

# THE HOME ADVOCATE.

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"The Ameer of Afghanistan has summoned the muftis and ordered them to proclaim a jihad against Russia. This rips the yashmak off of his designs, and soon we shall hear, perhaps, of his warring the sanjak in the jihad, bedad." This is the way the Springfield (Mass.) Union mixes metaphors and lingoes.

Boys as well as girls are becoming skilled in cooking in one of the industrial schools of the American Female Guardian Society in New York. The lessons are printed on cards, which the children receive one by one at the close of successive exercises, and forming a useful set of receipts at the end of a course.

There is not an unmarried woman in Turkey who can both read and write the Turkish language, and there are but few men who are able to do so. It requires six years of hard study to acquire these accomplishments. When you hear of a Turk with the title of bey prefixed to his name you may know he is one of the few educated men in that country, as the title is only conferred upon those who can both read and write.

In a suit tried recently in a California court to recover damages from a doctor for alleged malpractice in treating an injured limb, Judge Presby gave, in his charge, the following clear definition of physicians' liabilities in such cases: "A physician of ordinary skill, exercising ordinary skill and care in his diagnosis, is never liable for any injurious consequences which may result from mere errors of judgment, if he has honestly and carefully used such means as in his best judgment are deemed necessary."

W. H. Greenhough of Aspinwall says concerning the Panama canal: "I went over the route of the canal two weeks ago, and I found M. de Lesseps' hopes of completing the work in three years not only improbable but impossible. He says in the interview that in three years vessels will be able to pass through the canal as easily as they now go through the Suez canal. The truth of the matter is that only fifteen miles of the canal have been cut out. Thirty miles still remain, part of which is a hill and a mile of which is of solid rock. They have already spent \$200,000,000 on it, and the work at present is almost at a standstill."

Two years ago a farmer in Phelps, N. Y., died, leaving a widow, four children, and an \$1800 mortgage on the farm. The eldest child, a boy of fifteen, set to work at once to try and carry on the farm, and, according to a local newspaper, he has succeeded remarkably well. He has ploughed the fields, sowed, cultivated and reaped; he has sole charge of a large number of cattle and horses on the farm; he has managed a retail milk business, and has himself marketed all of the farm products. Last summer he found time after his work in the fields to paint the house twice over and to build five new fences. In the winter he not only attends to the necessary work about the farm, but teaches a country school three miles away, tells timber in the woods on Saturdays, and writes excellent letters to the local newspapers. The farm is not only out of debt and in splendid condition, but the lad and his mother have enough money on hand to buy twenty more acres of land.

The French are about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of railways into their country, and the event has led to the production of many statistics, for the most part interesting, and some of them very surprising, regarding the railway business. Estimates have been made of the enormous amount of money that has been expended throughout the world in the construction and equipment of railroads. In these figures, the United States naturally stands at the head. The railroads of this country have cost, it is estimated, sixty eight hundred million; those of England, thirty-six hundred million; those of France, twenty-four hundred million; those of Germany, twenty-two hundred million; those of Austria, sixteen hundred million; and those of Russia, twelve hundred million dollars. The sum that would be reached by adding the total expenditure in countries of less importance than those named would be quite too large for the mind to grasp, although it might be computed in figures. Mr. Mackerson, of London, has perhaps come nearest to the comprehensible estimate of this great amount by calculating that it would require forty powerful locomotives, all in a row, to draw the treasure, in silver dollars, which the railroads of the world have cost.

As a general rule it is not well to fear or force temptation, but rather rest childlike in God's arms, confident in his assistance.

The lingering idea that the Arab horse, but for his inches, would be better than his English brother, grows purely romantic every year. A contest occurred recently in Cairo between an Arab of recognized superiority and an English mare, the latter carrying fourteen pounds more weight, both of exactly the same height, and the Oriental champion, although he had been favorite, was beaten out of sight. Thus do the baseless fancies of the imagination fade away.

It is intended to hold an international congress on cremation in September of the present year. The place selected for the gathering of these savants of various countries who are interested in cremation and cemetery hygiene is Milan, Italy. French will be the official language of the congress; but the speakers, may, if they like make use of any other language. Reports will be submitted as to the progress made in the practice of cremation in different countries, and the formation of an international league will be proposed. An exhibition of models of crematories, urns, and other objects connected with the campaign now being conducted against the present methods of disposing of the dead will be open during the congress.

According to a Washington correspondent, there is in the Patent Office a lady clerk whom everybody declares to closely resemble the President's wife. She was in a store a short time ago, where she accidentally encountered Mrs. Folsom. The latter is said to have started as though very much surprised, and inquired of one of the clerks: "Who is that young lady who looks so much like my daughter, Mrs. Cleveland?" Since it has gotten out that the Patent Office lady so much resembles the President's wife, the room in which she is employed is one of the most attractive in the whole bureau. People go out of their way in order to make it convenient to call there on some pretext or other, and when she appears in one of the corridors she is at once the cynosure of every eye.

Vice-Consul Knight reports to the department of state concerning the Transvaal, South Africa, gold fields, that the wonderful Suelba Reef has been eclipsed by another reef discovered last summer, and known as the Thomas Reef, samples of quartz weighing 3000 pounds, from which, it is claimed, yielded 148 ounces of gold. This discovery naturally gave an impetus to prospecting on a large scale, resulting in the discovery of marvelously extensive rich gold quartz veins. The Vice-Consul says that he believes that the Transvaal fields, when fully developed, will prove among the richest in the world. Recent discoveries have naturally given rise to no end of speculation and mining ventures, and a great rush of capitalists, miners, and adventurers has set in for the fields. Near the Suelba Reef a city, Harberton, has sprung up, as if by magic, numbering already 7000 to 8000 population, and is rapidly increasing. The report advises persons without means not to venture into the gold country unless they are practical miners, as the conditions existing are very hard and many will be doomed to bitter disappointment.

Dr. Edward C. Spitzka of New York, says that in order to determine how great the danger of rabies or "hydrophobia" is in the United States, he has carefully followed up all the newspaper reports of alleged outbreaks of this disease, and "in not a single case has satisfactory evidence of its existence been obtained. Notwithstanding every effort made by the writer to secure the observation of a single case of rabies in man or in the dog, not a single opportunity has offered itself during the last eight years, and in New York but one dog has been reported as rabid by competent authority since the dog-pound there has been opened." In regard to the symptoms that are commonly supposed to be characteristic of rabies in man, Dr. Spitzka adds: "It is incomprehensible how the absurd theory could so long linger in medical treatises, that a dog by biting a man can inoculate him with canine characteristics, making him bark, snap, howl and run on all fours like a dog. It were as logical to claim that one bitten by a rattlesnake should hiss, growl and fork a tongue, and wriggle on the floor."

**Dogs of War.**  
The Prussians, who seem to press everything into the service of their army, have now impressed "watch-dogs." The "watch-dog battalion" is trained to carry news from the advance posts to the main body in despatches tied round their necks. They are also employed to warn the outposts of an advancing enemy in the night, and to hunt up wounded men or stragglers. The dogs are attached to each company of chasseurs.—[Cassell.]

**A Domestic Mistake.**  
Omaha man—What's the matter with the windows. I can't see through them.  
Omaha dame—It's that new girl.  
"Did she get mad and plaster them with mud?"  
"No, she washed them."—[Omaha World.]

## Cowslips.

When mists beside the river kneel,  
Like still gray nuns at matins,  
And catkins o'er the willows steal,  
All dressed in silvery satins,  
Before the soldier-reeds unbind  
Their swords to tilt against the wind,  
Before the grass begins to toss,  
Its pretty fancies thrilling,  
Or buttercups and yellow floss  
Enough to make their frilling,  
The cowslips sit in golden crowds  
Beneath dim April's frowning clouds.

Alone within the fields they bide;  
No lover that way lingers;  
The alders by the brooklet's side  
Reach down their long brown fingers,  
One lonely robin on the wing,  
Is calling plaintively for spring.  
But still, as brave and glad are they  
As any summer beauty;  
They ask no rosy holiday;  
They smile for that's their duty,  
And all the meadow's gladness lies  
Within their brave and shining eyes.  
They promise days in one bright wreath  
Of bloom and sunbeams airy;  
The sweetness of their fresh young breath  
They give the showers to carry  
To lonely homesteads near and far,  
Where hearts that long for spring-time are.  
As if 't were dew, the rain-drops wet  
They take with cheery lightness,  
None praise them; but, with fair pride yet,  
They wear their homely brightness.  
For trust courage has its birth  
In an inward sense of worth.  
—[Susan Hartley Swett, in St. Nicholas.]

## CHRISTIE'S NEW DRESS.

Pretty Christie Burgess was the daughter of the widow with whom I boarded. I was a confidential friend of both mother and daughter and knew that, like myself, they had known better days. Somewhere in California there was an Uncle Charles, Mrs. Burgess's brother, who would keep them, they were sure, had he known their circumstances, but whose address they could not tell, and who knew nothing of their having left their former handsome home.

Some of Mrs. Burgess's former friends had visited her and one of them, Mrs. Wharton had sent Christie an invitation to a party at her house. As soon as it was positively decided that she could not go, because a new evening dress could not be thought of, I resolved upon the awful extravagance of presenting the pretty girl with a dress.

It was worth it all to see Christie when I called her to my room on the afternoon of the eventful day and introduced her to the fiery spread out upon my bed.

"I have some jewels here, Christie, I am going to lend you for this evening," said I.

"Oh, how pretty and how odd!" she cried. "Were they made to order, Mrs. Jane?"

"Yes! They were a gift to me seven years ago, when I was your age, Christie."

She looked at me wistfully when we were alone, her soft-brown eyes questioning my face; but she asked no questions and went down to her mother, softly and thoughtfully.

Seven years before that night I had been left an orphan, hopeless and heart-broken. I had no mother to share the grief, no sister or brother to lighten it. I was all alone. I was not a strong-minded girl to face the trouble, and so I shut myself up alone until the funeral, refusing to see even Charlie. Then I ran away at night. I had one friend in Cleveland to whom I dared confide all, and I went to her. I wrote to Charlie and told him I should never ask him to fulfill his vows to me and bade him farewell.

For days after I arrived at Cleveland I was utterly prostrated; but my friend was kind, as I knew she would be, and when I was able to think aided me in all my plans. I had brought nothing from home but the one mourning suit I had worn to the funeral and Charlie's carbuncles.

Mrs. Munroe had been an old friend of my mother's, and had visited us more than once, always urging me to return the visits, but unable to win my father's consent to part with me for so long a journey, for I was a three days' railway ride from my old home. As soon as I was able to undertake teaching, Mrs. Munroe exerted herself to procure me scholars, and I soon had a class that paid me an income sufficient for my modest wants.

For six years I had a home in my friend's house, she alone knowing that Miss Jane Gray was the missing Elia Thorne advertised by her relatives, more to save their own reputation than from any interest in her fate. I made, no doubt, a nine days' wonder in A—, and then my uncles, aunts and cousins probably forgot my existence. Charlie, perhaps, was one of those seeking me, but I was resolved never to share my fortunes with him.

When the death of my friend and benefactress was added to my list of sorrows, I was known enough in Cleveland to retain my scholars, and found a new home with Mrs. Burgess.

I was still sitting with locked door, brooding over the past, and unconscious that Christie had been gone three hours, when Mrs. Burgess came to my room, demanding admittance in an excited voice. I opened the door at once.

"Oh, Miss Jane! Miss Jane!" she cried, "Charles has come! Charles has come! and he wants to see you!"

"Wants to see me?"

"Oh, yes! It's the strangest thing altogether! He has been here more than an hour; he met Christie at the party; and, only think, he has been home over three months, part of the time in A— and part here, trying all the time to find us, so it was no wonder Christie's name struck him at once at the party. He talked to her a little while and then came to me. But I am talking on, and forgetting that we are keeping him waiting. Will you come down?"

"But what can he possibly want of me?"

"To thank you, I guess, for sending Christie to the party. He knows she could not have gone but for your kindness."

I went down stairs very slowly. I went into the dining-room first and there heard a little bustle of arrival. Christie had come and was again welcoming her uncle. There was no venerable white-haired gentleman, such as I had pictured this Uncle Charles, now standing before Christie under the entry lamp. This man was tall and handsome, barely 30 years of age, in the full vigor of youth. Just as I saw him he was saying:

"I could not ask you in those crowded rooms, Christie; but if you will unclasp that bracelet for me and let me see the initials engraved inside I shall be very glad. I—I saw a set like them once. They are very odd; Miss Gray, you said?"

"Yes; she lent them to me for this evening."

"She—she—bought them of some one did she not?"

"Oh, no; they were a gift from a friend who invented the design. Here is the bracelet, Uncle Charles."

His hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold it while he read the initials "C. R." to "E. T."

I could not resist any longer. Trying to steady my steps, I went to meet him.

"Ella! my Ella!" That was the cry of my faithful lover as he clasped me in his arms.

"Mine again; mine!" he murmured. And I, in a dream of bliss that was almost delirium, could only lie there, too happy to speak.

"But," said Christie, presently, "what is it all?"

"She is my betrothed wife, he answered, in a broken voice, "whom I have sought for seven long years, but now will hold till death parts us," and he strained me to him as if he meant the words literally.

"But why didn't you tell us, Miss Jane," said Christie.

"How could I dream that your Uncle Charles was my Charlie?" I said. "And now, how is it? Your name is not Burgess, Charlie?"

"No, but my half-brother's was."

"Why, to be sure," said Mrs. Burgess, "we never told you that Charles was only a younger half-brother. His name is Reynolds. Well, Charles," she said, half laughing, a few minutes later, "I suppose Christie and I may retire into the background again."

"Not so!" he answered, quickly. "I am a rich man, Sister Mary, and know that the same generous spirit that took from a hard-earned pittance the sum to purchase an evening of pleasure for my little niece will be willing to share a husband's fortune with a widowed sister and her child. It is not so, Ella?"

We had a quiet wedding in the spring. Christie was my only bridesmaid; but we returned to A—, taking the widow and her daughter with us. And, in my old home, among my old friends, I now preside, the happy wife of my first, my only love; while on festive occasions I still wear Charlie's carbuncles.

**Frontier Marks.**  
The frontier between Germany and France is more distinctly marked than that of any other two countries. The frontier line is so arranged that it crosses every road at right angles. On the German side is a large post, twelve feet high, painted like a barber's pole, red, black and white, with a cross-piece at the top, with the word, in black letters on a white ground, grenze, (boundary) with an exclamation mark. Diagonally opposite is a cast iron post, twelve feet high, whereupon is painted in gray, on an iron cross-piece the word frontier. Such posts are only placed on roads and railways. The line is indicated "across country" by stone blocks projecting about a foot above the ground at intervals of fifty yards. On the French side of the block is cut with a chisel the letter "F," on the German side is the letter "D," for Deutschland.

**He Gave Up All Hope.**  
"Prisoner," said a Nevada judge, "what have you to say to this indictment; are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Before I answer the question, Judge, I'd like to ask your Honor if this little spectacled dude is all the lawyer I've got."

"That is Mr. Ferguson, sir," responded the Judge sternly; "I have appointed him to defend you, as you seem to have no counsel."

"Judge," said the prisoner, sighing heavily, "I'm guilty."

## THE PAPAGOS.

A Remarkable Tribe of Christian Indians in Arizona.

An Agricultural People, Whose Greatest Enemies are the Apaches.

The Papagos are a remarkable tribe of Indians, who long ago accepted Christianity, and they must have been endowed with great powers of endurance, since, living on the very frontier of the divided Apache country, they have resisted the Apache attacks. To-day the Papagos, especially those found near San Xavier, are agriculturists, and cultivate the rich bottom-lands lying near the Santa Cruz river. Their dwellings are straw jails (pronounced hi-cas), which have generally a shed supported by poles in front of them. These Papagos raise wheat, barley, beans, and garden truck, but their methods of agriculture are very crude. Their threshing is carried on in the Oriental manner, by means of horses, and the winnowing is done by tossing the straw in the air. To grind their grain the most primitive methods are used, old women slowly working the grain into flour by means of hand stones. As potters they have some merit, their ollas, or water jugs, being excellent, and in great demand throughout the region.

They are a law abiding and peaceable people, have always been friendly to the whites, and when emigrant trains were on route for California their protection has been often found of great service against roving Indians. It is probable that, at the instigation of the whites, they had a hand in the massacre of the Apaches at Camp Grant some twelve or fourteen years ago. That they have been inimical to the Apaches for a very long period is quite evident from the fact that even to-day, when an attack is hardly possible, a mounted sentry is invariably found in position on the high ground, and he scans the hills and plains around him.

They can hardly be called strictly honest, but if anything be left under their charge it is carefully guarded. Their religion is a strange mixture of Catholicism and their older original belief. The festivals of the Church are observed, as are their own dances. Faith in their medicine-man or conjurer still exists. There exists a curious law of atonement; in case one man kills another, he may atone for his crime by fasting for forty days, and living away from a house, sleeping out on the hills.

Their condition is not a fortunate one, as they have not been benefited by civilization influences. The administration of the land laws is perplexing to them, and there is an inclination on the part of the white settlers to crowd them out. They occupy an anomalous condition, and not being the wards of the American people, are therefore not the recipients of either rations, clothes or money.

The cathedral of San Xavier is an adobe church erected by the Franciscan order in 1797, and is situated on a desert plain twelve miles south of Tucson, Arizona, not far from the Santa Cruz river. Its preservation to-day is remarkable, due to the equable character of the climate and the absence of rains. No service has been held at the cathedral for the last twelve years. The plan of the cathedral, with its flanking tower and wall, suggests the power to resist attack, for at all times the Apache must have been an enemy whose sudden attacks were to be dreaded. The interior of the church is rudely decorated. The altar ornamentations are designs taken from Biblical sources. Possibly the Franciscan fathers employed native talent, whose idea of art was but crude.

The United States government has appointed Mr. Hart as subagent among the Papagos, and he acts as school master and doctor.—[Harper's Weekly.]

## Curing the Measles by a Tumble.

One of the most remarkable pathological cases on record has just occurred at Perigueux. A patient in the hospital suffering from measles jumped out of one of the windows at 4 o'clock in the morning, and fell a distance of four or five yards into the garden. He was at the time at the period of the strongest eruption. Awakened by the pain caused by the fall, he walked about in his nightshirt for some time, the thermometer standing at eight degrees below the freezing point, until he succeeded in waking the concierge, when he returned to bed.

The next day his complaint had entirely disappeared. This mode of cure, however, is not generally recommended by the faculty.—[Paris Galgani.]

## The Whittling Judge.

The newest idiosyncrasy of Judge Howe of Indianapolis is whittling, and while on the bench he works industriously with his penknife. When knotty problems arise he makes the shavings fly faster, but on ordinary occasions he labors in the easy fashion peculiar to the country store loafer. He carries a supply of soft pine in his pocket, and every day when the court adjourns the judicial seat is surrounded by shavings in quantities large enough to make glad the heart of the engineer in the cellar.—[Chicago Times.]

## CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Tradesman in Ireland means merely an artisan, a bricklayer, a carpenter, etc.

The invention of the mowing machine dates back to 1831, when the "Manning Mower" was perfected.

Near Muskegon, Mich., there is a piece of land which, from some old surveyor's blunder, is in no town or county of the United States.

In Barmah a man's rank is known by the number of umbrellas he is allowed to carry, the King limiting himself to 24.

The idea of taking pictures in profile originated with that taken of Antigonus 330 B. C., who, having but one eye, led to this kind of picture to conceal his physical defect.

"Tubby cat" is all unconscious that her name is derived from Atub, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called tubib or taftey, the way markings of the watered silks resembling pussy's coat.

Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," received its first performance in Dublin April 13, 1742. The great composer completed this masterpiece in twenty-three days. The work of composition was begun August 22 and finished September 14, 1741.

Among the Copts the descendants of the inhabitants of ancient Egypt, the notion is entertained to this day that twins (until 10 or 12 years of age) if they go to bed hungry roam about in the guise of cats, their bodies lying at home apparently dead.

A mechanical expert given to curious investigations estimates that the tooting of a locomotive on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, in an ordinary day's run, involves a waste of steam requiring the consumption of 280 pounds of coal to renew. He estimates the whistling expenses of that particular railway at \$15,000 per year.

The hump on the back of the dromedary consists chiefly of hard fat, and is a store of nourishment provided against the day of want, to which the animal, in a wild state, is often exposed. The dromedary or camel can exist for an extended period on this hump without any food, and it will not die of want until the hump has been entirely absorbed.

Removing the brain of a pigeon does not destroy its mental faculties. It can see, hear, feel, swallow food put in its mouth, but is incapable of originating any impulse. It will stand still in the attitude in which it is placed until it dies of starvation, but throw it in the air and it will fly.

## An Obliging Husband.

Lady Arden complained of a tooth-ache. All the remedies used on such occasions were applied, but still she found no relief. At length she decided on sending to Edinburgh, a distance of fifty miles from Clydesdale Castle, for a dentist to extract the suffering tooth, and when he arrived she declared that her nerves were unequal to submitting to an operation unless she saw it performed on some one else first. The few friends admitted to the sanctuary of her bedchamber looked agast at this declaration, each expecting to be called on, but after a silence of a few minutes and no one offering, she told Lord Arden that he must have a tooth out, that she might judge from his manner of supporting the operation if she could go through it. He appeared amazingly disconcerted, made a wry face and expostulated, but the lady insisted. The obedient husband submitted, and a fine, sound tooth was extracted from his jaw, after which she declared that she had seen enough to convince her that she could not undergo a similar operation.—[Manchester Courier.]

## A Highly Flattering Comparison.

Children are very sympathetic. There's one quite young who's got an aunt whom she loves very dearly, but the child does not understand everything. The aunt is single, but she does not hope to be so long, although judging by the child's remarks the position of wife is likely to be a very trying one. The gentleman who is the object of flattering interest has been in the habit of making long and frequent calls. These calls the child has studied with some regard to the aunt she adores. The last one the child assisted at ended abruptly.

"Aunt," she said sadly, "which would you rather do, talk to Mr. Jones or go to a funeral?"

Mr. Jones felt like making a subject for a funeral right then.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

## Quite Friendly.

"Don't you find the people around here very sociable," asked Cobwigger of a new neighbor.

"Yes, indeed, I do," was the hearty response. "Only a moment ago, I met a bezzar and he held out his hand to me."—[Bazar.]

## Ties that Bind.

"Speaking of the ties that bind, there are ties which are not often mentioned," observed the Judge.

"What are they?" asked the Major.

"They are the ties that bind the merchant to his customers—advertisements.—[Tid-Bits.]