

# The St. Landry Clarion.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWAY BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

VOL. VI.—NO. 28.

OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1896.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

ALPHONSE LEVY, President.  
ANT. DIETLEIN, Vice-President.

DIRECTORS:  
Alphonse Levy, Julius Meyers,  
Henry Kahn, J. T. Stewart,  
J. T. Skipper, Ant. Dietlein,  
J. M. Lichtenstein.

J. T. SKIPPER, Cashier.  
JONAS JACOBS, Asst. Cashier.

## St. Landry State Bank

OF  
OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

CAPITAL, \$75,000.00.

A general banking business transacted. Foreign exchanges bought and sold. Careful attention given to collections. Money to loan on good security.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC

### "Sunset Route"

DOUBLE DAILY SLEEPER AND TRAIN SERVICE

Atlanta, Washington, New York, Cincinnati

AND ALL EASTERN CITIES.

Shortest Time and Most Superb Service

### SUNSET LIMITED.

Semi-Weekly Vestibuled Fast Trains, made up of luxurious sleepers, composite cars, with barber shop, baths and Special Ladies' Compartment Car, with ladies' maid in attendance, making the trip between San Francisco and New Orleans in 75 hours.

ONLY LINE RUNNING THROUGH SLEEPER TO CITY OF MEXICO.

EXCURSION TICKETS on sale from all coupon stations to California and Mexican points all the year round. Through bills of lading via "Sunset Route" and Morgan Line of Steamers to and from New York and all ports East and West.

For information, call on local agents or address:  
H. A. JONES, G. F. A., Houston, Texas. L. J. PARKS, A. G. P. & T. A., Houston, Texas. C. W. HEIN, T. M., Houston, Texas.

## Mason McBride,

—DEALER IN—

Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Stationery,

Perfumery,

TOBACCOS, CIGARS, CIGARETTES, Etc.

Keeps nothing but FRESH GOODS.

Keeps nothing but GOOD GOODS.

Knows HOW to PLEASE the people.

Knock's 'em ALL out in PRICES.

Solicits the patronage of the public and guarantees satisfaction or money refunded.

Main St., under Opera House, Opelousas, La.

H. L. GARLAND, JR.,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
13 Commercial Place,  
NEW ORLEANS, - - LOUISIANA.

JOHN N. OGDEN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.  
Practices in St. Landry and adjoining parishes. After an experience in criminal business of eight years as District Attorney, he now offers his services in the defense of criminal cases.

A. J. BERCIER,  
DENTIST.  
Office—Corner Landry and Union Streets.  
OPELOUSAS, - - - - LOUISIANA.  
Sept-16-95-17

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.

Most Direct and Fast Line

To All Points

IN

TEXAS, OLD

AND NEW MEXICO,

ARIZONA, CALIFOR-

NIA, OREGON

AND WASHINGTON.

—All Points—

NORTH AND EAST

Reached via New Orleans,

Pullman and Buffet Sleeper Service

between

NEW ORLEANS AND SAN FRANCISCO,

NEW ORLEANS " - - SAN ANTONIO,

NEW ORLEANS " - - GALVESTON,

SAN ANTONIO " - - DURANGO, MEX.

—And Between—

NEW ORLEANS AND CITY OF MEXICO.

Tourist Sleeping Cars weekly between New Orleans and San Francisco.

For information as to time, rates of fare, etc., apply to C. SETTOON, Agent, Opelousas, La., or

A. F. B. MORSE, G. P. & T. A., J. G. SCHRIEVER, F. M., New Orleans.

W. S. FRAZEE,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
—AND—  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Office on Landry St.,  
Opposite Courthouse, OPELOUSAS, LA.  
Will practice in the Federal and State Courts.  
Prompt attention given to all business. Mifflin

BEN. BLOOMFIELD,  
U. S. COMMISSIONER  
—AND—  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
OPELOUSAS, - - - - LOUISIANA.  
Special attention given to making Land Entries and Final Proof Homesteads.

In Poor Health

## Brown's Iron Bitters

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—if you don't claim your health, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures  
Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver  
Neuralgia, Troubles,  
Constipation, Bad Blood  
Malaria, Nervous ailments  
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 5c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

## SQUIRE RUFUS SANDERS.

"Tremendous Confusionment" in the Rocky Creek Settlement.

Old Misses Haseltine Went A-Fishing and Caught a Human Skeleton—A Town Man on His "Wheel" Leaves Death and Ruination.

Hit aint very frequent in this day and generation that the Rocky Creek settlement turns herself loose for a high heel time. But when the day and hour have come to pass, and she does slip the bridge, you can stand from under and watch the fur fly.



There will be blood and hair in the greatest plenty, and the ground tore up as with a bear fight for miles around.

White people, there was trouble last week, and the most loveliest strip of country on the broad bosom of the earth went heels over head in the most goneyest confusionment you ever heard tell of or read about perhaps. It would seem like everything come crooked and went twistin'—feet foremost, catwomped and wrong side up with care.

Terrors of a Tight-Eye Thicket.

In the beginning to start with, bright and early Monday mornin old Misses Haseltine took up a fool notion all of a sudden that it was jest about her time of year to go a fishin. Consequentially she went out behind the garden and dug some earth worms and caught a few crickets and put em in her gourd and lit out for Caney Branch.

I was out to the lot tendin to the stock that mornin when the old lady come by our house, with her fishin pole in one hand and her bait gourd in the other, burnin the wind and splittin the big road wide open for Caney Branch. She was in such a tremendous big hurry to give them fish a chance to bite till she didn't even slow up at the front gate.

"The early worm fetches the fish, Rufus," says she, in passin by, "and I told the girls to have the grease hot when I return back home."

It was then three days and nights that I never laid eyes on Misses Haseltine, but in the main time before the sun went down that day everybody in the whole settlement had heard the news in regards to her fishin trip down on Caney Branch, and the great gobs of sorrow and confusionment which filled that poor old lady's cup to the brim, pressed down and ruinin over.

For general appearances and all the surroundin circumference of the case, it would seem like the old lady got a bite when she want lookin for it and caught somethin which she didn't need in her regular business. In fishin and foolin around she had finally at last worked her way and wedged herself into a tight-eye thicket in the loneliest place on Caney Branch.

And now presently it come to pass that she got her hook hung where as she set back and pulled and pulled till she pulled out a human skeleton. The thing was as natural as death, and every bone was there from skull to toes.

Well, to be certainly of course old Misses Haseltine didn't go way off down there on Caney Branch by her lone self fishin for the bones of dead men, and she didn't need any human skeletons to speak of on her string. Whereas, she throwed down her fishin pole and dropped her bait gourd on the spot and tore out of there. And she didn't fool off no time pickin her way out neither. She jest naturally hit the grit, and hit it a movin. There was that tight-eye thicket all around, a big canebrake on one side of the branch and a great mass of bamboo briars on the other. But old Misses Haseltine she tore out of there.

A Plain Case of Pushney.

About the next news we got from the old lady Haseltine she come up powerful sudden and unexpected like at the Bucklewee place—the first settlement on this side of Caney Branch. And from what I can hear and pick up around amongst the women folks, she had left the mainest part of her clothes down there on the branch—bainin around promiscuous in that terrible tight-eye thicket, the canebrake and the bamboo briar patch.

Of course, that was nothin to me and none of my business, but mother told me that Sallie Wiggins told her that Rosebud Bucklewee told her that the poor old soul had one shoe on when she come up at the Bucklewee place. And Bunk Weatherford was in the crowd which went down there after the skeleton, and Bunk says there was enough calico hangin' around on the briars and cane in and in that tight-eye thicket to make a new bed quilt.

It was the followin Thursday before the old lady got well enough to return back home, and me and mother went over there the next day to comfort and console with her as best we could.

"I had ketches three mud cats, four red perch, seven horny heads and one skeleton, Rufus, and it was then high time for me to take out and quit," says the old lady to me, and right then she went sweatin great drops of perspiration as big as your fist. "I had ketches everything in the waters of Caney Branch, from a speckled trout to a blunt-tail moccasin, but up to that day I never had pulled on the line and came forth with a human skeleton, and it was jest simply one too many for me. Of course, I knowed it wouldn't bite or sting, but the looks and the thoughts of the thing, Rufus, was more than I could stand. Naturally, of course, I tore out of that place. It was a plain case of pushney, Rufus. I was bleedin to come out from there."

I don't make out like it was right, you understand, to think funny

thoughts in times of sorrow and of trouble, but old Misses Haseltine put me in mind of Sol Eddins and his dog that day.

The last time I was out in Texas I went down to Hood county to see the Eddins folks, which Sol and me had come up as boys and girls together back here in the states. In them days Sol had a tremendous fast dog, and he went on to tell me of how that dog jumped a jack rabbit and made him take a sycamore tree.

"The rabbit couldn't find no holler, Rufe, and he jest naturally clum that sycamore tree," says Sol to me.

Now, as everybody knows, a rabbit couldn't climb a scrubby black jack, and hit bendin, to say nothin of a slick, slim sycamore, and I give out the facts accordin to Sol.

That mought sorter do with regards to the common run of rabbits and dogs," says Sol. "But in this case that dog of mine was so close in behind the rabbit and heatin the ground so scaldin hot till the rabbit was jest naturally bleedin to clam that tree."

"Earth to Earth, Dust to Dust." But in the main time the skeleton hit went gone nowhere. The posse of citizen in charge of the case finally at last come to the conclusion that old Misses Haseltine had caught the mortal remains of a certain colored individual by the name of Jule Turner, which he had come up missin one night last year, about the time that Ben Chris Weaver's ginhouse got burnt up mighty strange and pecurrious like.

Antly Lucas was plum certain that cuct upon a time time bones had held Jule Turner in the flesh, cause he had one game leg which had been kicked by a mule, and there was the scar on one shin bone of the skeleton.

Old Misses Haseltine couldn't say what was what in regards to color, but she knowed it was the skeleton of a man. The old lady was so bad rattled from the general shock till I raley don't think she knows anything for certain.

But, at any rates, the skeleton was turned over to the colored population, and they put in and had a big funeral the next day over at Pinetop church wherein there was some tall weepin and wailin and smashin of teeth. Jule Turner's widdie she was there, and when the procession driv up with the skeleton she fell into a trance and didn't wake up no more till some time that night.

The reverent L. M. Butler, colored (Long Meter Butler, as most everybody calls him), made a few scattering remarks from the text: "There will be a mighty rattlin in this valley of dry bones." He didn't preach nobody's funeral for certain, but out the sermon so it would fit anybody's skeleton in a loose, general way.

Then they sung a song and went out. "Confusionment" Confounded.

But that want all that come to pass in the settlement last week—not by a whole tremendous big lot.

A to my man come through the settlement ridin a wheel as he called it, and scatterin death and ruination everywhere he went.

Old man Mart Mayo was goin to town in his ox wagon when he met the thing down there in the old stage road. And bless gracious his oxen broke loose and run away and spilt seven dozen eggs, four bushels of potatoes, eight pounds of fresh butter and one man. When old Mart recovered and come back to his senses sufficient to seek that which was lost he found the remains of his wagon three miles down the road, and when he caught his oxen the next day they had hid out in a canebrake way over the Muller creek.

Old Misses Simpkins she was out milkin the cows that mornin when the town man rid by on his wheel, and about the next thing she knowed she didn't know anything at all scarcely. She got to the bars ahead of the storm, but there she fainted and fell over in it, and when the cows had all passed over and they picked the good old lady up she was more dead than livin. The doctors are still tendin to that case.

Little Bunk Weatherford was plowin in his new ground when the wheel man come whizzin by, and from the general signs of destruction it is my private opinion that him and his mule both got skeered and run away. They tore down 14 panels of new fence comin out of the field, and Misses Weatherford maintains till yet that Bunk came to the house runnin neck and neck with his mule.

On his return back late that evenin the town man stopped off at the Cross Roads to let the crowd see his wheel. Andy Lucas was there as usual, and tanked up on "white ink" to about six bits in the dollar. And nothin would do Andy but he must ride the "durn thing." So he got up and down he went. The "durn thing" bucked, and when the natural-born horse trader picked himself up he was eatin dirt and spittin blood at the same time.

But it would take more time and patience than the law allows to write out all the storms and troubles that come to pass in the settlement last week. So I will close for this time in the best of health and spirits, hoping that this will find you enjoying the same general blessings.

RUFUS SANDERS.

He Didn't Mind What? "How much for a photograh?" he queried as he entered the room at the head of the stairs. "My dear sir, you have made a mistake," replied the occupant of the office. "This is a dental office, while the photograh is next door."

"Oh, you pull teeth?" "Yes, sir."

"How much?" "Fifty cents apiece."

"Well, go ahead and yank out one or two. It's about the same to me."—Detroit Free Press.

No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride, no caverned hermit rests self-satisfied, who most to shun or hate mankind pretend, seek an admirer or would fix a friend.—Pope.

## BILL ARP ON WARS.

Talks About the Rough Experiences of the Sixties.

Some Scenes Described—Lee's Army Crossing the Shenandoah by Torchlight—Stories Told by the Soldiers Who Survived.

One pleasant morning we were talking about war—war with England, war with Spain—and, as usual with old soldiers, our conversation drifted back to our late civil war. We call it late, I reckon, because it is the last war we had, but it is not so very late. Almost everybody down south who was engaged in it is dead. A generation dies out in 30 years, and it has been 35 years since that war began. But there are a few of us left, and we were talking about the war like we used to talk around the camp fires, and I was asked what scene or battle or event had left its most vivid impression upon my mind and memory. I knew very well, but I can go back to scenes and events that have lasted longer and been more personal. I remember when I had a fight at camp meeting on Sunday and got whipped by a country boy and my Sunday clothes were all torn and muddled and my father whipped me that night and the teacher got ready to whip me next morning and I showed him the red whelps on my legs and he let me off with a Calvinistic lecture on the sin of breaking the Sabbath day. Well, the way of it was, I had got up on the hub of a watermelon wagon to look at the temptin fruit and the country boy pulled my foot off so as to get my place and I bounced him, but he was bigger and stronger and had country boys to slick him on, and they did a like my ruffled town shirt, and he got me down and nobody wouldn't part us, and I got the worst of it, and my Sunday clothes were all soiled and my face scratched and I had no friends and it grieved me for a month that I had been imposed on and whipped me besides. I watched for that boy to come to town, and at last he did come. I spied him on the other side of the square, and I got George Lester to back me, and I everlastingly licked him and my father never knew anything about it, but I told my mother that I had licked Tom Fountain, and she hugged me and kissed me and told me that it was wrong to fight, but somehow or other I knew she was glad that I had whipped him. I remember yet how the big tears came in my mother's eyes when she pulled up my pants and saw the marks on my legs that my father had made, and I laid my head in her lap and cried.

Well, you see that was a war—a bigger war than I ever found afterwards, and has left a deeper impression.

But about the late war I said that the most vivid and lasting impression on my mind was the midnight scene of our army crossing the Shenandoah by torchlight, when we were going from Winchester to fight the first battle of Manassas. I stood on the bank and saw 17,000 men ford that river. The water was about breast deep to most of the soldiers and they held their guns and cartridges up high and it strained the little fellows like McOsker and Jim Smith and Zach Hargrove powerfully to keep their footing and the water out of their mouths and not wet their ammunition. It was the 17th day of July, 1861, and next morning the boys all laid down on the hillside near Paris and went to sleep in their wet clothes and by noon resumed the march to Manassas. They had had a good wetting, if not a good washing. The army left Winchester just at twilight. Not a drum was heard—not a camp fire put out—not an alarm of any sort.

"They folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away." The enemy was left at Martinsburg preparing for to-morrow's battle and they never knew where we were until after the battle of Manassas was fought and won. It was old Joe Johnston's first military strategy. But the crossing of that river was the most historic and graphic scene that I had witnessed and brought vividly before me a picture I had seen when a boy of Bonaparte crossing the Rhine. It was a wild, weird sight and I had never seen so many men at once in all my life. It seemed to me there were enough to whip all creation, and they were eager to do it.

Another one of the party said: "Well, I was in that same battle, and saw the killed and wounded around me, but it was not till next day that I came to myself and had to command a squad that was detailed to dig the trenches and to bury the dead. I shall never forget the field where the New York Zouaves lay dead, nor how thick they were upon the ground. They were dressed like Turks and had on turbans and wide, loose pants and gaiters. They were large men to start on, and during the night had swollen up and their faces turned almost black, and it took about four of us to roll one into the ditch. Their faces were distorted, their clothing bloody, and I never realized the horrors of war until then. We didn't give them a full length apiece, but put the head of one between the feet of another and covered them with the feet of another and covered them with the feet of another."

"The most horrid sight I ever saw," said another comrade, "was the battle field of Malvern Hill. Mine balls don't mangle up the boys like shell and canister. Our boys were awfully torn on the last day's fight by the shot and shell from the gunboats. The next morning after the fight I walked over the field, and there was hardly a complete man to be found among the dead. Legs and arms and hands and feet were seen scattered in all kinds of mutilated shapes and fragments. I saw one headless soldier sitting upright, his back against a tree, his rifle clutched in rigid fingers, the muzzle of a head on his shoulders. A shell had torn it away and left a clean cut, and the blood from his neck veins and arteries was still oozing down on his clothes. I believe that the battle of Malvern Hill was the worst on our boys of any that occurred during the war. It was a pity that we fought it, for McClellan was already badly whipped, and we couldn't do any more."

"It was not long after that," said another, "when I saw the most sickening sight that my eyes witnessed during the war. You remember that Joe Johnston was wounded at the battle of Seven Pines or at Fair Oaks, as the Yankees called it. Well, the dead were buried very hastily, and in shallower trenches than I ever saw. It had been raining for some time and the water rose in the trenches before we could get them two feet deep and we had to tumble the boys in anyhow. About a month after that our wagon trains had to cross that field, not in one road, but in a dozen, and everywhere we crossed those trenches the pressure of the wheels would force up a leg or an arm or a head, and you could see scores of them sticking out after we had passed. It was an awful sight."

"Well, I don't know what was the most impressive thing," said another. "The scene in a field hospital after a battle was about as bad as anything. I shall never forget the night scene under the willows after the first battle of Manassas, when Dr. Miller was in charge and worked on the wounded boys all night long. It was close by a little branch and reminded me more of a hog killing at home about Christmas times than anything else. I watched him cut off arms and legs and probe for balls until I was sick and had to turn away, and every time he got through with one man he would look around for another and say 'Next!' just like a barber. What was wonderful to me was the courage with which those wounded boys endured the pain of the knife and saw. There was no ether or other anesthetic used, but they never uttered a groan."

The most pleasant memory I have of the war is of seeing Stonewall Jackson asleep. I never saw him awake. On the morning of the sixth day's fight before Richmond I left that city about daylight with some official document that had to be delivered to Gen. Lee without delay. I rode hard for 12 miles to his camp, near Meadow bridge. He and his staff were at breakfast under cover of a large square tent. The adjutant left the table and came to me before I had time to dismount. As he read the papers I saw a man lying down on the straw in the tent and one end of the breakfast camp table was over his head and shoulders.

He was lying on his left side, his right hand was on his sword and his uniform was faded and soiled. A slouched hat was over his face and evidently he was asleep, while Gen. Lee and his staff were hastily taking their morning meal.

My curiosity was greatly excited and I said to the adjutant: "Who is that man?" "Stonewall Jackson," he replied. "He came in about daylight and pretty soon tumbled down and fell asleep. He is very much exhausted and Gen. Lee would not let him be disturbed and had the table set over him. Won't you alight?" I said no and thanked him. As I rode away I looked back at the picture. I would give anything for a photograph or a sketch of that scene. It was the only time I ever saw the blue light elder whose name and deeds are known all over the world. No wonder the poet, Palmer, was inspired to write of him at the battle of Antietam:

"We see him now—the queer slouched hat cooked or his eye askew—so pat, so calm, so blunt, so true. The blue light elder knows 'em well: Says he: 'That's Banks' he's fond of shell: Lord save his soul—we'll give him—well, That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

"Ah, maiden, wait and watch and yearn; Ah, widow, read with eyes that burn; Ah, wife, sew on, pray on, hope on— Thy life shall not be all forlorn: The foe had better ne'er been born Than that gets in Stonewall's way."

Another one of our party told of an event at Centerville in 1862, when two New Orleans Tigers of Wheat's battalion resisted an officer who was trying to arrest them for leaving camp one night and abusing a farmer's family. They knocked the lieutenant down, and when finally subdued were tried by court martial that afternoon and shot next morning at sunrise. "And here is Durraunt," he said, "who murdered that poor girl in the belfry, and that scoundrel Jackson, who murdered Pearl Bryan, and that fellow Holmes, who killed half a dozen women and children, can get their cases put off and put off for months and years and perhaps escape at last. And that is what is the matter with the people and why so many of these lynchings take place all over the country. There is really no just or overpowering reason for the wide difference between martial law and civil law. One may be too swift, but the other is certainly too slow and too uncertain. Those Tigers hardly had time to write home and say their prayers—martial law is almost as swift as lynching; the evidence no better and the death penalty is for crimes less brutal and outrageous. Frank Davis was hung at Pulaski, Tenn., during the war—hung as a spy because he would not betray the union soldier who gave him the information. The noble boy said he would die first, and die he did. There is no nobler record in the annals of the war than his; he was hung like a felon. They are raising money now to build a monument to him, and Mr. Thomas, of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroad, put down \$50. That's the kind of a man he is. Verily, it is as Shakespeare said:

"Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall."—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

So Different. She—I weighed 121 pounds this morning.

He—In your heavy winter coat, though?

She—No, I held it on my arm—Chicago Record.

## BLIZZARD AND SAND.

Thousands of Buffaloes Driven Over a Precipice by the Fierce Wind.

Near Cheyenne Wells is a long stretch of level prairie, which suddenly terminates in a precipice, making a perpendicular descent of perhaps 50 feet to another plain below. In the winter of 1858 a great blizzard raged for several days. The snow was driving at a terrific rate before a hurricane of wind, and the buffaloes were obliged, in self-preservation, to turn their backs and run with the wind. The result was that vast numbers of the buffaloes were carried over the precipice, and their dead bodies were covered with 20 or 30 feet of snow. For many years people visited the spot to look at the bones, which lay in piles ten and fifteen feet high as far as the eye could reach along the precipice, and it was commonly estimated that 100,000 buffaloes found a grave on that fatal spot.

Sand-storms in those days were so destructive that it was not unusual for freighters to lose their entire outfit. During the prevalence of a storm no attempt was made to move forward, and drivers cleared the sand out of the nostrils of the horses and oxen, as otherwise the animals were threatened with death from suffocation. A sandstorm usually lasted only two or three hours, but its effects were felt for days by men and animals exposed to the fury of the blast.

A curious phenomenon noticed in different places on the plains was the immense excavating power of the wind in a sand storm. There were areas of three or four acres, where the wind scooped out the sand 40 or 50 feet deep and whirled it away in the air. It seemed as if the work began at a central spot no larger than could be covered with a man's hat. In an incredibly short time a round hole would be excavated. The wind then took hold in real earnest, and the probabilities were that an entire sand-hill would be leveled down in the next 30 minutes.—Denver Field and Farm.

Scientists Early Noticed the Intimate Relations of These Elements.

The intimate relation between fire and air was early recognized, seeing that experience soon taught that air was necessary for fire. The experiment of burning a candle in a closed vessel, now so familiar to every schoolboy, is a very old one, and the influence of a blast of air on a furnace had been probably noticed from a very remote period. By some it was affirmed to be the food of fire, while by others the same belief was embodied in the phrase: "Air nourishes fire." Again, it was long ago observed that nitre, a substance well known to the chemical philosophers of the past, could produce intense ignition. It was here inferred that, since nitre possessed this property, it necessarily followed that the two substances resembled each other in composition. According to Robert Boyle, the air contained "volatile nitre," while Lord Bacon held that air contained a "volatile, crude, and windy spirit," and thunder and lightning were supposed to be due to the presence of minute particles of this nitre diffused through the air.

The important bearing of such observations is due to the fact that oxygen gas, which is one of the chief constituents of air, and the one to which it owes its power of supporting combustion, also forms the largest elementary constituent of nitre, and is likewise the source of the power possessed by that body of supporting combustion.

The action of heat on metals in causing them to lose their metallic lustre had also not escaped notice, and Cardan, a philosopher who lived during the 16th century, in noticing the increase in weight that lead undergoes when heated in air, attributed it to the gas in the air which feeds flame and which rekindles a body presenting an ignited point.—Scottish Review.

An Inside Coat Pocket.

There is nothing more handy to have than an inside pocket in one's jacket. Every woman has noticed how nice it seems and convenient for the male folks of her acquaintance to have an inside coat pocket into which may be slipped a pocketbook or note that wants to be particularly well cared for. The shallow little outside pockets of coats will hardly hide a pocketbook from the sight of a pickpocket, and are thoroughly unreliable for holding things generally. If you wear a jacket, take a piece of silk a little more than twice as long as you want your pocket deep, sew one end of it into a point and in the other run a deep hem. Then sew this into the shape of a bag, allowing the pointed end, of course, to extend above the hemmed end and fall over in a flap, in which work a buttonhole and sew a button to the hemmed part. Tack this securely into the left side of your jacket, just far enough back so as not to show when you leave your coat unbuttoned, and just low enough down to be gotten at handily. In fact, put it just about in the same position as you will find a man's inside pocket.—Detroit Free Press.

His Patent in Danger.

Attorney Garrett McEnery recently appeared as counsel in a case before a justice of the peace at Suisun. McEnery found it necessary to make frequent objections to the evidence that opposing counsel was attempting to introduce. The justice, whose rule of evidence is "everything goes," looked first annoyed and then indignant. Finally he could contain himself no longer, and, as a ruling on one of Mr. McEnery's objections, roared:

"Mr. McEnery, what kind of a lawyer are you, anyway?"

"I am a patent lawyer," replied the attorney, facetiously.