

# 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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## DEAR UNSELFISH DAN.

"Most everyone that know our Dan agreed he was the kindest man they ever see. He had the knack of takin' on his own broad back the burdens on the slaps and pokes belonged by rights to other folks. If anyone was in distress, he'd go to Dan, he'd say: 'I guess we'll pull you out all right; let's see—suppose you leave all that to me.'"

Was nothin' finer than the way he cared for poor old Uncle Jay. Who was the most unlucky man for havin' trouble with his lan' 'bout taxes, or the early spring flowin', or some other thing. That plumb upset the poor old man. Then, in the nick of time, our Dan Steps in, and says: 'Ole,' says he, 'suppose you leave all that to me.'"

It got to be that Uncle Jay. He couldn't get along no way without our Dan, and our Dan he just cared for him unselfishly. And when the old man come to die, our Dan, of course was right close by. Says Uncle Jay: 'I'm worried, Dan. Hont what's to come of all my lan'?' An' all my money out at last. An' in the bank, when I am gone. Then Dan, he ups an' says, says he: 'Suppose you leave all that to me.'"

Catholics Standard and Times.

## NICKODEMUS.

BY F. E. BISLAND.

Nickodemus was a miner's "best friend," which, as everyone knows, means a burro. Like his tail, his name had been abbreviated, and as Nick he was familiarly known by the entire camp.

The camp consisted of two miners and a mucker. They and Nick were working the "Manzanito," a promising prospect-hole upon the mountain side a few hundred feet above Chimsal gulch.

Three hundred pounds of ore at a trip, and six trips a day made a shift for Nick. Alternate days he was relieved of his ore panniers and hitched to the arastra beam, where he did his stunt dragging a big rock round and round on top of the ore in the arastra pit.

Then his back didn't ache at night, nor his ribs feel sore as when he carried those heavy, wearisome old ore panniers for ten hours on end.

On ore-packing days when night had come he would stand a long time with his big ears drooped dejectedly forward, looking the picture of desolation, for he was too tired to move.

On clean-up days when the sun had dropped down near the tops of the big bull pines, Nick knew it was about time for the harness and collar to come off, and, with his neck gear loosened, he made a bee line for his deer brush, which grew thick on the mountains, for deer brush was the hot bird and cold bottle of Nick's bill of fare.

An idle burro's brain is the devil's workshop, no less than an idle miner's, mucker's or anyone's else, for the matter of that, and when Nick waked up that fateful day he dropped his long ears forward and listened intently for the accustomed sounds that came from the little cabin down on the creek.

No spire of blue smoke arose from the rude rock chimney where the mucker always kindled his fire of mornings. Something was wrong—radically wrong. Such proceedings were totally out of line with the routine of the camp during the entire six months that Nick and they had struck pay ore upon the mountain side.

Throwing his ear back at a vicious angle, Nick threw a few staccato notes upon the morning air. After flouncing from side to side of the canyon his voice died to stillness, leaving him to solitude and amazement.

"This is funny," thought Nickodemus. "I'll go down and see what's up."

The door was closed and no sound came from the little cabin.

"This is funny," thought Nickodemus to himself. "Something is out of gear here."

Going back to the cabin he nudged against the door with all the might of his big rough lips. The door moved on its hinges and left him staring into the deserted room.

Just to the right, as Nick looked in, there lay a flour sack upon the floor. He nibbled for this and drew it to him. How nice it tasted, that delicate soft paste made by his moist mouth and the flour that had sifted through to the outside. "I'm glad they went," thought Nick, as he nuzzled his novel breakfast.

Something rattled inside the sack as Nick neared its consumption, a sound like the top of a cap box coming off followed, and before the mucker's cry: "Come out of there, you had, blasted robber," fell upon his big ears, the golden grains of the last day's cleanup had passed with the flour sack into Nickodemus' stomach, and the cap box and top rolled out upon the cabin floor.

"Fellows, he's et up the cleanup," cried the mucker in dismay, as the rest of the camp came up with a deer swinging from a pole across their

shoulders. "I put that dust in a cap box in that sack, when we started out hunting this morning, so's nobody'd ever suspect its being there, and here this bloomin' beast's broke in and swallowed the whole business; what the dickens we're goin' to do about it?"

"Cut him open and pan his stomach, I guess is the only way to get it back," replied one of the camp, as he lowered his end of the pole and let the deer fall to the ground.

"Not on your life," replied the junior partner. "Cut up a \$40 burrow to pan out a measly \$50 worth of dust! Well, I guess not! What you fellows thinking about?"

"Well, how the Sam Hill you goin' to get it, then?" rejoined the mucker. "That's what I'd like to know, too," said the senior member, as he eyed his partner inquiringly.

"Why, that's dead easy; make him cough it up, and you and Jim stand there with a bucket and catch it, while I do the doctoring."

"Great head you've got; but what you goin' to give him to make him cough it up?"

"That's all right. I'm the doctor in this business. You and Jim just tie Nick up so he can't toss his head too much, and then you twa get on your base with your bucket and catch that gold dust when it comes your way."

Without more ado Nick was tied hard and fast to a stout young pine, while the mucker rustled up an old five-gallon oil can, with the top cut out.

Meantime the junior partner's brain was busy.

As if aware of the designs against his digestive organs, Nick opened his capacious mouth and bellowed as if imploring help from some sympathetic friend. His mournful cries were wasted on the mountain air, and the ears of his only listeners.

"I reckon you'll cough up that dust now, old boy," cried the mucker as he came out of the cabin carrying a stick of dynamite in his hand.

"You ain't goin' to tamp him with dynamite, are you?" asked Steve. "Maybe we'd better try hot water and mustard first. I remember mother used it to get a penny out of me that I'd swallowed one day when I was a kid. It didn't take long either. Maybe that'd be better 'n dynamite for Nick. dynamite might kill him, and we can't afford to lose old Nick at this stage of the game."

"I ain't goin' to tamp him with it, you crazy; I'm goin' to crumble some and burn it under his nose. Get on your base with that can, you fellows, and play ball!"

Crumbling a quarter of a stick in an old fire shovel, the mucker touched a match to it.

Tied as he was hard and fast to the stout pine sapling, Nick couldn't get his head away from the fire shovel and that villainous smell. Up rose the sickening fumes into his palpitating nostrils and passed on down to his lungs. Oh, how vile it was! How cruel to treat poor, faithful, hard-working Nickodemus so!

"What had he done to deserve it; would they ever take that infernal shovel away and let him smell the sweet mountain air again? O, for one more day among his delicious deer brush before he died. Even years more with the ore panniers and the six trips every day and the tired back and galled withers would be better than this slow and inhuman torture. Would it ever cease?"

And then a dizzy sickness came over Nickodemus and as through a mist he saw two men who jammed something over his mouth and tied it there a long, long time while convulsions seized his internals and as the sea when it gives up its dead so he felt as he reched up that \$50 worth of gold dust and the remains of a 48-pound flour sack.

For a half hour afterward Nick lay exhausted and grunting under the pine tree where he had lately been tied. The arastra didn't run for two whole days, and there was no ore brought down the steep little trail during that time, but Nick was in his deer brush on the evening of the third day, for dynamite sickness fortunately isn't often fatal.—Boston Globe.

## Abandoned Farms.

The selling of abandoned farms in New Hampshire has prospered as in Massachusetts, and a large number have been taken up by former residents and natives of the state for summer homes or to retire upon for rest and comfort in later life. Inquiries made in 136 towns in the state show that 849 farms, or parts of farms, have been taken up in this way, and they bring into the state, when occupied, about 12,000 people

## BETWEEN LAKE PORTS.

Movements of the Great Articles of Commerce.

According to the figures secured by the bureau of statistics, there were received by vessels at the 37 principal ports on the great lakes, between April 1, 1900, and the close of the year, a total of 1,266,234 tons of flour; 52,834,356 bushels of wheat; 70,805,801 bushels of corn; 33,290,767 bushels of oats; 11,526,501 bushels of barley, and 1,840,892 bushels of rye. These figures relate purely to the movements between United States ports, and do not, therefore, include the shipments to or from ports on the Canadian side of the canals or through the Welland canal. The great bulk of the grain traffic originated at Chicago and Duluth and had Buffalo as its point of destination. So far as can be judged from the discrepancy between the figures representative of shipments and receipts, respectively, after making allowance for the grain in storage on vessels both at the beginning and close of the season, and their shipments from small ports not included in the season's compilation, the movement of grain via the Canadian water routes did not reach the proportions which had been predicted for it.

The receipts of iron ore by water at the ports embraced in the bureau's compilation reached a total of 16,268,027 tons, and this may be accepted as about 85 per cent. of the entire movement of iron ore both by rail and water. All the principal ore receiving and shipping ports are covered by the bureau statement. Of the 16,268,027 tons handled, 15,843,681 tons are shown to have been shipped from the six ports of Two Harbors, Duluth, Escanaba, Ashland, Marquette and West Superior, and 13,623,609 tons were received at the six ports of Ashtabula, Cleveland, Conneaut, South Chicago, Buffalo and Erie—a remarkable exemplification of the extent to which the iron ore traffic is concentrated.

Many different classes of commodities, such as provisions, dry goods and hardware are reported under the general head of unclassified freight. This movement at the principal lake ports during the past year reached the aggregate of 3,471,131 tons. In this traffic the city of Chicago led, with 842,221 tons. The receipts at other ports were: Buffalo, 608,831 tons; Cleveland, 275,673 tons; Detroit, 234,482 tons, and Milwaukee, 325,124 tons.

In view of the effort being made by the owners of the lumber carrying vessels on the great lakes to effect a combination with the purpose of maintaining rates, it is perhaps interesting, as illustrating the scope of this inland commerce, to note that lumber shipments were made during the season from 32 of the 37 ports, the commerce of which the bureau of statistics kept a record, receipts being recorded at an equal number of ports. The total receipts aggregated 2,122,403 thousand feet.

## BURIED IN WOOLEN.

Curious Way England Once Took to Discourage Linen Imports.

In 1679 an act was passed requiring the dead to be buried in woolen, the purpose being, says Chambers' Journal, to lessen "the importation of linen from beyond the seas and the encouragement of the woolen and paper manufacturers of this kingdom." A penalty of five pounds sterling was inflicted for a violation of this act; and as frequently people preferred to be buried in linen, a record of the fine appears—for example, at Gayton, Northamptonshire, where we find in the register: "1708. Mrs. Dorothy Bellingham was buried April 5, in Linen, and the forfeiture of the Act paid, fifty shillings to ye informer and fifty shillings to the poor of the parish."

Pope wrote the following lines on the burial of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, with reference to this custom: "Odious! In woolen! 'Twould a saint provoke!" (Were the last words poor Narcissa spoke). "No; let a charming chit and Brussels lace Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face."

## Ruling Princes Without Heirs.

Of the 39 ruling princes in Europe 20 have no direct male heir. These include, among German princes, the kings of Saxony, Bavaria and Wurttemberg, the grand dukes of Saxe, Weimer, of Mecklenburg, Schwerin and of Hess, the dukes of Saxe-Altenburg and Saxe-Coburg and the princes of Lippe and both Schwarzbürgs. Besides these there are the czar of Russia, the emperor of Austria, the kings of Italy, Spain, Belgium and Serbia and the prince of Liechtenstein.

## MEXICAN WOMEN.

"Catching On" to the Businesslike Ways of Americans.

It is odd to encounter brisk, businesslike, energetic young Mexicans talking American college slang. They do this, and they know our social customs and like them. They all speak with pleasure of the liberty of the American girl, and would like to change some customs here. Time is a sure modifier, and already one finds many Moro-Spanish customs dropping into desuetude. Young women in this capital go about alone to a much greater extent than was the case a few years ago; there is a perceptible feminine revolt against the old restrictions. Many young women are employed in shops and public offices. This is a novelty in a Latin-American country.

I met a young woman the other day walking down the street, says a writer in the New York Post, and she told me she was studying typewriting and shorthand adapted to Spanish, with a view to earning her own living. Her manner was a fine blending of the Latin race and the American independence.

A little girl of ten said the other day that she was going to learn English and be a "business woman."

In a provincial city a fortnight ago a wealthy and enterprising Mexican gentleman, whose home is a charming reproduction of a great Andalusian casa told me of his plans for his eldest daughter. She is now in a great religious school, where government standards of instruction are the rule.

"I am," said this busy Mexican, "going to have my daughter learn telegraphy, typewriting and bookkeeping, and she is going to be put in charge of all my accounts. She is now learning English well, and will know French. It is my belief that we Mexicans must throw over the foolish notion of the dependence of women, and teach them how to be independent and able to earn their own living in case of need. My property may vanish, and my girl must be superior to the vicissitudes of fortune."

## A DARKY'S SONG.

Almost Blocked Traffic in Busy New York Streets.

It was only a song, and an old one at that, but it came near causing a block on the Broadway cable line the other day. The singer, says the New York Mail and Express, was as black as the coal in the cart he was driving, but that fact cast no shadow on his exuberant spirits. As he swung his chariot from Broadway into Cortland street he raised his voice. Then the trouble began.

When the notes of "Old Black Joe" rang out high and clear above the din of traffic expressions of blank amazement overspread the faces of the hurrying pedestrians who thronged the sidewalks. Necks craned in a vain search for the location of some newly patented phonograph. Crowds collected and gazed vacantly upon the air, as if they expected to locate the sound in some office window. Teams were drawn up until a long line of trucks extended up Cortland street to Broadway, barring access to the street, that their drivers might ascertain the cause of the crowd's curiosity. Suddenly a newsboy cried:

"Ah, rubber! Don'tcher see it's only de nigger a singin'?"

The crowd laughed. The darky now lustily holding forth on "The Suwanee River," turned sharply into Church street, totally oblivious to the excitement he had caused. The crowd then dispersed and the long line of wagons began to move once more.

"Well!" exclaimed a Jerseyman on his way to the ferry, "New Yorkers call country people curious, but—"

He shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

## An Educational Departure.

An educational departure in Wisconsin next summer will be the opening of a summer school at the state university for apprentices and artisans. It will be for the benefit of machinists, carpenters or sheet metal workers; stationary, marine or locomotive engineers; shop firemen and superintendents of waterworks, electric light plants, power stations, factories, large office and store buildings in cities, and for the young men who wish to qualify themselves for such positions.

## The Samoan Islands.

German plantation experts claim that the Samoan islands have a great future in coffee, tea, tobacco, cotton, etc. Upolu island, it seems, is especially suitable for the culture of all these products, possessing, as it does a favorable position, a fruitful soil and a good climate. A company is at present being formed in Germany for the purpose of exploiting this island.

## DRAINS AND SANITATION.

Ways and Means of Caring for the Public Health.

The basis of knowledge on which sanitation rests is furnished by the observation of facts on a large scale as they occur in actual life, says the Contemporary Review. Its aim has been the removal of conditions which experience has shown to be favorable to the propagation and spread of disease, and the substitution of other conditions. In general this means the removal of what we call dirt. Hence we get the purification of the ground by drainage, by refuse disposal, by impervious paving, and so on; the purification of drinking water by subsidence and filtration, or by having recourse to unpolluted sources, deep wells and springs; the purification of food stuffs by inspection, and the destruction of unwholesome articles; the purification of the air by ventilation and regulations as to space; the purification of rivers by the diversion of polluting materials, and so on. Such was the line of activity, the aim being the improvement of the general conditions of life. It acts in two ways; it removes those agencies by which disease is fostered and spread and it promotes health, thereby rendering individuals less susceptible to such risks as they may encounter. Another measure must be added, of a different character—namely, the segregation of the sick as centers of infection; hence isolation, hospitals. But this movement was carried a very little way during the first period; its development belongs to the second, of which it is a very important feature. Twenty years ago isolation hardly existed; nobody went to the fever hospitals—there were scarcely any to go to; and the only infectious disease not received and treated in the general hospital was smallpox.

## THE STUDY OF SUN SPOTS.

An Astronomer Tells of Possible Achievements in His Line.

"We can count," remarked Sir Norman Lockyer to a writer for The Strand, "upon the new century witnessing several most important achievements in the sphere of astronomy. To the progress of the science the most valuable contributions will probably be made in America, which now has more observers and better instruments than either England or Germany."

"The first of these achievements will, I think, enable us, by means of the spectra of sun spots, to forecast famines in India and droughts in Australia, as well as other important changes, a long time in advance. I have arrived at this conviction as the result of the work carried on in this observatory (South Kensington) since its establishment 25 years ago. We shall be able to predict not only the time, but the area and extent of drought and famine, thus rendering it possible to take timely precautions. This will certainly be an important addition to the practical service which astronomy renders to mankind. \* \* \*

When we first devoted attention to sun spots people only laughed at us, but it will be quite different when it is shown to have practical value. The Indian authorities are already taking keen interest in the connection which has been shown to exist between variations in the heat of the sun's surface and the amount of rainfall in subsequent years."

## A COUNTESS-MAN.

Woman in Male Attire Who Married Another Woman.

Countess Sarolla May was an Austrian girl and attained celebrity some ten years ago. She was the daughter of a colonel, who, having a large family of daughters, brought up Sarolla as a boy. Her girlhood was passed in Pesth, where she visited cafes in man's clothing and drank and smoked with journalists and officers. She published a book under the name of Sandor, and appeared for the first time in uniform shortly previous to the time when her family first tried to dissuade her from continuing her disguise.

She refused, however, and was next heard of as a suitor for the daughter of a school teacher in Kiagenfurt. She was known there as Count Sandor Vay, and as such married the young woman, Marie Engelhardt. The swindle was shortly discovered, but not until after the count had squandered a good share of her "wife's" money.

## Our Trade with Australia.

During the last decade our export trade with Australia has increased in value more than 100 per cent., and we now export to Australia six times as much as Germany does, and stand next to Great Britain in the supply of that commonwealth.

## POWER OF NIAGARA.

Runs, Lights and Heats the Pan-American Exposition.

In the central station of the Niagara Falls Power company there are ten huge dynamos in operation, each one of which generates 5,000 electrical horse power. Thus under the roof of this magnificent building is a total development of 50,000 horse power, which is said to be the largest amount of electricity generated under a single roof in the world. Ground for this remarkable power plant was broken on October 4, 1890, and the ten years that have passed since then have witnessed a wonderful development. When the idea was projected a few were bold enough to predict that in time the western New York locality would be benefited by the transmission of the power, but the extent of this benefit was, of course, left to the imagination. Even then, perhaps, the prediction was based more upon hope than upon expectation. However, the closing years of the nineteenth century witnessed a development that has commanded the attention of the entire world. From one of the great power stations at Niagara falls the transmission cables have stretched out over the intervening miles, and Buffalo long since was brought in close touch with the rapid-whirling generators that turn night and day under the influence of the mighty turbines actuated by the never-failing supply of water from the reservoir formed by the upper great lakes.

There was no thought of holding a great exposition on the Niagara frontier, but when the plan of the Pan-American exposition was conceived, it was quickly recognized that the presence of Niagara electrical energy would be a wonderful factor in the success of the exposition. Day after day, as the plans of the exposition have been developed, the value of the transmitted force from Niagara has become so pronounced in connection with the Pan-American exposition that its application and use in various ways is destined to be a leading feature of the exposition. Visitors to the exposition will marvel at the electrical effects. They will see the transmitted energy of Niagara used for light, heat and power purposes in the very latest lamps and apparatus.

Those who journey down the lakes to Buffalo by boat may know that possibly the very water that floated their vessel into Buffalo's beautiful harbor, hurried on down the river to the Falls to aid in operating the turbines and dynamos from which the electric current is derived for the illumination of the buildings and grounds of the exposition. In the effort to outdo the world in the electrical features of the Pan-American Exposition, Niagara Falls and Buffalo have joined hands, and what will be accomplished is not mere conjecture, but is fast becoming reality.

## THEY COME HIGH.

Copies of Shakespeare's First Folio Are Rare and Costly.

Millionaires can afford to own a copy of Shakespeare's first folio, but the supply is running out even for Bibliophiles with long purses. It is proposed in London to print a facsimile edition of this rare book, to be an exact reprint in all particulars including errors. According to Quaritch, the best authority upon the subject, the most generous buyers of first folios have been American collectors. To show the strange current of prices, as attesting values, it is said that Sir Henry Irving, in 1888, purchased what was known as Theobald's copy for £100, which copy Ireland once bought for a guinea. Both were remarkable prices, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. In Sir Henry Irving's case it was a marvelous bargain, while Ireland's purchase must have been the result of crass ignorance on the part of the vendor. But all manner of prices have been paid for folios, some outrageously high, others of moderate amount, but none within the last quarter of a century which might be called bargains, as the term is understood. A few years ago Baroness Burdett Coutts paid \$4,000 for what was considered to be a fine copy with wide margins, and an almost perfect first folio sold recently for \$5,500.

## British West Indies Buy of Us.

In the West Indies, and especially the British possessions, our trade is constantly growing, and these islands draw the bulk of imported food supplies from us, as well as an increasing proportion of manufactured goods.

## Expenses of a Warship.

The United States government spends more than \$10,000,000 a year in maintaining the Indiana.

## ODD SMUGGLING SCHEME.

Customs Officials Fooled by Cheap Daubs Over Famous Paintings.

"I see by the papers," said a New Orleans art and curio dealer to a reporter for the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "that a lot of paintings were held up by the custom-house people at New York the other day on the ground that they were genuine old masters that were being smuggled in as cheap copies. Of course, I know nothing of the merits of that particular case, but I can say from experience that the game is old and has been the basis of some of the most ingenious swindles ever worked on Uncle Sam's inspectors. The man who would attempt to bring over one of the so-called 'old masters,' or any canvas of recognized merit, by merely changing its name and attributing it to some unknown painter, would certainly be a very clumsy rascal. The way the trick is usually worked is to paint an entirely new picture over the original surface. Anyone unacquainted with the details would suppose, of course, that such a proceeding would bury the first painting beyond hope of resurrection; but, when done by an expert, the top picture can be removed and not the slightest trace of its presence left behind. But there are other schemes that are almost as ingenious, and that reminds me, by the way, of a curious story, that I can tell nowadays without harming anybody, as the principal parties to it are all dead. Back in—but never mind the exact date, it was a good while ago—an eccentric Pole who was a picture dealer in a very small, cheap way, got a commission of about two dozen paintings from somewhere in Germany. They were all very ordinary canvasses, about third-rate student work, and were appraised low; but the Pole was unable to pay the duty, and went, in great distress, to a dealer friend of mine and asked him to take them out of the custom house and hold them for him for 30 days. My friend didn't think the daubs were worth even the duty, but he felt sorry for the poor fellow, and did as he was asked. After that the Pole used to fairly haunt the storeroom, gazing at the wretched pictures in a sort of rapture, and assuring the dealer over and over again that he would have the money ready at the end of the stipulated time. 'On no account sell one,' was the burden of his song, and my friend finally became annoyed and told him very plainly that he proposed to live up to his agreement, but doubted whether there was anybody in New York who was fool enough to make him an offer. At last the Pole appeared with the cash and took away the collection. More than a year afterward my friend was astonished to learn that he had sold several valuable landscape pieces by a distinguished French artist to a well-known western millionaire, and was negotiating for the sale of five or six others. He set some investigation on foot, and eventually satisfied himself that the shabby daubs which he had taken out of the custom house were really 'doubles'—that is to say, they were valuable pictures over which inferior canvasses had been stretched. It was a pretty shrewd scheme, for, by pretending to be unable to pay duty, the Pole diverted any suspicion that may have existed, and dragged the honest dealer into the affair as his unconscious sponsor. After that discovery it was easy to understand his nervousness while the paintings were in storage. I believe he got rid of the entire lot."

## The Famous Roman Roads.

The Roman roads were built on the Telford plan, with a substratum of heavy blocks of the stone most abundant in the neighborhood, covered with a layer of smaller stones or gravel. They were highest in the middle, with a trench on each side to carry off the water, and no trees or shrubs were allowed to grow within 100 paces on either hand. The population of the districts through which these highways passed were required to keep them in order and to cut down weeds and shrubbery within the proscribed distance.

## Many Miles of Bridges.

The Siberian railway will cross altogether 30 miles of bridges, and of these the lines of Irkutsk required a large number, including such important ones as those over the Irtysh, at Omsk, 760 yards; over the Ob at Kriyoshekovo, 840 yards; over the Yenisei at Krasnoyarsk, 930 yards, and over the Uda at Nijni Urinsk, 359 yards.

## Little Difference in Effect.

It is hard to tell these days if a girl didn't take time to comb her hair, or took the time to comb it in the latest fashion.—Acheson Globe.