

THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

"Here Shall the Press the People's Rights Maintain, Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain."

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

THE MEETING TIME.

Oh, bitter is the sorrow
When here we part in tears,
And heavy is the burden
Of long and lonely years!
But what will be the meeting
When life's sad journey's past,
Within the Father's keeping
We find our own at last!

As mists that cloud the morning—
As shadows of the night—
Forgotten in the glory
Of nuptial's radiant light,
The weary years of waiting
As nothing then shall seem,
The pain, the loss, the sorrow—
Remembered as a dream.

Oh, what will be the meeting!
No words its joy may trace!
When face to face we see them,
Immortal—yet the same;
When dear, long-silent voices
Shall speak our names once more,
And smiles of welcome greet us
As fondly as of yore!

Oh, blessed thought of comfort,
When those we love have gone
To seek a better country,
And we are left alone!
Shall we not wait in patience
A little longer here,
As those who know that daily
The meeting time draws near?
—Mrs. J. E. Lyman, in N. Y. Observer.

PARADISE

By Eloise Jane Huff.

(From the New Orleans Times-Democrat, by permission.)

THE young mother had been into the dim shadows where Death and Life struggle, and win or lose, just at the happiest, sweetest, fullest hour which had been hers, when love took on a new and tender selfishness, when its lulling, dancing measures broke into the deep melody of an anthem, and, as she drifted back into the light again, thus it was that she half wished and half prayed in her still childish way that Death would never take this woman-child of hers as long as Life held Happiness—that love of Life should be a talisman to stay the hand of Death.

Three in the woman's threescore years Death had come to woo her from his brother Life out into the far beyond, that unknown land, that hereafter which he called Paradise, and of which he spoke with a wondrous eloquence and a great witchery.

When first he came it was just at the dawn of day, just as the east was flushing in the faint rays of the rising sun, and the birds twittered in the trees; shod with silence he glided through the quiet halls and still hushed household, among the watchers with wet faces and terror-touched eyes. All unseen, though they looked for his coming, he went in the gray of the spring morning into the sweet sanctity of the girl's chamber. Pausing on the threshold, as if loth to enter an unbidden guest, he noted all its whiteness and its dainty simplicity; noted, too, on the muslin-draped dressing table a tiny silver frame, with the pictured face of a youth, an earnest, grave face; and Death smiled at the story it told. But he went to the bed where she lay as one asleep, until she seemed to be already Death's own. He stood beside her and looked with sad eyes and cold, impassive brow at the child who was his for the taking, and it was in tenderness and with a love and pity surpassing the human that he gazed on the fair young face, like an untouched lily leaf, the unwritten brow, the sweet childish mouth, upon which the kisses of love had left neither song nor sigh, the slender little hands, so weak and fragile, and he stooped and touched her with his pulseless fingers as he said: "My child, you are ready, you are willing to come with me? For I am your friend, and will give you eternal calm and peace, a gift which human love and care cannot bestow. I will take you to a land where you will never lose your youth; I will save you from Life. Look into the faces of the aged, my little maid, and read there of all that Life writes upon faces once as fresh and fair as yours; all that love entails; all that lengthened years give to those who wait too long for me; the fever that is ambition; the delirium that is love; the chill that is regret; the ceaseless anguish of sorrow and disappointment that dims the eyes fixed upon the things of this world."

His voice had almost the wailing and the pleading of a lover, as he saw in her awakened eyes the cloudless, untroubled soul of a child.

"From all this I will save you. Come with me now before Life has taught you to yearn for me, for I come not at your call, however sorrowing and loud."

The girl gazed upon him with a great wonder in her gentle, dove-like eyes; she quietly unclasped his hold and laid her fingers caressingly upon some faded roses on the bed beside her, and she said, as one repeats words of a foreign tongue, all unlearned in their meaning: "Regret, sorrow, disappointment—what are these?"

"Death went on: "Come, my child, come with me to Paradise, to the land where all is serenity, all is joy and content; where the days are all one as another in their changeless, tranquil happiness." And then, as Death became the more imperative, as he again touched her with his icy fingers, she looked across the room until she met the pictured face, and something like firmness gathered and settled upon her childish features. "That is not Paradise of which you tell me." Then she hesitated, but, looking straight and direct into the close, stern face of Death, a little faint flush creeping into her cheeks and a sweet, unafraid womanliness growing upon her as she spoke: "That is not Paradise. Paradise is here, because John is here."

And Death went his way with empty arms, and when she waked the watchers said that she wandered, still she was feverish and distraught, although her eyes were placid and clear and her

voice even and sweet, for she said: "No, I will not go with you; Paradise is here."

It was noon, a still summer noon when Death came again, meeting as he glided through the solemn quiet of the waiting, praying, desolate home, a man whose face was as pale and set as Death's own; whose eyes were heavy with unshed tears; children with a strange grief upon their hearts. But heedless, un pitying Death passed them by, and went once again for the one who was brought into the shadow of his wing. But it was a different scene that met his eyes as he paused for an instant at the door; it was a mother's room now, wide and spacious. Over the mantel the pictured face of a man, a scholarly face, pure of outline and direct and firm of expression, seemed to dominate the room, and the groups of children's portraits, little shoes upon the floor, little stockings in the great, wide workbasket, schoolbooks and slates on the desk by the window, all typified her life, with its broad, unselfish, womanly interests, its loves and its cares, its duties and its pleasures. Once again she listened to Death's pleadings, and as he looked upon her, he almost envied Life the beauty he had written upon her face. Youth and freshness were gone, spent as a generous giver does more gold, in loving service, glad to be the poorer; but there was grace and loveliness passing that of form or color in the quiet, Madonna-like eyes, the thoughtful brow, the mouth kept sweet and meli-

low by sunshine and rain, the words of love and the crooning of cradle songs; all was there, all the life from which he had warmed her—tears and laughter, moments of joy, hours of sorrow and grief, years of sweet, calm, error-paced content, hope, patience, anxiety, realization—the story was all written there, and it was gain, not loss; beauty, strength and all-love womanliness, but Death despaired not, even though he saw more of happiness than of sorrow.

"Now you are ready to come with me to Paradise; you who have known grief and loss, for I have taken your children from your arms, and they bloom there. You have seen all that Life imposes; you have known weariness; you have felt the thorns and briars along the path. Life has not spared you labor or care. To you, and such as you, I come as a deliverer; and you will forever find your hands in eternal peace. Come with me, you who should greet the coming of a friend who will give you Paradise."

But she looked up into his face, into the passion-pure, marble-like features of Death, and, as the glow of the Northern Lights flushes into roseate hue the fields of ice and snow, so the face of Death became illumined with all but human beauty and expression, as she said, her voice not the timid, faltering tones of the blushing maid, who had once answered his plea, but the full-rounded, melodious accents of a woman: "Go your way, Death. I know all that life means, all that love gives and takes, and again will I say, after all these years, Paradise is not with you. Paradise is here, happiness is here, for John is here!"

And Death trailed his ghostly garments, through the house and went alone, with almost a bitterness against his brother Life, who could so hold out and so charm. When she waked she said, as one who had routed and conquered a foe: "What does he know of Paradise? Paradise is here, for you, my beloved, are here."

Evening shadows were gathering when Death came again. The room was all in half lights; a mother's room still, but no longer that happy mother of little children. No little shoes upon the floor, no little stockings in the work basket; the low rocker where so many lullabies had been sung was gone; the little pile of school books and slates was put away; the lessons to be learned in mother's room were not to be coned from books, or written upon slates. The man's face still looked down from the mantel, but the pictures around it were no longer of children, but of men and women. All was changed, all the childish life was folded away, but the anxious ones as he passed, they looked with eyes that stirred his memory, the fathomless, aged-like memory of Death, with a recollection of two other faces—the child and the woman, neither of whom would go with him in these buried years.

But now he had scarcely paused by her side when she said to him as one who greets and welcomes and half chides a friend who has tarried too long: "Why have you waited such a weary time to come for me? I have been watching and praying for you—oh, so long! and you let me linger." And, as he gazed upon her out of the depths of the past he remembered her, although it was an old and worn face that was lifted so wistfully to his, white and lined, framed in snowy hair, tired and grief-stricken, but the voice was the same, though all its vibrant tones were stilled, that voice that always took on a softer measure at one name. So it was that when they found her, the men and woman who called her Mother, on her face was a strange, sweet peace, and a smile almost of triumph and much of youth; for it came when she placed her hand in that of Death, and said: "Yes, I will go with you to Paradise, for John is here."

Where the Pain Went.

"I thought you were working on the Jay Krank's new house," said the house-painter's friend.

"I was going to," replied the house-painter, "but I had a quarrel with him, and he said he'd put the paint on himself."

"And did he do it?"

"Yes, that is where he put most of it."—Philadelphia Press.

ABUSE THE MARKETS.

On the Naked Pica of Overproduction Disaster Has Been Forced Upon the People.

The alarmist has a poor vocation. Men, generally speaking, who are engaged in active industries, are much given to discounting the prosperity which seems apparent to almost everyone who is not profoundly thoughtful on the conditions necessary to and the interruptions which are a constant source to the necessary conditions. Therefore it is that the honest masters of trade are constantly on the lookout for an interruption of the essential conditions which insure prosperity. Were these dependent on supply and demand it would not be difficult to gauge the relations—between the producer and the consumer, and if honest principles were in control between the two forces, production and consumption, the crisis would in most instances be averted, or certainly controlled within the smallest space of the business affected.

A large, intelligent lesson has been taught in the last few weeks to those controlling the productive market. It is a notable fact that prices of stock in all the active had sailed into the skies, and insatiate greed was doing its full part to keep them there.

The conservative buyers fully appreciated the situation. They felt that the speculators had taken a fearful hold on the manufacturing industries, and the result could not be anything but disastrous. They would not be losers. They could hold their holdings. They could give warnings, and thus prepare the public for the slump. They could go still further. They could punish the vicious element which had assaulted prices without just cause, and who, it was claimed, were amenable under the law. With-

in a day the slump came. Thousands of people were ruined. A great enterprise which had involved 100,000,000 to perform a service which only required 50 per cent. of that amount (\$50,000,000) was struggling with bankruptcy.

There were other means of disorder which could have assailed the "Steel and Wire trust" other than the one which did. Either of them would have been as effective in destroying the prosperity of the concern. A strike or a lock-out would have been highly injurious. Or a combination of the controlling interest in the stock and other securities of the "trust" would have worked deplorable damage. On the naked plea of overproduction this disaster was forced on the people. It could not have been so done had not its principal officers countenanced the movement, and thus gave the strength of their names to the reduction of values. It seems strange that no legislation can be enacted which will insure punishment to those commercial outlaws. That it is not reflects severely on the class of people whom the public selects for the discharge of legislative life. The lesson taught in the above described illustration is one which it is wisdom to heed. The labor, the wage-earners, are less given to the destruction of established industries than are the men who are in possession of the securities, and who speculate to illegitimate returns on the capital they have invested, even though it be of a liquid character.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

"At the close of the Bryan campaign," shouts a republican, "the gold in the treasury was only \$97,000,000; now it is \$426,000,000. And every dollar was taken out of taxpayers' pockets—half of them democratic taxpayers."—Chicago Chronicle.

As the trusts are already forwarding contributions to the republican campaign fund, it is not a violent presumption that they are entirely satisfied with the anti-trust resolutions of the republican conventions.—Helena (Mont.) Independent.

The political situation in the far west may make it necessary for Mr. McKinley to again journey toward the setting sun before the summer is over. The republican campaign managers are hearing unpleasant news from the region beyond the Mississippi.—Boston Traveler.

Had the McKinley administration observed the pledge of congress and made Cuba free and independent—withdrawn the troops and allowed the Cubans to govern themselves—it could not be charged with responsibility for the Havana postal scandals.—Grand Rapids Democrat.

Relief from the trusts through a republican congress that openly approves every piece of legislation authorizing these commercial brigands to put their hands deeper into the people's pockets is as hopeless as trying to bale out the water from the sea with a sieve.—Kansas City Times.

The reckless manner in which money has been squandered in the administration of Cuban affairs as well as stolen by favorites of the white house and of Hanna does not give encouragement to look forward with approval to the passage of the act turning the Philippines over to the president with a free hand for the next six months.—Boston Post.

It is still said that the paramount issue of the presidential campaign will be the reelection of William McKinley. Is William still a saint? Have not some of the exposures of the war with Spain, and some of the more recent startling revelations, done a good deal to dim the McKinley halo? Or will the people be satisfied with the assurance that the cabinet is dutifully considering the post office frauds with great gravity and that the president is still a dear, sweet man?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NAIL THE GUILTY ONES.

The Nation Is Responsible for the Looting of the Cuban Post Office.

Unless congress shall take in hand the Cuban post office frauds and thefts, whereby the Cuban people have been robbed of hundreds of thousands of dollars by appointees of President McKinley, and the United States has been put in the position of an unfaithful trustee, the facts of the crime are likely to be smothered in the interest of McKinley's reelection. At present the purpose of the administration seems to be to make a show of activity in dealing with one or two of the culprits, and then treat the whole subject as no longer of public concern. Then the plea will be offered that the wrongdoing was liable to occur under any administration, and that, when detected, it was vigorously prosecuted.

An answer like this, however, does not cover the case. There have been dishonest officials, it is true, under democratic as well as republican rule, although it is equally undeniable that dishonesty on the part of public men has been much more frequent in republican administrations than in democratic, and that the era of flagrant corruption came in with the advent of the republican party to power.

These Cuban frauds, however, have a turpitude all their own. They belong to that most odious class of crimes—breaches of trust, and—worst of all—they constitute breaches of trust not only on the part of those immediately guilty, but of the national government.

As an employer is responsible for the acts of his agent, so President McKinley is responsible, and the nation of which he is the head is responsible, for the looting of Cuba's post office treasury by knaves whom McKinley selected and appointed.

It is, in one sense, as if a minister or ambassador of the United States, admitted to a foreign court on the strength of his credentials, should steal the purse or rob the treasury of the sovereign receiving him.

The only way to clear the honor of the United States, which has been marred and tarnished by McKinley's Cuban carpet-baggers, is for congress to make an honest and exhaustive investigation, and fix the guilt and the responsibility where they belong, no matter how high the offenders. The cry of the democrats in congress should be that of Gen. Grant, when some of his trusted associates proved to be scoundrels: "Let no guilty man escape!"

THE PEOPLE APPEALED TO.

Envoys of a Nation Struggling for Freedom Ignored by the Republicans.

A Chicago McKinley organ, the Triton, anxious, lest the Boer envoys fall into the error of appealing to the people directly, instead of through the government, expresses its fear that in doing they are in danger at the outset of becoming the plaything of a democratic political gathering.

It is a trifle surprising that the foreign envoys of a nation struggling for freedom are not entitled to receive the sympathy of the American people or of that part of them allied to the democratic party. The suspicion is excited that if, in the beginning of the South African war, when the British were being mowed down like grass with the Boer scythe, an English deputation had appealed to the sympathy of the republican party it would have been granted with a fervor enhanced by large contributions of money. That indeed was the republican sentiment unconcealed by the republican press and official Anglo-

The real fear of the republican managers is not that the Boer envoys will fall into the hands of the democratic Philistines, but because the policy of the McKinley administration has put itself so far out of line with free government, whether abroad or at home, that it sees slipping away from the party the affections of a freedom-loving American people, and cannot avail itself of any expressed sympathy for a struggling people, to add to Mr. McKinley's chances of reelection.

Since when is it that the American people are not free to express sentiments adverse to the policy and practices of the party in power? Is not that a greater right in the people of this country than it is the right of the party in power to adopt a policy in direct opposition to the people and injurious to their interests?

I might bring on a terrible war. Perhaps, but would it not be in a better cause than bringing on an equally terrible war at the request of non-combatants to collect a few paltry thousand dollars alleged to be due from Turkey on account of highly overvalued second-hand wearing apparel?—National Democrat.

The Republican Policy.

It is melancholy in these closing weeks of a session which promised so much of solid advantage to the nation to look back and see how little has really been achieved and how much of that has been incessantly bungled. It is so obvious as to be undeniable that in this congress the democratic minority has thus far surpassed the republican majority in the two vital qualities of skill and "sand." We have had, not perhaps a wasted, but certainly far from fruitful, session. The popular feeling toward republican congressional leadership is one of unconcealed discontent. It may easily become a feeling of disgust if affairs are not considerably bettered before adjournment. For five months the republican policy in congress has been in large part one of temporizing, compromising and surrender.—Boston Journal (Rep.).

HIS FATHER'S SON

THE day so long anticipated had arrived at last, and Noel Sherriff stood, a fully entered student, on the steps of St. Paul's hospital. His father's stories of the life at the old college had fired the boy's youthful ardor, and away in the plains of India he had vowed to be a doctor, and to win a place in the I. M. S.

And now it was as dust in his mouth, for he was alone. In his father's death he had been the pride of the European staff, for no one could beat him in any branch of athletics, but at St. Paul's he was an unnoticed unit.

Presently a man whom he saw at once was a native of India, came and stood close by his side. Moved by the urgent need for companionship, Sherriff made the first advances.

"I wonder if you feel as lonely as I do?" he asked.

The native turned abruptly. "I'm from India," he replied, a dark flush sweeping over his face as he heard a muttered "Nigger" spoken by one student to another.

"So am I!" exclaimed Sherriff. "I'm from Amritsar, where my father is stationed. His name is Sherriff, and he is a colonel in the Indian medical. And you?"

"I'm a Hindoo, and my European name is—Pamphlett. But, surely, you won't talk to a nigger!" His tone was acrid in its bitterness, and Sherriff looked up in surprise.

"O, come, Pamphlett," he said, cheerfully, "that's not fair. Anyway, let you and I be friends."

"Well, Sherriff," hesitatingly answered Pamphlett, "I'm a queer-tempered man; but let it be so."

"Then come and live at my diggings! There's a capital front and back room above my floor, and we can read together comfortably."

"Now, look here, young man," said Pamphlett three weeks later. "It's time we began to read at night. Grinning at the hospital all day won't pass our exams for us, unless we work at night, too. We've seen all the plays, we've visited most of the halls, and you and I have got to buckle to!"

Both men were sitting in Sherriff's rooms smoking and discussing the events of the day.

"Very well," lazily replied the lad, knocking out the ashes from his pipe. "What do you suggest?"

"Well, we ought to grind up our bones regularly at night before working at St. Paul's in the morning. I'm sick of going out, aren't you?"

"I've got a capital skeleton in a box upstairs," said Sherriff, laughing. "I got it." Then he stopped abruptly, as he caught sight of his companion's look of inquiry. "I'll go and turn the box out. I'll save you from buying, for you shan't want two sets."

Box in hand, Pamphlett left the room, and the door closed behind him. Often now, as he drives the patient bullocks in his paddy fields in India he sees that standing by the door.

Gloomily enough he went to his sitting-room and lit a candle, while he opened the box, and turned out the bleached bones out with a rattle on the table.

The skull rolled toward the edge, and he hastily placed his hand on it, and, raising it up, gazed absently at it. Suddenly his face grew green, while his pupils contracted and expanded as he watched with a horrible fascination the whitening bone. There, on the vortex, were two deep cuts crossing each other.

"By Slivagee!" he murmured in Hindoostanee. "My father was left for dead by two such cuts."

"My father has a badly set left arm!"

Then, unwillingly, as if dragged by an unseen power, he crept round the table, and laid his hand on one of the arm bones. With a low cry of horror he fell half fainting into a chair.

"My father left us," he moaned, still in the language of his thoughts, "to go on a pilgrimage to give thanks for his recovery. He never returned, and now this curse Feringhi makes a byword and reproach of him. May every curse light on his head!"

Saluting almost to the ground before the table, Pamphlett gathered the ends of the tablecloth together, and then, lifting up the burden reverently, he replaced it in the box. Then, resting his head on his hands, he wept silent, awful sobs.

"Pamphlett! Pamphlett!" cried Sherriff from below, "aren't you coming down? I've ordered in the coffee. Come on!"

The man rose, once more saluted at the box, now resting on a chair, and then slowly went downstairs.

"By the way, where did you get your bones? Did you buy them?"

"Well, it's too bad of me to spin a yarn against myself, but here goes. About three years ago, just before my father had decided to make a medical career, when I was old enough, I was walking near the great trunk road near Amritsar. Lying in the long grass, about 20 yards from the track, I found a dead pilgrim, dried almost to a mummy. He might have been there for years, for all I knew, as the undergrowth was thick and tangled and it was no use making any inquiries about him. Then, thinking that later on I should require a skeleton—"

Had Sherriff looked up at that moment he would have died then and there, for Pamphlett was crouched in his chair like a tiger about to spring. For a moment the extremity of his rage made the oriental forget his native caution; but he recovered himself and said, in guttural tones:

"But the man was on a holy errand, and at least should have been respected on that account."

"Yes, you're quite right, and I wish I hadn't done it," cried the boy, dimly conscious that his story had fallen woefully flat. "Tell you what, you won't use the poor old chap at all. Ugh! You've given me the creeps. Pamphlett! I think I'll turn in now."

A month later Noel Sherriff was tossing restlessly on a bed of sickness. His pinched face and blue lips told eloquently enough of the severity of his symptoms, and his nurse and his doctor shook their heads despondently over his case.

But it was Pamphlett who sat up at night, and who hovered round the sick bed by day, taking his rest by snatches when he could. It was to Pamphlett that the sick boy turned for amusement and for solace, and so far the native had not failed him.

One afternoon he heard strange footsteps ascending the stairs, and he rose softly and went to the door. A stout, red-faced man was panting for breath on the landing.

"My name is Sumpter, surgeon to the hospital for tropical diseases. Dr. Jones asked me to see young Sherriff, as he was not at all sure of the cause of the illness which is killing the lad."

The black eyes and the gray eyes met in ardent conflict, and the black gave down before the gray.

"I'll join you in the room below," said Sumpter, with a tightening of the lips, "and I emphasized the word—'I have finished my examination.'"

"It appears from the history that the lad's symptoms began three weeks ago, and he seems to think that some cury he ate was the origin of his troubles. He says that it didn't agree with him, and I can quite believe that." (But never a word spoke Pamphlett.) "A curious thing I found out, and that was, by an error on the cook's part, only enough cury for one was sent up. By a little questioning I found out that you and he tossed for it, and curiously enough, you lost, Mr. Pamphlett. Now, the only point on which I am in the dark is: 'Did you give him powdered glass, finely-cut up, camel's hair or bamboo chips, eh?'"

The voice was so cold and yet so merciless in its directness that sullenly enough the native surrendered.

"Camel's hair!" he said, between his teeth.

"And so you've taken up with an English lad who in the goodness of his heart, makes a friend of you, which not one in a thousand would, and you poison him? You live together, work together, and you poison him. I know your race thoroughly. Few do, admit, but I do; and, by my father's soul, there isn't another cur like you from one end of India to the other!"

Thoughtfully Pamphlett stood aside to let his master—for such he felt him already to be—pass in; and still more thoughtfully, he went to the appointed place, and waited for long minutes with what patience he could muster. Presently the heavy tread warned him that the moment for battle had come, and he braced himself for the fray.

"Now, Mr. Pamphlett, the case upstairs is exceedingly interesting to an old Anglo-Indian surgeon. The boy is suffering from what we used to call 'venena cholera.'"

The native insensibly dropped into the attitude of appeal all natives assume when before the European. His head was bent, and he stood with his hands crossed on his breast.

"O, my father and my mother!" he began, in Hindoostanee, dropping at once the European metaphor and assuming the picturesque native idiom, "the words of wisdom have indeed fallen from thy lips. It is given to the protector of the poor to know the inmost thoughts of his servant, and foolish would thy slave be to hide anything."

"Thy servant had a father who was far above all other parents in his kindness and in his care for his children. Ten years ago he was nearly killed by wicked men who cut his head with swords and broke his arm most evilly. When in time he recovered he left us with his blessing and went to a holy shrine to return thanks for his recovery."

"On the way Azrael touched him, and, laying himself down in the long grass at the roadside, he went to his gods in silence. After seven years the accused Feringhi, now lying upstairs, passed by and found the poor remains of the holy pilgrim."

"Did he pass by in reverence? No! O powerful one. He picked up the bones of my father and made them a byword and a scoff. He was of a different faith from our people; but he did not even respect our feelings."

"Your high honor would have slain the infidel on the spot; not so your servant. He administered the poison to satisfy the spirit, wandering now a homeless phantom until the sacred rites are fulfilled. It is finished!"

Sumpter had said nothing, but the severity had gone from his face as he listened to the passionate words.

"Go!" he said, after a pause; "take your relics—take your books and your goods and go to holy Ganges. Burn there the unburied bones, and then return to your village. Do not attempt to come back, for the arm of the law is long, and strikes certainly, if it be slow. Go!"

"He will not recover. Of that I am sure, else I had not let you depart. Go! I take back what I said; you had cause. You were your father's son. Go!"

Pamphlett saluted, as to his holiest shrine, and then silently left the room, while the old doctor stood by the fire wondering.—London Answers.

Corks Steeped in Vaseline.

Corks that have been steeped in vaseline are said to be an excellent substitute for glass stoppers without their disadvantages. They are not affected by acids or chemical fumes, and they do not become fixed by a blow or by long disuse.

EVERYBODY WANTED TO HELP

Sympathetic Bystanders Do Their Utmost to Relieve Horse Distress.

When the sewing machine agent jumped out of his rig on Washington street and tossed the weight out on the pavement near his horse's front feet he failed to notice that a sewer opening was only a few feet back of the horse's nose. The horse, says the Chicago Chronicle, did not notice it, either, or if he did his subsequent actions showed him to be a very careless animal. The driver disappeared into the saloon and the horse, growing restless, jerked the weight back until it slipped into the sewer, where it hung, suspended by the strap attached to the bridle. This was a novel situation to the horse, who could not understand what the strong pull on the left side of his bit meant. He turned and twisted, trying to escape the dragging weight, but, with nothing to sustain it except sewer gas, the weight hauled away at his jaw until the bystanders interfered.

One of them seized the strap and relieved the horse of the strain, but the big iron disk would not come out of the opening—it had so easily slipped into edgewise. The owner arrived when eight men were offering suggestions and two were jerking on the strap trying to pull the front of the cast-iron sewer cover. There was a council of war and the driver knelt down and thrust his arm into the drain, trying to reach the weight and turn it edgewise again. It was too far in. Fifty people were gathered by this time and the excitement was intense. Men, who should have returned from luncheon were standing around holding the horse weight, while others offered suggestions. At length some one thought of the man-hole cover and a dozen hands tried to pry it loose. It was covered with mud, and delicate kid gloves were ruined in the attempt. It would not budge. They kicked and dug and hauled in vain and the street cars were getting blocked when a small boy came out of a basement with a crowbar. With one deft movement he raised the cover of the man-hole, the driver reached in and seized the weight and the strap was allowed to slip through the small opening. The crowd looked at itself rather foolishly and moved on. The excitement was all over.

QUEER ARTICLES OF IMPORT.

Some of the Odd Things That Are Demanded in the Arts and Industries.

Not all of America's imports are ordinary, everyday things. Some are weird and wonderful and others, commonplace in themselves, come from places that seem to us unusual, says the New York Press. We take coal from New Castle, N. S. W., rags from Antwerp; matches from Belgium; cigars from Bombay; photographic plates and canned lobsters from Cape Town; firecrackers from Canton, an amount for the last quarter of 1899 being in value \$85,000; wild orchids from Barranquilla, Colombia, and but-terflies from Santa Marta, Colombia.

Among the queer things that come in from Canada are bicycle lamps, diamonds, steel rails, lumber from logs cut in Maine and taken to St. John, N. B. to be dressed; cattle switches, theatrical scenery, gas liquor, cattle tails, jewelers' sweepings, tenderloins, tea sittings, green willow cuttings and frogs legs.

From Cairo we get real Egyptian cigarettes, while rosaries come from Angers, in France. A large amount of paper for photographic purposes comes from Grenoble, France, and from Dresden, while \$500 worth of mails got in from Havre. Some one brought in a pair of audions from Lyons. That city also supplies a good deal of tinaroni. Mistletoe comes from Nantes, and rat traps from St. Etienne.

Berlin sends us human hair and ready-made clothing. Slate pencils come from Coburg, old rubber shoes from Konigsberg and from Rubeck. We take pencil sharpeners and srow-shoes from Mannheim and also a little soot. For goose liver pies we are indebted to Neustadt. Human skeletons, prepared and ready for use, come from Solingen.

Brimstone to the value of nearly \$375,000 comes from Gargenti, Italy, and also from Palermo, where we find pom-pom donkeys and orange peel. From Japan we get their national drink, sake, which causes headaches, and menthol to make the head feel better. We also get toothpicks