ST. LANDRY CLARION.

OPELOUSAS, . . La

Published every Saturday by "The St. Landry Printing and Publishing Company, (Ltd.)"

INDIANS ON THE BENCH.

RED MEN MAKE VERY GOOD JUDGES FOR PETTY OFFENSES.

Some of Them Are Paid $3 a Month and $10 a Month Is the Highest Received by Any of Them—Savages Receive Sentences and Pay Fines Without a Word.

As a judge the Indian is a great success. Several years ago the Indian commissioner directed the agents to organize Indian courts. He prepared a code of rules and a list of offenses. The experiment has worked surprisingly well. The red man may leave his mowing machine out of doors to rust. He may discard his stone house for a tepee. But when it comes to hold court he follows the white man's road with great dignity and efficiency.

Each of these Indian courts consists of three judges. The Indian agents make the nominations. The Indian commissioner confirms. The term is one year, but the judge may be removed at any time. Regular sessions are held every other week. The catalogue of crimes is rather interesting. It includes Indian dances, plural marriages, and the practices of medicine men. Will Indian judges convict and punish for such offenses? They will, indeed. The only trouble the agents have with these courts is to restrain them from making the punishment misfit the crime by excess.

Theft, destruction of property belonging to another, drunkenness, buying and selling squaws, are also dealt with by these courts. There is a civil code as well. The Indian judges have about the same powers that a justice of the peace has. The civil practice is made to conform as nearly as possible to that in the state or territory where the reservation is located. Commissioner Morgan says that, "in spite of their crudities, anomalies and disadvantages, these courts have reached a degree of dignity, influence and usefulness which could hardly have been expected."

PRETTY SMALL PAY.

The government pays small judicial salaries. The sum of $5,000 is allowed. This gives the Indian judges from $3 to $8 a month for seven months in the year. Salaries add dignity and importance to the position. Fifty-five of these judges are receiving pay at the rate of $10 a month, ten at $8, twenty-three at $5 and ten at $3. The commissioner wants a little more money. He says that the Indian judges ought to command salaries of $10 a month.

He adds: "The services rendered by the courts are of such value in promoting good order and good morals in the community, as well as in familiarizing Indians with the customs, practices and ideas which they will hereafter meet in white communities, that courts ought to be established for nearly every agency."

The most singular thing about the court experiment is that the intelligent white man should not have discovered long ago that this plan is the very best sugar coating which can be given the dose of civilization for the Indian. The penalties imposed by the courts are fines, imprisonments, hard labor and forfeiture of rations. The Indian police see that the sentences imposed are faithfully executed.

The agents, without exception, speak well of these courts. At Standing Rock, S. D., the court of Indian offenses holds biweekly sessions at the agency of two days each, where all Indians committing offenses are brought for trial, and the valuable aid rendered by this court cannot be too highly commended. Eighty-three cases were heard and adjudicated by this court during one year, and all the decisions have been intelligently and impartially rendered upon the evidence adduced.

INTELLIGENT JUDGES.

Offenders are punished by fines of rifles, shotguns, revolvers, etc., also by imprisonment at hard labor, and sometimes by close confinement. In every instance the decision of the court has been sustained by public sentiment, and not a single appeal to higher authority was asked. The three judges of the court are John Grass, head chief of the Blackfeet Sioux band; Chief Gall, of the Hunkpapa band, leader of the progressive element of the late hostile Sioux, and Standing Soldier, of the Lower Yanktonais; all of whom are full blooded Indians, eminent among and respected by their people.

The agent at Kiowa, Oklahoma, says: "I find this court of great benefit in punishing the Indians for offenses committed. Their decisions are generally fair, and always impartial, and are accepted with good grace by the Indians. I have in some instances, in view of all the facts, felt obliged to reduce fines imposed by this court for the reason that I considered them excessive. During the fiscal year there has been but little lawlessness committed by the Indians on this reserve, and the offenders have all, when discovered, been speedily punished.

"While the decisions of the court might, if appealed, be subject to many reverses, still I can think of no other way in which as much good can be accomplished for the Indians for the amount of money it costs the government to sustain this court. The pay of the judges is in every sense inadequate to the services performed."

SEVERAL COURTS.

At Umatila, Ore., the court is presided over by two competent Indian judges. The decisions of the court are usually accepted without complaint. They preside with dignity, and in the court room order and decorum are rigidly enforced. They are very prompt, and after a careful and impartial trial speedily punish all offenders found guilty.

The Klamath (Ore.) court is composed of three of the most intelligent Indians on the reservation. A large number of minor offenses have come before the court. The decisions of the court are usually correct and are accepted without complaint. They preside with dignity and enforce order and decorum in the court room.

The agent at Crow Creek, S. D., says that until an appropriation was made by congress for the pay of Indian judges it was impossible to establish a court of Indian offenses. Suitable members of the tribe refused to act without compensation, and very justly, too, as there are disagreeable duties to perform and the judges necessarily incur the ill will of many whom they are forced by the evidence to punish or decide against.

The courts at both agencies have done excellent work, and their decisions have been universally just. Much is to be expected of this court in gradually familiarizing the Indians with law and evidence, and leading them to the plane where they must eventually stand, on which justice will be meted out to all alike, both white and colored.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Old Printing Press.

Stowed away in one of the rooms at the capitol in Montpelier, Vt., are the remains of the first printing press brought to this country. Upon it was printed the freeman's oath for Massachusetts, the first thing printed in British North America. It was last used at Windsor, not many years ago, printing a cheap novel. It was afterward stored in a barn, and was finally bought by the State Press association and left with the Historical society.—Rutland Herald.

Another Point.

Bloobumper—Here's another point of superiority of man over woman.

Mrs. Bloobumper—Well?

Bloobumper—Many men are self made, but most women are tailor made.—Judge.

WAGONS FULL OF THEM.

RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK WHO PAY NO RENT TO LANDLORDS.

In the East Side Streets Every Cart Contains a Lodger if the Night Is Warm and the Place Is Dark—When a Policeman Comes Along There's a Rumpus.

The wagon dwellers of New York live along the Bowery and in the dark streets of the east side.

Walking up Park row toward the Bowery at 2 in the morning the first wagons a reporter saw were in front of a big furniture store. Every night from two to four big trucks stand in front of the place, which may be termed the headquarters of the association.

In the first wagon were three dwellers. Two lay side by side with their heads toward the dashboard, and the other sleeper was curled up crosswise at the bottom. He was a genuine tramp, with a short beard and out at the toes.

Wrapped about his shoulders was a woman's ragged woolen cloak. He moved uneasily as the reporter mounted the seat, and finally managed to raise himself up and attempted to climb over the backboard.

"Don't disturb yourself, guv'nor," said the reporter. "I'm not going to run you in. Why don't you go home?"

"Who's 'at?" inquired the wagon dweller. "Who are yer, anyway? If yer a copper why don't yer jug me? If yer ain't, sneak."

He then turned his attention to the bottom of the wagon, and having selected the softest spot rolled over on his side and began to snore.

A POLICEMAN APPEARS.

The reporter was about to leave the wagon when a policeman came walking slowly by and noticed him standing there. The policeman also heard the snoring of the sleepers within.

Without a word he wound the string of his night club around his wrist, jumped nimbly on the hub of the wheel and then into the truck. With three sharp and well directed blows he caught the sleepers on the soles of their shoes, and put them on their feet in an instant.

"What do you think this is, a lodging house?" he asked.

There was no reply, but each man made a lively scramble for the pavement.

Just above Chatham square stood two butcher wagons, partially hidden by the shadows of the elevated road.

The reporter jumped on the seat of the first one, and there, sleeping soundly, almost under him, were two little fellows, neither of whom could have been more than 12 years old. They were dressed in knickerbockers and one of them was barefooted. Their faces were stained with dirt, and one rested his head on a bundle of evening newspapers. Their arms were locked and they could not have been resting more peacefully had they been reclining on couches of eider down. They were newsboys.

Homes?

No!

They had simply ended the day with too little money to buy their night's lodging in the Newsboys' home, and so had done the next best thing.

It would indeed be a hard hearted policeman who would disturb them, for at 5 o'clock, long before the trucks are wanted, they will be down in Newspaper row.

HE HAD A HOME ONCE.

Along the side of the wagon, almost touching the boys, the reporter saw a young man trying hard to sleep. The night was chilly, and as his clothes were threadbare he shivered violently every few moments, and then after each convulsion thrust his hands further into his pockets.

His face had traces of refinement, and it could easily be seen that he had not been adrift in the streets long.

As the reporter stood looking at him he opened his eyes.

"What is it?" he asked with a shudder, as he tried to pull himself together.

"Nothing at all," replied the reporter. "Why don't you go home?"

A wheezy laugh came from the young man's lips.

For a moment he surveyed the reporter critically, and evidently coming to the conclusion that he meant no harm said:

"My boy, I did have a home with a good mother at the head of it. But I used to go out with the gang and go home when I couldn't go anywhere else. If I had a home now there wouldn't be any other place you could drag me too, see?"

The tears gathered in his eyes, and his husky voice broke into a sob.

"But, young fellow," he continued, "I wouldn't 'a' spoke of that only you asked me why I didn't go home. I don't want to impose on you, but if you've got a spare dime can I have it?

"Thanks, pardner. I hope you'll never come to this."

The reporter continued his walk up the Bowery, and was about to climb into a big furniture truck near Canal street, when an officer came walking slowly along and got ahead of him. Two other policemen in citizens' clothes accompanied him.

SOME ARE ARRESTED.

The officer jumped on a wheel and rammed his long club around in the truck as if he were hunting rats. In an instant the heads of two men appeared above the edge, and in response to the summons jumped out and were at once taken charge of by the officers. Not one of them uttered a word, but accepted the arrest as a matter of course. But there was a third man in the truck, and he was dragged out like a log. The policemen shook him and slapped his face until he was able to stand on his feet.

When he realized that he had been arrested he asked leave to get something he had left in the truck. His request was granted, and he brought out a shining tomato can, which he placed in his coat tail pocket. Then he drew himself together with mock dignity and said:

"I'm ready! lead me to me dungeon cell!"

The policemen then went to the next truck and succeeded in capturing one more prisoner. It was a woman, and when she was placed on her feet she began to dance an Irish jig, at the same time singing, "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie." She went with her captors quietly enough.

For five blocks the officers continued their search, and when they started for the station they had been re-enforced by eight men and two women. Each officer had hold of a woman prisoner, but the men marched in front, arm in arm and four in a row.—New York World.

New Year Thoughts.

LABOR THE TRUE KEY OF SUCCESS IN LIFE —A FEW EXCELLENT MAXIMS.

Renewed feelings of ambition are synonymous with the opening of the new year. More resolutions are made then at any other time, and as often are they, alas! broken. But with some the resolutions made with the dawn of a new year have been carried through to its close. Numerous lives of honor and achievement can be traced to some determination of purpose made upon an occasion such as the first day of the year affords for a fresh start in the journey of life. We all desire success; the problem of life is its winning. Every person carries in his or her own hand the key that unlocks either the door of success or failure.

The true key of success is labor, and it requires a strong, resolute will to turn it. It is hard, earnest work, step by step, that insures success, and never was this truth more potent than at the present time. Positions of trust and eminence are no longer secured at a single leap. Men and women have ceased to succeed in a hurry. Occasionally there will be an exception, but the instances are rare. Success, a writer has said, is the child of confidence and perseverance, and never was the meaning of a word more clearly defined. The secret of many successful careers is the thorough performance of whatever has been undertaken.

An excellent maxim is that which counsels us never to put our hands to anything into which we cannot throw our whole energies harnessed with the very best of our endeavors. Perseverance is essential to success, since it is often achieved only through a succession of failures. In spite of our best efforts, failures are in store for the majority of the race. It remains, then, for us all to do the best we can under all circumstances, bearing in mind that races are not always won by the swiftest feet nor triumph in battle secured by the strongest arms. It is not so much the possession of swiftness or strength, but it is the right application of them by which success is assured.

In starting out upon the journey of life it is well:

First, to obtain every kernel of knowledge within your reach.

Study people for the knowledge they can impart to you.

Read books for what they can teach you.

Next, see what your temperament best suits you for.

Mark your tendencies and apply them.

Be sure you have not mistaken your calling.

Once certain, apply yourself to your chosen work.

Then work hard, earnestly and incessantly.

Don't consider anything beneath you.

Be patient, honest and pleasant in manner.

Treat all persons alike, high or low.

Have a smile for all, a pleasant word for everybody.

Success may not come at first, but it will not be far off, and when it does come it will be the sweeter for its delay.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Another Side of Egypt Exploration.

Bubastis has been recently excavated, and its famous temple of Pasht is now scattered over the world—in London, Paris, Manchester, Greenock, York, Boston, Canada and elsewhere. Bubastis is within two hours of Cairo on a main line of railway (to Ismailia on the Suez canal), and if the interesting sculptures and statues found by M. Naville could have been kept on the ground and under proper surveillance a museum would have been formed for the delight and instruction of visitors for all time.

In this day of rapidly improving travel Egypt grows more accessible every year, and the time is not far distant when the journey from New York to Cairo will be no more serious a matter than is now the trip to Paris, and the Londoner will think nothing of running down to Luxor to spend his Christmas holidays under its warm sun. A thousand persons will visit Egypt a century hence to one today, and without disparaging the heroic work of many of the excavators and the grand results of their labors it may yet come to be a matter of regret that the era of excavation could not have been contemporaneous with the day when the world would no longer think of removing the monuments from their own land and their own associations. Antiquities seen in Egypt possess an interest for even the unscientific tourist which can never be felt in the lifeless halls of the Egyptian departments of our museums.—Century.

The Beginning of the American Navy.

The career of the American navy, strictly speaking, began with its reorganization under Washington's second administration in 1794. At the close of the revolution the vessels that had been built or purchased for that struggle had all been captured, lost or sold, except the Alliance, 32 guns; the Deane, 32, and the George Washington, 20 guns, and soon after the announcement of peace these vessels also were sold.

At the time Washington assumed the reins of government in 1789 the affairs of the navy were placed in the hands of the secretary of war, and it was not until the 30th of April, 1796, that a navy department was added to the president's cabinet, Benjamin Stoddert, of Georgetown, D. C., being the first secretary. On the 27th of March, 1794, a law was passed for the establishment of a permanent and organized navy.

By this law six frigates, rating not less than 32 guns, were ordered; but it is more than probable that even this step would not have been taken had it not been for the seizure of our merchant ships and the enslaving of their crews by the rovers of Barbary. These six frigates were the Constitution, President, United States, Chesapeake, Congress and Constellation.—Century.

It May Be Possible to Make Diamonds.

Diamonds cannot be attacked by any chemical substance whatever, but it is combustible, as it is almost pure carbon. This fact has induced many persons to try and crystallize carbon so as to obtain a precious gem out of it, and they have partly succeeded; but while these artificial diamonds possess a brilliancy and transparency worthy of comparison with those of the real things, they are microscopic, very small and always colored. Perhaps they would resemble real diamonds more could they be made larger and quite colorless. As now manufactured they are not of the slightest value to commerce. There cannot be any serious doubts as to the possibility of producing diamonds artificially, but up to the present no really practical means have been found of making them respond to the necessities of trade in the two continents.—Cor. New Orleans Picayune.

A Gritty Parson.

One day the Rev. N. H. G. Fife and Professor Clemens, of Fremont, Neb., started out in the country to attend a wedding. They were driving a lively team, and when near the Oregon Horse and Land company's yards the horses became ugly and kicked the rig all to pieces. They did not succeed, however, in getting away, and when they had got through kicking and had nothing else to kick the reverend gentleman of the cloth leaped astride one of the mean, unruly brutes, rode to town, secured another rig, drove out to the scene of the unpleasantness, picked up the professor and went out to the wedding just as though nothing had happened. The Rev. Fife is the kind that wins out here. When he starts out to marry a couple he gets there.—St. Joseph News.

Resin Soap from Leaves.

A patent has been taken out for a process for utilizing the resinous matter present in the needlelike leaves of the order of Pinus. By extraction with alkali a resin soap is formed, from which the woody fiber can be removed, and which on the addition of fat and completion of the saponification yields an ordinary soap containing resins and fatty acids.—New York Telegram.

Crossing Broadway.

It is a curious sight to stand at one of the Broadway crossings and watch the women get over, past the carts, cabs, wagons, horse cars and carriages. Not more than 50 per cent. of the number dare to attempt it alone, preferring to wait for the escort of the gallant policeman or protecting male who may be going that way. But now and then we see a woman who "dares and does." Grasping her skirts in some mysterious region she lifts them until she feels tolerably confident that they are displaying enough, and none too much, ankle, then she poises herself on the edge of the curb, and glancing quickly up and down darts out into what seems to be a region of perpetual motion. More than once her progress is interrupted midway, but she calmly pauses and, holding her breath, her temper and her petticoats, waits until the coast is temporarily clear.—New York World.

THE WATCH-MEETING.

We were coming from the school house
On a starlit winter's eve,
Where our friends had been debating,
With some feeling, I believe,
On a subject not important,
And which needs no mention here,
When we suddenly remembered
'Twas the eve of the new year.

The we that I have mentioned
Was Miss Polly Dean and I,
And a more bewitching creature
I am sure you'll never spy—
With black eyes that fairly sparkle,
And a rosy little mouth,
And a face that shines with beauty
Like a sunbeam from the south.

And her manners were so charming
And her talk so full of thought
That if you but pause to listen
All the world is soon forgot.
Thus we neared her father's mansion,
And were in the best of cheer,
When she asked, "Won't it be jolly
Here to watch for the new year?"

"How delightful," quick I answered.
As 'twas somewhat after ten,
'Twould require but little waiting
For the new year to begin,
And with such a charming maiden
It would surely be a treat.
On the sofa 'neath the mantel
We then sought a cozy seat.

And we talked of local topics,
Of the weather and the times,
Of the novels, of the season,
Famous poets and their rhymes;
And the clock upon the mantel
Calmly ticked the time away,
Nor a moment paused to listen
To the words we had to say.

We in turn paid no attention
To the coming of the year,
Until Polly, half arousing,
Asked, "Is twelve o'clock most here?"
No, I thought, but, quickly rising,
Sought the time—when oh! ahem!
By the clock upon the mantel
It was three fifteen a. m.

—*O. L. Dobson, in Chicago News.*

"Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! What power
Can stay him in his onward course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever! The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, and bathe
His plumage in the thunder's home, or brave
The fury of the Northern hurricane,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down
To rest upon his mounta'n crag. But time
Knows not the weight or weariness of years,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions."

POSSESSION.

A poet loved a star,
And to it whispered nightly,
"Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far?
Or why so coldly shine who shinest so brightly?
O beauty wooed and unpossessed,
O might I to this beating heart
But clasp thee once and then die blessed!"

That star her poet's love,
So wildly warm, made human,
And leaving for his sake her heaven above
His star stooped earthward and became a woman.
"Thou who hast wooed and hast possessed,
My lover, answer: Which was best,
The star's beam or the woman's heart?"

"I miss from heaven," the man replied.
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sighed,
"I miss from earth a poet."

—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

A Terrible Historical Event.

The Bloody Wedding is a name given by French historians to the marriage in 1572 of Henry of Navarre to Margaret, the sister of Charles IX. For many years before a religious war raged in France between the Catholics and the Huguenots, but an apparent truce had been patched up and all the leading nobles of the country were invited to attend the wedding festivities. Aug. 18, 1572, was the day fixed for the marriage, and six days later, while the festivities were still in progress, a general massacre of the Huguenots began on the feast of St. Bartholomew.

There is historic evidence to show that the massacre was carefully planned by Catherine de Medici, the king's mother, and that by playing on the fears of the weak minded king he was induced to give the order. He died twenty-one months after the fatal day, from some mysterious malady, which caused the blood to exude from the pores of his skin. The number of persons who perished in the massacres, which spread all over France, is variously computed at from 1,500 to 100,000, the most reliable historians placing it at about 20,000.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Armenian Children.

The Armenians are very patriotic. They have a much better home life than the Turks, and they are very fond of their children. They have curious customs as to their babies, and the mother gives a reception to her friends when the baby is three days old, to show them the new arrival. When the baby is eight days old it is baptized and is washed all over with warm water every day before this. The baby is laid on the doorstep of the church while its godfather partakes of the sacrament and is confessed in order that he may be purer when he stands up with the baby.

The godfather kneels while he holds the baby and the priest asks a lot of questions of the baby, which the godfather, as its mouthpiece, is to answer. He puts the old man through a catechism longer than that of the Presbyterian church, and the godfather, answering for the child, replies to the questions. After this there is a long prayer. Then the baby has its clothes taken off and the priest asks the eight-day-old baby, "What dost thou demand?" The godfather, answering for the child, replies, "I demand to be baptized," and the priest gets in another question at the young infant, asking, "Dost thou truly demand it?" To this the godfather replies, again speaking for the baby, "I demand with faith to be baptized and purged from sin, to be released from the demons and to serve God."

Hereupon the priest says, "Be it unto thee according to thy faith." The priest then takes the baby and dips it into the water, and after a long ceremony declares that it is a child of Christ. He then dresses the child, after blessing its garments, and puts a taper of red and green wax into its hand, after which it kisses the altar and the cross and the ceremony is over. During this time the priest has bound on the head of the baby a little gold cross, and this cross stays on for eight days after the baptism.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

Excited the Clergyman's Ire.

In boarding a train on the Brooklyn bridge the other day a meek looking clergyman accidentally jostled a 300 pound man. The stout man seated himself, and talked rapidly and vehemently to a friend in a tone which was unintelligible to the other passengers—all except one, the clergyman. The heavy weight discoursed in Danish, and dressed up the man who had bumped him to the queen's taste. The latter was an attentive listener.

At the Brooklyn station the man of much avoirdupois, who seemed to have coaxed the flame of his ire into a generous blaze, watched his opportunity and gave the innocent cause of his wrath a violent push, which sent him against a post on the platform with force enough to sprain his clerical necktie and destroy his choleric equilibrium. The minister, calling upon the police to aid him, rushed after his assailant, and got in a "nice body blow" just as an officer arrived and put a check to hostilities. At the police station both men were reprimanded and released.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE INSANE POOR.

The City Item, in its issue of December 22, makes a great ado about the killing of a little child in New Orleans by an insane person, charging the blame for the deed on the State Insane Asylum. While the deed was no doubt committed, and we sympathize with the bereaved family, a careful reading of the article will convince any one that the State Insane Asylum is in no way responsible. The Item article is intended for lottery capital. The statement made by the Item shows that the man was trusted by the family, and the family had no fear of any violence. It seems he suddenly got into this crazed condition, and before he could be arrested killed the child. It nowhere states that he was in the habit of making demonstrations of this character. The Item had just as well charge every crime committed by men crazed with drink to the insane asylum. The John A. Morris press throughout the State has never lost an opportunity to try to make capital out of every poor unfortunate insane person sent to the asylum. It is a very clear case that it is not for the pure love and sympathy these papers have for the unfortunate ones. They endeavor to show there is need for more accommodations at the asylum, and at the same time they would oppose any appropriation by the State for that purpose, pretending that the State is too poor, but wanting the State to adopt the John A. Morris amendment, permitting him to do the work. If the asylum needs enlarging in order to accommodate the insane, let the State make appropriation sufficient to do it, but God forbid that ever a dollar of John A. Morris' money should go for that purpose.—*Ex.*

The Last Long Journey.

The night before they went to bed they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him all their lives! She was very pale, but smiling, and her first words to them were: "I'm going on a journey." "A journey!" cried the children. "Will you take us with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."

"Mamma is going to the South," said Katy; "the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother faintly, "and I will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother in a low, sweet voice, "I am not going alone. My physician goes with me. Kiss me good-by, my dear ones, for in the morning I shall be gone before you are awake. You will come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of that beautiful country at which mother had safely arrived while they slept.

"How did she go? Who came after her?" they asked, amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" their father told them, solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed in the faces of these motherless children. When asked about their mother they say: "She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning read in her guide book of the land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick," and where God shall wipe all tears from their eyes.—*Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer.*

KATE FIELD'S MEMORY OF DICKENS.

She Would Not Part With Her Autographs of the Great Author.

It was worth while receiving a compliment from Dickens, because it was turned with art. I know of one note in this country so felicitous in expression as to deserve publicity. It was addressed to a young girl who had been a constant attendant on his readings, which were to her a dramatic revelation. Going up the steps of Steinway hall, New York, on the occasion of Dickens' New Year's eve reading, this girl was met by a friend who stopped her, saying, "I've a message for you from the chief." Dickens was always called "the chief" by his intimate friends. "I asked him if he saw you in the audience. 'See her!' replied Dickens; 'yes, God bless her! She's the best audience I ever had.'"

"And I've a message for Mr. Dickens," answered the delighted girl. Whereupon she drew forth a basket of violets which graced the reader's desk during the evening, and elicited the following response:

MY DEAR MISS FIELD—I entreat you to accept my most cordial thanks for your charming New Year's present. If you could know what pleasure it yielded me you would be repaid for your delicate and sympathetic kindness.

But I must avow that nothing in the pretty basket of flowers was quite so interesting to me as a certain bright, fresh face I have seen at my readings, which, I am told, you may see, too, when—you look in the glass! Cordially yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Not long afterward, on being introduced to "Boz," this same girl exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Dickens, I owe you so heavy a debt of gratitude as to be unable to pay even the interest on it!"

"I'll give you a receipt in full," was Dickens' quick response, and underneath a very ferocious engraving of himself he wrote:

"Received of Miss Kate Field all the thanks she owes me—and many more, with which I am better pleased than I appear to be in the above gloomy presentment of my state of mind. CHARLES DICKENS."

I wouldn't part with those autographs for the presidency of the United States. What sane woman would?—Kate Field's Washington.

New York's Fire Chief.

Hugh Bonner, chief of the fire department of New York city, is tall and broad chested. He is quite the ideal hero in appearance. His manner is agreeable. At a fire he is the incarnation of authority, coolness and decision while activity is needed. When the danger is over the chief retires, perhaps to the sheltered seclusion of a convenient doorway, and scans the general situation until satisfied that there is nothing left undone to prevent a recurrence of the conflagration. A fireman's life is one of never ceasing watchfulness, and the chief in particular is practically never off duty. No work is more trying than his. Hugh Bonner was born in Ireland, but he came to this country when yet a child, and he is a thorough American. In common with most members of the force he has several gallant rescues to his credit. It is not generally known, however, that he is an inventor.

Some of the most useful appliances in the department were originated by him. Among them an especially useful one is a circular net by which persons jumping from roofs or windows can be caught with comparative ease. Then there is the roof cutter, by the use of which one man can do as much work as half a dozen formerly did, the combined battering ram and a wall breaker, the cellar and sub-cellar pipes—ingenious contrivances that enable firemen to direct a stream of water into cellars so densely filled with smoke as to be absolutely impenetrable. A device which provides a new thread for the nozzle of a hydrant, in case the thread has been twisted—formerly a very frequent source of dangerous delay—is not the least valuable of the chief's inventions.—Epoch.

Weak Men And Weak Women.

Men and women both suffer from weakness and loss of strength. Women, however, suffer more than men. Men don't have those bearing down pains, the bane of a weak women's existence. Both, however, have their dizzy spells, both bemoan their loss of appetite, their lack of energy, that feeling of weariness and constant fatigue. Both become languid, insipid, and life to either hardly seems worth living.

Their kidneys are weak and seem wasting away. Their livers are inactive, their stomachs disordered, their bowels irregular. Oh! foolish, foolish men and women! why will you not seek the way to health and strength. Others as miserable as yourselves are now in the full enjoyment of happy, joyous life, simply because they put prejudices aside and began a use of that excellent alterative known as Dr. John Bull's Sarsaparilla. Ask your neighbors who have used it what they think about it. Ask your druggist for a bottle, and don't take any other.

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