

FALLEN INTO ELD.

It is before my window And watch the mullen rain; The hand of age is on me, And weakness grows to pain.

A DOG OF RUDDY COVE.

By Norman Duncan.

ME was a Newfoundland dog, born of reputable parents at Back Arm and decently bred in Ruddy Cove, which is on the northeast coast. He had black hair, short, straight and wavy, the curly-haired breed has fallen on the island—and broad, ample shoulders, which his forbears had transmitted to him from generations of hauling wood.

He was heavy, awkward and ugly, resembling somewhat a great draft horse. But he pulled with a will, fended for himself, and within the knowledge of men had never stolen a fish; so he had a high place in the hearts of all the people of the Cove, and a safe one in their estimation.

"Skipper! Skipper! Here, b'y!" The ringing call, in the voice of young Billy Toppall, his master, a fisherman's son, never failed to bring the dog from the kitchen with an eager rush, when the snow lay deep on the rocks and all the paths of the wilderness were ready for the sled. He stood stock still for the harness, and at the first "Hi, b'y! Gee up, there!" he bounded away with a wagging tail and a glad bark. It was as if nothing pleased him so much on a frosty morning as the prospect of a hard day's work.

When the Skipper was dozing in the cool shadow of a stake—a platform of boughs for drying fish—he scrambled to his feet, took his dog in his mouth and ran, all a-quiver for what might come, to where young Billy waited. (In Newfoundland the law requires that all dogs shall be clogged as a precaution against their killing sheep and goats which run wild. The dog is in the form of a billet, of wood, weighing at least seven and a half pounds, and tied to the dog's neck.) If the dog were taken off—as it was almost sure to be—it meant sport in the water. Then the Skipper would paw the ground and whine until the stick was funged out for him. But best of all he loved to dive for stones.

At the peep of many a day, too, he went out in the punt to the fishing grounds with Billy Toppall, and there kept the lad good company all the day long. It was because he sat on the little cuddy in the bow, as if keeping a lookout ahead, that he was called the Skipper. "Sure, 'tis a clever dog, that" was Billy's boast. "He would save life—that dog would!"

This was proved beyond doubt when little Isalah Tommy Goodman toddled over the wharfhead, where he had been playing with a squid. Isalah Tommy was four years old, and would surely have been drowned had not the Skipper stroled down the wharf just at that moment. The Skipper was obedient to the instinct of all Newfoundland dogs to drag the sons of men from the water. He plunged in and caught Isalah Tommy by the collar of his pinafore. Still following his instinct, he kept the child's head above water with powerful strokes of his fore paws while he towed him to shore. Then the outcry which Isalah Tommy immediately set up brought his mother to complete the rescue.

ENFORCED TEMPERANCE

THE GREAT CORPORATIONS ARE ELIMINATING THE DRUNKARD.

Discipline of the Railway Employees Is Probably Stricter Than in Any Other Line of Work—Dissuade for Drinking Is Fatal to Chances for Another Job. One of the greatest armies of temperance reformers in the world preaches its doctrine daily in our midst by action, and not by precept or sermon; but few of the thousands who travel up and down the railroads of our country ever stop to consider this silent force which has become stronger in its example and power for good than all the temperance organizations. There are several million men employed in various capacities on the railroads of the United States, and this considerable army fully 50 percent occupy responsible positions which render their work of a peculiarly public character. The engineers, firemen, switchmen and train dispatchers are daily responsible for the lives and property of great numbers, and to prevent mistakes, which might cause great disasters, every possible precaution is taken to eliminate errors.

The discipline of the railroad employees of the country is probably stricter, and better enforced, than in any other line of work. A number of years ago temperance was not strictly enforced on trainmen, but the engineers were compelled to report for business in a perfectly sober condition. There were some lax rules in regard to the trainmen, and it was not uncommon to see many of them drinking at the public houses along the route when their train was waiting for orders. But today not only temperance, but almost total abstinence, is enforced on our leading railroads, especially among engineers, firemen, switchmen and train dispatchers and conductors. The managers of the railroads found that many of the accidents were due to drink among the employees, and, after considering the problem for a few years, the man who could not get along without drinking was gradually forced from the ranks of the railroad employees. Today these workmen represent the largest and strongest army of upright, sober, industrious men in the world.

Dismissal for drinking is the worst penalty for drunkenness, and they must continue to hope as human temptations are in existence; but it is becoming more difficult every year for a drinking man to secure any responsible position in the railroad companies. A drinking engineer would no more be tolerated on a railroad than a wild Indian. Such a man might cause more damage and loss to the road than his wages would amount to in a century. The man who has a disposition to drink must be content to seek employment in other lines of work. The engineers are as a body strictly sober and temperate men. Their calling has made them so. They realize the dangers which their musty duty meet, and their responsibilities sober them. It is rarely that an active railroad engineer ever touches liquor on or off duty. Habit makes him dislike to introduce any risk in his work. He knows that liquor might tend to befog his mind some day, and an accident that resulted therefrom would mean his eternal ruin. An engineer discharged for drinking could never hope to find a position on another railroad.

Dismissal for drinking is the worst possible thing that could happen to a railroad man in any position. If he applies to another road he must furnish reference or tell where he has been employed. His record is then looked up, and each road furnishes other with the correct data required. If the dismissal has been for drinking, the applicant is very naturally turned down.

Yet allowances are made for human weakness, and if an otherwise good employe falls once, unless he is an engineer or train-dispatcher, he may receive a reprimand and warning. He is then placed on trial, and if he does not repeat his offense he may be retained indefinitely. Indeed many men have been reformed from drink in this very way. Realizing that their positions depend upon their sobriety, they have steadily refused to touch liquor at all. In this effort to reform they are mightily helped by their associates. These are all railroad men who are placed in the same position; they must live a sober life. Consequently the weak man in the number is encouraged rather than tempted, and his battle is rendered much easier.

Next to the engineers, the train-dispatchers are probably the most important employees who must observe the strict rule of sobriety. The task of the dispatcher is so difficult that nothing except a perfectly clear, intelligent mind can do the work without endangering the lives and property of others. A train-dispatcher who reported for duty with the smell of whisky about him would instantly be reported to the general superintendent. He would receive a warning delivered in no unmistakable words, and the second offense would be followed by instant dismissal. Usually, however, there is little trouble with this class, for the train-dispatchers are men of unusual ability and ambition, and they have themselves under perfect control.

The Switchmen and yardmen have the greatest temptation to drink of any employe, and even when on duty it is easy for them to gratify their thirst. Consequently there are more dismissals of these workmen than of any other grade. This is partly due to the fact that their work is very important and critical, and yet, comparatively speaking, it is not paid well for, and is of a lower grade than that of the train-dispatcher or engineer. It does not require talent or a high grade of skill to be a yardman or switchman, but the work does demand clear minds and steady nerves. The switchman who drinks becomes a menace to the whole railroad system. So many accidents have happened through the negligence of switchmen that the railroads are becoming stricter every year with this class of employees.

A Spring 3000 Years Old. In Zante, one of the Ionian Islands there is a petroleum spring which has been known for nearly 3000 years. It is mentioned by Herodotus.

LIFE IN THE SALT SEAS.

HOW BIG A CROP OF FISH IT IS SAFE TO HARVEST.

Measuring the Microscopic Vegetation on Which Marine Animals Feed—There Is a New General Class—How the Water's Depth, Nature, and Currents Affect the Quantity of Fish Which May Properly be Taken from the Seas Every Year Appears to be No Easy Task. Some years the yield is better than others, but this is largely a matter of luck. It is only after a long series of failures to catch the old time abundance of mackerel, herring or cod that one can tell that there is an actual diminution in the production. And even from statistics of this kind only an approximate notion can be had of the right amount to capture in a single season.

It is believed, however, that there is a much better way to get at the result, though it is a trifle circuitous. In the ocean, as on land, animal life depends on vegetation for its support. There are many carnivorous creatures in the water, but the little fishes and animalcules on which they feed live on plants. And in the water, as on land, plants derive their sustenance from inorganic substances which they manufacture into living tissue. If, therefore, such a survey were made of the seas as would show how much vegetation was produced there, then it might be possible to figure out the amount of animal life that could be sustained thereby. Thus, it has been found that an acre of cultivated land in Prussia will produce about 75 pounds of beef a year. There are naturalists who hope to establish a similar ratio between the vegetable and animal life of the ocean. K. Brandt, in a paper which has been translated for the latest volume of Smithsonian Reports (1900), tells something about their plans and methods.

HOW SHE USED HIS WHISKERS.

A Wife Made Tides Out of Her Husband's Beard. "Speaking of whiskers," said an old police officer, "I suppose criminologists to the use of whiskers for disguising purposes more than to any other method of concealing their identity. As a matter of fact, a majority of men who belong to the criminal class are clean shaven. Go into any of the offices of the country where they keep a rogue's gallery, and you will be impressed by the number of men who have faces you will find among the criminals of the country. Whiskers are sometimes used, of course, by men whose faces bear unmistakable evidences of degeneracy, but as a rule the men of this class do not wear whiskers. In the north the placing of themselves. The frequently use false whiskers while working their schemes, and throw them away in an effort to break a link in the chain that might lead to their identity. I recall a rather curious case which developed in a southern city a few years ago, and which played a rather curious part in the business. The president of a bank had been chloroformed and robbed in his room at a hotel. Suspicion pointed to a young physician who wore a rather full beard. The police took the matter up. The next day the physician who had been spotted appeared on the streets without his whiskers. The police finally went to his house and he was placed under arrest. He was asked when he had his beard shaved off. He said very promptly that it was on the same evening that the robbery was committed. "There is no secret about the business," he said to the police. "I got my barber to cut my whiskers off, and I brought them home to my wife, as I always do, and I suppose she has them now."

"Yes, I have them," said the wife, who was in the room at the time, and she hustled off after a little work basket, which she kept in her bedroom. "Here are the whiskers," she said to her husband. "You see," she said, "I thought that the officer was a little peculiar, my husband always brings me his whiskers when he has them cut off, and I make little tides out of them, and she began to display a little thing that she had made out of her husband's whiskers. The joke was on the police. They had gone off on a false trail, and they got out of the scrape the best way they could. They apologized rather awkwardly, and the throw-down was so violent that they actually found in a given volume of gainful food in a given volume of gainful food. Owing to the incessant stirring up of the sea, figures for one locality are believed to be fairly representative of a wide area. But an ideal survey of this kind would embrace frequent observations through a full year; and, though work of this kind has been carried on in all latitudes in the last dozen years, some of these inquiries were only for a few months.

Two results have thus far been reached by such investigations. Microscopic vegetable and animal life is taken in a given volume of gainful food. Owing to the incessant stirring up of the sea, figures for one locality are believed to be fairly representative of a wide area. But an ideal survey of this kind would embrace frequent observations through a full year; and, though work of this kind has been carried on in all latitudes in the last dozen years, some of these inquiries were only for a few months.

Disposing With the Needle. One day a Berkeley student in one of Prof. L. Dupont Syle's classes came into the recitation room so late that the English teacher made a mild reprimand at the extreme tardiness of the young man. "Professor," replied the young fellow in excusing himself, "my watch was slow. I shall have no faith in it after this."

"My dear fellow," said Syle, "what you need is not faith, but works."—San Francisco News.

FISTOL THAT KILLED LINCOLN.

The Weapon It Is the Possession of the War Department. Col. Calhoun M. Deringer of 1619 Spruce street, takes issue with Architect George Plowman on the interesting question of Mr. Plowman's ownership of the pistol with which J. Wilkes Booth killed President Lincoln.

Soon after the assassination of President McKinley Mr. Plowman was quoted in the North American as saying that he had the Booth weapon in his possession. He said that after the shooting of the president, Booth in his nervous excitement, dropped his pistol on the stage of Ford's theatre, Washington. The stage carpenter picked it up and kept it for some time. Then he gave it to George K. Goodwin, manager of the playhouse. Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Plowman were associated in the theatrical business for many years, the latter having designed 20 theatres and owned several.

When Mr. Goodwin died Mr. Plowman acted as executor of the estate. As he declined to accept compensation for his service, Mrs. Goodwin gave Mr. Plowman the deringer. It bears a plate inscribed with this name: "J. Wilkes Booth." The spring of the trigger has lost much of its strength and the portion which sets off the cap is chipped. Otherwise the historic weapon is in good condition. Col. Deringer, a member of the family which for many years manufactured the famous weapons bearing the family name, says that he once before had occasion to look into the matter, and that when the Plowman claim was put forth again he decided to get official data to back his statements.

He has just received this letter from assistant secretary of war: "Answering your letter of 17th ultimo, and 2d instant, in which you request certain information concerning the pistol with which President Lincoln was assassinated, I beg to inform you that the weapon in question is in the office of the judge-advocate general of the army and has been in the custody of the war department since the proceedings of the military commission which tried the conspirators were received for file, the pistol having been found, just after the assassination, on the floor of the box occupied by the president. It does not have the name of Booth on any part of it, but has the letter 'P' on the left side of the barrel, the words 'Deringer, Philadel.' in front of the rear sight, and the same words in the rear of the hammer on the lock plate."

Speaking of the matter, Col. Deringer says: "I propose now effectually to settle this claimant's ambition by my statement and the letter which I hand you for publication from the assistant secretary of war to me, which I just received from him. This full and explicit letter, I presume, will put a quietus on this claim. "The facts are that the spurious pistol may have been made, as claimed, at Kreider's gun shop, Second and Walnut streets, but not the genuine deringer which shot the president, for that was made at the old factory in the Northern Liberties, where all the Deringer firearms were made for the Indian and war departments and individuals from the year 1806 down to the death of the ingenious inventor of the world-renowned rifle and pistol familiarly called the deringer. "The gun barrels are always stamped 'Deringer, Phila.' on the breech of the barrel, and on the side of the lock-plate, as stated by the assistant secretary of war to be on the pistol in his department. The letter 'P' referred to on the barrel means 'proved,' and was always stamped on each barrel after they were tested and proved. There was a little cap box in the butt of the pistol. When I examined it, there were only percussion caps in it, left there by Booth, that had not been used."—Philadelphia North American.

Fire From the Modern Pulpit. In equipping that house of worship in Portsmouth, O., with a telephone, and hanging a fire alarm on the pulpit, the pastor has shown that he is prepared for one of the leading emergencies in a country town. In places where fires are not frequent the ringing of an alarm arouses general attention and a good deal of incidental excitement, and this is apt to prove a serious interruption to Sunday services. The pastor in question is now prepared to relieve the anxiety of his members in short order, and in most instances the fire alarm can proceed without the loss of a single listener.

The matter will be managed in a very simple manner. When the alarm bell is heard the pastor at once suspends the service and reaches for his card. "Did you catch it, Brother Brown?" he inquires of some sharp-shooter. "Yes, thank you, 2-2-2. That's what I made it. One moment, please. It's at the corner of Darwin street and Tyndall avenue. Now I'll call it up the five exchanges. Hello. Fire works in the rear of the case, proceed exchange, please. Yes, is this the fire exchange? What does box 2-2-2-2 amount to? Farm? Oh, barn. Small fire, eh? All out? What's that? Ten dollars' loss? Thank you, Goodby." Then the pastor briefly conveys this information to the congregation and the services proceed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Main's Steepled Tenement House. There is a unique tenement house in Guilford. Years ago the old Universalist church in that place was abandoned as a place of worship and it fell into the hands of several owners who converted it into a large dwelling house by the alteration simply of the interior. Stairways were placed on the outside, leading to the upstairs apartments, but beyond these exterior additions, the church retained all its former appearance as a "meeting house" and is known locally as "the church." The high steeple and its weather vane added little ornament and no usefulness to this rather odd dwelling house, but they continued to occupy this exalted if incongruous position until a week ago, when the carpenter tore down the steeple, and its old landmark of "Pious Hill" lost, as it were, its pithy.—Lowiston (Me.) Journal.

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