation of the blad-
der which had caused me much an-
noyance and anxiety because of the
frequency and severity of the at-
tacks. I have advised others to take
Doan's Kidney Pills and I know they
will not be disappointed in the re-
sults."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney
medicine, which cured Mr. Ham-
mer, will be mailed on application to
any part of the United States. Ad-
dress Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
For sale by all druggists, price
50 cents per box.