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Gunning for Big Game

WE WERE not tall boys at all, my brothers and I and our playmates, but we were full of life, and that means full of mischief too. Brother Fred was a "natural born" hunter—he always wanted to hunt, even though there was little game to be got, and we brothers liked to go off with him.

In those times boys had to make for anything they wanted, for father was a minister with nine children, and couldn't spare money for playthings. How we all worked and saved our pennies until we had money enough to buy a shotgun! It was not a new one, but an old second-hand thing, yet we all thought it was the greatest of treasures. The barrel was bent, and though we worked over it a good deal, we never could get it quite straight. But a little defect like that didn't bother us. We learned to "allow for the curve," as Fred said, and if we wanted to hit a certain object we knew just how far away from it to aim.

Fred was the best shot, and he used to say with great pride: "I can shoot around a corner with that gun," and probably he could!

Well, there wasn't much gunning in the neighborhood. We wouldn't kill small birds, because mother had taught us to love them. Once in a while we could expect a partridge, but as we became expert in shooting we boys longed for bigger game. We wanted to shoot something that would need a bullet to kill it, for this seemed far more fun than to use shot.

Our neighbor, Farmer Eaton, didn't seem to appreciate our efforts at sport. To be sure, we tramped down his grass, and once we broke his fence in chasing a fox, but when his woods caught fire from our "Indian camp," Mr. Eaton got really mad and forbade our stepping foot on his premises again. We boys couldn't see why he should be so set about it, for you know boys don't look at such things as older folks do. He really had stood a lot from boys, and we ought to have been grateful for it. Instead of that we debated long and earnestly about how we would "get even" with him.

"I've got it," said Fred to half a dozen of us one afternoon.

"Got what?" "Wall asked.

"Why a way to get even with old Eaton?"

"How?" "asked a boy in chorus.

"That's a secret, but you fellows follow me and you'll see," answered Fred, mysteriously.

At once we were all eager to know what the scheme was. Fred sent one of us to get the gun, he put in a big charge of powder and then, much to our surprise, put a good-sized stone marble.

"What's that for?" I said.

"That's a big set—couldn't buy a set and one. Big game this afternoon. This may be a little more curious, but more we would ask further questions and said:

"Now, boys, follow me, single file. It'll make a sound, and do just as you please."

By that time we were so worked up, consumed with curiosity, that we would have almost followed through fire and flood.

Fred led the way back of the barn and over the wall into the big field of tall grass that stretched between our house and Mr. Eaton's. Then he got down on all fours, and we did likewise, creeping noiselessly toward the Eaton barn. As we got nearer, a twig beneath us snapped with a noise that to our excited imagination seemed as loud as a pistol.

"Hut," said Fred, lying flat on his stomach. The rest of us did the same, keeping perfectly quiet, though the beating of our hearts made noise enough to let everyone know our presence—at least it seemed so to us. After an awfully long time, Fred put his gun out in front of him, and then glided noiselessly forward with the snakelike motion affected by the Indian who would surprise his enemy. The six boys also, followed along like snakes. We couldn't make out what he was go-

ing to do, and we didn't even dare to whisper, for we could hear Mr. Eaton talking to his men in a field not far off, and we all had a wholesome fear of him.

The board fence to the Eaton barnyard, on the side nearest us, was almost hidden by an extra high growth of timothy and clover. The pigpen was on the other side, containing a monster white sow that Mr. Eaton was specially proud of, and was planning to win the prize with her at the next cattle show. Fred made for this spot. I was right behind him, and as soon as I saw he was going toward the pigpen I edged round, and creeping, in the cover of the timothy, almost shouted to the boys behind:

"Great Scott, he's going to shoot the pig!"

We boys were more scared than ever, for this was far more serious business than we had bargained for. Luckily, my action had not "given us away," and in a few moments more we were all up to the fence. The pig lay facing us asleep in the sunshine, one ear down, the other up—a funny habit pigs seem to have when they are perfectly happy. Fred stuck the gun through the fence in a place where a long board had been broken away. Pale with dread and fear, but not daring to remonstrate, the faces of the other boys might have been seen at his side, peering anxiously through the crack. The supreme moment was at hand.

"When I fire, skip through the high grass to those bushes, then through them to the brook, and up into the woods, and they'll never see us," said Fred. He was cool as a cucumber, as he placed the muzzle of the weapon almost at the brain of his sleeping victim, and whispered:

"One—two—three!"

Then a crash! mingled with the gun's awful report was the unearthly roar of the most surprised squealer on record. The pig's head appeared to be split open and to spurt torrents of blood as she stumbled toward the barn while keeping up her infernal noise. But we didn't stop to view the remains. If any boys ever skedaddled at a more lively pace than we did, history doesn't say so. Frightened falls to express it. Several days afterward the other fellows kept away from us, and we three brothers were so well behaved that mother asked father if he thought we were sick.

Generally enough, not a word was heard about the matter, as Mr. Eaton evidently hadn't mentioned it to a soul. As a week rolled by, and nothing was said about the affair, we boys quaked in anguish, sure that some detective was secretly arranging our capture. Our suffering was fit and ample punishment for what we had done. We had by no means recovered our composure when cattle show opened in all its glory, and we boys went the rounds in a body.

"Let's see what this crowd is over there by the swine department," said one, and away we went pell mell for the point of interest.

We reached the pen, and looked in you could have knocked us down with a feather. There was Farmer Eaton's sow standing and looking peacefully around, one ear happily erect as usual, and a clean hole about as big as a marble through the ear, and through it was neatly tied the first prize ribbon!

"Why, we thought you'd killed her, Fred!" the boys all said, as soon as we could get off by ourselves. "You certainly aimed right at her brain!"

"Now, boys, don't be alarmed," answered Fred, in his superior way. "It's true the gun was aimed at the pig's brain, but it was pointed at her ear. You forget that that gun shoots around a corner! I really meant to make that hole and mar the pig so she wouldn't take first prize. Eaton didn't dare say a word for fear the judges of stock would hear what had happened. But the hole healed up beautifully, and the judges this morning were so taken with it that they awarded the pig first prize on the spot, and put the ribbon through it as an earring."

"All's well that ends well," and we were glad enough to be safely out of what we then saw had been a mean act, and might have turned out a very serious one. We boys never went gunning for "big game" again.—Farm and Home.

MUSEUM WITHIN A MUSEUM.

Pennsylvania Institution Has a Small But Valuable Collection of Sixth Century Relics.

It is a long reach from the sixth century before Christ to the present day, but the University of Pennsylvania museum has just incorporated a museum of that date which was discovered by Prof. Halprecht. The museum is not very big, being entirely contained in a few small rooms, but the contents are very valuable from an historical standpoint, and show that the ideas of the early Christians were very much like those of present times, reports the Philadelphia Record. Whether the specimens were presented or purchased is not known, but they undoubtedly represent a collection which must have been made during the time of Belshazzar, since it was found in one of the upper strata at Nippur. The best specimen in the jar is an inscription containing the titles of Sargon the First, who lived about 2800 B. C. There is a black stone votive tablet of Uruk, 2700 B. C., which tells that this king built the great wall around the city of Nippur. Then there is a terracotta brick stamp of Bur-Sin, which is

UNDERMINED BY WORMS.

Foundations of Milwaukee Business Houses Damaged by a Singular Insect.

Milwaukee buildings are being imperiled by a worm eating away the foundations and there appears no way of preventing it," said Raleigh T. Jacobs, of the western city, to a Washington Star man reporter. "The city building officials are much worried over the effects of the worm, which is known in science as the limboria. The attention of the building department has been called to the sinking of buildings and the bulging of walls on business blocks, and in many instances it has been necessary to brace the buildings with heavy beams to keep them from falling.

"The old buildings, mostly of brick, which line the sides of the river in Milwaukee were built upon what builders call floating foundations. First a layer of railroad ties was laid and the stone foundation was placed on them. It is on these ties the worms are apparently at work. The worm floats along the surface of the water, and when the water recedes the worm is left stuck to the docks and walls. It

Place of Women in China

By FREDERICH HIRTH, Professor of Chinese at Columbia University.

I believe that current statements as to the inferiority of the position held by women in China are exaggerated.

On board a steamship in Chinese waters I once had for neighbor at the captain's table a high Chinese official, educated and affable. After dinner, making a tour of the vessel, I saw this mandarin's wife domiciled in the steerage. From such an incident it would be easy to draw a wrong inference. When a Chinese woman of position travels, she takes with her an almost incredible number of servants, and in preference to remaining by herself in the first cabin, she is more than likely to lodge from choice in the steerage with her attendants.

A Chinese proverb says that a woman has three duties—as a child to obey her father, as a woman her husband and as a widow her sons. It is usually the men of a country who make its proverbs, and perhaps in this case the wish may have been father to the thought. As to the first clause, the ruling passion of the Chinese is obedience to parents.

As to the second clause, a foreigner sees little of Chinese domestic life, but from what I have observed and from what my Chinese friends have told me, I judge that the proportion of husbands ruled by their wives is as great in China as in other countries. I have seldom attended a Chinese theater without seeing the henpecked husband introduced as a stock subject for ridicule.

There came to me at one time a bit of gossip about a Chinese nobleman of the court circle whose wife forbade a dinner party he had planned. In spite of her opposition he carried out his project, and the festivities were at their height when there was heard a slight cough. Then came the voice of the wife: "The child is coughing." The nobleman did not stir. The voice repeated: "The child is ill. Won't you attend to him?"

Then as the husband maintained his position, a wash basin whizzed across the table, deluging the guests, who departed in discomfort. The less the law assures to woman the more use she seems to make of nature's gifts to conquer her natural position.

As to the third clause of the proverb, a Chinese mother, especially if elderly, receives from her sons a respect that in other countries is hardly equalled. If the mother of a man of education were to strike him, he would receive the blow without resentment. Socially, there is paid to the mother of a viceroys, for example, almost more deference than to her son.

In the matter of education, I believe that within the next decade China will skip some centuries in progress, and will do for her girls what Japan already is doing. Ten years ago such a prophecy would have seemed incredible, but in the near future I expect to see many Chinese girls studying in English and American colleges.

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LADY SYBIL PRIMROSE.



Lady Sybil Primrose, daughter of Lord Rosebery, is one of the most beautiful young women of England. Since the death of her mother she has kept her father's house and acted as hostess to his guests, both at Mentmore and at Dalmeny, the ex-premier's splendid villas. As it is persistently reported that Lord Rosebery is betrothed, she will be relieved of these duties. Lady Sybil is of Jewish descent through her mother, who was a daughter of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild. His marriage with Baroness Rothschild made the earl one of the richest peers of the British realm.

The first yet found of that kind. Another tablet states that the large hall of the temple was called Enakch, and also that there were 24 other shrines to gods in the temple besides the ones that have been found of Bel and his consort Beltis. An interesting tablet gives some astronomical observations on Virgo and Scorpion. The little museum contains 19 pieces in all, and the collection will be placed separately in the university museum.

English Not Sensitive.

An Englishman gives his impressions of Boston in the New York Independent, and suggests that Bostonians need never hesitate to display revolutionary relics to their English friends from any fear lest those reminders of national defeats may awaken painful feelings. He says his countrymen are hardened to that sort of thing, for they cannot even cross the English channel without remembering that Calais was a British possession for centuries.

works its way inside the foundation and bores continuously, so it can very readily be seen the amount of damage that can be done. The newer buildings erected on piles covered with cement are not affected by the worms.

Germs at Epizootic.

The foot and mouth disease (epizootic aptha), which has appeared after an absence of 30 years, is propagated by germs and is highly contagious. Persons carry the germs on their clothing or shoes, dogs can transport them and they can be taken into the systems of a healthy herd which passes over the same road that a sick animal passed over a few hours previous. Cattle are not the only animals subject to it, for it is contracted by sheep, swine, horses, poultry, and sometimes by man.

Trouble Ahead.

"Jack wants a quiet wedding."

"Let him have it. It is the last quiet day he'll ever have."—N. Y. Journal.

LITTLE LADY OF THE SQUASH.



Of the fruits of the earth there are many. Few farmers, however, raise such giant squashes as one that grew on the farm of William Warwick, of Goodrich, province of Ontario. The Detroit Free Press is authorized to report that it weighed 221 pounds, and when the inside was removed there was ample space for little Iris Warwick, five years old, to sit inside, like Cinderella in her pumpkin coach, and have her picture taken. It looks very much as though this Canadian squash "takes the cake." Still, no squash news has recently been received from the Pacific coast.

HOME-COMING.

There's nothing like coming home,
And having the home folks meet you,
And seeing the light from the open door
Shine out on the path to greet you;
The old dog sits by your side,
And lays his nose in your hand,
And tells you he's glad you are back again,
In a way that you understand.

The table is ready for lunch,
And yours is the plate they're heaping;
And out in the kitchen over the fire
Grandmother's tea is steeping.
And every one talks at once;
And the cat awakes from her nap,
And stretches and yawns when you speak
Her name.

Then comes and lies in your lap,
Oh, the world is a wide old world,
And much it may have to show you;
And 'tis well to lengthen the living chain
Whose links are the friends that know you;

But coming it up, we find
Whatever our feet may roam,
In all of the journeys we take through life
There is nothing like getting home.
—Florence J. Joyce, in Farm Journal.

Cold and Calculating.

She hesitated and asked for a little time for consultation.

"Why, certainly," he said. "There is no hurry about this matter. If you desire to consult your parents—"

"Don't you believe it for a moment," she interrupted firmly. "I want to consult Bradstreet."

And he threw up the sponge and went out into the night.—N. Y. Herald.

Utterly Hopeless.

He—Suppose I should ask your father if I could marry you? Do you think I would stand any chance?

She—No; your case would be hopeless.

He—Do you think he would really say so?

She—Not that; but he would leave it to me.—Tit-Bits.

To paint a battleship requires 120 tons of paint.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Seventy poets of Germany have agreed with one another to sell no poem for less than 12 cents a line.

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany combined.

The number of new books issued yearly in England is not increasing, as most people imagine, but decreasing largely. In 1897 there were 6,224 books issued; last year the number was only 4,955.

Lady Gage has discovered in her Essex (England) country house some interesting correspondence between Thomas Gage, last royalist governor of Massachusetts, and Samuel Adams, John Hancock and Josiah Quincy.

At the Bodleian library, in Oxford, is an apparatus which has chimed two bells continuously for 46 years by the energy of a "dry pile" of very low electrical energy. No other machine in the country has worked so long continuously without the interference of man.

Prof. R. H. Dabney, of the University of Virginia, is going to write a history of reconstruction. The professor asks the people of the south to help him in his task. He asks those of them old enough to remember the reconstruction years to write out their personal recollections for him.

George Manville Fenn, who has been one of the most diligent purveyors of English juvenile fiction, recently reached his seventy-first year. The mere titles of his stories fill seven pages of the catalogue of the British museum, and it would be difficult to find a corner of Great Britain that has not been made the background of one of his tales of adventure.

A newspaper clipping agency in New York has compiled 20 albums containing published obituaries of the late John W. Mackay. The labor of gathering and placing in album form was begun last July. There are 5,480 clippings to each set, covering 1,526 pages of Irish linen leaves, 10x12 inches. This is the largest collection of material ever gathered concerning the death of a private individual and the kindly expressions of the press of the country was unanimous. Four sets of books were ordered, one for Mrs. Mackay, the second to Clarence Mackay, one to the Postal Telegraph company and one to the Commercial Cable company.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A life of pleasure even makes the strongest mind falter at last.—Bulwer.

Most people judge others by the company they keep, or by their fortune.—Kochthausen.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babblers.—Steele.

If everything came easy, there would be no satisfaction in making an effort.—Athenian Globe.

The great secret of success in life is to be ready when your opportunity comes.—Lord Beaconsfield.

It is not the place that maketh the person, but the person that maketh the place honorable.—Cicero.

"I neber kin figger it out," said Uncle Eben, "how some o' dese folks dat talks so much about 'spina' wealth kin be so willin' to borrow two bits."—Washington Star.

"Dear," said the ardent lover, "the date you have set for our wedding falls upon a Friday. You're not superstitious about that, I hope." "Oh, no," replied the popular actress: "it'll never phase me if I'm married on 13 Fridays."—Philadelphia Press.

"Well, Jones is certainly a patient man with a temper hard to ruffle." "Patient is no name for him. Why, that man has been known to go out with his wife to select wallpaper and go through the ordeal without losing his temper."—Baltimore Herald.

Maud—"I feel so sorry for poor Lillian. She and Reggie had it all planned to elope, and now they have to give it up." Jack—"What is the trouble?" Maud—"She can't persuade her stingy old papa to give them the money to carry it out."—Kansas City Journal.

Women Use Stub Pens.

It was the young man's first day in the department store, and when he sorted out the pens to be distributed among the public writing desks he selected fine and medium nibs. The old hand, who superintended the job, told him to put them all back in the box and to pick out stubs instead. "Department store letter writers are mostly women," he said, "and nine out of ten women use a stub pen these days. It is almost impossible to get them to write with any other kind. Every once in a while a new man comes along to do the work you are doing this morning, and he, not being up to the tricks of shoppers, scatters an assortment of fine-pointed pens over the writing tables. 'The women writers raise no end of a row over a mistake of that kind and insist upon being supplied with the favorite stubs.'—N. Y. Times.

The Ideal Husband.

She—Gertrude says she will never marry until she finds her ideal.

He—What is her ideal?

"Oh, any man who will ask her."—Kansas City Journal.