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A COQUETTE'S DEFENSE.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.
Red, red roses glowing in the garden
Dew white lids away on your stalks;
Do you hear me pray, my sweet love, for pardon,
Passing with him down your garden walks:
Ah, you glow and smile when the sun shines
Upon you—
You that with soft delight at the tears of the
dew:
And the wind that caresses you boasts that
it loves you.
Do you think, fair flowers, to them all to be
true?
Sun, dew and wind—yes, they all are your
lovers.
Sun, dew and wind—and you love them back
again:
And you flirt with the vagrant white moth
that loves
Above your sweet beauty, and laugh at his
pain.
Shall I, then, be dead to the lovers that love
me?
And because I can hear, should my sweet
love complain?
Does he not, in forgiving me, stand high above
me?
And punish my fault with his gentle disdain?
You trifle, fair flowers, with the many; but
one Lord
Wooes you, and wins you, and conquers the
fading
Dew and wind cool you—for warmth you
turn toward—
You know and I know to whom we belong.

TENNESSEE TOM.

BY WM. J. FLORENCE.
"How did you lose your finger, Tom?"
This was the question I put to an aged
negro, as he made "his mark" on the
wages sheet one Saturday, when I was
paying off the men in our principal dock-
yard at Quebec. Tom had been at the
works for many years, and became a sort
of a foreman to a gang. He was a sober
and faithful old fellow, and although he
had signed the book Saturday after Sat-
urday for a long time, I had never before
noticed that the forefinger of his right
hand was missing.

"Well, massa, I will tell you all about
it some day. It is a long and cruel story
sah. I didn't know 'ye noticed it, sah. I
kinder try to hide it, for 't almost kills
me when anyone alludes to it, sah. And
as the poor old fellow took his week's
wages, and shuffled off, great tears rolled
down his cheeks.

A few days later, I found Tom on the
wharf, sitting in the shade of some bales
of cotton. The men had finished their
dinner, and Tom was taking his custom-
ary half hour rest.

"How are you to-day, Tom?" I inquired,
as the old fellow rose to his feet to salu-
late me.

"Po'ly well, massa, thankse, but I
can't stand the work I used to, sah."

"Remember, Tom," said I, "you prom-
ised to tell me how you lost your finger.
Come away from the cotton, and we'll
have a pipe under the shed yonder,
where we wont be disturbed."

I led the way, and Tom followed, load-
ing his pipe. Once in the shed he said,
"You see, massa, I was born a slave in
Tennessee. Dat's why dey call me 'Tennessee
Tom.' But how dese ere Cannocks
(Canadians) ever know I was from Tennes-
see is no 'dan I can tell. She was a
plantation, and when I was a little picany,
I used to blow de bellus for him, so dat
when I grew up I was put to de forge.
When de ole man died, I was promoted
to his place, and I was a mighty good
smith, too, sah. You see, de blacksmith
on the plantation has lots ob work to do,
mending plows, wagons, farm tools, and
all dat. Besides, he had a little black
cabin near de big house, and get from de
massa a good many favas dat de com-
mon niggers don't get, sah. Well, I was
a great favorite wid ebery one on de
plantation, and most ob all wid de ole
massa; and I was a han'some, strong boy
too, sah. Well, dere was a po'ly bright
mulatto gal at de big house. She was a
servant and waited on Miss Flo, de
massa's favorite daughter, and somehow
we used to meet ebery time I went up to
de big house. We soon grew fond of
each other, and one day I asked ole
massa to gib Lida to me for my wife.

"Well, sah, we was married plantation
fashion by a negro pa'son—a fellow slave
I can tell you I was a happy man den,
sah. De next year and a half was de
sunshine ob my life, sah. Lida was de
best wife in de world, and we had de
poolest little twins dat you eber saw,
called Joe and Tom. Dey was de cutest
little tings on de old plantation, and dey
used to crawl round de cabin door, while
I watched dem from de forge opposite.
You see, sah, my wife's duties took her
to de big house, so dat myself and an old
mammy had to watch dem babies most
ob de time.

"Tings went on all right, sah, till one
day Lida told me dat Miss Flo was goin'
to be married to a gentleman from Cuba.
We had seen dis gentleman from time to
time visiting massa's family. He was a
cross proud fellow and none of us liked
him, so dat when Lida told me ob de
marriage, I felt as if something was goin'
wrong. And, sure enough, it did go
wrong, sah.

"A short time after Miss Flo's mar-
riage ole massa died, and den all was
crying and sorrowing on de plantation.
De property passed over to Miss Flo, and
her Cuban husband commenced to take
hold ob de management. He made us
work twice as hard as we had eber done
before. He put new overseers on de
place, and built a large calaboose (jail)
for de 'wicked niggers,' as he called us.
Dis calaboose was a large stone house
wid four cells, lighted from de top, and
it had a large iron door. Our new massa
was de most wicked man I ever did see.
He hated us all, and used to kick, beat
and 'prison de slaves on de smallest excuse.

"Den my darlin', Joe grew sick, and de
poor little fellow began to fail. Lida had
her work to attend to at de big house, so
I had to run over from de forge to tend
to him. In dat way I lost a deal of
time, but I loved my linnies so much
dat my heart was almost broke to see
one ob dem drooping day by day. Lida
Tom seemed to know his brother was
sick, for he would crawl over to de bed
on de floor, lay his tiny hand on Joe's
face, and in his baby way say, 'Poor little
Joe, I tell you, dat was mighty hard to
bear, massa.

"One evening, just before dark, I was
rocking de sick chile in my arms before
de cabin door. I had done a hard day's
work at de forge, and as I had been up
most all de night before watching wid
Lida at de little one's bedside, I was
mighty tired and worn. Lida had prom-
ised to run down from de mansion to
look after Joe, and I was wondering
what was keeping her away so long,
when I saw a lot ob slaves around de
house in de distance. At first I thought
dere must be a fire or something ob dat
sort, but soon one of de lads comes run-
ning over to me, and 'Fom,' says he,
'Lida's in trouble.'

"What's de matter?" says I.
"Don't know," says de lad; 'something
has been lost or stolen, and dey say she's
done it.'

"Look here, boy," says I; 'jes you hold
dis baby for a minute while I run over
and see what's de fuss. Hold de poor
fellow steady,' says I, 'I'm mighty sick.'

"When I got to de big house, I found
de overseer and our new massa gwine to
de calaboose wid my poor Lida. Miss
Flo stood crying on de step.

"What's de matter, Miss Flo?" says I;
'what are dey gwine to do wid poor
Lida?'

"Oh, my poor Tom!" says she, 'wid de
tears falling down her po'ly face, 'one of
my earrings has been lost, and my hus-
band seems fixed in de belief dat Lida
has stolen it. I don't believe it, Tom;
but your massa's determined to put Lida
in de calaboose, and dey are goin' to lock
her up.'

"Oh, my dear Miss Flo," said I, 'dey
ain't gwine to 'prison' dat poor gal; dey
ain't gwine to put my dear Lida in de
calaboose. She ain't stole nothin'; she
is too good. What's to become of my
poor sick chile widout a mudder to look
after him?'

"Ah, my poor Tom! I've tried my
best to prevent Lida being taken away,
but can't prevent it. And Miss Flo
wring her hands in pity for me.

"Lookse here, massa," said I, 'just as we
got to de door ob de jail, 'don't put my
Lida in dere. She ain't stole nothin';
Lida's sick baby in de cabin yonder dat
wants a mudder's care. Lida ain't stole
nothin'. Dat ear ring's lost somewhere
about de house. It will be found agen.
Please let her go.'

"The only answer I got was a crack
across de face from de gwip of de overseer,
and de door ob de iron door on my
p'or sleeping wife.

"Will my heart almost broke, and de
sting of dat heavy blow on my forehead,
I went back to my cabin. I found Miss
Flo, and wid my poor sick baby in her
arms. Together we watched dat droop-
ing little chile, till jes before midnight
de angels came and whispered, 'It was
time to go; de Lord had called him home.'

"Don't stop here no longer, Miss Flo,"
said I, 'Go home, honey, and leave me
wid de dead.' De dear lady didn't want
to go, but after a while, weeping and
crying, she left me, and went off in de
darkness toward de big house. Den my
heart got way, and I cried as if my heart
would break, sah. Little Tom woke up
and, stretching his arms over to his dead
brother, tried to wake him up. Oh! dat
was too much for me, sah. I fell down
on my knees and was gwine to cuss,
when I thought it was wicked, sah, for
two wrongs didn't make one right.

"Suddenly de thought struck me dat
I had made de iron door of de calaboose
and dat de overseer on de plantation could
open dat door widout a key but me. Wrap-
ping de dead chile up in Lida's shawl,
and givin' it one kiss, I laid it on de
bank. I took de ole baby in my arms,
rushed over to de forge, picked up a
large hammer and chisel, and in de
darkness crept toward de jail. It was an
awful cold night, and my little heart
was breakin' for de poor little chile, de
tears almost free running down my
cheeks. But I was strong in my purpose, sah,
and saved in my despair. After two or three
blows on de lock ob de iron door ob de
calaboose swung open, and in a very short
time I clasped Lida in my arms, once
more a free woman.

"Take de chile, honey, said I, 'We
have but two hours to live now and
daylight, and we must make for de river
before de alarm is given.'

"But what's de oder? what's little
Joe?" said she.

"Dead, honey," said I. 'Our chile is
gone to clime de golden stair.'

"Oh, my God! My chile! My little
mammy dead!" cried de poor creature
falling at my feet.

there, we once more fled toward the
Mississippi.

"Just before daylight we reached de
bank ob de river. Half a mile farder up
we saw a canoe tied near a woodman's
hut on de shore. We entered de canoe
and I paddled it across de river for de
life. For two days and nights we hid
among de bushes. On de third day I
hailed a raft ob coal-boats, returning un-
loaded to de Ohio. Dey took us on board.
Lida acted as cook, while I acted as
best I could till we reached Pittsburg.
During de voyage poor little Tom was
taken sick. Dat night in de canebrake
had been too much for him, and he died
of a burning fever, calling for his brood-
er Joe.

"Lida, too, never seemed de same wo-
man afterward, sah. She pined away
and soon followed her little babies to
de golden shore. I was den all alone
in de world. My finger never healed
and de doctors cut it off in de hospital at
Pittsburg. I was afraid dat dey might
come to me from Tennessee, for I didn't
know whether I had killed my Cuban
massa or not. So I made my way to
Canada, a lonely heartbroken man, and
here I am, sah, all dat is left of
Tennessee Tom."

PERFUMES AS PREVENTIVES.

Some consolation, at least, for the
Dude's Sweetheart.

Professor Mantegazzi has found that
nearly all the essences used in perfumery,
and many others not appropriated by the
perfumer, when exposed to air and light,
develop ozone. He says that "the oxida-
tion of these essences is one of the most
convenient means of producing ozone,
since, even when in very minute quanti-
ties, they can ozonize a large quantity of
oxygen, while their action is very per-
sistent; that in the greater number of
cases the essences, in order to develop
ozone, require the direct rays of the sun;
in a small number of cases they effect
the change with diffused light; in few or
none in darkness." Even a vessel that
has been perfumed with an essence and
afterward washed and dried, still de-
velops ozone, provided a slight odor re-
mains. The most effective essences are
those of cherry, laurel, palma, rose,
cloves, lavender, nutmeg, juniper, lemons,
fennel, and bergamot; the less effective
are anise, nutmeg, cajuput, and thyme.

Mantegazzi adds that "camphor, as an
ozonogenic agent, is, inferior to any of
the above-named essences." These facts
should be better known than they are.
Our grandmothers used perfumes as dis-
infectants, and ozone being the most ef-
fective of oxidizing disinfectants, it ap-
pears that they were right. In the East,
where there is much need for atmos-
pheric purification, the old faith in per-
fumes still remains. With us it is now
generally supposed that such perfumes
merely hide the maldorour and deceive
us, but Mantegazzi and Doctor A. ders
are right this modern notion is a fallacy.

MODERN CHESTERFIELD.

The Phenomenal Politeness of a Lodg-
ing-House Proprietor.

I know the French are a most polite
nation, and I have heard it said that
some Americans can be polite, says a
writer in the San Francisco Chronicle.
But the proprietor of a lodg-
ing house in New York compares favor-
ably with the record. A friend of mine
went up one day to take apartments for
his mother, who was coming from Cali-
fornia. He rang the bell. It was not
answered. He rang again. There was
some skurrying inside, but the door did
not open. Once more he rang. The
door was opened.

"Have you any rooms to let?"
"Well, no, sir," and the speaker glance
nervously upstairs as he spoke.

"The fact is, they are all held by people
who are out of town for the season."
"Have you nothing at all?"
"I have some upstairs, but I could per-
haps suit you about the lot of October."
"Can't I see them now?"
"Just then a boy appeared at the head
of the stairs.

"It's breaking out all over," he said.
"Really, you must excuse me, sir. I
should be delighted to show you the
rooms, but the fact is—the house is on
fire upstairs. Ring the alarm, Johnny."
And in ten minutes the neighborhood
was strewn with engines and streams of
water were streaming everywhere.

About Cents.

There is no nickel in a cent-piece.
The alloy used in making that coin is
composed of 95 per cent, of copper and 5
per cent, of tin and zinc. Its intrinsic
value is about one-tenth of a cent. The
report that counterfeiters are in circula-
tion is doubted, as the profits would be
small. The old penny was made of pure
copper and was intrinsically worth one-third
of a cent. An attempt at counterfeiting
them was once made. The frauds were
manufactured at Birmingham, Eng. But
the same cause made that enterprise a
failure. It needed many to make a
profit of any amount.

Youthful Ambition Nipped in the Bud.

A young French pickpocket was ar-
rested, with his hand, and cried bitterly.
"Don't cry your eyes out," said his cap-
turer, not unkindly; "it is not so terrible
a matter for punishment, stealing a hand-
kerchief!" "But I was getting on so well,"
whimpered the boy, "and I was so highly
thought of by my employers. I was just
going to be promoted from prizing
wipes to gobbling tickers." Paris Cor.
Boston Gazette.

How New Boots Affect Talmage's
Sermons.

"I thought you said Rev. T. De Witt
Talmage was such a great preacher,"
said a visitor to Brooklyn. "I heard
him yesterday, and cannot agree with
you."

BLUSHES IN LITTLE BOXES.

Some of the Excusable Deception
Practiced.

By the Fair Sex Upon Their Male Admirers.—
A Loquacious Merchant Gives Away Some
Tricks of the Trade.

"Modesty in a woman, like the blush on her
cheek, is very becoming if not put on."

"I don't mind giving you a pointer or two
if you won't fling," said a dealer in cosmet-
ics, as he led the way to the back end of the
shop, and after winking one eye in a confi-
dential way began to disclose some of the
dearest secrets of the ladies' toilet. "Here
is youth and beauty in simple and condensed
forms," and he threw open a show case
filled with little fancy pasteboard boxes,
some round, some square, and all delicately
tinted and done up in soft tissue paper,
fragrant with the most delicate perfume,
and bearing little French labels. "These things
don't look attractive in this form, but men
go crazy over them when they are properly
exhibited. A man will think he is charmed
by some fair enchantress, when all the time
he has simply fallen in love with a bit of
French powder. The box is good for half a
dozen men if properly used. There is noth-
ing the average man will fall in love with
quicker than a little flesh-colored powder,
if put on the face of a clever woman. But they
don't know it. There's the joke of it. I hang
here all to myself sometimes when I think
of it. It's a good joke. Don't you think so?
A good joke. To fall in love with a little

chalk and not know it. Tell them? I guess
not! It's none of my business to go telling
a man, 'Look here, you fool, all that beauty
may be had at my shop for a thousandth
part of what that will cost you.' Oh, no, I
would not be telling you if you hadn't come
around asking the way you did. I'm in the
ladies' confidence, don't you see. Now you
think you can tell when a lady paints, don't
you?" he added, spinning a little pink box
around between his fingers. "Well, maybe
you can, if she uses a paint brush or trowel.
But they don't do that now. Not many of
them. They don't use paint at all. They
used to use rouge and enamel, and such
things, and everybody could see it. To paint
them ranked high up in the category of sins,
and there weren't many who dared to do it.
Now nine out of ten women add an artificial
blush to their complexion. Instead of the
old-fashioned paint they use powder. They
are pastille sketches instead of water colors.
White powder was used first, and it was
poorly adapted to the complexion. The
'moon face' or starch on her face to 'take the
shine off.' This led to blushing, and now the
beautifying of the complexion has

BECOME A SCIENCE.

Instead of an art. They have powders now
for delectable complexion. They are so deli-
cately tinted that you can't discover them
on the face. The pure white powder show-
ed very plainly, and gave the face a ghastly
appearance. But the fact is that the arti-
ficial powder so as to make it exactly flesh-
colored. They just dust it over the face and wipe it
off—or rather in—with a towel, and the com-
plexion looks very fresh, rosy and spring-
time. Even young girls use it, though I
have heard it said (I would not like to say
myself that they lack much sweeter
words) that the fact of this artificial
softening of the complexion is so common
that men don't know that it isn't natural.
Most of them don't see anything else and
wonder at the fact. The girl who has the
most beauty in the ball-room who applies
the powder most cleverly. Another
thing, young ladies don't powder and fix
their hair, and so the hair is always
powdered—on the street, in the house
and at church. It would take your breath
away if I should tell you the amount of these
things that are sold every day. Here's some
brimstone powder; it comes

IN THREE SHADES
—white, pink and brunette," and he handed
the scribe a box of powder that looked like
ground orris root. "That's a new thing,
brimstone powder. It's a new thing. It
has been opposed to using these pink and
white powders, as it took away the olive
richness of the complexion. By and by I
presume they will have several different
ones for the real genuine strawberry
blonde, another for the light brown hair,
blue eyes and pink cheeks, and still another for
the intemperate complexion. Instead of the
old-fashioned pink, wait! don't go yet,"
he added, as the reporter turned away. "I
haven't shown you all yet. I might as well
let you see the rest of it. There, that's for
the eyebrows. You see it has a hair round
point. When drawn across the place where
the eyebrows ought to be it makes a mark
the right width and shape. They come in
all shades. And this little fine-pointed
pencil is for marking out veins in the face
after it has been powdered. It is used
both in temples and across the cheeks;
this is thought to be very pretty. They
come in different shades, according to
the depth of the vein is

MARKED TO APPEAR
from the surface. Across an alabaster tem-
ple they would have a clear blue; on the
swarthy cheek of a brunette they would
have a brownish tinge, like that. Now here
is a thing that is rapidly making a name
for itself, and he held up a little wooden
tube filled with a coral-colored paste. "This
makes women stop kissing altogether, except
when they are making love. It's for the
lips. It makes them very tempting,
but makes the girls very coy. If you find
your sweetheart is shy and bashful, and
won't kiss you, depend upon it, she has some
of this on her lips. The world has greatly
advanced in the science of cosmetics. There
are no more accidents like there used to be.
I once knew a lady who went to a ball with
her face fixed with some lead preparation.
During the evening her face began to change
color, getting an ashy pale, and finally
dull lead color. While she was chatting
away gaily to an admiring circle of friends
the transition took place. The greatest com-
pensation paid for her loss, but the trouble
was soon discovered. She gasped from the
register had acted as an acid upon the paste."

Know Which Side Was Better.

Enterprising New Yorker.—We will
have to stop now, dear, and watch our
chance to get across the street."
His wife—"But the place we are go-
ing to is on the other side of the street."
"I know, dear, but I think I better
take the other side of the street."
"But what about?"
"My dear friend, I have a very good
side if the world should happen to fall
on my side."
"Oh, of course. What a dear, thought-
ful husband you are!" Philadelphia
Call.

A Widow.

"I have a vague idea that a widow,
to be natural, should always be plump. I
can't give my reason for it. I have long
had a conviction that grief over a de-

parted husband is fattening. I know
that stage widows are always wan and
pale and faint at the sight of any relic
of the deceased. But that is a dramatic
license, and only in comedies, where
true love and devotion are made funny,
not to say ridiculous, do they make
widows plump. Come to think of it, I
don't see why a widow shouldn't be
plump. She has nothing to worry
about. She is the heroine of on-
stage battle, with a weakened
world before her to conquer. I like
widows. It always seems to me that a
widow is a woman who has got the
best of a man. He may have been a
good deal of a man or very little of a
man, but she's got the best of him." San
Francisco Chronicle.

A LOST CONTINENT.

Evidence of a Native Written Lan-
guage Among the Pacific Islanders.

Captain William Churchill, a Pacific
Ocean sailor, is telling the San Francisco
Chronicle what he knows and what he guesses
about the archaeological remains found in
the islands of the Pacific. He seeks to
show by the records of deep sea sound-
ings and from archaeological remains
that the Pacific Islands are only the
remains of a submerged continent, whose
mountain peaks and lofty heights are all
that remain above the surface of the
ocean. Polynesian antecedent civiliza-
tion is revealed, he thinks, through an-
cient implements, statues and sculptured
stone slabs found on a few of the groups,
more notably the Feejees.

The study of zooplites and coral forma-
tions taken from a depth of 2,000
fathoms and more, also confirm his
belief of the subsidence of the prehis-
toric continent. On Pitcairn's Island,
and also on Tahiti and Tonga-Tabu have
been found remains which show the
existence of a long forgotten tribe.

At Tonga-Tabu a monster trilobite
to be seen. It is composed of grey
volcanic stone, with neatly dressed edges.
It is 10x12 feet square, and stands twenty
feet out of the ground. It is surmounted
by a huge kava bowl. Captain Churchill
considers this relic to be of great archa-
eological value. He describes the imple-
ments and metals in use by the natives
of the several groups before the advent
of the white voyagers, and said that iron
and steel were not unknown to them
before their discovery by civilized per-
sons.

He gives a vivid description of mono-
lithic statues of stone and sculptured
wood found on Easter Island. The
monoliths were found standing in rows
of five or six, only a few feet apart.
They were hewn from volcanic rock, and
were either crude in workmanship or
else they had suffered from the ravages
of time. One row of these statues was
quite well preserved. Each of them was
six feet high, and they represented
human heads and bodies, with a kind of
cap or other head covering on the top.
These are the same statues seen and
described by Captain Cook in his works
on travel and discovery.

A finely sculptured band of a dancing
girl and some polished wooden slabs, on
which were numerous hieroglyphical
figures in long rows, have been dis-
covered in an ancient and half ruined stone
house on Easter Island. This is the
only relic of a written language ever
found in the Pacific Islands. Scientific
Journal.

CHATING THE GOVERNMENT.

An Old Importer Tells How Some
People Commit Gross Frauds.

"One of the most difficult things to
detect," said an old importer, "is the
fraudulent allowance of rebate of cus-
toms duties on goods alleged to have
been damaged. Where the importer
and the appraiser are dishonest the fraud
is almost impossible of detection. The
plan of operations is very simple. The
law requires that the full duties shall be
paid upon the withdrawal of goods.
Then, if goods are found to be damaged
within ten days, the importer sends
word to the custom house, and an
appraiser is sent to the importer's store
or warehouse, and there appraises the
damage, and upon his report is based
the allowance of duties to be refunded.

This system leaves opportunity to com-
mit several kinds of fraud.

"There is, in the first place, an easy
chance to substitute other goods for
those actually imported. There is a
case on record where an importer of
fruits kept a lot of damaged goods on
hand for a year, and used them to mix
with every importation for the purpose
of securing damage allowances. The
goods being in the importer's possession,
it is simply impossible to detect a fraud
like that, especially where the appraiser
is dishonest.

"There is, of course, so much dependent
upon the judgement of the appraiser in
such cases that there is a wide margin
for fraud. The appraiser, for instance,
may report a lot of preserved fruit as
damaged or spoiled. He may judge from
an imperfect or dishonest inspection that
a class of such goods is entitled to dam-
age allowance, when in fact there was
no damage at all. The result in such
cases would be to give the dishonest im-
porter an advantage over his honest
competitors.

"The frauds have gone so far that
not long ago a committee of the chamber
of commerce, after investigation, reported
in favor of suppressing damage allow-
ances on goods not in themselves perish-
able, nor specially subject to suffer dam-
age. They recommended that in lieu of
the present system there should be fixed
a maximum percentage to be allowed by
reference to actual experience in the past,
such fixed percentages to be allowed on all
perishable goods, whether damaged or
not.

"The collusion of some of the apprais-
ers with importers of easy conscience
is obvious from the fact that importations
of similar goods in the same steamer
have often been offered for sale at widely
different prices by the different import-
ers. The inference is that the importer
who is so much lower than his com-
petitors has advantages over the import-
er who pays honest duties." N. Y. Sun.

THE MAGIC ACT.

Remarkable Stories of Illusions and
Some Unexplained Tricks.

"It's rather curious fact," said a gentle-
man and unprofessional prestidigitateur
to a Philadelphia Times man, "that none
of the shows and circuses that use so
many objectives in describing what they
have got to do bring to this country a
really fine troupe of magicians. It may
be possible that they will not come, but
it certainly would be a paying invest-
ment, as the people in the United States
have no adequate idea of the tricks that
are executed by some of the jugglers of
the east. We are occasionally dosed
with the talking head and the accom-
panying looking-glasses, or the automatic
chess-player that anybody with any
sense at all knows must contain a dwarf;
but beyond these we have not seen the
masterpieces of the black artists. Where
have you the magicians who will step
out upon the stage naked, with the ex-
ception of a strip of cloth about their
loins, and allow himself to be perfectly
examined, and then produce all the
tricks with fishes, etc., that are their
stock in hand. It can't be done, or
rather they can't do it. You would
find inside pockets, the glass covered
with rubber that held the fish, and in
other pockets here and there the vari-
ous objects of his trade, so that the sole
wonderful part of the performance
would consist in taking these things out
without being seen. Now with the best
magicians that I have seen in the east
all this is done away with, and they even
court scrutiny, close at that."

A MAGICIAN'S TRICK.

"As an example," said the speaker,
"direct your eyes upon my thumb," and
this member was held up in the air
within a foot of the listener's face.

"You see nothing? No? Don't re-
move your eyes from that nail," contin-
ued the owner of the thumb. "Now,
what do you see?"

The observer, who had not changed his
glance, read an Arabic word. An in-
stant later it was gone.

"You saw it?" asked the gentleman.
"Well, I didn't paint it there or slip it
from my sleeve. It was done before
your eyes, and that is the way it should
be, if it is called magic."

"The finest exhibition I ever witness-
ed," resumed the speaker, "was in
Atam. I was traveling through the
country with a party of German officials,
when we stopped one night at an inn,
where it chanced that a number of ma-
gicians were resting. There were six of
them, four men and two women, all very
small, except one, who was a fleshy
giant, resembling the typical wrestler.
I soon made their acquaintance, as I
was then greatly interested in
legermain, and soon won their good
will. They were very eager for my skill.
I did so, but in every case they caught
me and laughed at my efforts, excepting
once. At that time—though it is not
known, of course, to the public—I was
the equal of any prestidigitateur in this
country, and had tried points with them
all. I mention this to show how skillful
these natives were, as I tried some of our
best tricks upon them, and, curiously
enough, the most stupid one of all fooled
them.

THE PHOENIX SERPENTS.

"It was this. You remember the old
Pharos serpents that were much in vogue
some years ago. They looked like
peas, but when touched with a match
began to grow and equirred out into
snakes six or ten inches long. I had a
lot of these made of a large size, so that
when they developed they were of the
exact size of my fingers and of the same
color, which was then a dark brown. I
had little cups on the end of each finger
to conceal them, and when I tried the
trick, which was in the evening, in the
public room, I stepped over to the candle
that stood on the floor and deliberately
put my fingers into the flame. This
caused a stir among all assembled, as the
expected to see them burn, but I said
as heat made the plants grow, so it would
my fingers. Then each finger began to
lengthen, slowly squirming out, inch by
inch, crossing each other and twisting
in the mysterious way these objects do
until finally they were all fully ten
inches long, presenting such a horrible
appearance that the entire party started