
Mark Hanna: "I am afraid that testimonial will be a boomerang."—Chicago Record.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

*(From Our Regular Correspondent.)*

PARIS, FRANCE, JULY 9, 1900.

Nothing in France is so typical of France as the exhibition, for it is at once superficial to the eye and sound to the understanding, full of tinsel sights and unmeaning gaiety side by side with the loveliest forms of art and the most admirable results of industry and of education. Such at least were my thoughts as I came out of the Palais deCongres after spending an hour in the Social Economic section. Outside were the aimless crowd, the gilded domes and plaster decorations, the amusements, the gossip laughter. Inside you were in another atmosphere, an atmosphere of knowledge and utility and peace. Here under some very attractive forms is offered to you the most diverse information of which one example will suffice. The corner devoted to the Russian Temperance movement is charming in its simplicity, novelty, and instructiveness. All about you are diagrams showing the success of the government's propaganda against spirit-drinking in the Russian empire; and a very pleasant young Russian lady, dressed in black, with dark eyes and fair hair, not more as I suppose, than twenty, will answer in the most delightfully broken French, such questions as you may care to put. But the eye and the heart are even more interestingly drawn by the model "debit de the"-tea public house, if one can say so without paradox, than by the amiable Russian. It is fitted up exactly as it is seen in thousands of Russian villages. The shop, not unlike the section of a log hut, has at one end a short counter with hard-boiled eggs, red colored, glass jars of sweets and preserves, and bottles of kvass, a non-alcoholic drink made from barley with something of the taste of cider; while behind the counter is a sideboard containing cups and tea-pots. At the opposite end of the shop is another counter with papers and periodicals, and behind that, a book-case filled with books. The middle of the shop is occupied by tables where the tea or kvass is leisurely consumed, where village politics are debated, or where a game of draughts or dominoes is played by the moujik customers. The rest of the furniture is simple and characteristically Russian, that is to say rude, with a dash of orientalism; a noble brass samovar filled with ever-boiling water behind the counter at one end; a brass ewer under a tap and a comb hanging beside it from a piece of string close to the entrance; a homely faced, loudly ticking clock fixed to the wall and the never-absent colored prints of the Czar and the Czarina. Guess now how much a cup, or cups, of tea taken under these humanizing conditions costs; less than two cents. The price hangs on the wall: - a tiny measure of tea, 1 kopeck; two pieces of sugar, 1 kopeck, a slice of lemon, 1 kopeck; a tea-pot of boiling water, 1 kopeck, and three kopecks are not quite two cents. What a vast organization this state propaganda is, it may be appreciated by the fact that though five years ago when it was started the state paid $100,000 in subventions, in 1899, with its influence penetrating all over Russia, the State subvention was $1,000,000, and the propaganda does more than establish these tea-publichouses. It gives thousands of concerts and conferences and entertainments. The effect is known to be enormous, and with Tolstoi's writings, the Czar's philantropy, and the propaganda, Russia in a few decades ought to have one of the most civilized peasantries in the world.

Mention of the Czar's philantrophy reminds me of another conversation I had in the same building, but now not with a Russian girl, but with a Polish Prince and Princess. I was examining the exhibit of the "Alliance Universelle des Femmes pour la Paix", admiring the photographs of many devoted woman workers, not a few of them American, when I happened to ask an elderly gentlemen, who seemed to have something to do with the exhibit, what was the name of the lady president whose handsome photograph I was looking at. "She" he said without the least affectation, "is the Princess Wiszniewska- my wife. If you will allow me I will introduce you. "And sure enough, as they say in Ireland, there was the princess at a litte distance, conversing with some friends and proud, no doubt, of the labor of love and peace she and her husband had accomplished. The prince then became my informant for the nonce and pointed out what was interesing in the collection. The Alliance, he said, had, when it was founded after the Hague Conference, been called the "league of Women for International Disarmament", but the title was misunderstood and so had to be changed. Few people could grasp the fact that it was not isolated or total disarmament that was aimed at, but only the simultaneous reduction or abolition of standing armies. He took special pains to show me the pictures and petitions of notable American workers in the cause Mrs. Belva Lockwood for one, the lady whom California, (so the Prince said) voted to be President of the United States; Mrs. May Wright Sewall, for another; Mrs. Ormsby Evans, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, of Pennsylvania; Mrs Elder Anna White, Mrs. Hazitt Bevis, of Mass.; Mrs. Emeline B. Wells, of Utah, and Mrs. Fannie W. Gresham of Texas. There were photographs of other American ladies and of the lady workers of other countries of Finland, of Roumania, of Egypt even. Roumania was represented by Mlle. Vacaresco, Sylva Carmen (the Queen of Roumania's) friend, now as the Prince told me, working quietly in her Paris apartment at music and literature and art. Does she often think of Prince Ferdinand, I wonder, who wished to marry her but was compelled by reasons of State to marry into the Queen of England's family? It is very possible, for she is only five and twenty and unmarried.

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

*(From our regular Correspondent.)*

WASHINGTON, JULY 20, 1900.

Mr. McKinley is again performing his specialty- the wobbling act. He heard the criticism of the country of his absence from his post and rushed back to Washington, everybody supposed to do something. There has been Cabinet meetings and Cabinet dinners, but that is all. Nothing has been done that had not been decided upon before Mr. McKinley pulled himself away from the enticing rockers on that Canton porch. Although it is the general opinion in Washington that Congress should be called in extra session to handle this Chinese business, Mr. McKinley and his advisers decided that no extra session should be called until the urgency became more pressing. Because the allied forces in China have won a temporary success, at an awful cost of life, including many Americans, and the Chinese have sent a message saying that the foreign ministers in Pekin are alive, which, by the way, isn't believed by anybody outside of members of the administration, Mr. McKinley will wobble awhile longer.

The truth is that Mr. McKinley is afraid to do anything until he gets a plainer tip on what public sentiment wants this government to do. Men interested in syndicates which have big concessions in China are urging him to send a big army to China so that he can be in a position to prevent the breaking up of the Chinese empire, which would mean the end of their concessions, while republican politicians are cautioning him to feel his way carefully because a mistake will make his defeat for reelection more certain than it now apparently is. He can't get more men in the army without authority from Congress, and he is afraid to take any more men from Gen. Macarthur, who has already been made to to send men from the Philippines against his vigorous protest. Consequently, unless there is an extra session of Congress the total American force in China will not exceed 12,000, and several thousand of them cannot be got there before the first of September, no matter how badly they may be needed. Meanwhile, Mr. McKinley has gone back to Canton to wobble at leisure until public opinion shows him what to do.

There are reasons to believe that a decidedly interesting talk took place in the dining room of Secretary Gage's suburban residence, where Mr. McKinley, all the members of the Cabinet who are in Washington, and Gen. Leonard Wood, Military Governor of Cuba, were guests. The subject was Cuba and its probable future relations towards the U. S. Gen. Wood is in Washington for the purpose of receiving instructions as to the method of electing delegates to the proposed Cuban constitutional convention, which it has been hinted at inside administration circles, may start the annexation ball to rolling by adopting an annexation resolution or declaring in favor of it. If such is the administration programme, the arrangements for the election of delegates to the convention will probably be such as to ensure a majority of annexationists. Gen. Wood will talk about everything else in Cuba, but as soon as you say annexation he is as mum as a clam.

The Chinese Minister in Washington is about as slick as the slickest of his race and he seems able to make Secretary Hay accept any old story that he chooses to tell him. His latest, which Mr. Hay thought important enough to repeat at a Cabinet meeting, is that the reason the foreign ministers in Pekin have not communicated with their governments is that they are hid in the houses of Chinese friends and are afraid that any attempt to send messages would put the mob onto their hiding places. The Chinese Minister's success in stuffing the members of the administration may encourage him to remain in this country and go in the gold brick business if his government gets knocked out at home.

The wires have been kept hot getting word to such republicans as Representative Hull, of Iowa, Chairman of the House Military Committee, who has been publicly advocating the calling of an extra session of Congress, to take the other tack and fall in behind Mr. McKinley, in opposition to an extra session.

Communications received by the Chinese Minister indicate considerable alarm among the Chinese residents of our large cities. They fear that Americans will try to avenge the murder of Americans in China by massacring them. It is, of course, a groundless fear.

## UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

**The Simple Traveler and the Crow That Was Wise.**

A Traveler on the highway chanced upon a Crow seated on a limb of a roadside tree, and being struck by the Bird's plumpness and blackness he cried out:

"Oh, Crow, I have never seen a handsomer bird! Your plumage is simply grand!"

The Crow blinked at him, but had nothing to say in reply.

"Such pose—such dignity!" continued the Traveler. "The Eagle has been

THE CROW BLINKED AT HIM.

called the King of Birds, but he cannot hold a candle to you."

The Crow blinked and winked, but refrained from uttering a word.

"I am sure," continued the Traveler, as he drew nearer, "that such a handsome Bird might equal the Nightingale in song. I pray thee to sing to me."

"Please excuse me today," replied the Crow, as he closed his eyes as if to sleep.

"But I may not. Your dignity, pose and plumage have excited my great admiration, and I am sure your voice will but add to it."

"I've had a sore throat and the grip," protested the Crow.

"Ah, that is but an excuse to veil your modesty. Sing me but one little song."

Thus urged, the Crow opened his mouth and gave utterance to such a screech that the Traveler took to his heels at once, exclaiming as he fled:

"By the great horn spoon, but who'd 'a' thought it!"

"That's another case of it," sighed the Crow, as he moved farther back into the shade. "As a Crow I am all right, but as a Nightingale I drive away those who would be my friends."

Moral.—Knowing our weaknesses, we should conceal them as much as possible. M. QUAD.

**Tempered With Mercy.**

Judge—Have you anything to say, prisoner?

Prisoner—I confess, your honor, that I forged the note, but I'd give five years of my life if I hadn't allowed myself to be tempted to do such a thing!

Judge—Oh, you're too severe on yourself! I'll send you to the house of correction for only three years!

**Unsatisfactory Information.**

"Ruggles, how old are you?"

"If I tell you, will you agree not to ask any more questions?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm on this side of 50."

"From which side are you looking at—oh, I forgot!"—Chicago Tribune.

**Not Particular.**

"Bimler, the sensational story writer, lives in the country, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but he comes to town occasionally for local color."

"What color does he prefer?"

"Eh? Oh, any color as long as it is red."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## ARIZONA KICKLETS.

**Some Items of Interest Gleaned by a Lively Newsgatherer.**

The mail carrier on the Grass Valley route got in 40 minutes ahead of time Wednesday afternoon. He says that a cinnamon bear picked him up

CHASED HIM FOUR MILES.

at Silver creek and chased him four miles, and to beat the bear he had to beat his record. As postmaster we wish that bears were more numerous on all the other routes.

Dr. John Wheelan departed for the east three or four days ago and will not return to Giveadam Gulch. He was not driven out, but had the sense to see that the field was not a good one for a doctor who couldn't tell the difference between measles and smallpox.

Tuesday afternoon his honor the mayor (who is ourself) was obliged to throw old Jim Hewson down stairs in the city hall, and old Jim picked himself up and fired four bullets to kill. No harm was done, however, and the rumors of tragedy flying around town need excite nobody.

In a little discussion as to whether a mule draws a long breath when he kicks Major Wharton and Captain Campbell pulled their guns on each other at the Bootleg saloon the other evening. Friends interfered to prevent an affray, and later on the two men took a drink together. M. QUAD.

**Aunt Ann's Philosophy.**

"Aunt Ann, I am surprised to hear you say you are in favor of second marriages. How can you justify them?"

"Why, my dear young widow, if your first marriage was a happy one you will never be happy until you are married again. If it was a failure, you are entitled to another trial."—Chicago Tribune.

**The Higher Education.**

"I can't understand it, Mabel. Here is little Jimmie, who has been to the public school for two whole years, and he can't even spell 'rat.'"

"You don't understand the new system, George, dear. If you did, you would know there is nothing in the slightest degree æsthetic about spelling."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Vast Difference.**

"I wouldn't like to be in one of those expeditions to the north pole, would you?"

"No; I'd prefer the south pole."

"Huh! What's the difference between the two?"

"All the difference in the world."—Philadelphia Press.

**It Was Bad.**

"Yes, my son, it is very wicked to throw stones at cats."

"But, father, it was a very bad cat."

"How do you know?"

"Well, because I didn't hit it, but broke a window."—Boston Courier.

**Willing to Begin.**

"No, Jimmy, you can't have sugar on your bread and butter. Your father says we must economize now."

"Well, ma, let's quit blackin our shoes."

**The Popular Novel.**

Snarley—Have you read "To Have and to Hold?"

Yow—No, but I'm thinking seriously of writing a book called "To Get and to Blow."—Syracuse Herald.

**Both Felt That Way.**

Yabsley—This spring weather makes me feel like a poet.

Mudge—Me too. I always feel shabby this time of year.—Indianapolis Press.

**No Automobile Either.**

"Doesn't your intended ever take you out riding, May?"

"No. Ours seems to be a horseless engagement."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Off With the New Love.**

Oh, he was a gay young deceiver,
That dashing Lothario, Ike;
'Tis but a year since he informed us
That he was wed unto his bike.
We know now that likey was fickle;
He hastily deserted his wheel,
And yesterday eve in the gloaming
He eloped with an automobile.
—Philadelphia North American

**The Limit.**

"What's the difference between wrath and a woman who wants you to subscribe for something?"

"I dunno."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**The Consolatory Thought.**

Sprottle—So poor Howles is dead. What a loss to literature!

Dimley—Loss! Why, now I can have his complete works bound!—Brooklyn Life.

STATE OF LOUISIANA.

20th Judicial District Court—Parish of Lafourche.

THE STATE OF LOUISIANA AND THE PARISH OF LAFOURCHE EXREL JAMES BEARY, TAX COLLECTOR VS. NO. 3575 LEUFROID PITRE.

TAKE NOTICE: THAT ACTING under and by virtue of a writ of *Fieri Facias* emanating from the above entitled Court, in the above entitled and numbered suit I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction pursuant to law to the last and highest bidder on the premises situated at Lafourche Crossing, on the right bank of Bayou Lafourche at about Four Miles below the town of Thibodaux on

SATURDAY AUGUST 11TH 1900,

between the hours of 11 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. the following described property towit:

The contents of a Bar-Room consisting of Liquors, Cigars, Tables, Chairs, Bottles, Glasses etc. etc.

Terms and Conditions of Sale, Cash to pay principal, interest, attorney's fees and all costs of these proceedings.

July 28th 1900.

JAMES BEARY,
Sheriff of the Parish of Lafourche.

THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

Parish of Lafourche—Justice Court 4th. Ward.

C. D. LALLANDE VS. NO. 217 JOS. BARRIOS.

TAKE NOTICE THAT ACTING under and by virtue of a writ of Fi-Fa emanating from the above entitled court, and in the above entitled suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction pursuant to Law, in front of the office of said Justice Court on

SATURDAY JULY 28TH 1900

between the hours of 11 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. the following described property to-wit:

One certain horse.

Terms and conditions Cash to satisfy judgment and costs of suit.

JOHN S. BARKER,
Constable 4th. Ward.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,

20th Judicial District Court—Parish of Lafourche.

MARCILLIEN DELAUNE VS. NO. 3558, OLEUS GAUTREAUX.

TAKE NOTICE THAT ACTING UNder and by virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias emanating from the above entitled court, in the above entitled and numbered suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at public auction pursuant to law, to the last and highest bidder at the Court House, in the Town of Thibodaux, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1900,

between the hours of 11 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract of land situated in the Parish of Lafourche, State of Louisiana, on the left descending bank of Bayou Lafourche, at about twenty four miles below the Town of Thibodaux, measuring more or less, two arpents front by a depth of forty arpents, bounded above by lands of Joseph Daigre and below by those of Paul Barrios. Together with all the buildings and improvements thereon.

Terms and conditions of sale cash to pay and satisfy the principal, interest, attorney's fees, and all costs in the suit.

JAMES BEARY,
Sheriff Parish of Lafourche.

THOS. A. BADEAUX, &
HOWELL & MARTIN,
Attorneys of plaintiffs.

July 14, 1900.

## Notice of Registration.

Notice is hereby given to the voters of the Parish of Lafourche, that conformably to law the office of the registrar will open on Monday August 6th 1900, for the purpose of registering all entitled to registry under the constitution and laws of Louisiana, and that for that purpose I shall be at the places hereinafter mentioned, on the date assigned for each place, to-wit:

First week in Thibodaux Monday to Saturday August 6th to 11th.
Monday August 13th Lafourche Refinery.
Tuesday August 14th Felix Delatte.
Wednesday August 15th Jules Basset.
Thursday August 16th T. D Kent store.
Friday August 17th Mrs. A. Gossin.
Saturday August 18th Lafourche Crossing.
Monday August 20th Joachim Braud.
Tuesday August 21st Boudreaux & Toups.
Wednesday August 22nd Lovincy Folse.
Thursday August 23rd E. Knobloch.
Friday August 24th Bowie.
Saturday August 25 Paul Guidroz.
Monday August 27 Arthur Legendre.
Tuesday August 28th Vacherie.
Wednesday August 29th Lockport.
Thursday August 30th Longueville.
Friday August 31st M. Delaune.
Saturday Sept. 1st J. T. Badeaux.
Monday Sept. 3rd G. Sassoni.
Tuesday Sept. 4th Cut Off.
Wednesday Sept. 5th Andre Galjour.
Thursday Sept. 6th A. Terrebonne.
Saturday Sept. 8th Lee Ville.
Tuesday Sept. 11th Onezipe Chiasson.
Wednesday Sept. 12th Victor Legendre.
Thursday Sept. 13th Alidore Torres.
Friday Sept. 14th Edward Chiasson.
Saturday Sept. 15th Orville Thibodaux

and next two (2) weeks at the Court house (from 17th to 29th) legal holidays excepted.

E. A. DELAUNE,
Assessor parish of Lafourche.

TABLEAU.

Tableau of the probable expenses of the parish of Lafourche, for the Fiscal year 1900.

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|---|---|
| Salary of officers, | $1 400 00 |
| Police Jurors, mileage and per diem, | 500 00 |
| Road and Levee Inspectors, | 1 00 00 |
| Grand and Petit Jurors, | 900 00 |
| Witnesses in Criminal cases, | 500 00 |
| Sheriff's fees | 1 000 00 |
| Apprehension of Fugitives, | 300 00 |
| Conviction fees, | 400 00 |
| Constables fees, | 800 00 |
| Justice of the Peace fees, | 500 00 |
| Boarding of Prisoners, | 1 600 00 |
| Coroners' fees | 400 00 |
| Jurors of Inquest, | 250 00 |
| Tax Collector's Commission, | 600 00 |
| Charity, maintenance of indigents, | 2 000 00 |
| Public School fund, | 6 500 00 |
| Incidental Expenses, | 3 500 00 |
| Drainage fund, | 2 400 00 |
| Election Expenses, | 500 00 |
| Quarantine and sanitation, | 500 00 |
| | $25 450 00 |