

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Jack's Point of View.

His little sister pouted:
"I think it was a shame
For you to get the scolding
When you were not to blame.
Why didn't some one tell them
The truth about the ball—
That Freddy Fearing threw it,
And it wasn't you at all?
But that's the way it always is;
It's just the same old song
When any mischief happens—
It's Jack who's in the wrong!
And other boys, I'm sure of it,
Are every bit as bad.
I'm sick of such injustice!
It makes me hopping mad!"

Jack kissed his little sister:
"Oh, don't you fret!" he said.
"With a twinkle in his laughing eyes—
"And don't you peach on Fred.
I told the little beggar
(He was scared to death, you see,
When the ball went through the window)
To leave it all to me.
Noddy fibbed about it,
But the fellows ran away.
'T was just the situation—
Somebody had to stay.
Of course I caught it heavy,
But bless you!—think what fun
For me to get a scolding
For a thing I hadn't done!"
—Mary Bradley, in St. Nicholas.

A New Game With Roller Skates.

The latest juvenile sport is known as roller-pulling, and is as amusing as can be. It consists in having two or more boys or girls equipped and mounted on roller skates and at least an equal number of smaller ones, who are harnessed with toy reins. The game is played in many ways, but the commonest form is for two of the skaters, of about equal weight, to pick out two of the harnessed pullers of equal strength. Each skater seizes the reins of his puller and at a given signal the puller starts off in a mad race upon the asphalt pavement. It is wonderful how fast an urchin of three or four years can pull or tug another one of eight or ten. When it comes to a reversal of these conditions, and the puller is older and stronger than the skater, the velocity of the turn-out is unpleasantly great to people crossing the street when the races are going on.

What with the smooth pavement on one side and the roller-skate on the other, many new sports have been devised of late years by ingenious childhood. Some are inexplicable to adults, while others are only familiar games modified to meet the conditions. A lot of youngsters skating in a long row which suddenly attempts to swing and revolve around the boy who holds one end is, of course, the old game of "snap the whip." But out of this has grown the modification of having the two or three skaters at the end keep on separately after the whip is snapped. The winner being he or she who goes the furthest or straightest without striking out, or taking any movement after once starting.—New York Mail and Express.

A Dog That Kills Snakes.

Mr. George F. Blackman of Andover, Mass., is the owner of a dog, Dan, that has made quite a record as a snake killer. For some time past the animal has spent all his time in the fields and woods, hunting and killing blacksnakes.

When Dan spies a snake he dashes round and round his prey, barking furiously. When the snake coils and raises its head in a defensive attitude, Dan dashes in with a side like movement and catches with his teeth that portion of the snake just behind the head. Then a vigorous shake or two, and the snake is tossed into the air, to come down dead.

Then Dan takes the snake in his mouth, and with tail up proudly trots home with it. The snakes he catches from day to day he carefully ranges in a pile in the woodyard. No one has counted the snakes, but from the road the heap of snakes looks almost like a cord of wood, so there must be a good many of them. They range in size from three feet to seven feet in length.

A peculiar thing about Dan is that he does not mutilate the snake, except that in each instance he bites a hole in the skin and eats the liver of the reptile. He has become so expert in this that he can in an instant locate the liver of a snake, no matter what its size, big or little.

Dan is also quite a fisherman. He has a long, shaggy tail, the end of which is adorned with Santa Claus-like whiskers. At dusk Dan will repair to the river side and drop his tail into the water. When he has a "bite," which means that the hairs of his tail have become tightly twisted about the horns of a fat bullhead. Dan gives a yelp and a jump, throws his tail over his shoulder and lands the fish in a safe place. But fishing is a side issue with Dan. He spends most of his time snake hunting.—New York Telegram.

Polly and the Barrel.

Polly was always ready to try an experiment. When she was about five years old she went to make a long visit to Grandpa Higgins in the country.

Tom and Mary, little cousins who lived near by, were very glad to have Polly so near. They came over very often to play with her.

One day after the children had played all the games they could think of, they began to wonder if there wasn't something new they could do, something they had never even thought of doing before.

All at once Tom spied an empty barrel, lying on its side in one corner of the big barn, and an idea popped into his head.

"I wonder how it would feel to roll down hill in a barrel?" said this cautious young man. For, like a good many older people, he preferred to

see someone else try a thing before he ventured.

"I'll try it," said Polly, who, as I said before, was always ready for anything new.

This was just what Tom wanted, and he didn't wait for Polly to change her mind.

So the children pushed the barrel out into the floor, and into it crawled poor, foolish Polly.

Now Grandpa Higgins' barn was built on top of a small hill, and if anything round started from the big barn door it would roll quite a distance.

The children gave the barrel a push and away went Polly! She screamed, but the barrel wouldn't stop. Her poor little head was bumped, first on one side then on the other, as the barrel rolled over.

When it finally stopped, at the foot of the hill, and Polly crawled out, she was so dizzy that she could not stand, and she fell down on the grass. Her pretty dress was all torn, for the inside of the barrel was rough and nails were sticking out in some places.

Tom was frightened enough when he saw Polly lying there so white and still, and he ran as fast as his legs could carry him into the field where grandpa was at work.

"Grandpa, grandpa," he cried, "Polly's killed herself in a barrel!"

Then grandpa was frightened, too, and hurried after Tom. He picked Polly up, and carried her to the house, while Tom and Mary ran after, trying to tell how it happened.

Grandma bathed Polly's bruises, and put her to bed in the cool north room.

Tom and Mary quietly took their leave, for they didn't feel like playing any more. They didn't say much as they walked along, but they were both very sure that they would never try to roll down hill in a barrel.—Weekly Bouquet.

Mrs. Injun's Ice Cream.

It happened at Geneva Newton's birthday party, and even today the little folks laugh over the memory of their happy time.

Geneva was six years old that day, and had a party, or picnic rather, in the park near her home. It was in July, when the sky was as blue as Geneva's eyes, and there were plenty of roses and singing birds. There were hammocks and swings and long, velvety grass under the shade trees, where six little tables covered with snowy linen and decorated with green leaves were set with pretty dishes and many good things. Each little guest brought a birthday gift for Geneva, but above all the pretty presents she valued most a lovely doll sent by her uncle.

The children were having a fine time playing hide and seek among the trees, when little Tommy Garnett, who was swinging in a hammock, suddenly rolled out and bumped his nose so that it bled, at which he set up a terrific howl, bringing the little ones to him from all directions. Mamma Newton appeared on the scene quickly, drying Tommy's tears by announcing supper.

There happened to be an Indian encampment near by, and while the children were eating, a squaw, passing by, walked right into the grounds with her papoose strapped on her back, and leading a little Indian girl about Geneva's age by the hand.

Some of the children, who had never seen an Indian, were frightened, others laughed, but Geneva said politely:

"Did you come to my party, Mrs. Injun? I'm glad to see you, sit down here," pointing to a shade of grass under a tree.

The squaw sat down with a grunt. Many of the children left their seats and gathered around to catch a glimpse of the cunning papooses with their bright black eyes.

"Mercy on us, who is this?" cried Mamma Newton, as she appeared with a tray filled with dishes of ice cream.

"Mamma, this is Mrs. Injun, as she's brought her little chilluns to my party, so we must give her some ice cream!"—and before mamma could speak Geneva had two dishes of ice cream, and was thrusting them into the hands of "Mrs. Injun" and her oldest papoose. The squaw looked at it solemnly and took a generous mouthful.

"Ugh! ugh! Heap cold!" and "Mrs. Injun" got up quickly, handing the dish back to Geneva, placing her hands over her stomach and rolling up her eyes.

The cunning little papoose had tilted her dish up to her mouth, filling it and her throat full of the frozen dainty, which so surprised her that she jumped to her feet, dropping dish and all, and gave an impromptu war dance then and there.

The children shrieked with laughter at the surprise and consternation of the Indian mother and her child.

"Mrs. Injun" wrapped her blanket about her, took her papooses and would have stalked away greatly offended had not kind-hearted Geneva ran after her with cold chicken, rolls and cake.

After more play the party came to an end, but even Tommy Garnett declared it had been the "bestest one he ever saw," all on account of the little papooses, and "Mrs. Injun's" first attempt at eating ice cream.—Jeanette M. White, in Ladies' Home Journal.

On a New Steed.

The wheelman mounted his horse. He looked around at his fellow cavalymen. There was a helpless air to his gaze.

"Trot!" roared the drillmaster.

The wheelman fumbled wildly in the air.

"What are you doing there, No. 4?" roared the drillmaster.

"E-feeling for the handlebar," shrieked the unhappy man, as he pitched head foremost on to the tank-bark.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE QUEER WAYS OF SHARKS.

Impudent in General, but Can't Stand a Commotion in the Water.

"One horror of sea fighting I believe our sailors will be spared in this war," said a veteran of the merchant marine, "and that is the large chances of being killed by sharks. The whole of the Caribbean sea about Cuba swarms with those treacherous things, and, as a rule, when a man drops overboard, the chances are that in another minute nothing will be left of him on the surface but some red stains in the water, unless he keeps his presence of mind and knows just what to do.

"There is a way of helping yourself when you get into this fix. That's just why I say that in these modern battles the danger from sharks is not likely to be anything like what it was in old times. Perhaps you are not aware that a shark is the most timid and nervous fish of prey that lives, but it is so. When you find yourself floating about in those waters and think a shark is anywhere near you just you kick and splash for all you are worth. If you don't think there are any sharks about kick and splash on general principles—that is, if you want to see your home and your family again. A shark that is making straight for his prey will turn tail and sheer off as soon as the splashing begins. Now I believe that in a general engagement between these modern ships, what with the tremendous concussion of the heavy guns and the churning of the water with propellers on all sides and an occasional torpedo raising a disturbance every now and then in the water, the whole neighborhood will be cleared of sharks.

"In the old days, although the broadsides made a good deal of noise, no doubt, a ship went down much more quietly than now. Just think of the commotion in the water when the big fires and the boilers go under. No shark will stay within a mile of such an upheaval.

"I am not talking mere theory when I say that a shark can be frightened off by splashing. I have seen it done, or, to be quite exact, I saw the man who did just after he had scrambled out of the water. He had been in bathing in one of those sea baths they have in Kingston harbor, where they fence in a good piece of water with piles driven into the bottom close together. One of the piles had got broken somehow, and a big basking shark had squeezed through and gone to sleep in the bath. When the man plunged in the shark woke and commenced to charge around. By that time the man was some yards away from the steps. He immediately turned on his back and kicked as hard as he could, and the shark, instead of charging at him, went into a downright panic and bumped his nose against all the piles, looking for the hole he had got in by.

"I know it sounds like a fable to say a shark is timid, because they will do things that you would hardly expect a timid fish to do. I myself have seen a shark leap out of the water close enough to a row boat to tumble on the oar blades, but that was my own dinghy and my boys knew how to row, and didn't make a splash with the blades or try any of this landlubberly 'feathering' business. Then there is a place at Port Royal where a little flight of wooden steps goes down into the water, and they say that a British artillery officer who was sitting on those steps—or some other steps that were in the same place—one morning, smoking a cigar, had both his legs torn off by a shark that swam close in shore and rose at him as a trout rises at a fly. But all that only shows that a shark is a queer, inconsistent kind of a fish, and in spite of all his impudence, you may depend upon it, he can't stand anything that makes a disturbance in the water.

"Oh, yes, when the battle is over he will follow the ship that has any wounded men on board—follow it for miles. I don't know how he knows there is a wounded man or a sick man on board a ship, any more than I can tell how Mother Carey's chickens can read the barometer, but he does know. You see, a seafaring man has to be satisfied to know a good many things that he can't explain."

UNLOADING COCOANUTS.

Landed Loose and Sacked on the Wharf. Expert Sorters and Counters.

Cocoanuts are loaded in the hold of a vessel in bulk. Upon their discharge here they are sacked, for greater convenience in handling and shipment. This work, which involves sorting the nuts as to size and separating the sound from the unsound, is done on the wharf alongside the vessel.

When the hatches have been taken off men get into the vessel's hold with bushel baskets, which they fill with cocoanuts. These baskets of nuts are handed up over the hatch coaming and passed along across the deck and over the rail and onto the wharf, where they are set up on a box of convenient height beside which stand the counters—sometimes two, but oftener three, all experts at sorting and counting cocoanuts. The three men stand side by side on the side of the box toward the vessel, and on the other side stands a man holding a sack with mouth open, into which the nuts are thrown as they are counted.

Back of the counters, against the stringpiece of the wharf, are baskets into which the culls are thrown; these include the smaller nuts, cracked nuts, and sprouts, which are nuts that have begun to sprout. Cocoanuts are put up in sacks containing 100 large nuts and 120 smaller nuts. The smaller nuts thrown aside in the sorting and counting are from time to time taken away by other men and sacked. These are sound nuts, but they bring a smaller price on account of their size. The cracked nuts and the sprouts

would not soon if they were not used and these are kept apart and sold cheap for quick consumption.

The counters do nothing but sort and count; they never touch a basket. When a basket has been emptied another man pulls it off the box and sets a full basket in its place. There is always at least one basket of nuts on the box; there are usually more than one, so that the sorting and counting go on constantly. Each counter picks up two nuts at once, one in each hand, and all three counters toss nuts into the same bag, but there is never any confusion in the count. Two nuts are counted one, for convenience in keeping tally, and when the three men have counted up to fifty the man holding the bag, now containing 100 nuts, drags it away and another man takes his place with an empty bag, and the counters begin again, one, two, three, and up to fifty again.

Picking up every time two nuts, the counter taps them gently together to see if they are sound. This constant gentle clicking is one of the features of the unloading of cocoanuts. A nut of small size would of course be apparent to the eye, but it might not be apparent whether the small nut was cracked or sound. Tapping the nuts together reveals their condition to the expert instantly. If he throws out a nut he picks up another, still retaining the other nut in the other hand. He now taps together the nut that he has picked up in place of the one thrown out and the nut that he had continued to hold, and if these are both sound and of suitable size he tosses them into the bag and counts "One," or "Thirty-one," or whatever number they come to in the counting.

Other men sew up the sacks, which are then piled on trucks to be taken to the storehouse or ranged along the wharf to be carted off later. A cargo of cocoanuts contains from 350,000 nuts up, according to the size of the vessel. A big vessel might bring 500,000 to 600,000. The work of discharging a cargo of 600,000 cocoanuts would ordinarily occupy about a week.—New York Sun.

A Sense of Humor the Most Precious Gift.

I regard a sense of humor as one of the most precious gifts that can be vouchsafed to a human being. He is not necessarily a better man for having it, but he is a happier one. It renders him indifferent to good or bad fortune. It enables him to enjoy his own discomfiture. Blessed with this sense he is never unduly elated or cast down. No one can ruffle his temper. No abuse disturbs his equanimity. Boredom does not bore him. Humbugs do not humbug him. Solemn airs do not impose on him. Sentimental gush does not influence him. The follies of the moment have no hold on him. Titles and decorations are but childish baubles in his eyes. Prejudice does not warp his judgment. He is never in conceit or out of conceit with himself. He abhors all dogmatism. The world is a stage on which actors strut and fret for his edification and amusement, and he pursues the even current of his way, invulnerable, doing what is right and proper according to his lights, but utterly indifferent whether what he does finds approval or disapproval from others. If Hamlet had had any sense of humor he would not have been a nuisance to himself and to all surrounding him.—Henry Labouchere in London Truth.

The Lawyer's Tale.

One of Detroit's lawyers who does not allow any embarrassment of facts to interfere with a good story, tells this one:

"It occurred in a little town down in Ohio. A strange judge was presiding at the court house in the centre of a square where the so-called park did duty chiefly as a pasture lot. One of the local lawyers with plenty of lungs and physical strength was making an argument that was literally and impressively powerful. Just in the midst of one of his greatest flights a donkey in the 'park' began to fill the air with the indescribable sounds for which his species is famous.

"A moment, please," said the court, with every appearance of solicitude and sincerity. 'Couldn't the brother shift his position just a trifle? It would change the angles at which his voice pierces the walls. The echoes in this structure are something horrible.'

"As the voice of the donkey died away in a grating squeak the lawyer dropped into his seat as though he had been shot, the dignity of the court room went out in a roar of laughter and the judge showed himself an actor by looking as though he wondered what it all meant."—Detroit Free Press.

Picturesque Santiago.

Of all the cities of Cuba, Santiago, with its 40,000 inhabitants is by far the most picturesque and interesting. It is many years older than St. Augustine, and after walking for an hour or two through its medieval looking streets the most matter-of-fact American is ready to believe any romantic story about the place which may be told to him, except, perhaps, the story of the immense chain stretching from Morro castle to a huge staple in the wall of rock on the opposite shore, fifty yards away, which can be hove up by a capstan till it is level with the water, so as to form an insurmountable obstacle to any attempt to force an entrance in time of war.—Washington Star.

Lost Speed of a Destroyer.

After spending \$25,000 in repairing the torpedo-boat destroyer Thrasher, which recently ran ashore on the Cornish coast, the British admiralty finds that she can make only twenty-four knots an hour instead of the thirty knots she made before the accident.

ROOMS WITH BOARD.
537 Carondelet St.,
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA,
Mrs. A. Rucker.

Location convenient to Canal street and the business portion of the city. Good tables at all seasons. Large airy rooms.

TERMS MODERATE

Salmen Brick and Lumber Co.,
...LIMITED....

BRICKS and PINE LUMBER

Ceiling and Flooring, at lowest prices, delivered to any point on the Mississippi Valley Railroad and Mississippi river.

Room 710 Heanen Building, New Orleans, Louisiana.

WORKS. : Sidel, L.

Jas. C. Magearl,

BUTCHER.....

LEADS the MARKET

—WITH—

FRESH MEATS, HONEST WEIGHTS, CHEAP PRICES.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

NATCHITOCHES, LA.

Maintained by the State for the training of teachers. Affords thorough preparation for the profession of teaching; full course of academic study, practical training in the art of teaching, one year of daily practice in model schools under guidance of skilled training teachers. Class work exemplifies the best of modern thought in matter and method of instruction. Diploma entitles graduate to teach in any public school of Louisiana without examination.

Tuition free to students who teach one year after graduation. Entire expense for session of eight months, \$110. Twelfth annual session begins Oct. 1, 1896.

For catalogue write to B. C. CALDWELL, Pres.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Don't Spend a Dollar for Medicine until you have tried

RIPANS TABULES

You can buy them in the paper 5-cent cartons

Ten Tabules for Five Cents.

This sort is put up cheaply, to gratify the universal present demand for a low price.

If you don't find this sort of

Ripans Tabules
At the Druggist's



Send Five Cents to THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce St., New York, and they will be sent to you by mail; or 12 cartons will be mailed for 48 cents. The chances are ten to one that Ripans Tabules are the very medicine you need.

LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE BUGGY FACTORY on EARTH WRITE FOR PRICES and CATALOGUE

OUR GOODS ARE THE BEST
OUR PRICES ARE THE LOWEST
Parry & Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

Business Directory.

BLACKSMITH

T. T. Lawson, blacksmith and carriage trimmer.

BUTCHER.

Magearl & Davidson. Beef every day. Mutton and pork occasionally.

M. Rosenthal, Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

CONFECTIONERY.

Gus Friend, Candies, Soda Water and Ice.

DRUGGIST.

F. M. Mumford, 211 Royal St.
L. P. Kilbourne, opposite Bank.

FRUITS.

Sam Venci, corner of Alley and Ferdinand.

HOTEL.

Meyer Hotel, near depot, rates \$2.00 per day.

Bank Hotel, Mrs. Davidson, Bank Bldg., St. Francisville.

INSURANCE.

J. H. Percy, life and fire.

W. W. Leake, Jr., True Democrat office, fire and life.

LUNCH.

Hot lunch at all hours. J. G. Fletcher, Agt., foot of hill.

MATTRESS-MAKER.

Louis Williams, Florida St.

MECHANIC.

J. L. Flynn, Sun St., Bayou Sara.

T. W. Raynham, contractor and builder.

MERCHANTS.

J. Freyhan & Co., wholesale and retail.

E. L. Newsham, Dry Goods, Groceries and plantation supplies.

S. A. Frier, groceries, dry goods, clothing, hats and school books.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

F. F. Converse, Clerk's Office Court House.

W. R. Percy, Bank Building, St. Francisville.

SHINGLES.

Rest of shingles, Chas. Leet, Bayou Sara.

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES.

Bank of West Feliciana.

FENCING
WIRE ROPE SALVAGE.

Poultry, Farm, Garden, Cemetery, Lawn, Railroad and Rabbit Fencing.

Thousands of miles in use. Catalogue Free. Freight Paid. Prices Low.

The McMullen Woven Wire Fence Co.

114, 116, 118 and 120 N. Market St., CHICAGO, ILL.