

Henry Baum

THE MA COURIER.

AT HOUMA, TERREBONNE PARISH, LOUISIANA.

Nov. 7/03



SMILES

QUIT ENOUGH REASON.



"How did you come to give your sister the big apple and keep the little one for yourself?"
"Cause there was a worm in it."
Ally Sloper.

Love's Labor Wasted.
Len, long, he strove to gain the light
And thereby win her heart.
Then learned, poor victim, that he might
Have had her at the start.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Got a Bargain.
Grace—I wonder how Bertha ever came to marry Fred?
Imogene—You see, he looked so cheap when he proposed, so I'm told, Bertha thought he was a bargain.
—Boston Transcript.

Football Girl.
"I wish," she sighed, "that I could see myself as others see me."
"You can," replied her fond friend, room and board, "and to let well enough alone."
"Deadwood permitted." In spite of Bryant's rule and resolution he did have to carry some deadwood, and it came about through the necessity of engaging an equestrienne.

Bryant had no standing in the circus business and was despised by artists and managers alike. Stolid and mercenary, he had a cuffed like a rhinoceros and when the comments of others reached his ears he laughed at the uncomplimentary criticisms, when a man of finer feelings would have blushed for very shame.

One spring Bryant found himself at a very late day minus that all important feature, a lady rider, an already stated. Several had applied, been turned down and put off, or, better said, bluffed in the standard Bryant way. Now that the man was in a pinch he did not advertise or confide his imperative necessity to his agents, but doggedly declared obtusely:

"The show will go out, rider or no rider."
One afternoon he had a caller. It was Flora Ervine, a rider of repute and physical charms, and to the manager's astonishment her mission was to secure an engagement.

"I thought you were engaged?" said Bryant, as soon as the visitor made known her errand.
"Cancelled," was the reply.
"Because?"
"Because I am married!"
"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Bryant, mistaking the reason of the cancellation. "Is your husband in the business?"

The equestrienne bit her lip before she answered, hesitated while Bryant looked upon her with something between a glare and a grin:
"My husband is not in the business."
"I thought as much," blurted Bryant, coarsely, and then he quickly recovered himself and remarked apologetically: "Excuse me."

An awkward pause followed, the visitor quietly breaking the ice anew:
"I learned that you were without a rider and thought I would call."
The manager cut her off with the blunt statement:
"I don't carry any deadwood with my trick, I don't."
"Deadwood!" repeated the equestrienne.
"Y-es," drawled the manager. "Dead-wood, deadwood!" With that he pushed a letterhead into his caller's hands, with his finger indicating the conditions.

"Then I might as well be going," observed the equestrienne. By the time that she had gained her feet he had interposed a request for her to remain:
"Wait a little."
Bryant was not fool enough to throw away a last chance, and he hastened to say, with an effort to conciliate:
"F'raps we might make a dicker an' include the—the-er your husband; that is, if you make the figure right. (Foxy Bryant never lost sight of the dollar.) "Would he oard to spoil your honeymoon, wouldn't it? Ha, ha!" (the visitor smiled not). Bryant leered and chuckled. "I'm a widower, you know, but I never dreamt that you had an idea of matrimony."

The visitor looked grave and offended, whereat the manager ceased his distasteful banter and proceeded to business, a deal was made, and it is scarcely necessary to state that Bryant took considerable advantage of the situation. As the equestrienne was departing with her contract the manager remarked:
"I hope that while your husband is with the show he will pick up something of the trade and not be excess baggage all the season."
When Milton Folsom came on with

To Pass in a Crowd.

Podunk Citizen—So you're going to th' city to see th' sights, air yeh, the? He—Yep.
Citizen—Wall, wear them Sunday clothes that don't fit; leave y'r hair string'd around same as now; turn up y'r pants at th' bottom; take my eye cane an' carry it upside down, an' no one will ever suspect you come from the country.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Injuries Enumerated.

Casey—Shure, they do be tellin' me that Big Moike Monohan wor knocked down be an' automobile yesterday—wor there any bones broke, I dunno?
Conley—Troth, an' there wor;—th' owner av th' devil wagon got his nose broke, th' chawer got his jaw broke, an' Big Moike broke th' second knuckle av his right flah!—Puck.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.



the lion king, on hearing the proposition. "What, me break them grave robbers? Not on my thimble!"

Neither persuasion nor bullying would alter the determination of the employe, nor could the wily manager cajole any of the minor keepers into becoming the "Brave Master of the Grave Robbing Hyenas." Bryant even tempted canvassers, grooms and razor-bars in vain. Just as he was on the point of advertising for a trainer a bright thought entered his dillish brain. After the birth of the inspiration he cultivated Milton Folsom with a purpose. The manager did not broach the uppermost subject abruptly. Shrewdly he bided his time, and when he believed that he had sufficiently ingratiated himself, he explained incidentally his dilemma in the lack of a trainer and an exhibition in the procession of the den of hyenas.

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Milton Folsom repeated the words and added, calmly: "I have some nerve."
The manager fairly sprang forward as he wheedled:
"If you could only do it, I would make it an object."
"But she must not know it while I am breaking them in," said the young husband.

The bargain was made in whispers, as if the walls indeed had ears. When the boss animal man learned of the project he was bold enough to expostulate with the manager, declaring in his honest indignation:

"Horrible accident!" said Bryant, avoiding the gaze of the brave fellow.
"Terrible murder!" replied the lion king.

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LIGHT FROM

Belgian Method of Waste to Produce Gas and Light.

M. Tobiansky recently before the Belgian Society the value of an apparatus worth the study of many La Naine.

Smoke may be more or less its composition is in itself up of different combustible gases, as nitric oxide, carbonic, carbonic oxide of carbon, hydrogen, etc. These represent of smoke, no matter what it may be. The fact that this heterogeneous mixture, when burnt, a familiar proof of the same in the paper horn, the same result is obtained, but after this time the smoke is not determined as the exact point being to produce a gas which disappears absolutely at the moment of making a combustible mixture.

The method of M. Tolson that he describes: First, filtration through a porous substance, hydrocarbon, which is carbonated of the gas as the present, their facility of combustion moved into time attempts have been made to remove the smoke by ridding, gas, gas, acid and to do away with replacing them with of time! Only a draught which smokes the lion king fairly smoke. M. Tobiansky had his propulsive two systems, and know burated air produces a manager over the carburated the smoke w, mendaciously viously been filtered and 'The products of the comb than ever in treated gave him a new a called "byrogas," and whiplase was in condense. For purpose, he looked dashing and motor, y'ashed fire. As he invaluable and port lions he restrained of detritus of all as lips were free.

The operator to kill by proxy, M. ment of suctic a filter filled her covered as if his in which in satyia had been read. With a "byrogas" oath he turned on his heel and from that hour avoided the lion king as much as possible. The calamity foretold by the boss animal man came at last. The season was well-nigh spent and Milton Folsom had escaped all harm and not received even so much as a scratch, when on the fatal day the greatest crowd of the season packed the streets and lined up so close to the moving parade that they fairly endangered themselves as the multitude in the rear pressed impatiently and struggled to catch a glimpse of the music herald exhibit. The local authorities were inefficient, and the case and band wagon drivers threatened their leasings through the mass as best they could, calling at times to the excited throng to "Clear the way." Just as the band was passing a public square, the hyenas, as it by command of a signal, sprang upon Milton Folsom and read him to pieces, to the horror of the beholders. Strong men fainted and women dropped to the earth as suddenly as if stricken with death. The lion king and several of his assistants reached the hyena den too late to render any assistance—only in time to remove the blood dripping form from the den of four-legged demons. Bryant turned up in time to send the halt-ed procession on its way, while Flora Ervine, the equestrienne, rode away in her place almost at the head of the line, ignorant of the tragic disaster. At the manager's arrival the lion king was supporting Folsom's limp form tenderly.

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THE MAN AND HIS WOODEN GOD.



Find the Man's Wife.

A poor Man who longed to get rich, used to pray day and night for wealth to a Wooden Idol which he had in his house. Notwithstanding all his prayers, instead of becoming richer he got poorer. Out of all patience with his Idol, he one day took it by the legs, and dashed it to pieces upon the floor. Hundreds of gold pieces which had been hidden in the body flew about the room. Transported at the sight, he exclaimed, "How have I wasted my time in worshipping a graceless deity, who yields to force what he would not grant to prayers."

MORAL—The adoration of images is the most stupid part of religion that was ever invented.

FEW ITALIAN SERVANT GIRLS.

One Nationally Which is Practically Unrepresented at the New York Employment Agencies.

Next to May, September is the month in which the employment agencies in New York are busiest, states the New York Sun. Women who have to depend upon these places note as a remarkable fact, that among the number of girls to be secured for domestic service, including Irish, Swedish, German, English and French maids, Canadian, Swiss and Russian girls, Canadian, Dutch, Polish, Scotch, Hungarian and Bohemian girls, there are no Italians.

This exception is the more surprising because male Italians devote themselves largely to the class of work which most nearly corresponds to domestic service among women. There are Italian waiters, Italian valets and Italian porters, but to speak of Italian peddlers, bootblacks, barbers and grocers; but there are no Italian servant girls.

The dearth of these is the more surprising because Italy is one of the countries in Europe in which the number of female births greatly exceeds the number of male births, and Italian girls, usually precocious, do not lack training in their own country as to the requirements of household service, to which they devote themselves almost exclusively, there being few co-eds and still fewer professional women in Italy.

For many years the explanation of this anomaly was to be found in the fact that a large proportion of the immigration from Italy was male, but in recent years this disparity has not continued. Italian girls are not lacking in the attributes required for efficient household service. They are quick, industrious and frugal; they do not drink; they have no top-dandy social notions; there is little demand for their services in such professional occupations as typewriting, bookkeeping and stenography. The fact is that the girls inclined to domestic duties marry. They do not become servants.

A Peculiar Situation.
"Then you won't marry me?"
"No."
"Well, your father has said that he would accept me as a son-in-law."
—Detroit Free Press.

Misdirected Letters.
According to recent figures, in the countries where the Postal Union exists, 50,000,000 letters were undelivered in 1901, and of 26,000,000 of these even the senders could not be traced.

For the Complexion.
There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Emerson.

Pictorial Postcards in Sweden.
Over 11,000,000 pictorial postcards were delivered by the Swedish post office last year.

Power from Niagara.
The power plants now in operation at the falls divert one-seventeenth of the volume of Niagara river, and when the dam now building are completed one-eighth less water over the falls.

Stings to Invalids.
The following advertisement recently appeared: "I will gladly sting to the sick or those who are unable to leave their homes."
Talk Too Much.
It is computed that the average man speaks in the course of a year 11,000,000 words.

CITY THAT IS DYING.

Once Prosperous Nevada Town Slowly Dwindling to Desolation and Decay.

Virginia City, Nev., has just about reached the limit of going down hill," said George W. Sproule, clerk of the United States court, reports the Helena Record. "The authorities have abolished the street lights, discharged the solitary night watchman and reduced the fire department to two men. Light is the only thing that is left, and it is being sold by the Nevada newspaper and read: "The Virginia Enterprise says that owing to the shortness of funds in the Shreve county treasury the commissioners have found it necessary to cut off all expenses possible. After the first of next month there will be no more street lights on the old Comstock. The fire department is to be reduced to two men and the one policeman now doing duty at night will be dispensed with. Poor old Virginia! It seems a pity that a place once the liveliest in the world should go so completely to the dogs that there is nothing left worth stealing and the few people left there must either stay at home nights or carry lanterns."

"I lived in Virginia City nearly 30 years ago," said Mr. Sproule, "and at that time the town had a population of 40,000 persons. It doesn't seem possible that it should have reached its present state of dilapidation. In those days it was the liveliest place in the west, bar none. "There are hundreds of persons now living in Montana who once lived in Virginia City, and none of them but will remember the old town in its palmy days, and to think that now there isn't even a policeman on duty there!"

Feminine Timidity.
Old Betsey Nabors was one of the rudely picturesque characters of a large rural district in the mountains of Virginia. She was a great, muscular woman, her masculine appearance being emphasized by heavy boots and an immense bundle, since the gentle nomad carried her home on her back.

"I should think, Betsey," said one of the farm-wives, "that you'd be scared to death out in the woods all night."
"No, I ain't skeered o' nuthin'—exceptin' sometimes," she added with a shamfaced air, "I do be a bit shy of a bar."—Judge.

She Sat Up for Him.
A Lewiston (Mo.) woman sat up for her husband till one o'clock the other night, intending to discuss with him the sinfulness of his goings on. Finally she gave it up and went upstairs only to find him in bed and fast asleep there for many hours. He hadn't been out at all.

Insurance Against Appendicitis.
A London appendicitis insurance company now issues special policies guaranteeing to holders all the medical, surgical and nursing expenses, up to the amount insured, incurred in an attack of this malady.

Tuberculosis in Fishes.
That fishes and frogs may have tuberculosis has been demonstrated in the Pasteur Institute in Paris. This is no cause for alarm, however, for they are found only in the intestinal organs, would be killed in cooking anyway, and bacilli reared in a cold-blooded animal could not thrive if transferred to man.

Sunshine or Moonshine.
Out in Portland, Ore., it is said that a well-known citizen recently accumulated a somewhat over heavy case of intoxication by sitting too long in the sunshine.

TURKEY'S ELDERLY WOMEN.

Are Regarded with Great Respect and Their Main Qualities Is Match-Making.

No one who has lived in Turkey and had an opportunity to acquaint himself with the domestic life of the people could fail to recognize the important part which women play in Turkish society, says a traveler who has just returned from the land of the sultans porte, according to the New York Tribune.

Especially in this land of the "old women," who, being old is compensated by age or sickness, leads a life of great activity and usefulness. Young women look upon her with great respect as an experienced adviser, and men are afraid of her tongue. Gray hairs, however, are regarded as a crown of honor, and to a Turk his mother is his trust friend; he pets her tenderly, goes to her for counsel in all his difficulties, and relies upon her to watch for opportunities to advance his worldly affairs when out "gossiping."

But the main business of the old women of Turkey is match making; they talk of weddings wherever they go, and they negotiate all the preliminaries of a marriage. The bride hunter for a man relative is called a geurdje (one who inspects). When she visits a house where there are marriageable girls she immediately announces her mission, and while the maidens are being made ready she is served with coffee. Then come various civilities, such as "Your daughter is like a full moon," and the match maker puts a series of questions to the mother, who thereupon proceeds to discuss on her daughter's eyes, plumpness and accomplishments. The visit ends with the assurance on the part of both women that "if fate so wills it" they will be happy to arrange a marriage.

The match maker reports to her son about the "lovely angel," and the next step is to ask the consent of the girl's parents in writing. This petition is usually accompanied by a gift of fruit and flowers, and then a day is appointed when the lover is to ride by the young woman's house and be examined by her through the window grating. The result of this inspection is reported by the parents, and if it is favorable the lover, if wealthy, makes a gift to the girl of about \$1,000, this counts as the bride's dowry, and the girl is then taken to the home of the bride-groom in the presence of a priest. In the interval between betrothal and marriage the lover is not allowed to see the girl or his mother's choice, but he is not forbidden to send presents to her. However, this interval is a matter of a few days only.

On the day of the marriage the house and grounds of the bride's parents are thrown open to the public, and a mob of both sexes flocks to the garden to see the bridegroom appear in his "best" on horseback. To appease the populace and to assure the people that he is not stingy, a number of porters precede him, scattering fruit and small coin among the crowd. Alighting at the door of the house the bridegroom at once ascends the staircase between two rows of friends of the families of the contracting parties, who proclaim their blessings in a noisy manner. The bride, veiled in pink gauze and attended by two duennas, is at the top of the staircase. To her the bridegroom makes a low bow and then takes her by the hand and conducts her to a saloon, when, having installed her under a dais, he retires. Then follows a procession of the friends, neighbors and beggars before the bride, who has meanwhile lifted her veil.

After this ceremony the imam is heard calling the faithful to evening prayer in the gardens, and as the guests respond to the summons the bridegroom escapes to the harem, where he, at last, is permitted to see his bride's face. It is an anxious moment, for the bridegroom is not sure till then whether the bride is plain or pretty. If he is satisfied it is said that "the stars of the pair have met." If he is disappointed he simply says "Kismet!"—It was written.

Laborer's Sermon to a Bishop.
Bishop Nicholson, of Milwaukee, has a story of personal experience to tell to those who seem swamped in worries. It happened during the first years of his ministry, when he was rector of a Philadelphia church.

Parish matters, social and financial, were in a bad way, and straightening them out was slow work. The rector was distinctly discouraged one day when, having gone to New York on business, he stopped to look at the Brooklyn bridge, then building. A man covered with dirt was working on the abutments. "That is pretty dirty work you are engaged in," said the clergyman.

"Well, yes," answered the laborer, "but somehow we don't think of the dirt, but of the beauty that is to come out of our work."
"It was the lesson I needed, and I went back to Philadelphia the better for it," said Mr. Nicholson.

German Forests.
In the official count of 1900 the area covered by forests in Germany aggregated 24,388,673 acres, of which 17,642,138 acres belonged to the states and municipalities. These, as also the woodlands of private individuals, are kept in a high state of scientific cultivation, as the preservation of forests is considered to be a matter of great importance for economic and hygienic reasons.