

# The Democrat.

OPELOUSAS, LA.

## THE WIND'S MISTAKE.

Oh, ho!  
Merrily O,  
The winter wind set out to blow,  
He snuffed his coat up to his chin,  
And pulled his cheeks out to begin,  
With fur of snow-flake feathers  
From his cap blown over his keen, cold eyes.

"O, ho!"  
He muttered low,  
"I'll make things dance wherever I go!"  
And first he came where a long elm bough,  
Though stripped of its leafy garment now,  
Hid in its fingers, twining, what  
Was a dangling money-pouch he thought.

"O, ho!"  
"I'd like to know,"  
He cried, "who were and tied this so!"  
"To a winter's pocket, made to hold  
For out of the common reach his gold—  
I'll think and jingle it well about,  
And then (he laughed) I'll empty it out!"

"O, ho!"  
Merrily O,  
With his pocket-check and feather of snow,  
He shook the branch with a wicked gleam,  
But never a clink or jingle heard he!  
Not a gleam of coin nor a trinket stone—  
All that the pouch once held was gone!

"O, ho!"  
He whistled low,  
As he shook it each way, to and fro,  
"The only bird's nest, after all,  
But ah, how from a thing so small!  
Only a mother's skill could twine  
These threads and shreds so neat and fine!"

"O, ho!"  
"I'll leave it so,  
For the sake of the oriole whose care  
In the summer weather hung it there!"  
And he snatched longer than ever, "Ho!"  
With his pocket-check and feather of snow,  
And he started out again to blow.

## THE BUSHRANGERS.

My story has one great merit; it is true. A simple narration, therefore, of the following authentic events in connection with two notorious Australian bushrangers, Pearson and Rutherford, may be read with some interest.

The sounder had a short and not very brilliant career, but the details which I learned from eye-witnesses, the facts that came out in the police court where I had the painful duty to sit as one of the committing magistrates in the case of one of them, and the subsequent awful fate of the other, together make up a record of crime not unworthy of reproduction; and should this story reach the eyes of any of those who were concerned in it, they will pardon me for adhering so scrupulously to the bare facts and incidents that I have not even suppressed their names.

During the terrible drought in December, 1868, of which Australian "squatters" will have a lively but bitter recollection, so great were my straits, that I had directed two of my overseers, James McNall and Henry Zouch, to brand and prepare some twenty thousand sheep "for the road," to travel in search of grass and water, now getting very scarce in my own country. The drafting yards were at "Con's Hut," an outstation about seventy miles from Port Bourke. Half a mile up the Warrego river from this place was a bush public house, kept by one William Shearer, fifteen miles further, my Belalie head station. For many miles no other human habitation broke the dreary monotony of what is termed in Australia "the bush," but what in reality consists in a succession of bare and parched plains, intersected at long intervals by narrow belts of timber and occasional pine ridges. Suddenly the men were disturbed in their work, as they afterward told me by the sound of several shots fired almost simultaneously in the direction of the public house. To catch their hobbled horses, saddle them, and gallop off to see "what was up at Billy Shearer's," was the work of a few minutes.

Now what did happen at "Shearer's" I will describe by giving, as near as memory will serve me, the substance of his evidence at the trial. He stated that about noon on this December day he was standing behind his counter in the bar, a small room about ten feet square, when a party of men, consisting of Sergeant McCabe, of the New South Wales mounted police, McNall, a trooper of the Queensland force, and their black boy, the native "tracker," rode up, and having alighted, inquired if anything had been heard of two bushrangers, Pearson and Rutherford, adding that they were wanted about a late "sticking-up" case in which they had been concerned, and had been tracked to that locality. Shearer knew Rutherford from his having been but a few months previously one of the station hands, and was able to inform the police that this outlaw, at that time, had not yet put in an appearance; the police must have missed them in the bush and gone ahead of them.

The sergeant had just set down on a small form on the left front of the bar, placing his rifle within reach against the counter—the other constable was standing beside him—when two men rode up, hitched their horses to the veranda posts in front of the inn, and without warning the foremost, Rutherford, entered the room, and covering Shearer with his revolver, uttered the formula so much dreaded at the time in Australia, "Ball up!" the doorway at the same time being occupied by the other man, Pearson, also revolver in hand. Finding themselves in such close proximity to the police was no doubt a most unexpected surprise, but Sergeant McCabe's challenge "to surrender" had no other effect than to cause Rutherford to wheel half round after his aim, and fire, McCabe, as it appeared, receiving the ball as he was in the act of leaning forward, and though without time to bring his rifle to the shoulder, discharging it in that attitude at Pearson in the doorway. The scene of confusion was indescribable—the small room was dense

with smoke—six shots, it is believed, having been exchanged in almost as many seconds at such terribly close quarters.

The bushrangers rushed for the horses, which had broken away in the melee, crouched them, and decamped; but Pearson was seen to drop his revolver and to be staggering, and, as was subsequently discovered, was shot through the wrist and the shoulder. McCabe was down, mortally wounded, and the first care seems to have been for him, a circumstance which explains the almost unnoted escape of the bushrangers.

It was at this juncture that the overseers, McNall and Zouch, came upon the scene, and, without further delay, armed themselves with poor McCabe's rifle and revolver, and, accompanied by the untried trooper and his native boy, went in pursuit. Following the tracks, they reached the head station, Belalie, where they learned that Pearson and his mate had been before them, had helped themselves to two of my best horses, abandoning their own, and, leaving the road, had struck out due west across the bush. This occasioned some surprise, as Rutherford, who knew the ground, must have been aware that such a route, if persisted in, would necessitate seventy miles without water, and that, too, with a wounded comrade.

Occasionally across the wide plains the fugitives were sighted, riding leisurely along, little suspecting how closely they were followed; and our men had to keep their pace, as their tactics were to creep them in ignorance of pursuit, with the hope of being able to take them by a night surprise, when, as was naturally expected, they would "go into camp." McNall has described to me how, on one occasion, where the plains were smaller and the clumps of timber more frequent, they were able to get within rifle-shot, and he was sorely tempted to show them as little consideration as they had shown the poor sergeant, and fire; but Zouch, who, before he came to my employment, had been a sub-inspector of police, and had had much experience in hunting down bushrangers, was bent on taking them alive, and would not risk the chance of a long shot. These cooler counsels prevailed, and they steedily followed on.

They were doomed to disappointment in the end; for, almost incredible as it may seem, with a wounded man to endure such heat and fatigue, these heady desperadoes made no halt. As night came on our men, on the other hand, were obliged to camp, as they could no longer follow the hoofmarks of the fugitives' horses without risk of losing them altogether. So soon, however, as the moon was up they were again on their tracks, and followed them till soon after daylight, when, worn out with thirst and fatigue, they reached Mr. Vincent Dowling's Yantaburra station, on the Cuttaburra river. Here they were mortified to find that the bushrangers had again been too quick for them, had run the station horses into the yard, had helped themselves to fresh ones, and were away with some hours' start. It was then decided to abandon the pursuit. There were at that time few stations further west, and sooner or later starvation would compel the runaways to return to inhabited parts. The troopers were left to watch and endeavor to pick up further information, while McNall and Zouch had reluctantly to return and look to their station duties.

At the time when bushranging was rife in Australia there were parts of the country where, among a certain class of small farmers and publicans, sympathy was shown for bushrangers, and what the police had to encounter before they ultimately succeeded in extirpating the evil was the great difficulty in getting reliable information of the movements of these marauders, who on the other hand were themselves kept posted in the movements of their pursuers, and the "flee" being given, were harbored or assisted to escape by secret allies, who seemed above suspicion. In the far interior, where we lost sight of Pearson and Rutherford, this was fortunately not the case; here they would find no "cover" either from the nature of the country or the disposition of the inhabitants. They could not hold out long outside the occupied country, and when forced to return, the population was so scattered and sympathizers none, that hopes of escape were slight. Added to this, the excellent police force of the colony was on the alert, and border police active and vigilant. Notwithstanding, for upward of a month there was no sign; till one day Pearson was sighted on foot in a range of hills near Fort Bourke. He was easily captured, and when brought before the bench, was haggard and worn-out with fatigue.

This unfortunate man was of comparatively gentle birth, had been a medical student in England, and being sent out to the colony to seek his fortune, had, as is too often the case where a young fellow is shipped off without friends, interest or capital, lost caste, got among dissolute companions, until, attracted by what weak-minded boys would think a dashy life, had come by rapid steps to this terrible depth of crime.

The case was simple—his only care seemed to be to clear himself of the actual murder of McCabe. The law, however, could take no cognizance of this—whether he fired the shot or not he was equally guilty of the murder. He was committed, tried and sentenced to be hanged. Subsequently his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and when I last heard of him he was still an inmate of Darlinghurst jail.

An extraordinary statement of his was that on leaving the public house, he had to be helped on to his horse in an almost

fainting condition, and yet held up through that exhausting escape; that a day later, by his directions, his mate extracted the ball from his shoulder with his knife; and yet when taken, though weak and ill, no trace of wounds save the scars remained. He had parted from Rutherford, as his enfeebled state was a danger to both, and he had not had the hardihood to attempt to make his way through the cordon formed by the vigilant guardians of the peace.

But to his companion he was as true as steel, and would give no clue to the direction Rutherford had taken.

The latter, who was a much more experienced bushman, and in stronger health, was successful in evading his fate for some time longer. As was afterward ascertained, he had contrived to elude the police, and made his way to the McQuarrie river, some three hundred miles nearer Sidney than the scene of his late terrible outrage. He was a smart young fellow, a native Australian, though of English parentage, and of good address. Arriving in a district where he was unknown, he had no difficulty in getting employment, and was for some time engaged breaking-in horses on a cattle station, a duty he was well able to perform.

Had he been contented to remain at honest work he might have long escaped detection; but it was not to be. He was soon at his old work, and one day walked into the Pine Ridge hotel, near Canonba, kept by a Frenchman named Beauvais, and unceremoniously announced: "I am Rutherford. Bail up." The process was without excitement, orderly and business-like, and Beauvais knew there was no alternative but to submit.

He pleaded that he was not a rich publican, and begged moderate terms, offering any refreshment he demanded. Rutherford wanted money and nothing else—"that or your life." With his revolver at the head of the unhappy Frenchman, he marched him into the private room where the cash box was kept, and stood by while his victim reluctantly and slowly opened it. However, he stood a little to close, and Beauvais, as he described it to me, thought: "I will not part with my money without a struggle." There was no time bandying words or remonstrance. Quick as thought he threw up his antagonist's revolver arm, and grappled with him in a deadly struggle. He was a plucky fellow, but the odds were against him. Rutherford was a younger and stronger man, armed and now desperate.

Beauvais' grasp on the revolver arm prevented Rutherford from getting an opportunity to fire; still the issue could not long be doubtful.

At this moment in the unequal combat some good chance caused one of the men to stumble, and both fell heavily to the ground. There was a loud report; Rutherford's pistol had gone off in the fall, and Beauvais, jumping to his feet, found that the wretched murderer had perished by his own hand, and without a struggle.

I am glad to be able to add that this plucky act was not left unrewarded, the New South Wales government presenting Beauvais with £100 for his gallant conduct in having been instrumental in ridding society of this dangerous and desperate felon.

## Faintness and Its Causes.

Faintness consists in a temporary failure of the activity of the heart; the blood, in consequence, is not properly circulated. It does not reach the head, and the patient loses clearness of vision, and color, and, if not prevented, falls on the floor, where, however, or even before reaching it, he recovers. There is no convulsion, and, though he can scarcely be said to be conscious, he is not profoundly unconscious, so as not to be able to be aroused, as happens in epilepsy.

There are all degrees of faintness, from merely feeling faint and looking slightly pale, to the state we have described; and in some cases the state of fainting is hardly recovered from well before it recurs again and again, for hours and days together. We need hardly say that such cases as the latter are altogether beyond the reach of domestic medicine. What are the causes of faintness? It is not very difficult to describe these. Some people are so easily affected that they will faint if they cut their finger, or even if they only see the cut finger of another person. All one can say of such persons is that their muscular fibre is not strong, and that their nerves are sensitive. The heart, which goes on for years circulating the blood, is essentially a muscle. It is weak in some people, stronger in others. As a rule, it is weaker in women and stronger in men. Whatever weakens the heart and the muscles generally acts as a cause of faintness. Close, foul air is a common cause of faintness or languidness. Anything which greatly affects the nervous system, such as bad news or the sight of something horrible or disagreeable, will sometimes cause fainting. But of all causes of faintness, none is so serious as the loss of blood. The muscles, in order to act well, must be supplied with blood; and if the blood of the body is lost—if it escapes, either from a vein opened purposely, or from piles, or from the source from which menstruation proceeds—in excessive quantity then faintness will happen.

When a woman spends three hours in a hot kitchen and roasts her brains out almost in preparing a tempting and appetizing dinner for her husband, to which he sits down without a word of commendation, and replies when asked how he likes his dinner, "Oh, it will do," the tired-out wife doesn't feel encouraged to waste much time on his supper.

## THE MONKEY OF SIAM.

His Skill in Detecting Bad Colors and His Passion for Robbing Orchard.

"Monkeys," says an Arabic proverb can talk perfectly well if they choose so to do; but they are far too clever to let us into their secret. Well they know that were they to speak, they would be made to work; so they wisely hold their tongues." It certain strange stories that have recently reached our hemisphere from the distant realm of Siam have founded on fact, the "incomplete man," as some German physiologists describe our respected ancestor, whose fondness for apples is considered to have exercised considerable influence upon the destiny of humanity, is made to work in many several ways, despite his affected ignorance of articulate language. His prudent silence avails him naught in the domain of the White Elephant; and there are—at least we are assured so by an old Austrian resident at the Siamese court—few professions which he may not be taught to practice with amazing skill and accurate precision. He is trained to fish for crabs with his tail, as comical a pursuit as can be imagined, except, perhaps, for the worthy and intelligent ape engaged in it, who sometimes gets a "bite" from a monster crab that he is totally unable to land, and falls a victim to the superior weight of his Cancer Pexo, who drags him into the water, drowns and finally devours him. The Siamese ape is also stated to be in request among native merchants as a cashier in their counting-houses. Vast quantities of base coin obtain circulation in Siam, and the faculty of discrimination between good money and bad would appear to be possessed by these gilded monkeys in such an extraordinary degree of development that no mere human being, however carefully trained, can compete with them. The cashier ape meditatively puts into his mouth each coin presented to him in business payments, and tests it with grave deliberation. If it be genuine, he hands it over to his master. If it be counterfeit, he sets it down on the counter before him with a solemn grimace of displeasure. His method of testing is regarded in commercial circles as infallible; and, as a matter of fact, his decision is uniformly accepted by all parties interested in the transaction. But, though a true and valuable servant to his own particular master, it seems that his moral character is not altogether irreproachable. His deplorable passion for fruit makes him the terror of Siamese market-gardeners, who find brute force inadequate to restrain him from visiting their orchards, and therefore have recourse to divers and sundry stratagems, one of which is reported to be as successful as it is certainly ingenious. A specially active and enterprising ape is captured and carefully sewed up in the skin of a tiger cat. He is then turned loose in the orchard of his predilection, and straightway clambers, as well as he may, incumbered by an unfamiliar garment, into the branches of a fruit tree among his unclutched fellows. Scarcely do these latter set eyes upon him, with all his feline terrors thick upon him, when a dreadful panic strikes them, and they scramble away with piercing screeches and agonizing chattering. Never more do they return to an orchard which they believe to be infested by the deadliest enemy of their race. The startling intelligence is rapidly disseminated throughout the monkey society of the neighborhood, and the wily gardener enjoys an absolute immunity from depredation forever afterward, for the very thought of a tiger cat appals the simian soul, and doubtless the tale of "the awful apparition in Ting-tse's orchard" is handed down in quidnuncian families, from generation to generation.

## The Zulus as Lion Hunters.

Of the skill and courage of the Zulus many anecdotes are told, of which the following is a specimen: Some few years ago a Zulu hunter, hearing a young British officer speak somewhat lightly of native prowess, offered to give him a specimen of it by killing single-headed a huge lion which infested the neighborhood. The challenge was accepted, and the brave fellow at once set out on his dangerous errand, the officer and several of his comrades following at a distance. Having drawn the beast from his lair, the hunter wounded him with a well-plunged spear, and instantly fell flat on the ground beneath his huge shield of rhinoceros hide, which covered his whole body like the lid of a dish. The lion, having vainly expended his fury upon it, at length drew back a few paces. Instantly the shield rose again, a second lance struck him, and his furious rush encountered only the impenetrable buckler. Foiled again, the lion crouched close beside his ambushed enemy, as if meditating a siege, but the wily savage raised the further end of the shield just enough to let him creep noiselessly away in the darkness, leaving his buckler unmoved. Arrived at a safe distance, he leveled his third spear at the broad yellow flank of the royal beast with such unerring aim as to lay him dead on the spot, and then returned composedly to receive the apologies and congratulations of the wondering spectators.

## Proverbs.

This is a new and interesting way to play this game. A well known proverb is divided among the players, each taking a word, with the exception of one player, who leaves the room whilst the proverb is selected. When all arrangements are made this player enters the room again and stands before all the others, who should be arranged in a semi-circle. He then inquires the number of words of which the proverb consists. One player, who acts as leader, then gives three distinct beats with his hand,

as if directing a concert; and at the third beat each player utters his own word, so as to produce a kind of mixed riddle. This must be repeated three times, and if the proverb is not guessed the outside player has to retire again. If he succeeds in guessing he can transfer his office to any other player whose particular word he can detect. Of course, the proverb must be a well known one, or otherwise to guess it would be an impossibility. No one who has not tried this mode of playing at proverbs can form any conception of the extreme difficulty of discriminating the simultaneously uttered sounds.

## MIRROR WORSHIP.

Why the Bronze Mirror is So Important in Japanese Houses.

Professor Ayrton lectured last week at the Royal Institution, his subject being "The Magic Mirror of Japan." In Japan there is, he said, an absence of house walls, interior and exterior, the houses consisting of a roof supported only by a few posts, including very little but empty space, and sliding screens across divide off compartments. Why, in this comparative absence of all that we should call furniture, does one article pertaining to the ladies' toilet—the bronze mirror with its stand—hold so prominent a position? This mirror is usually circular, from three inches to twelve inches in diameter, made of bronze, and with a bronze handle covered with a mercury amalgam, and the back is beautifully ornamented with a gracefully executed raised design. Some of the rustic population have also polished lanterns.

The explanation of the fact that the mirror is almost par excellence the entire furniture is found partially in the elaborate head-dresses of the Japanese ladies and the painting of their faces, and partly from the belief that as the sword was the "soul of the Samurai," so is the mirror the "soul of woman." It therefore constitutes the most valuable of all her possessions, and two mirrors form part of the trousseau of every bride. The characteristic qualities of the mirror must, it is believed, be in accordance with the constitution of the possessor, and "second sight" is resorted to in the selection of a mirror. But why is the mirror so important an article in the Imperial palace, where the Court ladies, still preserving the fashion of old days, comb back their hair in the simplest style? Why does the fortune-teller, instead of looking at a girl's palm, regard the reflection in a mirror? Why, instead of referring to the book of the recording angel, does the Japanese Plato bring before the boatman his evil deeds reflected in a mirror? The mirror ranks far higher in Japanese history than has been supposed; it, in fact, takes the place of the cross in Christian countries.

Professor Ayrton read the myth of the origin of the worship of the magic mirror. The main points in it are that when gods alone inhabited the earth the Sun Goddess one day hurt her hand with her shuttle, having been suddenly frightened by a practical joke of her brother, the God of the Sea. She indignantly retired to a cave. Darkness followed, and the gods had to be appeased. The wisest of the gods suggested making an image of her more beautiful than herself. The Japanese Vulcan fashioned a mirror in the shape of the sun, and all the gods laughed and shouted, "Here is a deity who surpasses even your glory." Woman's curiosity could not stand this. The goddess peeped out, and, while admiring herself in the mirror, was caught and dragged out by a rice rope. The national traditions have it that this Sun Goddess (Amaterasu omi Kami), sending her adopted grandson, who was also the great-grandfather of the first Emperor of Japan, to subdue the world, made him three presents: the magi-tama (the precious stone, emblematical of the spirit of woman), the sword (emblematical of the spirit of man), and the mirror (emblem of her own soul). "Look," she said, "on this mirror as my spirit; keep it in the same house and on the same floor with yourself, and worship it as if you were worshipping my actual presence."

## Color in Lawn-Planting.

Samuel Parsons makes the following suggestions in a paper on "Lawn-planting for Small Places" in Scribner for March: As a rule, also, never plant a large dark evergreen in front of, and very near, a brilliant, light-colored, deciduous tree, for thus planted it will dwarf and weaken the effect of the latter. On some lawns, however, a few massive dark evergreens may be used with effect in the extreme, and, if possible, north-west corner of the lot. A striking contrast may be obtained by interspersing a few white birches among and in front of these evergreens. They will serve in this case to brighten the picture both winter and summer—though usually we prefer not to mix evergreen and deciduous trees. This harmonious and contrasting disposition of color requires careful study, and even perhaps a natural gift. For instance, it is better to introduce gay, bright colors in well-judged proportions. A few bright flowers of deep red, blue or yellow will have a better effect dispersed here and there about the lawns than in one great mass. Introduce them so that by means of their different natures there will be always during the season a few gay points in the picture.

## KRAKOW.

The Jewish Population of the Old Polish Capital.

There are not many sights in Krakow; and if there were I should not attempt to describe them, since nothing is duller than the guide-book-like enumeration of details into which one slides in trying to be exhaustive. Still, the Jewish town ought to be mentioned, for the Jews are the most striking feature in the population of the city. They were, as old writers say, brought hither by King Casimir the Great in the fourteenth century, and settled in the suburb which they still inhabit, and which is called from him the Casimir city. It is altogether unlike the inner city, with streets wider, houses comparatively low and mean, and an indescribable air of dirt and squalor pervading every thing. There is an immense bustle of buying and selling going on—a sort of perpetual rag fair—chiefly in wearing apparel, but also in all sorts of articles of domestic utility, furniture, pots and pans, shovels and griddles, pottery (all cheap and ugly), and small groceries. The dealers are mostly outside their doors, where, indeed, the greater part of their wares are displayed, and solicit the passer-by in Polish, Hebrew, or, more rarely, German.

There are altogether in Krakow, whose total population amounts to 40,000, over 12,000 Jews. The great majority are Orthodox or Rabbinical, and are distinguished by their long straight coats of cloth, or alpaca, coming almost to the ankles, tall and narrow-brimmed hats, and little wavy curls on either side of the face. Such a hideous dress creates a prejudice against them, which is in large measure unjust, for they are a valuable element in the population of Poland, and get on better with the Christians than is the case further east, even in Germany. A few have begun to drop the peculiar dress, with the strict observance of the law, and may before long be absorbed in the body of the people. Though the race would seem to have kept pretty much to itself all these centuries, there is a great diversity of complexion among these Polish Jews. Many are fair in face; some have sandy hair; but the characteristic features are seldom absent. In Poland, as elsewhere, they are town-folk, never settling down to till the soil; and their bustling activity makes them seem even more numerous in Krakow than they really are, so that a stranger might fancy it a Jewish city. It is by no means stagnant or decaying; for the converging railways and its position in a fertile country make it a place of considerable trade. But this hardly qualifies the air of melancholy that broods over it.

The Poles are by nature, like their nearest relations, the Bohemians, a bright and vivacious people. Those who know the Slavonic race best generally agree in holding them to be its most highly gifted branch. And here in Galicia they do not seem to have much misgovernment to complain of, nor perhaps anything more than the pedantry, formalism and backwardness which characterize Austrian rule everywhere. The Polish tongue reigns, and Poles are freely admitted to the best posts under government which industry and talent can win. Nevertheless, the sense of the past, of the downfall of their monarchy, and the apparently destined extinction of their nationality, seems to lie like a load upon their souls. Krakow, with its grand old houses, its picturesque crowds, its pleasant gardens encircling its houses, its bells, chiming ceaselessly in the clear summer air, is withal a place of sadness.

Bushmen.

Bushmen are usually ranked as the lowest form of humanity, except, perhaps, the South American Botocudo and their manners of oral communication is very little like human speech, being a series of clicks, interspersed with harsh, entirely inarticulate, guttural sounds. They are strange looking creatures, diminutive in size, singular in movement, bestial in feature, and strongly suggest the connecting link between man and monkey. If they can get no better food, they will eat snakes and reptiles, and they make a kind of cake out of dried locusts which they pound between stones and knead into shape. They are cunning, and not without courage. They hunt wild beasts of divers sorts, even the lion, toward which they creep upon their bellies (keeping to the leeward, so that he may not get their scent) till within a short distance of him, when they shoot one of their tiny, poisoned arrows into a vital spot, and so slay him. In hunting ostrich they contrive to approach behind a screen formed to look like one of those birds, until within arrow range, and kill a number of them. The bushman is very revengeful, and easily takes offence, often with the least cause. Not unfrequently he hamstringing a whole herd of cattle because the owner has angered him wittingly or unwittingly. The Dutch Boers are so afraid of him and his poisoned arrows that they do not hesitate to shoot him down as they would a rabid dog whenever they have an opportunity. He is not devoid of intelligence, and might be civilized, it would seem, but no effort in this direction has yet been made. His treatment has been of a kind to render him still more savage.

An indifferent actor was playing in Otello at the Dunedin theatre. When he came to the passage: "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" a stenographic voice roared from the gallery: "All right, old man, drink away; you're safe."

Musical: You say you have a desire to become a musician, and have a good ear for music. Judging from the ear on the photograph enclosed in your letter, we should think you had a better ear for a lead pencil.

## WAIFS AND WHIMS.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

Little girl, with dainty feet,  
Blissfully fling down the street,  
The tinny tin you would beget,  
With your pretty face and winning smile.  
Little girl, you are very fair,  
With tiny cheeks and laughing hair,  
Your eyes are bright, your mouth is young,  
And waits for some from your throat.

Little girl, I love you well,  
How much my view can never tell,  
But if the truth must be confessed,  
I love your goodness best.  
A thermometer gains notoriety by degrees.  
The mean man is always meaner to himself than to anyone else.  
A pistol is not half so dangerous when the owner is not loaded.  
The Bennett Arctic expedition will leave San Francisco during June.  
Almost all of us are generous to a fault; if the fault happens to be our own.  
For fifteen years no governor of North Carolina has served out his full term.

Hudibras calls matrimony a perverse fever, beginning with heat and ending with frost.  
The "watch-dog's honest bark" may be all right, but it's the quiet dog that puts in the bites.  
Poverty is a bully if you are afraid of it, but is good natured enough if you meet it half way.  
The man who is waiting for something to turn up generally finds it when he steps on a barrel-hoop.

One writes illegibly to hide his bad spelling, as one contents one's self with a half-smile to conceal poor teeth.  
The man who sighed for the wings of a bird did not, apparently, know that the legs were much nearer eating.

Modesty is a priceless virtue; but if, like the paint on a woman's cheek, it is only "put on," it loses its value.  
It is inferred from the heroism with which Spartan women used to encourage their husbands to go forth to battle that they looked well in black.

It is a base ball where only one lady monopolizes partners enough to have nine on a side. Any other woman present will say so.  
"Science," says Dr. Holmes, "is a good piece of furniture for a man to have in an upper chamber, provided he has common sense on the ground floor."

A million little diamonds  
Twinkling on the tiger,  
And all the little mail-sails,  
"A jewel, if you please!"  
But while they hid their hands outstretched  
To catch the diamond's rays,  
A million little diamonds came,  
And stole them all away.

"Sam," said one little urchin to another—"Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?"  
"I s'pose he does," was the reply; "he gives me a hickin' reg'lar every day, and says I merit two."  
A correspondent wishes to know if we are the author of the "American Encyclopedia." Well, no; not exactly the author of it. We filled the canvasser, however, if that is what you mean.—[Hawkeye.]

It is all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes into his mouth is almost the only person in these hard times who manages to make both ends meet.  
"Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" asks an exchange. We see no impediment in the way. But if he is given to practicing at home, it is an utter impossibility for the man living next door to be a Christian.

A very old lady on her death-bed, in penitential mood, said: "I have been a great sinner more than eighty years, and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed, "Lors! I knowed it all the time."

## The Little Hand.

Votive offerings were common among the Norwegian fishermen. A legend states that a mariner wished on Christmas day to give the spirit of the water a cake; but when he came to the shore, lo! the waters were frozen over. Unwilling to leave his offering on the ice, and so give the spirit the trouble of breaking the ice to obtain it, the fisherman took a pick-axe and set to work to make a hole. In spite of all his labor he was only able to make a very small hole, not large enough to put the cake through. Having laid the cake on the ice while he thought what was best to be done, suddenly a very tiny little hand, as white as snow, was stretched through the hole, seized the cake, and crumpling it up together, withdrew with it. Ever since that time the cakes have been so very small that the water-spirits have had no trouble with them. In this legend originated the compliment so often paid to a Norwegian lady, "Your hand is like a water-sprite's."

## Life in a Lighthouse.

A grim story of life in a lighthouse comes from the Burmah coast, and is printed in the Rangoon Times. A telegram having announced the light on the Algauds reef was not visible, a steamer was dispatched to ascertain the cause. The captain on landing discovered two of the men in the lighthouse dead, while a third was lying in a precarious state. The keeper stated that signals of distress such as "want immediate help" and "man dying" had been exhibited by him for about twenty days. As a last resort, all his signals having failed to attract attention, he darkened the light on the Bassin side, feeling certain that this step would not fail to attract attention to the light house. And so, with the dead and dying, he watched for relief, which came at last.