

# St. Landry Democrat.

BY L. A. SANDOZ.  
Opelousas, - Louisiana.

It is said that the numerous canning factories being erected throughout West Tennessee will, to a great extent, reduce cotton production, and build up truck farming and the fruit industry.

Notwithstanding that every year from 5000 to 6000 ships go up and down the River Seine carrying 2,500,000 tons of goods, it is said that there is no map of this important French stream in existence.

Some idea of the cost of maintaining a navy may be derived from the fact that the recent voyage of American war vessels from San Francisco to Washington entailed an expense of \$120,000 for fuel alone.

Charles Henry Pearson, an Englishman, has written a book in which he claims to have proved that the great races of the world are losing ground, and that the Chinese, Hindoos and South American halfbreeds are the coming leaders of civilization.

One gets an idea of the loneliness of the Pacific when learning that the steamship City of Peking, so long overdue, having broken her shaft and taken to wing, covered 1240 miles without seeing a sail. She went out of her way in the hope of meeting a sister ship and receiving aid.

The inimitable flavor for which the "Roast Beef of Old England" was once famous is said to be rapidly deteriorating, and probably no one of the present generation has any real conception of what the toothsome qualities of English beef formerly were. What is known of English cattle now is that they are artificially reared, artificially fattened, and killed in a state of immaturity, the whole object of the breeders being to rush the animals through their short span of existence as quickly as possible in order to secure the diminishing profits which accrue from their sale. The whole subject of cattle-feeding has just been brought into notice by a new device for smearing the beasts with oil. The firm which is exploiting the process points out that it is not intended to fatten cattle by absorption through the skin, but to prevent the loss of heat, and thus economize food.

The United States Patent Office records of last year show that over 400 applications were filed by women, their inventions ranging from buttonhole flower-holders to valuable devices for railway construction. A great deal of their inventive genius was devoted to the convenience and comfort of the sterner sex, resulting in improved suspenders, self-attaching neckties and other reliefs from the annoyances encountered more particularly by the bachelors of the land, and which are justly looked upon as a punishment for their perverse adherence to a life of single blessedness. "Here," observes the Detroit Free Press, "is suggested a field where the ambitious and intelligent woman may find remunerative employment and where the ordinary rules of competition govern. If her inventions have merit and meet a demand, they will be as quickly adopted and as well paid for as though a man's brain had done the same work."

The Danish World's Fair Committee has received word from Mr. Trolle, a fur merchant in Copenhagen, that he intends to furnish a Greenland exhibition at Chicago. The trade with Greenland is in the hands of the Danish Government, through whose vessels Mr. Trolle has collected many valuable and rare objects. He has a kakaj in natural size and natives' dresses. The male costume consists of jacket and trousers, both of skin the woman's of a jacket and trousers lined with eiderdown. On the back of the jacket is a great pocket or bag, where the babies are kept. The dress is covered with bright glass pearls and around the neck is a garland of three or four rows of glass pearls. A fine collection of the products of their home industry, such as embroidery of colored pieces of seal skin, will be shown; also samples of "vagstone," from which the male natives artistically cut signets. Models of the summer tents and winter dwellings, fishing cords, etc., will also be exhibited.

"The mania for committing suicide is spreading to an alarming extent," remarked a professor at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., a few days since. "I recall reading a prediction," he continued, "that between the years 1885 and 1895 such an epidemic, if you can call it that, would prevail, owing to the planetary influences, and the facts seem to bear it out, whether the prediction was based on superstitious grounds or as a result of astronomical research. History tells us that at an early period in France so prevalent was the idea of self-destruction that the Government issued a decree that after a certain time the body of any man or woman guilty of taking his or her life should be hanged in a public place and designated as that of a cowardly criminal. The result of the edict was that thereafter the suicidal mania became fashionable, and deaths from this cause were few and far between. It would appear to me, reviewing the history of the last few years, that some legislation of the same sort must be enacted in America."

# SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars for evermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spun,  
The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And know what seems reproach was love most true.

And we shall see, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see.  
And 'e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink;  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that sometimes the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
If we could push apart the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We should interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!  
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;  
We must not fear the close-shut leaves apart;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

# A JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

"Hugh, come here," called Mr. Alfred Nevalls, the active partner of Nevalls, Son & Co., forwarders, from his private office. The bookkeeper left his desk in the middle of the room and stood silent before his master.

"Close the door and sit down," Hugh obeyed quietly, demurely, as he did everything else, as undisturbed and as imperturbable as the belfry is to the clang of the bell.

"Soph—that is Mrs. Nevalls—has returned from Arway and is now visiting her mother, Mrs. Tracey," began Mr. Nevalls.

"Sorry to hear that, Sir." "And she has little Mary with her." Mr. Nevalls looked fiercely at his retainer as if expecting a response, and Hugh replied: "Sorry again, Sir."

"Yes, and by the Lord I won't stand it. My—that is Mrs. Nevalls has broken her word, or at least our understanding; while I have been true to every under-taking. What did she mean by saying that she would take the house at Arway and educate the child if she didn't intend to stay there? She knew full well that, separation or no separation, I would never submit my little girl to the dominion of that old harridan. And now she is back here in a month's time."

"I suppose, as it always was, it's 'mother.' She has ruined two lives, but she shan't ruin the third! I tell you, Hugh, I won't stand it; by Jove, I won't stand it!" and Mr. Nevalls, as if to exemplify this determination, began to pace up and down the floor. "You must get little Mary for me," he continued.

"I am her natural guardian. The law gives me the right, and now Sophia—she means Mrs. Nevalls—own act makes it a duty. You must get her, and trust me, I'll keep her."

"Yes, Sir," said Hugh, and he arose as if he had been asked to fetch a file of paper.

"Wait a moment. Don't be so abrupt. Can't you see I'm nervous? You won't do anything to shock Sophia. She has such a tender, sensitive nature."

"Oh, no, indeed, Sir." "And will you need any money?" "I will let you know this afternoon, when I have reconspired and found out how old and ugly the maid is."

"Well, take your time and method, Hugh. I trust you. But look out for that old warrior if you value your eyes and hair."

"Can't spare them, Sir, even to oblige a lady." And silently, furtively, Hugh passed into his office, and thence out of the warehouse, leaving word with the boy at the door that he was going to a funeral, and would not be back before night if he had to drive to the cemetery.

And Alfred Nevalls swung around in his chair and clutched the topmost letter in his hand, crowding man's straw. But to no avail. He could not work. Who can, indeed, when self-erics out for justification? The black letters lost their form and meaning and assumed delightful shapes of a fascinating young woman, of a charming little girl. Delightful, yet exasperating, for these pictures seemed to say: "We are yours; why don't you claim us and hold us? Only a coward would abandon those so weak and trustful."

collection of diamonds, harmonicas, revolvers, watches, flutes, and razors. When he came out a few minutes later his derby hat had been replaced by a broad-brim, and his demure black frock coat by a velvet shooting jacket. He gave his drooping mustache an upward twist and grinned inanely, and looked far more like a German tenor out of a job than the confidential clerk of a reputable forwarding house.

It was a fall day, sunshiny, brilliant, with a zest to the air like the tingle of wine. Hugh took a car to the park and then strolled across toward Sammis street, in which the Tracey mansion was situated. There were but few pedestrians abroad, here and there a maid trundling her charge or watching its play from one of the benches; but Hugh saw no fluttering gleam of little Mary's golden curls. He reached a clump of evergreens from which he could spy the house where she was held. To the left was a grove, and beyond this a terrace, at the foot of which ran the street through which he had arrived.

On the upper and lower sides of the grove were broad fields, on which the school children were permitted to play football and tennis. But now these were deserted, and the park was lonely. Mornings, this was its loneliest part; hardly a sound, hardly a motion, save the crackle of a falling twig or the lazy curl of smoke from great piles of burning leaves.

Hugh found an obscure seat, and drawing his hat over his eyes thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, outstretched his long legs, seeming to sleep, narrowly watching a faxen-haired, robust maid busied with the ice at the Tracey's basement entry, and then Hugh awoke. What more natural than that a poor German exile should dare approach and accost a woman of his race? What more natural than that a blue-eyed Madchen should chatter at the joyful sound of her mother tongue?

"Oh, yes, she was more than busy. She could not linger with the music-master, a well-to-do, respectable stranger. Her mistress was a housewife with the eye of a lynx, and her mistress's daughter had arrived to visit and was quite ill, and she must attend on her and the little girl, besides the many duties of the ordinary day. A pleasant hour for a stroll with the child? Indeed it was, and more the pity. Her mistress would not let her grandchild out of her sight; did she fear the night, or an assassin, or a petroleuse? And the Madchen shrugged her plump shoulders and hurried into the house as the whistle sounded and a shrill voice strained the tube.

So Hugh, by a circuitous route, returned to his office and waited, feeling rather discouraged. But by and by the door of the Tracey mansion opened and slammed, and a short, stout, red-faced woman, who looked angry with herself since there was no other suitable antagonist present, came down the steps, tightly grasping a child by the hand. A dainty little girl, with long golden hair and happy eyes that danced impatient to the restraint of her grandmother's stride. She marched up the street as if to a bastion. She wheeled at the corner and entered the park by that very path near which Hugh lay in ambush, and little Mary skipped blithely by her side like a cupid attending one of the Fates.

"Devuce take it," muttered Hugh. "I never shall have a better chance. There's not a soul in sight. But what can I do? I can't loosen those bread-books short of a garrotting."

He withdrew the closer among the evergreens as the pair approached, and looked about him in desperation. The lady curd of the child, and suggested a wicked design. But there was success in it, for aunt or shrew, victim or wren, would surely be affected alike by such a peril. He deftly wove a wisp of leaves, twigs and grass. He lighted it. He crept behind the matron and dropped it on her trailing woolskirt. In an instant he was with her side with hands upraised and alarm-praising eyes.

"Beg pardon, Ma'am," he shouted, "but your dress is all ablaze." "Now if there was one thing—persons were out of the running—that the Widow Tracey feared it was fire. There was a directness about it which she could appreciate. Her lecture on lamps, which she delivered whenever a new servant was engaged, and consequently very fresh in her mind, for he had been advertising medium for an electric light company. And so, as she looked behind her and saw the smudge, she lost her head and found her feet at the same moment. Without a thought of the child, she sped across the lawn toward her home, surprising the air with singular screams.

Hugh stamped on the wisp, which he had adroitly kicked from the skirt, and then, raising the terrified little girl in his arms and carrying her to the window of the grove. A moment later they were seated in a down-town car, little Mary contentedly munching her orange and Hugh holding her hand as carefully, if not as aggressively, as her grandmother had.

"You are glad to go and see your papa," said he.

"Yes, and my mamma, too." "And you love your mamma." "Oh, yes; and my mamma." Hugh thought for a moment. It was touching to hear this child speak so confidently of parents who had separated. Their bickering had not affected her instinct at least; perhaps its purity might bind what they had loosed.

"That's right, little one," he said, "always speak of your father and mother as if they were united in all things as they are in your love."

Little Mary looked at him inquiringly as if she but half comprehended.

"I love my papa and mamma, bofe of dem together," she stoutly reiterated.

Poor Widow Tracey ran and screamed and smelled smoke and felt hot until she reached the street. Then as she could not help from perceiving that the passers by were not a whit alarmed for her safety, but rather for their own, she gradually recovered her senses, and she gratefully appreciated that her blood was responsible for the heat and the bouffes for the smoke, and then she suddenly recalled little Mary.

Back to the park she sped, screaming anew, and more surprisingly, and those who had only suspected were now sure of her mania. Back to the very spot, where the offending wisp still smoldered, but no signs of the child, no signs of him who had so basely deceived her. Unharmed, yet scorched by the fires of indignation, Mrs. Tracey at length returned to her home. She entered her daughter's room in a whirl of volubility.

"He's done it," she cried. "The wretch, the villain. He's stolen the child; we are ruined, undone. I'll have the law on him if I live. Oh, how I hate him, with the vengeance of heaven!" She arrested that one for arson, for breach of the peace, for— for kidnapping, Sophia, what is his name? Why aren't you excited? Why don't you faint?"

But Sophie only settled back on the pillows and smiled.

"My little girl is safe with her father,"

she said. "I—I only wish she had on a prettier dress." "Oh, you!" screamed the widow. "I know you. You are as weak as your father was. But I'll strengthen you as I used to strengthen him. I'll send for my lawyer. We'll see whether Justice is the woman they figure her to be. I'll send for little Mr. Phibbs. And oh, my dear child, be firm. Remember your wrongs; try to be like me." But Sophie only smiled, and was silent.

Little Mr. Phibbs came, and the next day Alfred Nevalls was served with a writ of habeas corpus requiring him to have the body of one Mary Nevalls, an infant, by him alleged to be unlawfully detained, together with the cause of her detention, before the Hon. Samuel Badger, Justice of the Supreme Court, at his chambers on the following Saturday.

When this was served by Phibbs, Jr., who exhibited the County Clerk's seal and the indorsement of the Judge on the original with the air of a veteran, Hugh whistled and murmured, "I thought so," and Mr. Nevalls swore. A moment later and he despatched his clerk in hot haste in quest of his attorney, the vigorous Abel Burgess.

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# SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

A curious test has been made at the Erie basin breakwater, says the Brooklyn Eagle, to discover the body of Second Engineer John Tweedell, who is supposed to have been drowned while crossing the gangplank from the British ship Avon to the string piece. The test savors strongly of the days of witchcraft and the middle ages, and although it produced queer results the body has not been recovered so far. A portion of a loaf of bread was cut out in a plug form and some quicksilver poured into the cavity, the circular plug replaced and a wire run into water. A fierce wind was blowing and the tide was running out strongly at the time, but neither seemed to affect the loaf, which grated and finally settled over the place where the missing man is said to have fallen in. The loaf remained stationary until the action of the water melted it and the quicksilver fell out, when it drifted away. Although some seafaring men believe firmly in that test, it did not work successfully in this case, but the action of the loaf in remaining in one place despite wind and tide was very remarkable. The quicksilver test is said to be a good one and is supposed to be governed by electric or magnetic action, and the men who saw the trial in this case claim that the bread moved against both wind and tide. When the carpenter's son of the Red D steamship Valencia was drowned in the basin last summer the test was successfully used to find out the location of the body. The general impression now is that the body of Engineer Tweedell has been carried out by the tide, which runs strongly along the breakwater.

THERE is a sandbank at Conemara, on the west coast of Ireland, that is the Mecca of every curiosity-seeker who is fortunate enough to know of its existence. As a general thing sandbanks are not a great attraction, but in this particular case the attractive power is not in the sand itself, but in the millions of extinct miniature shells which are almost as numerous as the grains of sand with which they are intermingled. The largest of these little wonders are smaller than the smallest pin head, and some of them so minute that they can easily be passed through the eye of a common sewing needle; yet each is as perfect as the pearly nautilus, the spider shell, the sea urchin or any other marine oddity. They are of all shapes and forms imaginable. One will have the perfect outline of a miniature basket, another will look like a fairy's tobacco box while a third needs no effort of the imagination to give it the form of a bottle. The flash shells of Ceylon and Australia are the only living representatives of these conchological wonders. Naturalists who have examined the Ceylonese flash shells say that each is filled with a tiny bit of jelly-like substance, which, of course, is the animal itself, but which is so infinitesimal that no doubt can be observed between head and heart, mouth and stomach.

DENISES of South Dallas street near Gough, were started this morning, says the Baltimore News, by an awful stamping and rumpus in the second story of a small frame house in the vicinity. They proceeded to investigate and were astonished to see the head of a full-grown horse thrust out of the second-story window of the structure with a window sash around his neck. Cal Sutherland, who owns the house, was notified and came to the rescue. The horse was blindfolded and after some difficulty was backed down the stairway of the house to the lower floor. Mr. Sutherland made the statement that as his saloon business was not paying very well he had bought a horse and wagon intending to go into the fish business and had hired a colored man, Frisby Bentley, to drive the wagon. Not having a stable engaged, he stabled the horse in the old frame house and stored a lot of feed in the upper room. The horse no doubt mistook the feed after his master left and, breaking loose, climbed the stairs and demolished the provender.

A CONNECTICUT clock concern has just completed, after twelve years' work expended by skilled labor in original design and construction, a timepiece which is said to rival that of the famous Strasbourg Cathedral, and which is claimed to have no equal in America. It is sixteen feet high, with a six-foot base, made of black walnut highly polished and handsomely carved with scenes representing American history from the landing of Columbus to the present time. At the lower part of the case are allegorical scenes representing mechanical progress during the past century, every figure of each group being in motion. The dial indicates the days of the week, month and year, the hours, minutes and seconds of the day, the moon's phases and the tides. The clock will be sent to the Columbian Exhibition. It is valued at \$60,000.

A SIMPLE means is used to discover where coal thieves are numerous along the line of some of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey railroads. The coal is merely splashed with whitewash after it has been loaded upon the cars. As coal trains are slow ones, and are often sidetracked for days together at obscure little places, where there are few or no employees to guard them, the enemies of the coal trust take advantage of these delays to replenish their bins. A glance at a low that has been sprinkled with whitewash shows where coal has been removed, and places where such removals are frequent are either guarded or avoided afterward.

A REMARKABLE fight occurred recently in Cleveland county, N. C., near the South Carolina line. Two men, named Trout and Hutchins, were removing a beehive, about which they had wrapped a cloth. Two men named McDaniel met them, and a quarrel and fight followed. Hutchins stripped the cloth from the hive, and, placing it over his head, held the hive in front of his face, while the McDaniels. Bees poured out and savagely attacked the latter, who had to retreat. One of them shot Hutchins in the shoulder, but he advanced with his novel Gatling gun, and, aided by the bees, drove the McDaniels over the line into South Carolina.

"My younger son, a boy of eight," said a New York citizen, "was standing the other day near a window through which the sun was shining brightly. 'It makes me sneeze,' he said, referring to the sunlight. 'Now let me try it,' and he stood in the light and looked at the sun, but he didn't sneeze. It seemed to me as though the boy had just happened to sneeze at that time; but my wife tells me that looking at the sun sometimes makes her sneeze. This may be all very simple and easy to account for, but it was quite new to me."

THE waters of the river Tinto, in Spain, are as yellow as a topaz, and petrify the sand in a short time. If a stone falls into the river and rests upon another they both become perfectly united and conglutinated in a year. It withers all the plants on its banks, as well as the roots of trees, which it dyes of the same hue as its waters. No fish live in the stream.

SUPERSTITION finds odd manifestations even in most civilized Europe. The authorities of Frankfurt-on-the-Main have yielded to the wishes of superstitious landlords and omitted the number 13 in renumbering several streets. The owners declared that they could not rent apartments in houses bearing that number.

In Rome there is much talk about an old beggar who used to frequent the doors of the Church of the Minerva and who, dying lately, was found to be possessed of 100,000 francs, which he had left by a properly drawn up will to his three children, who were completely ignorant of their father's wealth.

THE fastest swimmer among fishes is the dolphin. Its speed varies from thirty to forty miles an hour, and it can swim around and around a ship sailing at a high rate of speed.

ABOUT BLUSHING.—In a recent work upon criminology the learned investigator says that out of ninety-eight young men criminals, 44 per cent. did not blush when examined. Of 122 female criminals, 81 per cent. did not blush. If our novels are to keep up with science they must change their indicia of emotion. It must be the men who blush and the other sex whose sensitiveness must not be a regular feature. Lander blushes as he declares himself, or is suddenly brought up against a sentimental outcrop. But Hero takes it calmly. The scientist also notices that women blush about the ears rather than on the cheek. This, also, requires a change in the novels. It is a pointer, too, for the ladies' man who is watching for signs that he is making an impression. If he fastens his gaze upon the left ear he may see something that will tell him he may consider himself happy.

BEST BUILDING STONE.—One of the primary facts in the selection of stone for building purposes, as now generally admitted by architects, rests on the simple principle which obtains in applying artificial cement, such as glue, in the thinnest film, in order to secure the greatest binding force—that is, according to a writer in the *Operative Builder*, the thinner the films of the natural cement and the closer the grains of the predominant materials, the stronger and more durable the stone. Further, experience has generally shown that a crystalline structure resists atmospheric attack better than an amorphous one, the same fact being generally true with the sedimentary rock, a crystalline limestone or good marble resisting erosion better than earthy limestone. A stone that is compactly and finely granular will exfoliate more easily by freezing and thawing than one that is cross-grained; a stone that is laminar in structure absorbs moisture unequally, and will be seriously affected by unequal expansion and contraction, especially by freezing and by thawing, and will gradually separate into sheets; a stone that has granular structure will crumble sooner by frost than by chemical agents.

HOTEL "DEAD LOSSES." "The small 'dead losses' in a hotel foot up very heavily at the end of the year," said the clerk to the Star representative, "and among the principal items are envelopes and paper. There are two hotels in Washington that use over 200,000 sheets of paper and 125,000 envelopes a year, and the paper is of the best quality. Much of it is used by outsiders. We don't mind giving paper to a gentleman—in fact, it is kept in abundance in our writing room—but we draw the line at the heat and artificial loofer. So when he asks for stationery we hand him a single sheet and an envelope, look him squarely in the eye and ask in our most polite and icy tones, 'Anything else, Sir?' This fetches some of 'em even when their gall is as thick as molasses.

"Then the soap bill is enormous, a new cake to every guest. The annual cost of so trifling an article as toothpicks would surprise you, while the items for matches, pens and penholders count at the end of the year. These are articles handed over the counter alone and there is no equivalent unless the advertising resulting from the circulation of the stationery may be considered of value. The small losses in other departments are as great and are too many to enumerate."—Washington Star.

THE keys used for the exportation of gold hold \$50,000.

# A SCHOOLROOM IDYL.

How plainly I remember all!  
The desks, deep-scored and blackened;  
The row of blackboards 'round the wall,  
The hush that never slackened;  
And, framed about by map and chart  
And casts of dusty plaster,  
That wisest head and warmest heart,  
The kindly old schoolmaster.

I see the sunny corner nook  
His blue-eyed daughter sat in,  
A rosy, fair-haired girl, who took  
With us her French and Latin.  
How longingly I watched the hours  
For Othello and Caesar;  
And how I fought with Tony Power,  
The day he tried to tease her.

And when, one day, it took the "Next"  
To stay some galle laughing,  
Because I quitte for't the t  
In smiling at his daughter,  
And she and I were "kept till four"  
To study, after closing;  
We stopped the clock an hour or more  
While he, poor man, was dozing.

And there he sits, with bended head,  
O'er some old volume pouring,  
(Or so he thinks; if truth be said  
He's fast asleep and snoring),  
And where the shaded lamp-light plays  
Across the cradle's rocking,  
My schoolmate of the olden days  
Sits, mending baby's stocking.

—[Charles B. Going, in the Ladies' Home Journal.]

# RELIABLE RECIPES.

ROAST GOOSE.—Singe, draw and truss nicely a fat goose not over four months old; roast for about an hour and a quarter; salt, nutmeg, dish up, add a ladleful of rich gravy to the dripping, skim the fat, strain the gravy over the goose, and serve with apple sauce in a sauce boat.

METHODS OF COOKING SHAD.—The cooking of a shad is not a difficult matter, but it is something that is often done so carelessly that the dish is unsatisfactory. Like all fish, the shad must be fresh from the water. The much vaunted superiority of the Hudson River shad is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is much fresher than those from a distance. The very best way to cook a shad is to broil it, though, provided the fish is perfectly fresh from the water, it makes very little difference whether it is broiled, baked or planked. As soon as the fish is brought in and scaled it should be removed to the broiler. This is not a difficult thing to do if you have a keen-edged boning-knife. Push the flesh off the bone with the fingers, beginning the work at the head, and keep the knife near the bone. All the fine spines can be removed with the spinal column and comparatively few bones will remain in the fish. Do not, however, get the fish into bad shape in taking out the bones, for this can be easily avoided. Season the fish on the inside and outside with salt and pepper, rub it with a tablespoonful of oil and squeeze over it a few drops of lemon-juice. It may now be broiled over a slow fire from twelve to fifteen minutes on the flesh side and a minute on the skin side. Broil the roe with it.

A very nice way to cook a shad is to bake it. Prepare it as for broiling. Chop a couple of shallots or two small onions, and put them over the fish, which should be well buttered. Pour a half-teaspoonful of white wine over it and place it in the bottom of a dripping-pan in a moderately hot oven. Let it cook till it is thoroughly done, which will take about half an hour. It should be covered with buttered paper if it shows any tendency to brown too much. Make a ver-pret sauce to serve with it as follows: Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and stir in a tablespoonful and a half of flour. Stir this well, but do not let it brown. Then add slowly a cup of rich white stock. Break the yolks of two eggs in a bowl and pour the boiling hot stock over them, beating all the time. Drain the sauce through a "Scotch cup" or pointed French strainer. Add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of butter and a spoonful of spinach green. Set the sauce in a basin of hot water and stir for about three minutes. Then add a teaspoonful of minced chervil. Pour half the sauce over the shad and serve the rest in a sauce boat.

# New Japan.