

The St. Landry Clarion.

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

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

HOW POLLY PROPOSED.

"Hi! Hi! All right! All right! Now we sha'n't be long!" said the gray parrot.

I regret to say that the irrepressible young man that brings the daily milk is the tutor of my parrot in the latest up-to-date slang of the day.

I am an old sea-captain—at least, not old, perhaps the word slipped out unaware. I am the right side of 50, anyhow; but being in receipt of a pension and a small private income to boot, I have cast anchor in my present abode in the expectation of weathering many a winter's storm yet.

Being through a known relation in the world, I willingly fell in with the suggestion that I should pick up my moorings alongside my old friend and messmate, Capt. Travers, late R. N., who, having left one of his legs on the west coast of Africa while capturing a slaver, was pensioned off at an even earlier age than myself, and now lived with his sister—a most comfortable party, fat, fair and 40 or thereabouts—in the adjoining house to mine in the neighborhood of London. We had always got on well together, our tastes and dispositions were similar, and we had often met during our naval careers. His sister had not previously been acquainted with, but, being in many respects like her brother, we were soon firm friends.

Capt. Travers and myself had each a favorite parrot—his the common African gray, with a red-tipped tail, and mine the purer variety, without a trace of color, but otherwise similar.

I had not long settled down in my new quarters, and got everything shipshape, or what seemed so to me—a very important difference, as I know to-day—when, almost unconsciously at first, I began to feel what a lonely old bachelor I was, and what a set-off to all my other belongings the figure of Miss Rachel Travers would be by my side. But just here the course of my life began to make itself felt. Inherent eyness in the presence of the opposite sex has dogged my footsteps from my earliest recollections. Give me a gale of wind in the Bay of Biscay, a tornado in the tropics, or 20 hours' duty on deck, wet through to the skin, and Capt. Manley, late of the P. and O. service, will thank you for it, and consider life well worth living; but as dispenser of delicate attentions to the fair sex, intensely as he inwardly admires their pretty ways, Capt. Manley does not, he certainly does not, show up to advantage.

Although fond of pets generally, I have an antipathy to cats, especially at night. I am not aware that our neighborhood was particularly beneficial in this respect or other qualifications to fine constitution; but I know that until I was inhumane enough to start an air-gun cannonade on my numerous nocturnal visitors, I was frequently unable to get a respectable night's rest. One infernal black and white Tom defied my finest efforts. If average cats have nine lives, I am sure this one must have had 19, and I began to wonder what sort of unceasing being this was that had no objection to letting my bullets pass apparently through its body without suffering any inconvenience. But after all it must have been my bad marksmanship, for one afternoon I saw my enemy quiply walking up the low fence that divided my back garden from Capt. Travers's.

The opportunity was too good to be lost, and quietly getting my air-gun, I took a steady aim and fired. There was no mistake this time, and without a sound poor puss dropped on to my flower-bed as dead as the proverbial door nail.

My exultation, however, was of short duration, for to my horror and dismay, on proceeding to pick up its unfortunate carcass and give it decent burial, I saw that my shot had passed right through the unlucky animal and killed my neighbor's parrot, which had been put out to sun itself in a little summer-house that stood at the bottom of the garden.

I was staggered at my position; I knew the parrot was a home favorite with Miss Travers, and how I could ever explain my carelessness I could not imagine. Suddenly a way out of my dilemma presented itself to my mind, and I hastened to put it into execution. I knew that the Travers were out, and would not be back for some little time, so hurrying indoors and taking my own parrot from its cage, I carefully painted the end of its tail with red ink in imitation of its deceased comrade, and finding no one was about, I stepped lightly over the fence and substituted the living for the dead bird, which I buried, together with the cat, in my own garden. I knew that my parrot would readily talk before strangers, and I hoped that by the time it had got used to its new surroundings, it would have forgotten its former accomplishments; at any rate, I must risk it.

"Alas! Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," sang some poet, and I expect, never wore anything harder than a nightcap, but, true as it may be, compared to the torture of my mind, now launched on a course of duplicity, it would be a bed of roses.

It was towards the end of the following week that I happened to be out in the garden and saw my old friend come stamping down the path of his own garden in his dot-and-carry-one style, and, seeing me on the fence, he cried: "Halloo! captain, you're quite a stranger! What's been up? Rachel has been talking about coming in to inquire about your health, as she was afraid something must be wrong."

"Yes, I have been a bit poorly," said I. "Oh! how easily the words slipped out, although I had been as right as ninepins—why that particular sum should be craved with more recitancy than the fellows I have never been able to discover—is by the way."

"A bit of cold, perhaps," said Capt. Travers. "Well, come over the fence and have a dish of tea in the summer-

DUCKED BY A HORSE.

Sallyan and Hulda Couldn't Drive Him Under a Tree.

"Whoa, that, old Girral! Stan! still you ole black beggar! I'll be ready 'y' go home puddy soon."

"Say, Ike, that thar's 'bout th' know-finnest old boss I ever see. 'Tother day th' cows came up 'y' drink an' 'wus stan-in' by th' gate lookin' at the apples under the pippin tree with their mouths jest waterin' fur wum."

"Ole Girral came up an' took in th' situation, stood thar'n thought a minit an' turned round an' let his heels fly agin th' gate, an' down she comes. Them cows jest leaped an' started fur them thar apples heels over head."

"Couple o' hours later Girral wus layin' down beside th' barn. One of th' heifers thinkin' how he'd helped um get th' apples thought she'd be kinder good to um an' went up an' went 'y' lickin' 'im to clean 'im up a little. I see by th' looks he didn't like it fast rate. He'd shake his head much as 'y' say: 'Goway an' mind yer own business.'"

"But she didn't take th' hint. Puddy soon he got up an' took that critter by th' neck with his teeth an' trotted her way down into th' pastur, an' went puddy lively, too."

"Yesterday Sallyan an' Hulda wus goin' over 'y' Mrs. Spooner's to a quil-in' bee. I see when they wus startin' off ole Girral wus hankerin' 'y' go. He wus named after Girral Grant an' seemed 'y' feel proud of it."

"I told Sallyan she'd better look out for 'im. He didn't seem 'y' want 'y' go an' I wus feared she'd have trouble with 'im. She said if he went 'y' cuttin' anything mean he'd git th' worst of it. I didn't say anything more; but I thought 'y' myself if she showed th' ob-beggar as well as I did she'd change her mind, mebber."

"Wall, they got 'y' goin' through th' holler. He wus goin' 'bout as slow as he could an' more. Sallyan says: 'Go long thar, 'y'! We won't git thar 'y'-day.' An' ole Girral shook his head. Jest at thar wus gittin' in front of th' tavern thar wus a banner hangin' over th' street."

"Ole Girral happened 'y' look up an' see it. He stopped an' wouldn't go an' other step. Sallyan told 'im 'y' go long 'bout his business, but he shook his head, an' 'I'll be dangswizzled if that thar durned ole boss didn't back ther (thar wimmin right off into th' millpond all over an' 'beeg' backin' th' he got where th' water wus puddy deep!'"

"Hulda says: 'Hit 'im with 'y' whip ma,' but Sallyan wus puddy busy keepin' right side up. When he'd backed round 'bout 'cross th' millpond an' thought he'd got um wet enough, he turned round an' started fur home."

"They wus wet as drowned rats an' cold as biled owls an' madder'n hornets 'b'gosh!"

"They had some fried cakes in a paper sack they wus takin' over 'y' th' quil-in' bee fur supper. Them wus all soaked up an' split, and Sallyan says they wus the best batch she'd had this year."

"Then Hulda had a knittin' in a bag she wus takin' over to Maggie Spooner—the puttiest one she had; 'twas in the back-end of the wagon, an' that wus wet as soap, too."

"Wall, I tell ye that ole boss knows his business, an' when he don't want it do anything it takes more'n a couple o' wimmin 'y' change his mind, 'b'gosh!"

—N. Y. Press.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The daughters of the prince of Wales could swim before they could read.

—Mr. Ruskin is in good health again, but still abstains from all literary work.

—Baroness Hirsch has given \$250,000 to endow a home for Jewish consumptives in England.

—Melba has \$100,000 invested in gowns, it is said, one of them having cost \$15,000.

—The queen regent of Spain, who will soon have a motor carriage, will be the first European sovereign to use one. It will be known as an "electric victoria."

—Isaac Walton's "Compleat Angler," first edition, 1653, wide paper, sold in London recently for \$2,375. At the same sale Amerigo Vespespi's letter, four unpublished leaves printed in Gothic characters, brought \$850.

—Madison Cawein, the Louisville poet, whose verses are sometimes seen in the magazines, disclaims the distinction of "genius," which his friends attribute to him. "Genius," he argues, "does its work lightly, without effort. I don't. Eighteen good lines is a morning's work for me. What I accomplish is by hard work and talent, not by genius."

—Isen's statue for the front of the Christiania National theater has been finished and sent to Berlin to be cast. He is represented in a long, closely-buttoned coat, with his hands behind his back, bending forward in a reverie. It is difficult to recognize him, for the sculptor has represented him without the spectacles which he always wears. There is a companion statue of Bjornsen.

—Bit by bit the immensely valuable real estate in Denver once owned by Senator Tabor has passed out of his possession, till now the only property standing in his name consists of 15 lots surrounding the family homestead. This, too, will go to creditors next week under a foreclosure. There are two mortgages on it, amounting, with interest, to \$35,000, and the house and land will hardly realize that amount. Not long ago Senator Tabor was ranked among Colorado's richest men, but misfortunes of various kinds have left him practically penniless.

PASSING OF THE TRAPPER.

Fur-bearing Animals Are Becoming Scarce and Prices Are Small.

The fur trapper has had his day in the United States, and as a product of past conditions he is disappearing as surely as the game which he has hunted. In the great northern belt of states bordering upon the Canadian line he is found in dwindling numbers, valiantly striving to make a living in his precarious calling and bemoaning the times when it was an easy matter to find enough animals in his traps each day to keep him supplied with money. It is now the work of a week to gather the skins that formerly came to his traps in a day.

The popularity of furs has not declined. In fact they are more in demand than ever, and fashion decrees that they shall be worn every winter on garments for men and for women. Most of them command a higher price than ever in the history of civilization, but the trapper does not profit so much by this change as might be supposed. The fur-bearing animals are disappearing faster than the prices for furs advance. Other untrapped regions of the globe are being explored to help supply the markets of the world with skins, and science is doing everything in its power to utilize the common skins of the domesticated animals. The fur of the cat, dog, sheep, lamb and other animals of our barnyard and household has already become valuable commercially, and through the dyer's art and the currier's skill the wearers of cheap furs are totally deceived.

It is not an easy matter to ascertain the relative value of important furs, but those taken from the forests and woods of this country are much higher than in former days. The silver fox, that abounded so plentifully in our northern woods, is now a comparatively rare animal, and from \$100 to \$200 are paid for first-class specimens. The darker the fur of the silver fox the more valuable it is, and consequently the further north the trappers go the better luck they have. Those over the Canadian border trap more and better silver foxes than can be found anywhere in the United States, although northern Maine and the Michigan peninsula have yielded some excellent silver foxes. Owing to the great demand for this fur, the animals have been trapped and hunted so persistently that they are very scarce and the few remaining ones are more timid and harder to catch than the common red fox.

Bear skins generally come next to the furs of the silver foxes, and they run all the way from \$40 to \$75 apiece for the raw fur. Dealers grade the skins according to their idea of the value, and the trapper is not always sure that he will receive the highest quotations even after he has shipped his booty to market. The cross fur comes third on the list and is generally worth from \$15 to \$20, according to size, general beauty and richness of color. The fur of the otter is nearly as valuable, and a good specimen will command \$15 either at the country store or in the city markets. The beaver is not worth more than \$15, the wolverine \$10, the lynx and black raccoon \$5, and the common wolf and marten \$3. These are the principal fur-bearing animals caught by the trappers in this country, but a long list of cheaper ones are brought to market, such as the mink, skunk, badger, wild cat, and red and gray fox, muskrat and rabbit. The prices paid for these vary from a few cents apiece to several dollars. The rabbit skins are so cheap that the trappers would not take the trouble to express them to the cities if it were not for the fact that they can be packed in with the others at no extra cost.

The trapper is essentially what his name implies, and not a hunter or sportsman. The shotgun is not his implement, for this tears and injures the skins and furs. The trap and skinning knife are his chief articles of trade. The traps are usually divided into three classes—snarres, deadfalls and steel traps. The steel traps vary in size from the small ones set to capture the little muskrat to the large double-spring arrangements known as "grizzly bear traps." These latter are mammoth affairs, weighing 40 pounds, and with rows of sharp teeth spread 16 inches apart. When the jaws of such a trap close upon any creature they are ready to break the leg and hold the captive prisoner until relieved by some outside person. The grizzly bears have been known to tear the heavy traps from their moorings and drag them a mile or more through the forests, but they have never been known to pull the leg away from the relentless teeth.

The deadfalls are made both for large and small animals. In the small horse-shoe inclosure a tempting bait is fastened on a delicate trigger which, when slightly moved let down upon the animal's back a number of heavy logs. These fall squarely upon the back or shoulders of the hungry creature, and either break it or crush out the life. The animal caught in a deadfall rarely lives to tell the tale. The vary animals, like the fox, can seldom be induced to enter a deadfall, for their instincts make them suspicious. Snarres are used for catching a variety of small animals, and they are arranged in a great variety of ways, the most common of which is with the spring pole.

The trappers visit these snarres, deadfalls and steel traps every morning, traveling through the woods in the bitterest cold weather, and often returning without a pelt of any great value. Hard work, rough fare and little pay are his rewards, and there is little wonder that he complains. He sees his industry shrinking year by year, and without any possible improvement in the future, he realizes that the doom of his class has been sounded. Another generation and he will be gone along with the Indian hunter, the prairie scout and the buffalo hunter.—Philadelphia Times.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Self-Evident.—"She is older than she looks." "How do you know?" "Because she tries to look younger!"—Chicago Record.

—A Mistake.—"They tell me that Crookley is a safe cracker." "Safe nothing! He's the most dangerous one in the country."—Detroit Free Press.

—Did you hear what Brief, the lawyer, has for his motto? "No. What?" "Where there's a will there's a way to break it!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

—One reason why most men dislike to carve the meat at the table is because it doesn't look well for them to select the best piece for themselves.—Washington (A.) Democrat.

—Sounds Plausible.—"I wonder what Bluebeard started to cutting off his wife's heads?" "Very likely the idea occurred to him while he was at the theater behind a big hat."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"You might put on thar," said the bereaved husband, to the rural sculptor, "that she died peaceful, an' that we wouldn't call her back." "Anything else?" "She never spoke a cross word in her life." "All right." "Bein' deaf an' dumb an' of a quiet an' retirin' nature?" "Is that all?" "Well, you might throw in a little Scripture." Jest say: "Her children rise up an' call her Betsy!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—A lady on entering the kitchen early one morning saw a plate and knife and fork, the former of which had evidently contained rabbit pie. The lady strongly suspected a certain policeman of having snuffed it off, and the following conversation took place between her and the cook: Mistress—"Jane, what's become of the cold rabbit pie that was left?" Jane—"Oh, I didn't think it was wanted, mum, so I gave it to the dog." Mistress (sarcastically)—"Does a dog use a knife and fork, then?" Jane (unabashed)—"Not very well yet, mum; but I'm teachin' him to!"—Th-Bits.

THE CHECK SYSTEM.

An English Visitor Tells the People About the American Way.

The American constitution has been called a system of checks. So in American life. When you want to travel you give your baggage to the porter of your hotel, and he gives you a check in return. At the station you reclaim it with the check, and pass it in at a counter and receive another check. As you approach your destination another functionary comes along the train, takes your check and gives you another check in its place. He fishes out your baggage and conveys it to your hotel—for a consideration. You have left your third and last check at the office of the hotel when you enter it, and thence it is delivered up on receipt of the baggage.

At first you bless this arrangement as the salvation of the traveler. After a few weeks of it the tyranny of the check becomes so galling that you begin to long for the fine old English method of dumping down your goods in front of a porter and leaving them to find their way themselves. You would even hail it as a personal triumph if some of your baggage would get lost. But it never does. Sometimes it arrives late, but it always arrives.

Yet it seldom arrives in the shape in which it started, if that is any consolation. They who have to do with baggage see to that. You very soon discover why Americans carry their goods in iron-clad trunks, and why it is madness for anybody to do anything else. I started out, like an idiot, with a new leather portmanteau. They ripped the stout brass lock off in the first week—not for pleasure, apparently, but simply because it is in the tradition of the service. They punched it and kicked it and danced on it. In after hours, when literary inspiration came, they wrote on it. My portmanteau to-day is an epitome of the political sentiment of the United States from New York to San Francisco. As an historical document it is beyond price, and I am contemplating the gift of it to the library of congress at Washington. As a portmanteau it has both feet in the grave.

The system of checks is not confined to travelers' luggage. The conductor of the train passes carelessly to and fro asking for your ticket and giving you a check in return, or asking for your check and returning your ticket. If you hand your ticket to a boy in a hotel while you write your name in the register, he dashes off to stow it away in some secret place and returns triumphant with a check. In the very hotel bar, when you buy sevenpence hal'porth of whisky you get a check and walk two yards across the bar to pay at a desk.

But the apotheosis of the check is at Niagara. When you go down to the cave of the winds you strip off all your clothes and leave them, as well as your valuables, in a tin box with the attendant. Then you go down to battle with the cataract attired only in a suit of pyjamas, a suit of oilskins, and a check lashed around your neck, and rising and falling with the beating of your heart. No wonder the American speaks of death as handing in his checks. It is only by death that he can rid himself of them.—London Mail.

CIVIL DEATH.

A Serious Question That May Come Up in the Case of a Life Prisoner.

The statutes of New York provide that the penalty of life imprisonment shall involve civil death for the felon sentenced to it. This means that he shall be deprived of his civil rights, particularly property rights and the rights resulting from family relations, as if he were actually dead. Civil death takes from the person upon whom this punishment has been inflicted all that he owned and transferred it to those who would have had it, had he died. It affects his contract rights in the same manner as physical death. He cannot, in this legal condition, become an heir or obtain property by bequest. The law deprives him of the legal rights of a parent. If he has a wife she may consider her marriage legally dissolved, as if he were dead, and contract another marriage. Civil death was known to the Roman law, and this term, according to Blackstone, was applied to certain legal conditions in England. It is also known to the French law and to the statutes of a number of our states. But there are some doubts about the exact scope and legal effects of the penalty. A life convict may be pardoned. That would certainly not disturb or in any way affect property rights or new marriage relations that had been established as a consequence of the civil death. But could not the wife of a pardoned life convict, in case she had not contracted another marriage, claim the legal rights connected with the marriage relation? It is believed that this question must be answered in the affirmative, and it would therefore appear that the convict, though he was civilly dead during the term of his imprisonment, is still bound by his former relations if he has not been released therefrom by an act not of his own doing.

It would seem that the law in a case like the one to which reference was made ought to require a judicial dissolution of the former marriage before it authorizes the wife or the husband of a person sentenced to life imprisonment to contract a new marriage.—Buffalo Courier.

—Criminal. Stranger—I understand that they braced a man here yesterday. What had he done? Col. Pepper (of Kentucky)—Done, suh? What had he done? Why, suh, he came heat to open a branch agency for a mineral water company. That's what he done.—Cleveland Leader.

—A Great Help. Dr. Reaper—Now that your mother is sick, Willie, I hope you are doing all you can for her. Willie—Yes, sir. I wake up the brained nurse every morning.—N. Y. Truth.

THE GAME GRAY SQUIRREL.

Timid and Wary, It Can Fight in Its Own Defense.

The gray squirrel is no doubt the gamiest quadruped that inhabits the Pennsylvania forests. To lure the gray squirrel from its haunts, or get within range of the animal, is a task that requires the skill of an experienced hunter. There is as much difference in the nature of the gray squirrels of the forests and the gray squirrels of the parks as there is between the fierce wild cats of the Rockies and the household cats of New York. A gray squirrel is rarely seen on the ground. When it wishes to change its position to a neighboring tree it will hang to the trunk within five feet of the ground, then, surveying the surroundings, will dart like lightning to the next tree and soon be lost in the labyrinth of branches.

Although the gray squirrel is seemingly the wildest and most timid of game animals, it displays great courage when its home is invaded by an enemy. A New Yorker who had been hunting in the Nipponess valley, Lycoming county, Pa., relates an interesting combat between a gray squirrel and a black snake. "My attention," he said, "was drawn to a rumpus of some sort in a nearby oak tree. On making an investigation I found a huge black snake and gray squirrel in deadly combat. The snake was making an attempt to gain access to the squirrel's nest, but he had evidently undertaken a more difficult task than he had bargained for. So furiously and effectually did the courageous little animal attack the snake that the long, lithe body relaxed its hold on the limbs and dropped to the ground. All the fight was knocked out of the snake by his dizzy fall, but the squirrel was just getting warmed up to his best fighting heat. He darted down the tree and took after his unwelcome intruder. He then made another onslaught on the snake by clamping and biting it with his sharp claws and teeth. The squirrel cleverly avoided the wicked strikes of his antagonist. The combatants approached to a few feet of me before they observed my presence, then they disappeared as quick as lightning. Had not the fight been interrupted there would have been no doubt one less reptile in Lycoming county."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Tall Story.

He was a New Yorker, and proud of his city, and although his Chicago friend pointed out right after sight, boasted of the city's fine boulevards and drove the New Yorker over them; he failed to excite in his guest more than a slight curiosity. Then he brought up the subject of tall buildings. "Chicago," he said, "beats the world," he said. "Our tall buildings top over everything erected."

"Well, well," said the New Yorker, "that's queer. Ever heard of that building in New York that the clouds bump against? Never heard of it, eh? I'll powdered soap and pipe clay and add a little turpentine. Apply a coating to the marble, and when thoroughly dry rub it off and wash with warm soft water. This will cleanse without destroying the polish. If the marble is badly stained a second application may be necessary."—N. Y. Ledger.

GINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hint Notes of Information for the House-keeper.

If two tart apples are peeled and chopped fine, then mixed with the stuffing intended for a roast duck, goose or fresh ham, it will be found a great improvement.

A pretty and effective decoration for a scarlet and white dinner given recently was white anemones and branches of scarlet barberries. They were in clear white glass vases, one at each end of the long table. Sprays of small ivy were laid across the table and tied with knots of scarlet ribbons.

A piece of camphor gum is a very good indicator of what the weather is to be. If, when the camphor is exposed to the air, the gum remains dry the weather will be fresh and dry; but if the gum absorbs the moisture and seems damp, is an indication of rain.

The latest cushions for head rests on chair backs are made in heart shape. They are covered with light-colored satin, silks, or linens, and embroidered in some graceful pattern; and many of them are made up plain and tufted or quilted. They are fastened to the chair back with small cords and tassels.

It is said that when ink is spilled upon a carpet or anything made of woolen the spot should immediately be covered with common salt. When this has absorbed all the ink it will, carefully laid off with an old knife or spoon and apply more salt. Keep doing this until the ink is all taken up.—N. Y. Sun.

Cleaning Marble.

It is often the case that handsome marble becomes almost hopelessly soiled and stained and there is a demand for a simple and practical recipe for restoring it. The following from an excellent authority is highly commended: Take equal parts of ox gall, powdered soap and pipe clay and add a little turpentine. Apply a coating to the marble, and when thoroughly dry rub it off and wash with warm soft water. This will cleanse without destroying the polish. If the marble is badly stained a second application may be necessary.—N. Y. Ledger.

Marrow with Cheese.

Beef marrow is appreciated by few cooks save the English, and still it may be put to various uses in making palatable dishes. Cut into slices, boil in salted water, drain and dip in grated cheese and bread crumbs, place on a tin plate, and put in the oven until the cheese is melted. Serve on slices of toast or on heated plates with slices of lemon.—Albany Journal.

NIAGARA NEVER WAS DRY.

Old Residents Say the Current Story is Not True.

The talk about the successful transmission of Niagara power to Buffalo, 23 miles from the great cataract, has resurrected the story of "the time Niagara falls ran dry." It is now going through the rounds of the press, and the writer depicts with remarkable detail the appearance of the falls and bed of the river above and below the falls, and relates many wonderful incidents in connection. He says:

"When, from the remotest ages and until a few hours before my visit had rolled and tumbled those awful rapids, there were now to be seen only great masses of rocks and bowlders, between which trickled little streams of water, none of them larger than a tiny woodland trout stream."

The writer also tells of people crossing on foot and with horses and carrying the dry bed of the river, and says that there was no water below the falls, a most impossible occurrence. He says all this occurred in the latter part of March, 1848.

The best authority to be obtained in this city—the oldest living inhabitants—say that the falls have not run dry within their recollection, says a Niagara Falls correspondent. Maj. Solon M. Whitney, the oldest living resident of this city, and the discoverer of the Cave of Winds 60 years ago, in discussing the matter, said:

"I well remember the time that the story refers to, and I was one of the first to notice the fall of water in the river. I know it was April 1, because when I related the fact to others on that day they thought it was an All Fools day joke. It was early in the morning of April 1 that the water began to recede, and in a short time many rocks appeared above the surface that had never been seen before. The American fall, I think, was the lowest it has been, though it was very far from being dry. The Horseshoe fall was low, but of enormous volume just the same. The statement that has been sometimes made that ladies drove in carriages two-thirds of the way across the river is false. There was no lady who would have done such a thing. Ladies were timid these days.

"The cause of the water getting so low, I remember, was an ice jam upon the river somewhere near Buffalo.

"Now, about where the falls ran dry, if you walk to the head of Goat Island you will notice that for several hundred feet from the shore up the river the bottom of the river is very close to the surface. It is a ledge of rock which extends out toward the Canadian shore to a point beyond the Third Sister island. When the water got to its lowest point on that day this ledge of rocks was completely dry, and a man named Hamlin drove across the Goat Island bridge and up to the head of the island, and from there was able to drive on this rock across to the Third Sister island and back. The water had stopped flowing between Goat island and the Three Sister islands entirely, and it was nothing but black rock. This is the nearest to the falls ever running dry. The water at the point mentioned is always shallow, and at times the rock shows itself now, but never so much as on the date referred to. As to the American falls, there was lots of water passing over it at the time referred to, but not so much as under ordinary head. Table Rock was well uncovered, I remember, but at no time did either fall stop.

Maj. Whitney's account is corroborated by Judge T. O. Hulet, who has lived here ever since 1834.—Buffalo Times.

Altogether Improbable.

"This defendant comes of poor, but dishonest parents," declared his attorney.

"I object," shouted the prosecutor. "There is no precedent for such statement in a courtroom."

"Objection sustained," announced the court, with a rap of his gavel.—Detroit Free Press.

After the "Bassie."

"Ernce up, old man. I'll have to be off or my wife won't speak to me when I get home."

"Lucky dog. Mine—hic!—I'll talk to me all night."—Sydney Bulletin.