MADISON TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF MADISON PARISH

VOL. III. NO. 28 | TALLULAH, MADISON PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886. | TERMS--$2.00 PER YEAR

SCENES IN NAPLES.

The Metropolis of Italy a Great City that Seems Far Back in the Past.

Some Decidedly Uncomplimentary Comments Upon the Character of Its People.

Outdoor Lodgers.

The three cities in Italy which the traveler finds most interesting are Rome, Venice and Naples, writes a correspondent from the last-named city to *The San Francisco Chronicle*, and the interest they excite stands in the order in which they are placed. Considering the number of pages it filled in the world's history Genoa should offer more enticements to the tourist. So also should Pisa, Lucca, and other cities in the north, whose deeds are recorded at length in Sismondi's "Italian Rambles." But though every part of Italy has its legends, its queer customs, and its quaint rural modes of existence it is only the great cities or the places of fashionable winter resort that present sufficient allurements to retain the swift and unresting seeker after the world's novelties. As to Milan, it is handsome, but too enterprising and too modern to suit the taste of the migratory American, who sees at home quite as much of life in the active form as he desires. Naples is still ancient and dreamy enough in spite of the efforts of modern enterprise to infuse some of the spirit of progress into its inhabitants. What medicine is there drastic enough to cure the malady of traditional idleness? What invigorating remedies can enable the system to successfully resist the languors of a climate whose soft airs seem to invite to everlasting repose? So it is half awake, yet dreaming, while representatives of the northern nations, Germans principally, though the English colony are numerous, try to infuse the energy of the cooler regions into its veins, whose stagnant blood is filled with a latent fire. The passion of its people is, like that of its volcanoes, ready to burst out at any moment.

There are symptoms of progress, educational, industrial even, but they are slight, and they do not seem as yet to touch the seat of the disorder. To the American visitor who comes here full of the life and movement of his own country the great and not unbeautiful city seems far back in the past. It is more modern than Pompeii, but has it really made any advances on that memorable city of the dead? It curves the green sickle of its quiet shores about the blue waters of its tranquil bay. Vesuvius lifts forever its unquenchable torch beside it, and its people, idle or laborious, according to their social station, their necessities, or their inherited customs, labor, dream, drowse, sleep, lounge, saunter, or indulge in characteristic amusements much as they did a century ago, or long before the railroad startled the quiet of the valleys and disturbed the murmer of the sleeping sea.

There are among the Neapolitans some very admirable persons, but as a whole the manners of the people are in marked contrast to those of the citizens of Rome. At Naples the lower classes are vicious and disagreeable. The boatman who takes you on shore from the steamer, and the coachman, whose draft animal is neither a horse nor a pony, but somewhere between the two, will endeavor to collect a fabulous amount of money from you if you do not stand constantly on the defensive. The conductor of the street-car is often out of humor, and scowls upon you. The guard of the omnibus will quarrel with you on slight provocation, and it is by no means impossible, that he will threaten you with a knife should you become a little too earnest in your remonstrances. The entire population of the city, as at Suez or in Algiers, expect you to take them into your service. If you ask a person in the street about some distant locality he insists on accompanying you to the spot, and then demands to be liberally paid. If he even lifts his finger to indicate a place not fifty feet distant he expects at least 2 soldi. If you wish to make a purchase some pretended interpreter intervenes and asks payment for the useless and unasked service. Efforts to exploit you are constant at the hotels—though in this respect honorable exceptions may be noted—while at the cafes everyone seems to be looking for an extra copper, and is ill-natured if it is not forthcoming.

Although among certain classes at Rome the stranger finds himself imposed on, it is not general. There is an amiability that pervades all classes of the people, not alone the aristocratic and middle classes, who are almost universally kind and polite, but the coachmen and conductors of street-cars and omnibuses, petty merchants, and even laborers seem to partake of the general good will. And though crime is not always proportionate to the amount of politeness in any given community, yet in respect to Rome and Naples it may be said that one may be taken as a gauge of the other. The rudeness and coarseness of the common classes at Naples is in direct ratio to the coarseness and rudeness of their character and manners. The peasantry about Naples are hardworking. Some foreigners who have observed them for years may sometimes be heard to declare that they are the most industrious people in the world. It is true that in traversing the country one sees them forever in their fields and vineyards hard at work and seemingly full of vigor in spite of the enervating climate. In the city itself there is also a certain amount of activity to be seen everywhere. The life of a great city could not move on without it. Shopkeepers are busy. Shoemakers are carrying on their trade in the streets, not only in the daytime, but far into the night. The lemonade sellers, who have thier queer apparatus on the street corners, and who vend a glass of lemonade and water for 1 cent, carry on a brisk trade.

The large class of traders who make and dispose of ornaments in lava and coral as souvenirs seek custom with untiring assiduity, though fashion no longer decorates itself with either of these specialities. As a class they have a keenness bordering dishonesty, for there can be nothing precious about lava so near such a source of supply as Vesuvius, and the coral fisheries furnish far more of that pretty material than the world wants. Then their gold is almost always pinchbeck and their work bad. A branch of the coral trade is carried on by a class of itinerant venders with the steamers that visit the port. No sooner is the steamer fairly at her anchorage than the deck is alive with them, and covered with their pink wares, spread out in every available spot. They have a sliding scale of prices, the minimum of which repays them amply. There are, besides these classes, the laborers of the manufacturing establishments belonging to individuals or the government. But all this individual activity and industry fails to remove the slumberous impression made by Naples on the traveler accustomed to the quicker and more energetic movements of the chillier north. A vast proportion of the population is still unemployed, still sleeping, lounging, and conveying the *dolce far niente* idea which seems to be inseparable from southern Italy.

In books of travels written thirty or forty years ago one reads much of the Naples lazzaroni, who subsisted entirely on macaroni, which they devoured in strings several yards in length, and fairly incumbered the pavements with their presence. They are said to have disappeared, and this fact is given as an evidence of the industrial progress of the city. It is possible that they have disappeared, but the number of those who can sleep as tranquilly the night through on a stone pavement as on a spring mattress still astonishes the person who knows the luxury of a comfortable bed.

Nearly all these persons are said to have honest employment, at least those who pass the night on the sidewalks of the principal streets. The summer nights are warm, and the architecture of Italian cities, like that of France, forbids all sensible means of ventilation. So when night comes the denizens of the close quarters in the narrower streets swarm out into the more airy thoroughfare, where they ensconce themselves on the pavements, on the steps of adjacent churches, or in any place where they are not in danger of being trodden on or run over and a breath of sea wind renders respiration possible. The person who has read of the lazzaroni in books and is pleased with the tradition can regard all these street sleepers as belonging to the class if he sees fit. They pass their nights as did the lazzaroni, and as to honest occupation, though they may have it, it is no doubt often imaginary. Italy is exceedingly indulgent to the poor. They can sleep where they please—on the sidewalks, about the fountains, on the steps of churches, with their heads resting on the foot of the altar, or in the middle of the street—so long as they do not endanger their own lives and impede the still restricted commerce of the country. In Milan and other cities of the north there is less sleeping in the open air, for the municipalities have other use for the public thoroughfares and do not care to encourage mendicity.

A Vast Difference.

Some went out West,
With eager zest,
For some land and a home to gain;
To work with might,
From dawn till night,
And "border settlers" became;
While some went East,
To work the least,
Which they did with eager accord;
They lived for self,
And cheated for pelf,
And never would settle for board.

—*Goodall's Sun.*

Johnny's Opinion of Huntington.

"Yes, Johnny, C. P. Huntington was once a poor Connecticut Yankee peddler, and tramped it over the country with his pack on his back."

"How'd he git so rich?"

"By being economical and constantly working hard."

"What'll he do with his money when he dies?"

"Leave it to his relations, I suppose."

"Then he will have worked all his life for other people's benefit, won't he?"

"I reckon so."

"Well, then, he's a fool, that's what he is; and I don't want to be no Huntington."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

OPIUM IN CHINA.

Numerous Laws Forbidding the Smoking of the Drug Ineffectual.

A correspondent of *The New Orleans Picayune* writes: The public documents of China state that opium was once a notorious contraband article in that country. The laws of China are promulgated by public edicts of the emperor. Under Rea-King opium was regarded as a medicine, and admitted into the ports of China only under heavy duty.

The viceroy of Canton forbade its use in 1873, and the penalty for smoking partook of corporal punishments. Exposure in the pillory, banishment, and slavery, with strangulation, was resorted to to exterminate this degrading vice, but all to no purpose.

That these measures should lead trade (ever ready with its lynx eyes) to swallow compunction of conscience is no great wonder; piratical opium crafts, called crabs, or scrambling dragons, cruised around the offing, and it became necessary to establish fresh laws to drive them away. Yet, when the acts of a whole people and its government concur to show that a law has fallen into disuse, it can not be surprising that ordinary subjects, bound by neither alligiance nor by affection, should pay these laws a scrupulous respect.

Linton and Wampoa were the prominent places for mandarin to trade. In Canton seventeen out of every twenty persons smoke. The growth of the poppy is cultivated on the hills, and opium dens are as plentiful in China as gin-shops in England. These places are generally fitted up with bamboo screens hung before the door, and it is to these resorts that all grades flock, from the pampered official to the abject menial.

How easy it is to trace man's characteristic craving for luxury in this vice. When opium-smoking was considered an idle pastime only the sons of fortune, wealthy travelers, and the members of the court gave excessive indulgence to it, but when its use descended to laborers and tradesman it ceased to be considered a fashionable custom. We find it, at this period, regarded in a political and financial rather than a moral light.

The importation of opium and the exportation of silver occupied in a short time no secondary place in the Celestial empire. Agitators rated the drug a poison; to some it proved a balm. It is really wonderful to see how far habit oversteps (with poor humanity) the boundaries of reason and common prudence.

China fostered, encouraged, and sustained, in a peculiar manner, the use of this stimuluting medicine. It is regarded as the "Materia Medica" of Le Shechin of the Ming dynasty, and is called "Afooyung." After becoming habituated to its use a restless longing demands its continuance at regular intervals. It is destructive of time, injurious to property and interest, and yet dear to some even as life. It enfeebles the breath, wastes the body, bleaches the teeth, and sallows the complexion. The periodical desire for it comes round with tottering limbs, trembling eyes, filmy with childlike tears, and, when appeased, rushes its victim beyond recovery.

There are three kinds of opium; one is black and comes from Bengal, the red is from Madras, and the white from Bombay. England claims all these places. Some opium victims think the "home article" does not yield the needed stimulus; they are choice and dainty, preferring foreign exports. It has frequently been compared to the tobacco leaf, but that does not destroy the constitution. While the poppy needs a rich, fertile bed, tobacco may be cultivated on a barren soil; yet, notwithstanding, where the former is raised its influence is widespread and baleful.

In the history of Formosa we learn that the natives were active and energetic, but a people called Europeans came there and by means of opium seduced them, causing a mania for this drug to spread through the whole nation. All the Chinese, however, are not addicted to this habit.

Maces were first smoked. Much of the narcotic power is lost by combustion. A small pellet is placed in the bowl of the pipe, which, when applied to the lamp, emits a bright flame, burning rapidly, so that the smoker only gets one good inhalation and one or two successive poor ones before it is exhausted. The same pipe cannot be smoked twice. Some boil the opium in water, retaining the inflammable or resinous portion.

Missionaries have claimed that the opium trade is the main obstacle to the acceptance of the doctrines of Christianity by the idolatrous natives. The brain becomes confused with the multitude of gods, until it loses the idea of one Almighty Being. Roman Catholics in Canton mix the Virgin and the calendar saints with the gods. Confucius is confounded with Christianity and the worship of Buddha with that of Christ.

The advance made by the Chinese nation in the arts have been hindered materially. Their moral maxims are like tinkling sounds, addressed to the ear instead of the heart. They have been called a cruel race, but opinions differ on that point.

Custom and the law reconcile them to much that they do. Infanticide is practiced; parents are allowed to destroy their female offspring when ushered into life, and to sell their daughters as slaves for immoral purposes. The first of these acts here would be punished by death; the last has its own abhorrence.

Our neighbors the French are not more ceremonious than the Chinese; a countenance always lit with that inane smile together with a cringing address may hide, however, much insincerity and cruelty. They are far behind the Greeks and Romans in taste and refinement; in painting as in sculpture they are mere novices; their wretched attempt at landscapes justify the caricatures they make of the human face and figure.

Their music is execrable, consisting of inharmonious, noisy sounds; their minds are too obtuse to be susceptible to fine impressions. In the grotesque they excel; in flowers and fish and in carvings of ivory and other materials they have no equals.

The Chinese laws may contain pressions condemnatory of opium, and these pressions may be used sincerely; but it is impossible for an observer of human nature not to see these sentiments occupy a secondary place in the mind of that great nation.

Whence Come Our Great Fortunes?

Most of the great fortunes of the United States, those that are unduly great, are ascribed to the rapid development of the means of transportation and the facility with which those means have been centered in comparatively few hands. The general sense of the nation is that this concentration of power, of wealth is an evil, and that it would be much better if we could have had the development of the transportation interests that we have had with a greater diffusion of the power and wealth that have attended them. The founders of our republic thought they were establishing civil institutions where enormous fortunes were comparatively unknown. A hundred years have hardly passed—certainly not a long time in national life—when the largest individual fortune of the world is accredited to the United States, and there are others that approximate this in magnitude, and many of them dating back to less than one-fifth of a century. In the matter of private wealth, we have clearly departed from the ideas of our fathers. In this departure is there adherence to the stern principles of republicanism with which our country started out, and have these growths been fortuitous, exceptional, easily swallowed up in the general growth and prosperity of the country, so that the spirit of our institutions is unchanged, and are these fortunes to be dissipated in an early succeeding generation and not be replaced by others of equal or greater magnitude and greater in number? The instincts of the nation are that danger lurks in any other solution of these inquiries than in the line of suppression of causes that have made these fortunes possible. Nor can the subject be dismissed on the ground that, in the development of the use of the physical forces of steam and electricity that this generation has seen, there is inherent this aggregation of wealth in few hands. The disproof of this is that in European countries that have enjoyed a like favorable development with ourselves in wealth, barring that which came from our virgin territory, such developments of the physical forces in their administration and the accompanying emoluments have not been centralized upon a few. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

How to use Pianos in Summer.

"In the hot weather a piano should not be placed in a hot room or left open in a draft of air, for dampness is its most dangerous enemy. It causes the strings and tuning-pins to rust and the cloth used in the construction of the keys of action to swell, whereby the mechanism will move sluggishly or often stick together. Continued dampness will also injuriously affect the varnish and raise the soft fibers of the sounding board, thus forming ridges. Extreme heat is scarcely less injurious. A piano should be closed when not in use, in order to prevent the accumulation of dust, pins, etc., on the sounding board, and yet it should be opened occasionally and daylight allowed to strike the keys; otherwise the ivory may turn yellow. An India rubber or cloth cover should protect the instrument from bruises and scratches. Moths may be kept out of a piano by a lump of camphor wrapped in soft paper, placed in the inside cover. A new piano should be tuned at least once every two or three months during the first year and at longer intervals thereafter.—*Mail and Express.*

The College He Prefers.

"What college do you intend sending your son to?" asked an Allegheny gentleman of another this morning.

"I thought of sending him to Harvard, but now I am thinking more favorably of Columbia."

"Indeed; why have you changed your opinion?"

"Well, Columbia outrowed Harvard at the recent trial. You see, I want my son to have the best education the country affords."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

American Nationalism.

The one grave question in which our social and political fabric is now involved is the important one that touches the expediency or inexpediency of a restricted foreign immigration, and as this influx of humanity continues to steadily pour upon our shores, in time it must become the most prominent for the sagacious legislator to consider. The outlook for the peace and prosperity of the country forecasts even in the mind of the most philanthropic an alarming state of affairs, and no man can be regarded as an alarmist when the question is discussed from a liberal and patriotic standpoint, for our national individuality has drifted so far from its original moorings that on every side the inquiry is oftenest asked by the thoroughly Americanized, Whither are we going as a nation at this break-neck speed, increasing in rapidity with each new foreign arrival, and when, and at what point, shall a halt be demanded in our social disorders, and a sentiment cultivated to check the brazen corruptions that ramify almost every public trust? The causes that produce these conditions are apparent; and to bring such a startling condition of affairs to a standstill, whence American progress and social contentment and public honesty can be shaped to its original purpose, the antitheses of these causes must be brought into play, gradual in their reactionary movement, or, if need be, by a sweeping abrogation of a system to which these evils may be traced. No other nation has the same heterogeneity as ours in race, in belief and in instinct. Every impulse, in fact, and every sentiment that may be attributed to a rational being is among us and of us, a potent factor for evil or for good to the commonwealth. The people of the South, especially in the rural districts, have not felt this evil as other portions of the country have experienced, for in any large city in the Eastern or Western States the five types of man may be found intermingling, but all striving heroically to maintain their race individuality even to the diffuse dialects of the fatherland, and it is their constant boast that they hold the balance of power in all political actions, which is a grievous fact.

The time was when America needed population to people her unexplored Western domain, and a warm welcome was extended to all that sought her flag, but since she has been made the mere dumping ground of the vilest elements of the human species, this feeling of welcome to the land of liberty and civil equality has changed rather to a sense of suspicion and growing disgust. And what has produced this feeling but the manner in which the kindness of a free country has been accepted. Out of this dominant conglomerate of foreign ignorance and audacity, these swarming refuge seekers who conceive of government as do petty tyrants, who bring with them the seed of a ruinous socialism and communism, who disseminate a savage nihilism and anarchy even before the laws, the customs or the language of the country is understood, why the alarm every day is becoming more prevalent that America is dangerously nearing the precipice of a great national disturbance. Yet this state of affairs is traceable to what the sentimental humanitarian and spouting demogogue delights to characterize as a philanthropy that opens wide its arms to the oppressed of all nations, while under the beneficient invitation, called the immigration laws, philanthropic America herself is becoming oppressed by a growing incubus that poisons every spring of the social state, political and religious. For no sooner does the refugee—too often an agitator in disguise—become a citizen through the absurdly rapid process of naturalization, than invariably he aligns himself with a constituency where his own nationality is dominant and where a majority cares not so much for the institutions of his adopted government as he wishes to learn the purchasing power of his vote. Thus the house of refuge is being gradually but surely turned into a multitude of foreign factions and ideas. The truly American, no matter how remotely through a line of ancestors, or how immediately through his own act he has undertaken to support this government in its original purity, has stood aloof and looked on with indifference long enough. After he has watched the tendency he must not, nor can he longer regard with apathetic concern the action of the newly fledged citizen, who straightway endeavors to engraft his imported ideas, however crude, or else throws himself unreservedly into the arms of a scheming, unprincipled leader that knows as little about America, her institutions and aims as his blind follower. It is a truism which needs only to be repeated that no government can be stable unless there is a homogeneity among its ruling elements, and also no true patriotism can subsist among a people unless there is a sentiment of unity in the support of the administrative functions. That this unity is the same as it was one hundred years ago or fifty years ago, no one will pretend to admit; that we are less American than we were fifteen years ago or five years ago, no one will pretend to deny. The causes that have produced these uncontroverted facts are too glaring to be restated, only to say that the day should be brought to a close when America shall be the dumping ground of every pauperized, ignorant and malignant species of the human race.—*Texas Farm and Ranch.*

PEN AND PAPER.

Handwriting is as much an expression of character as dress or speech.

The cut, the color, and the arrangement of the dress indicates the position, taste and inclination of the wearer; the tone of voice, the pronunciation, and the thought expressed in speech is a complete index to the individual who holds your attention, and not less certainly does the color of ink used, the shape and quality of paper, and the fashioning of the characters in a written communication tell the story of the personality of the inditer.

To be sure we are governed or fashioned in each by certain arbitrary rules peculiar to the time and place, but it is in the adaptation of these mandates that the individual crops out.

At one time no dress was complete without a trail, and it was in its management that a woman's grace or awkwardness was apparent.

It was an individual surviving under herculean difficulties that led a certain young man to be spoken of lately as "a sensible, respectable dude."

The soft tones and smooth, gramatical sentences of educated persons are noticeable even when marred by the drawling tones æsthetic culture gives, or the twang the Yankee atmosphere imparts.

Thus does an unobstrusive color of ink, heavy, plain paper, and neatness of the sheet, indicate the lady or gentleman, notwithstanding the style of handwriting in vogue.

Fifty years ago, the very delicate, very regular, very slanting characters of the Italian style of handwriting was in use; this, while lacking in character, possessed the one recommendation of legibility.

Then came in the English style, very square, very imposing, stately as Britannia herself, but wholly illegible.

At this time we have in use, generally, a happy combination of both, and perhaps at no former time has more importance been attached to letter writing than at present.

Business men consider it a most essential dignity to maintain, and their handsomely engraved letter-heads and carefully dictated and neat type-written mail are carefully considered indications of their business standing.

It was formerly believed that illegibility and haste indicated enterprise and promptness; but while they do not entirely abandon money-saving and time-saving, they now consider beauty-saving as well.

In letter-writing it is demonstrated that it is practicable to combine usefulness and legibility.

Ladies of leisure can have no excuse for such an omission, which in them would be at once unladylike and discourteous.

They are aided in this work by the perfect pens, perfect paper, and perfect ink of the day.

Steel pens are most generally used in preference to the more expensive gold ones at one time considered indispensable.

The variety and excellence of paper is unlimited for ladies' use, but the heavy, cream-laid, moderate-sized sheet, unruled, is considered in most elegant taste.

The sheet may be simply ornamented by the address of the writer, the street, and number, or, if suburban, the name, as "Rosebush Villa," in plain, handsome engraving. We learn that Mrs. Cleveland uses stationery adorned with her monogram in heraldic fashion, and the motto in Latin, "Where bees are, there is honey," and perhaps this will lead to innovations.

The use of sealing-wax, recently introduced, met with a hearty reception at first, but lately we see but little of its use. The convenient self-sealing envelopes, for which wax seals are superfluous, are too neat and expedient to be immediately superseded.—*Chicago Ledger.*

He Wanted Training.

A hard-looking specimen of humanity was leaning against a freight-car in a Dakota town when a citizen approached him and said:

"Looking for a job?"

"Bet I am, capt'n."

"Think you could abuse a man?"

"Reckon I could ef he want too big."

"Call him a liar and a fraud and a hypocrite and a thief?"

"Can when thar haint no danger."

"Could you accuse him of having been in jail and say he was tarred and feathered and was a fit subject for an imbecile asylum?"

"Guess I could."

"Any objection to reading a piece five or six times a day in which it is claimed that he poisoned his grandmother and blew up his native village with dynamite?"

"Narry."

"Are you willing to throw bad eggs and mushy turnips at him every time he begins to speak?"

"If he wont get mad."

"Would you mind kicking him down stairs occasionally and then tramping on him and shooting at him and whooping when he tries to run?"

"No objecuns, pardner."

"You're the man I'm lookin' for, then, and I'll hire you for one month. I'm going to be a candidate for the legislature next fall and I want to train and get in good condition before the campaign opens."—*Estelline Bell.*

A STRANGE RELIGIOUS RITE.

The Pious Exercise Performed by Moslems Crazed with Hasheesh.

In Suakim I heard the Moslems at this pious exercise, and the horror of the unforgetable, says Phillip Robinson in *The Contemporary Review*. On several occasions, when the sound reached me from afar, I thought it came from one of the condensing steamers, and so probably to the last did the great majority of strangers. But one midnight I was making my way back from a friend's quarters to my own when I heard the spectral sound coming from a direction opposite to the ships. I stood and listened, and then determined to follow it up. So in and out, up and down the narrow, dark alleys of the native town, I wandered in chase of this ventriloquial uproar. Passing along between two high mud walls, I stumbled over a man who was crouching on the ground, and at the same moment a door opened and the whole volume of a prodigious bark issued therefrom. Out of the door came a negro, reeling as if drunk, and fell in a heap by the side of the man I had stumbled over. And then I saw there were several others sitting huddled up along the bottom of the wall, groaning from time to time and gasping in a most frightful manner. As the door remained ajar, I I peeped in, and the spectacle presented was so extraordinary that I ventured to push it wider and step inside into the large courtyard upon which it opened. No one noticed me, for every one was engrossed as if bewitched, in the religious function that was proceeding. In the center stood a dervish, with a book from which he was chanting. On either side, with torches in their hands that flickered and spluttered as surely torches never did before, stood two acolyte-like youths, who yelled a sort of accompaniment to the dervish's chant.

Arranged in a great semi-circle around these officiating personages was a ring of forty men, negroes and Arabs, some bareheaded and nearly naked, others in the complete costume of the well-to-do. They were holding each other's hands, and whenever the dervish came to a pause the whole company suddenly raised their joined hands, and as suddenly brought them down again. As they descended, every man bowed his head as low as he could and gave a deep, ventral "hough." The time they kept was so exact that the forty barked like one. On a sudden the dervish stopped, the acolytes yelled afresh, and then the company of devotees, pumping with their arms and doubling up their bodies, proceeded to a fearful competition of the lungs, keeping in perfect unison, the barking grew faster and faster and faster still, until one by one the huge, brawny, great-boned Africans reeled and staggered out of the ring, leaned against the walls, or fell exhausted, gasping and groaning, like heaps of rags, upon the ground.

The contagious delirium of this amazing orgy was something dreadful to behold. A few still held out, but faint and muffled in voice, and the torches flashed and spluttered showing the fainting men lying all around the court tossing their arms about and raving until it seemed as if the devils had been let loose on the earth. My own sensations were extraordinary, for I, who had only been looking on, felt actually faint and out of breath, and I was glad to get out of the court, with its reek of men and stench of guttering torches. As I went the voices grew weaker and weaker, and so died out altogether; the man who gave the last grunt of all being the winner for the night of the prize for piety. Next morning I was told that my adventure had really been one of considerable risk, as many of the men in these barking exercises are mad drunk with hasheesh, and the whole company fanatically Mohammedan. But I am glad I was not wise in time, or I should never have seen one of the most wonderful sights of my life.

The Popular Man.

A popular man must be easy and affable, and never do anything loutish or laughable, must live without friction, be plain in his diction, and like a good fellow, pay up his subscription.

He must keep a glad mean between gayness and gravity, and keep well concealed all his native depravity; spend cash rich and regal, do nothing illegal, and keep his eye peeled like a bald-headed eagle.

In drawing-room circles he must behave proper, and not blunder around like a lumb'ring clodhopper, be polite to the ladies—sweet Susans and Sadies—and never raise Cain, nor confusion, nor hades.—*Tid-Bits.*

College Knowledge.

One-half of the normal schools of the country are private schools.

America has 57 law schools, with 269 teachers and 2,686 students.

There are 92 distinctively scientific schools in the country, with 14,709 students.

There are 145 medical schools in the country, with 145 professors and 15,300 students.

There are 255 normal schools in the country, with 1,937 instructors and 60,063 students.

There are 236 institutions in America for the higher education of women, with 30,587 students.

There are 146 theological seminaries in America, with 5,290 students and 750 professors, an average of one professor to every seven students.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*