

# THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

Courier

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

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## IS LITTLE BOB TUCKED IN?

"I've gotter go," she said, "an' see if little Bob's tucked in." He'll get his duds on if he's uncovered in this cold storm an' win." "Oh, little Bob's all right," said I. "You've been to tuck him in four times this mornin' an' I wouldn't run 'way upstairs ag'in." But Cynthia'd wroth, fret an' stew. An' raise a drollie din: "Why, I mus' go ag'in," says she, "an' see if Bob's tucked in."

"Why, Cynthia, jest set down," I said, "an' get some food or life." A feller wants a chance to talk some evenin's with his wife. Then she would take her knittin' out. Or work upon her spittin' up. An' make b'lieve listen, though she didn't hear quarter w't I said. She wouldn't much more than get set down. Then jump right up an' tuck in. An' say: "I mus' run up an' see if little Bob's tucked in."

Young Bob was allus on the jump. An' filled the house with din. An' kicked his quilts off ev'ry night. Past us she tucked him in. His legs went so fast all day. As long as it was light. An' got up speed so they couldn't stop. An' say: "I mus' run up an' see if little Bob's tucked in."

She stood above the casket there. She bent to kiss his face. An' pat a stragglin' curl of hair. Or fix a bit of lace. Her heart was breakin' with the thought. That Bob, so round an' fat. So full of cranks an' fun, should sleep within a crib like that; But still she'd tuck in the robe. An' then come back ag'in. An' take a long, last look, an' see Her little Bob tucked in.

That night a storm or snow came on. An' how the winds did rave! The snow fell, like a coverlid. On little Bob's tucked in. "I'm glad it snows," his mother said. "It looked so hard an' bare. So hard, so cruel, an' so bleak. I crid to have him tucked in. But God has sent the blessed snow. I think an' 'tis no sin— That He has sent His snow to see That little Bob's tucked in." —Sam Walter Foss, in Boston Journal.

## A Chinaman's Gratitude

WELL, there's one good thing about a Chinaman, anyhow—he's grateful. Reminiscences of a Washington man who put in a couple of cruises as an apothecary in the United States navy. "You may, of late, in the great mass of rubbish that's been written about the slant-eyes, have seen that fact disputed; but I just happen to know that a Chinaman's grateful. However, in order to make the point clear I'll have to begin at the beginning. So here goes: "When I was serving on board a cruiser on the Pacific station I had as a shipmate a private marine named—oh, well, Tom Kingsley's near enough to it; some of his people, of good station, are still living in Philadelphia, and this boy hurt them enough, so we'll just make it Tom Kingsley. Kingsley was sent to the ship with a detachment of marines quite awhile after I was attached to the vessel. I noticed him particularly as soon as he came aboard—not so much because he was a tall, broad-shouldered, fine-looking chap, who completely outclassed the bunch he joined with in appearance and bearing, as because I saw what his trouble was as soon as I clapped an eye on him. I understood as soon as I made the discovery why Kingsley was wearing the uniform of a buck private in the marine corps. It was because a slavery to which he had become addicted in civil life had rendered him unfit and incompetent to keep up with the procession in civil life.

"That is to say, I didn't need two looks at Kingsley to see that morphine had him. His gray eyes focussed to pin-points, and all of the other exterior indications of the man chained in the morphine bondage. "At the inspection on the Sunday following Kingsley's coming aboard I watched my immediate chief, the ship's surgeon, narrowly to see if he was going to get on to Kingsley when he passed by the marine in following after the commanding officer. When the surgeon passed by the row of marines, eyes straight ahead, I observed that he gave one sharp glance at Kingsley, and that was all.

"Below, in my stateroom, after inspection, the surgeon looked at me out of the tail of his eye. "Have you noticed that marine apothecary?" he asked me. "Yes, sir," I replied. "Hum—I'm glad to be corroborated—yet I was sure I couldn't have been mistaken," said the surgeon. "Better have an extra eye to your store of morphine—keep it under cover." "However, Kingsley didn't become incapable. He was an admirable soldier of the sea. He was always right on the minute, a top-notch on guard duty, a spick-and-span man always. The marine officer in charge of the guard never, of course, suspected that there was anything wrong about Kingsley, and he thought so much of the man's faithfulness that he had him made a corporal a couple of months after Kingsley joined us. Kingsley was always under the influence of the drug, of course. He never ran out of the stuff. You know how morphine slaves provide against that awful contingency. He kept on edge all the time, and never appeared to overshoot his limit. Kingsley surely was a man of powerful self-control in that respect. However, I know that it would get him in time, and throw him. It always does through its victims if they give it rope enough, you know, and morphine is one of those things that just demands all the rope it wants.

"Kingsley knew by intuition that I knew about his habit, and he avoided me very elaborately. One noon-hour, however, I happened to be smoking a pipe at the gangway. Kingsley was looking out over the beautiful harbor

of Anapoulo in his dreamy, dopey way—his way, that is to say, when he was off duty. Well, I edged over to Kingsley. We were quite apart from the rest of the men.

"Bucko," said I, in as kindly a way as I could—I felt sorry for Kingsley, who was most obviously a gentleman—you want to cut it out. You do for a fact. I'll nail you. It's a game you can't beat. Nobody can beat it. I can reduce you gradually—eight of a grain a day. Better let me take hold of you. It'll be on the quiet."

"That's good of you, pal," replied Kingsley, never taking his eyes away from the horizon to look at me. "I won't forget it. But I've tried reducing before. I'm going to make the fight alone. I'm going to hang on if it kills me. Death is only a little thing, anyhow, compared to this slavery. When we hike away from here for the islands next week, I'm going to leave all I've got of the stuff over the side. Then it'll be me or the powder. I'll do the best I know. I'll be trying to win, anyhow. Much obliged to you, all the same."

"I had job, breaking it off all of a sudden," I told him. "Dangerous at that. Yet you're a pretty husky looking fellow. You may beat it!" "I was pretty skeptical about it, but I didn't want to discourage him. Well, the mudhook came up ten days later, and away we went to Honolulu. We started in the morning. I didn't see Kingsley until about toward night. He looked pretty bad, too. I knew that he was making the fight.

"Kingsley'll be coming to me for the stuff to-night," I thought. "He's been taking 30 or 40 grains a day, and he won't be able to stand it. But I'll be beached if it's found out that I've given him a sixteenth of a grain. I'm sorry for Kingsley, but I wouldn't be able to help him out."

"Well, Kingsley didn't come to me until about toward two o'clock on the following morning. "Just an injection," he whispered to me, hoarsely. "I'm going insane."

"I couldn't, and I told Kingsley so as decently as I could. It hurt me to turn him down, but I couldn't take the chance. He shuddered all over, and staggered out of my little store room.

"Right for'ard of my store room was the store room of Wang Woo, the skipper's steward. Wang, of course, hit the pipe. Most Chinamen in the navy do, in the midnight privacy of their store rooms, but no official notice is taken of that. It's looked upon as part of the Chinaman's game. Well, Kingsley stumbled into Wang Woo's store room. Woo was cooking him up a pill in the dark. I heard Kingsley beg the Chink for a little of the gummy stuff, offering to give up a month's wages for it. Woo passed him, and Kingsley stumbled forward, almost mad, as he had a right to be. He'd already been insane had it not been for his great natural strength.

"At nine o'clock that morning, the hour for sick call, I saw Kingsley come down the after ladder, looking frightful. His face was drawn to a knot from his sufferings. One of the gun divisions was breaking out the after magazines, the hatches to which were right at the foot of the after ladders. The hatches were wide open. Kingsley, coming down the after ladder, saw that they were open. But Wang Woo, coming around from the ward room at a little lode, to answer the call of the skipper's messenger above, was looking aloft through the main hatch to see the messenger boy, and he didn't see the open magazine hatches. Well, he had one foot already over one of the hatches, and was just about to plunge to the bottom of the fixed ammunition magazine, when the collar of his blouse was gripped by the hand of a man whose muscles were like iron. I mean Kingsley. Kingsley raised Wang Woo bodily to the ladder steps. Wang Woo almost fainted when he saw the danger he had been in, but he smiled blandly at Kingsley, and Kingsley followed him into the Chinaman's store room.

"Why, of course, Chinamen are grateful. Kingsley didn't report himself sick at all. He emerged from the Chinaman's store room ten minutes later, looking quite chipper, comparatively, and his eyes were focussed to pin-points until we got to Honolulu. Then Kingsley went ashore, took an overdose with all the deliberation in life, and was found dead in bed at a little hotel in Waikiki, with suitable letters, telling about his people, sealed and addressed to the skipper, on the table beside him.

"A Chinaman'll always make good for favors received."—Washington Star.

## Hunting a Tiger.

An English missionary to British Guiana penetrated a few years ago to the remotest settlements of those tropical wilds, where he was entertained by a half-breed settler. He reports one story told him there on a rainy day. The story is of interest for its detail, as well as for its adventure.

Hanging over the fence about the cabin was a huge tiger skin. We had arrived only a few days after the animal was killed. "Tell us about it," I said, for, like the Athenians of old, we had nothing else to do just then but to tell or hear something new.

## Huddersfield's Surprising Bargains

THE love of picking up bargains is common to the human race. A bargain appeals to the instinct of economy, and that is also common to all men, although it may often be dominated by a love of profusion, an indolence of character or a desire to flaunt a superabundance of wealth in the eyes of a supposedly admiring world. It flatters a man's sense of superiority. He has not only got the better of the seller by reason of his knowledge, diplomatically concealed, of the value of the article sold, but he can also chuckle in his sleeve at the less acute public who pay three times the price for the same thing. Huddersfield has the bargain habit to an abnormal extent.

It extends to everything. Huddersfield meets an old friend and wishes to entertain him in garcon by very seldom takes him to dine at the club. He says: "Say, old man, I'll tell you what I'm going to do with you. I'm going to take you to a little out-of-the-way joint where we can get some consomme souvarine and larded tenderloin an' maderie or something like that that you will remember as long as you live, with a bottle of wine that you can't get in the cellar of the Astor-Waldoria."

Then he rushes the friend to a street car and presently, after traversing two or three mean streets and one or two alleys that make the friend feel extremely nervous, they arrive at a dingy restaurant whose badly illuminated and dusty sign announces that it is the cafe something or other, but whose external appearance otherwise would lead one to suppose that it was a gospel mission poorly supported on an off night.

Inside there are half a dozen tables extending to a sort of box office through the window of which a view of the kitchen can be obtained. Three men with soiled shirts and a great deal of throat and anarchistic beards are smoking cigarettes at one of the tables and throwing out their fingers excitedly at one another as they gabble in a strange tongue. A gaunt and depressed-looking woman pensively stabbing a roll with a three-tined steel fork is the only other patron of the establishment present. Huddersfield and the friend take their places at the table which seems to have the cleanest cloth. There is veridigris on the top of the salt cruet and a dark brown crust of undoubted antiquity ornaments the mustard pot.

"A little bohemian," says Huddersfield, rubbing his hands briskly and looking around with a smile. "It is just what I like. A man who gets in the habit of judging by appearances misses lots of good things in this world of ours."

"Does it always smell so?" asks the friend. "Smell how?" "Well, I don't know whether I can analyze it exactly," sniffing—"but I should say that the garlic is unmistakable. I think I can detect wet clothes and yeast, but it may be the cigarettes."

"You wait until you get your dinner," says Huddersfield, "and in the meantime watch those fellows over there. There's a sight you wouldn't see in Binsley's in 100 years. Life—that's what you see here: life and human nature. I like to observe it."

By this time a dark-eyed waiter who has neglected to shave for several days appears and takes Huddersfield's order and spreads a coarse napkin over the worst stain in the cloth. This done, he vanishes into the kitchen and is heard to shout fiercely at the cooks, who scream at him in return and seemingly begin to smash dishes.

"They've got a cook in here who could be earning his \$250 a month downtown if he only knew it," says Huddersfield, removing a left-over crust that the waiter had not noticed. "If this place was known by people who could appreciate it half the block wouldn't be enough for the custom."

There is a rather long wait and in the interval a stout man afflicted with catarrh comes in and takes a seat at a table close by. Huddersfield notices a smoky picture in a much fly-blown frame hanging in a dark corner of the room and, scenting a bargain, gets up to inspect it. But it turns out to be nothing but an oleograph. The dinner comes in and really is not so villainous a dinner as might be expected, although somewhat permeated with garlic and decidedly greasy. The wine is merely drinkable, and it is likely that Huddersfield was right in saying that it could not be obtained at the Astor-Waldoria. Huddersfield expands over the wine, holds it up to the light and looks at it knowingly out of one eye, sips it slowly and pauses between sips with both eyes turned up ecstatically. The friend tries to be enthusiastic over it, too, but he has not yet recovered from the thumbmarks that the waiter left on the edges of the plates. They finish up with long stogie-looking cigars with straws run through them for the improvement of the draft. It really improves the flavor of the cigar as well. When the check comes Huddersfield exhibits it triumphantly.

"You couldn't get a dinner like that downtown for four times the money," he says. "I don't believe you could get one like it at any price," says the friend, with evident sincerity, and Huddersfield makes up his mind that he is a man of fine discrimination. When the friend gets back to his hotel he sends out for some dyspepsia tablets, but he acquits Huddersfield of meanness,

for he knows that he could have dined decently and in a decent place for two-thirds of the charge, not counting the street car fares.

Huddersfield's house is jammed full of bargains. He has a Chinese chest of camphor-wood in the hall that looks like an immigrant's trunk. His laundryman had not the faintest conception of the value of the thing from an artistic point of view, and allowed him to take it for \$15, but a bargain hunter has absolutely no shame and would just as soon take advantage of a confiding and innocent Chinaman as not. Not very long after the sale of the camphor-wood chest, which the janitor contends is plain deal and wormy at that, Huddersfield discovered a lovely little cloisonne vase on a shelf just over Hop Sing's ironing table beneath the shrine of the God of Most Happy Destiny and he was conscienceless enough to buy that vase for five dollars.

Since that time several other little articles of bric-a-brac have been seen carelessly scattered around Hop Sing's laundry, but Huddersfield has bought none of them since. Burkholder rubbed the bottom of the cloisonne and deciphered the stamped legend: "Made in Germany."

But, as Huddersfield says, anyone is likely to get fooled once in awhile and the fact that the fifteenth century Florentine intaglio that he stumbled on by accident in a pawnbroker's shop on the West side was duplicated in a shop in the Palais Royal by a friend who has returned from Paris did not discourage him. He has found a beautiful specimen of Flemish wood carving, for which he thought at the time he paid almost what it was worth, to have been stamped by steam at Racine, Wis., and that did not dampen his ardor. His cigar bargain, however, left a deep and lasting effect on him.

Wasserman was over at Huddersfield's house one evening. Huddersfield dived into his chiffonier and brought out a handful of cigars and threw them on the table. At first Wasserman was a little suspicious. He said he had a few cigars of his own in his pocket and was a creature of habit in the matter of tobacco, but Huddersfield insisted and he lit one of the handful.

After the first few puffs Wasserman's face assumed an expression of surprise, and he looked at the cigar respectfully. Another whiff or two and he said in a startled tone: "This is really a mighty good cigar, Huddersfield; where did you get it?"

Huddersfield smiled complacently and leaned back in his chair with his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. "Why, I'll tell you," he said. "I got those cigars at a bargain—stumbled on them quite by accident. It was in a little out-of-the-way cigar stand away over on the South side. I stepped in there to get a cigar—never dreamed of getting anything fit to smoke, but I had to have something. The proprietor was an old chap who acted as if he was half baked, too."

"Well, I was looking over the show cases and I saw a box away over in the corner that looked as if it hadn't been tapped much and I thought I'd try one of them on suspicion. It was a little dry, but I knew at the first draw that it was the right stuff."

"We don't sell many of them there," says the old man; "they don't seem to suit our trade. I guess I got stuck on them."

"A little rank, but it makes smoke," I said. "What will you make me these by the hundred?" I pointed to another kind of course. I wasn't going to let on that I wanted the one I was smoking. He made me a figure and then I priced something else and went on until I came to the corner box, and in a casual way asked the price of them. He said he would sell me a hundred for \$3.50, and I took him up. That's the second box you're smoking now."

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed Wasserman. "That was one time you did strike it. It's a pity he hadn't more of them."

"As for that," returned Huddersfield, "I guess I can get all I want of them. I guess the old boy has got 3,000 or 4,000 of them in his cellar. I'd have taken the lot, but I'm pretty well stocked up with some Havanas my wife's brother got for me. He's an importer and ought to know a good cigar, but I don't like his as well as my \$3.50 ones and I guess they stand me in something like \$12 wholesale."

"I don't suppose you'd care to give me a chance at them?" asked Wasserman. "I don't know when I smoked anything that suited me better and I flatter myself I know a good cigar." Huddersfield said he would be delighted and he really was. Here was one time that his bargain was appreciated. Wasserman asked if a thousand would be hitting him too hard; he replied "certainly not, my boy," and took Wasserman's \$35 with enthusiasm and when he went away insisted that he should put some of the cigars in his pocket. Later he discovered that he had dipped into the wrong box and that he had engaged to deliver his brother-in-law's \$120 Havanas.

He did it, but when Wasserman asked for another thousand he told him that somebody had come along and bought the old man out. Wasserman knows that he lied when he said so and has never liked him very well since.—Chicago Daily Record.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

John C. Strunk, of Middle Smithfield, Pa., is 94 years old and has never been outside the county in which he was born.

The poets have written lots of loving things about tears. But not one has ever dilated upon the love-compelling beauty of erise noses.

The new scale of salaries for the president, first, second and third vice presidents of the Order of Railway Telegraphers has been fixed at \$3,000, \$1,500, \$1,300 and \$1,200 respectively.

The duke of Norfolk, though a rich man, dresses rather like a prosperous farmer and has a beard of considerable length, which he has trimmed, it is said, whenever he happens to think of having that operation performed.

The prince of Wales, when first married, spent some of his time each year at Birkhall house in Scotland. He still returns there whenever possible. When there he is fond of wearing a Highland kilt and prefers to see those about him so clad.

The late earl of Darley never sat in the house of lords, as he refused to take the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria. On his mother's side he was descended from the Stuarts, earls of Lennox, of which family the Darley who married Mary Stuart of Scotland was a member.

Mlle. Henriot, the young actress who lost her life in the fire at the Theatre Francaise, in Paris, will be commemorated by a very handsome monument in the Passy cemetery.

The tomb has been designed by an architect, and on it there is a marble bust of Mlle. Henriot by M. Puech. On the pedestal is an inscription, which runs: "She came, she smiled and passed." 1878-1900."

## BABY ALLIGATORS.

The Young Saurians Are Hatched Out in Job Lots in Steam-Heated Snad.

Up in the reptile-house of the Bronx zoo something unique in the way of a hatching of young alligators was on exhibition, says the New York Mail and Express.

The young 'gators were being turned out in job lots in a large, glass-enclosed, steam-heated cage in the northwest corner of the main reptile-room. The floor is covered with warm sand, in which several dozens of alligator eggs are cuddled. The eggs are about seven inches long, oblong in shape, and of a dingy leathery white color.

About the center of the cage is a large shallow pan full of water, sunk to the level of the floor. In and about the pan are several dozen young alligators, from six inches up to ten in length, scrambling about, climbing all over each other, splashing about in the water, and seemingly happy and contented. The baby 'gators are bright blue, green and black spotted in color. In general color and appearance they look more like lizards than anything else.

The hatching process is quite interesting. Every now and then an egg will begin to squirm and roll about. One end works more actively than the other and swells up like a mushroom head. Then it cracks and spreads out from the slit, through which a little long-pointed muzzle begins to work out. A lot of energetic wriggling, which flops the eggs about in all directions, sets the youngster free. Out he pops and after a shake or two, by some wonderful instinct of nature, away he scuttles the infant to the pan of water, into which it plunges without any fear.

Alligator, Jr., splashes about awhile, and then joins his brothers and sisters, following the universal alligator habit of crawling on top of as many of his relations as he can and resting his head on the nearest back.

Mrs. Alligator was not present at the hatching. Alligator experts say that after she has laid the eggs her part of the manufacture of young 'gators is finished. She pays no more attention to them, and confines herself, in the south, to lying low in the swamps, waiting for dogs, pigs or tender young colored infants to wander her way. As to Alligator pere, those same experts assert that if there is one thing he likes better than another it is young alligators fresh from the shell, without any dressing. He is said to swallow them up by the dozen, and then complain because there are no more.

The Bronx zoo is well supplied with grown-up alligators. They have some very large ones in the reptile-house ponds, which seem to do nothing but lie on the pond platforms motionless.

## The Ordination of a Chinese Priest.

A missionary in China thus describes the ordination ceremony of a Bonze (priest) of which he was a witness: "On the appointed day the friends and invited guests of the candidates assemble in the pagoda where the ceremony is to take place. The act of consecration begins with the removal of all the hair from the head by a close shave. Then, as the ceremony progresses, little balls made of sulphur, grease and incense are placed upon the head and so fastened as not to roll off. At the proper moment the superior completes the act of consecration by setting fire to these balls. The candidates are forbidden either to move or touch their burning heads, while the majority admit their terrible shrieks of pain to the horrible smell of burning flesh."—Pall Mall Gazette

## MEN LIVED BEFORE APES.

Darwin's Disagreeable Successor of the Origin of Species Theoretically Controverted.

Sensitive persons who object to being confronted with their poor relations may find comfort in the theory advanced by Prof. Klaatsch, of Heidelberg university, says the London Standard. We are no longer bound to believe that man is descended from apes. The mystery of evolution has been cleared up, the search for the missing link is rendered futile by the learned doctor's discovery of the proper significance of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh. The short strand, as one part of this is called, is attached to the fibula, and is fitted with a special nerve. After several years of investigation Herr Klaatsch has convinced himself that this "short strand" is a rudimentary form of a muscle common to a considerable number of mammals, such as man, apes, carnivores and many rodents. In fact, it is very frequently present, but only antitropical apes and prehensile-tailed American monkeys possess it in the same modified condition as man. Some climbing creatures indeed have entirely lost it, such as the lemurs of the old world. That indicates that the muscle cannot be serviceable for life on trees, its modification being the result of disuse when the progressive creature began to walk upright. Thus it is an inheritance, common indeed to man and apes, but derived from some remote mammalian ancestor. So far from proving the ape to be father of the man, it suggests the contrary view. Both can claim a common ancestry in some long extinct mammalian form, but that is all. Though the savants may be right in inferring from the fragmental remains of the Javan pithecanthropus that it was either the most manlike of apes or the most apelike of men, the creature does not supply the missing link in a pedigree beginning in a simian and ending in homo sapiens.

The professor also tells us that the existing apes are for the most part degenerate forms. Are we, then, to reverse the line of pedigree and declare that an old-time self-indulgent race of men have degenerated into apes, as little Tom was taught, according to the "Water Babies"? But to check any human conceit which he may seem to have encouraged Herr Klaatsch informs us that it is quite wrong to consider man as a mammal, the most perfectly developed in every way. That is not true of his teeth and limbs; only in the matter of brain is he facile princeps. Well, it is a relief to get this admitted, and as for the other organs, we concede much to animals which have to get their living by cracking nuts or gnawing bones; we do not profess to leap like tigers, run like deer or climb like gibbons. In all these we grant the advantage of the savages, and are aware that an edentulous or nearly toothless being is to be the ultimate result of civilization. But, we suggest, is not the professor building up a very large superstructure on a rather small base? His argument, though it comes to a different conclusion, reminds me of the famous controversy in which Huxley and Darwin once figured as to whether the ape did not possess a small structure called a hippocampus in his brain, for on that depended whether or not the ape was the "long-lost brother" of man. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the professor has proved more than the most thoroughgoing evolutionist's ready to grant. The latter does not assert, so far as we know, that man is descended from a gorilla or a chimpanzee, or an orang-outang. He holds, rather, that, as sometimes happens in the social scale, one branch of a family has greatly risen, while all the others have remained children of Gibeon. Charles Darwin stated this quite clearly in "The Descent of Man," and it is still generally accepted. As an evolutionist he admitted a kinship between all mammals, since their pedigrees had a common origin. Sometimes the parting had been very remote, sometimes more recent. The platyrrhine and catarrhine monkeys are cousins of a distant degree, while man is a nearer one of the latter, but nothing like a cousin-german. In fact, to an evolutionist, it would not seem strange for ancestors to be flourishing side by side with their offspring, for nature works very slowly, and will not be hurried over the origin of a species.

High Water in Calcutta.

After not raining for a long time it rained very hard in India, and the recent letters and newspapers from Calcutta describe the flooding of that city, where the water stood 20 inches deep in the streets. People went about in boats and wagons, and, as the rules of the road were suspended for the time, there was a great mix-up in the more crowded thoroughfares. In some places pedestrians waded up to their necks and in others up to their knees. Scores of natives went about the streets spearing fish. The fish tanks had been overflowed and it was good fishing in all the principal streets, especially in the celebrated Mainan. A native clerk who was late at his office excused himself by saying that in wading in his place of business he was much annoyed by the fish, one of which jumped out of the water and hit him in the eye.—N. Y. Press.

## A Unique Church.

In the city of Heidelberg, Germany, there is a church called the Church of the Holy Ghost, which is unique in its way, being the only church in the world in which Protestant and Catholic services are held at the same time—a partition wall through the center separating the two congregations.—N. Y. Sun.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Mrs. Nextdoor—"We consider plane snatching wicked on Sunday."—Mrs. Snapp—"Glad to hear it. That's what we consider your daughter's on week days."—Philadelphia Press.

A Happy Thought.—"Oh, Mr. Saitis, I cannot accept your offer!" "But I thought you loved me?" "I do, but this will be my thirteenth engagement." "Oh, is that all? Then call the others off and begin on a new dozen."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Once upon a time a certain Person wrote wisdom. "What a fool!" said the World. Then a Person wrote folly, exclusively. "Wise guy!" said the World. This table teaches that wisdom and unwisdom are purely relative terms.—Detroit Journal.

One of the ancient and honorable: "I suppose all the girls will wonder why I accepted him. But if they only knew what a hero he has been! He has courted death in a hundred shapes." Edith—"What a flirt! But, then, I suppose that does make him interesting."—Boston Transcript.

Hostess—"Why, Mr. Smith, I've hardly seen you all the evening! Now, I particularly want you to come and hear a whistling solo by my husband." Smith (whose hearing is a trade, indistinct)—"A whistling and soda with your husband? Well, thanks, I don't mind if I do have just one!"—Punch.

The Best Time.—"Its Mamma!" "Isn't he too sweet, the little totsie wootsie?" The Friend—"Oh, yes, the cunning thing! But I want to see him when he's wide awake." Its Papa—"All right. Come around about two o'clock any morning and we'll accommodate you."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

They "Saved" It.—"Bobs"—"Too bad about Nobbs. Lost all of his furniture because of a false alarm of fire at his house." "Bobs"—"But, if there was no fire, how could his furniture be destroyed?" "Bobs"—"Well, you see, Nobbs lives in a suburban town where they have a volunteer fire department."—Baltimore American.

## A PSYCHIC PHENOMENON.

In This Case No Heed Was Paid to the Repeated Warnings of Dreams.

"Speaking of superstitions, and strange warnings that come to people," said a veteran Washington correspondent, according to the Star. "I had an experience once that I hardly know how to account for. I may say in advance that I don't believe in any of the business that cannot be demonstrated scientifically. One day, not a great while after the present elevator to the house press gallery had been put in, my mother sent for me to stop at her house on my way downtown, as she had something particular to ask me about. I went, and she asked me if there wasn't a new elevator to the press gallery. I told her one had been put in three or four months before that. She said that was it, and that I must not ride in it, for she had dreamed the night before that I had been crushed to death in it. I laughed at her, of course, and went on my way. Down on F street I met an aunt who told me she had something odd to tell me. She said she had been the day before, with a niece of her husband, to see a fortune teller, as the niece had taken a fancy to see one of those fakirs. The fortune teller, however, instead of telling the niece anything, had directed her remarks to her (my aunt) and had told her that she had a relative, a young man, whom she should warn, as he would be crushed to death in an elevator. That was rather a jar to me, as I was her only young man relative, and as I had so shortly before been warned by my mother. However, I laughed at her also and went on my way to the capital.

"I went about the committee rooms awhile, and at last, quite forgetful of my late warnings, went to the elevator to go up to the gallery. The elevator man, an old fellow whom I had known for some time, was in the cage when I got there, and before opening it he talked to me through the bars.

"I don't know," said he, "whether I ought to let you come in here or not."

"Why not?" I inquired, laughing. "Because," said he, as serious as could be, "I dreamed last night that I had run the elevator up too high and that as you started to get in you slipped some way under it, and when I got down to you at the bottom of the shaft you were smashed to death."

"This looked like the 'fatal three warnings,' and I confess I had a few doubts myself, but I had some nerve left, and I jollied him on his notion and got in. On my way up I told him what my mother and my aunt had told me, and the old fellow was so scared that he hardly knew what to do, but I got through all right, and up to date I have not been crushed in that elevator or any other, but, of course, that's no sign I won't be sure if I ever am, the cranks will be sure to hold me up as a frightful example. I suppose there are some people who wouldn't ride in that elevator for all kinds of money, and still they may fall downstairs any moment and break their necks."

How It Happened.

Tramp—How did I come to acquire the liquor habit? Ah, lady! I had a little child—just two years old—and Lady—Alas! And he died! "No, lady! He talked—and I wanted ter tell everybody you he said; and—you can guess de rest, mum!"—Puck.

## Tolerance.

Admiration is more tolerant than love.—Chicago Daily News.