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A MASQUERADE FROLIC.

Why Miss Polly Prout Didn't Attend the Party.

"GIRLS, we're going to have such fun!" said Ida Colton. "Nell Evans has invited us all to Evansdale to a masquerade party—and you're to select your costumes at once!"

There was a universal outcry of joy at this pronunciamento, which was shouted in the sweetest of silvery sopranos from the top of a desk. Mme. Morini's young ladies were enjoying their noon recess on this bright, glittering February day, and every one knows what a noise twenty schoolgirls can make if they choose.

"A masquerade!" said Marian Hampshire. "How delightful!"

"Can we select any dress we please?" said beautiful Mirian Holley.

"Would it be *selon les regles* to go without any especial dress, if one has a fresh white muslin?" timidly asked Alice Appleton, whose mother was poor, and who earned her own board and tuition by giving lessons to the smaller girls.

"Will madame consent?" breathlessly questioned Louise Hayward.

"Madame will consent to anything that Nell Evans chooses to ask," triumphantly announced Ida Colton. "Nell was one of madame's graduates, you know, and a pattern damsel in all respects. And if Nell were to request that we should all attend the masquerade costumed in pink tinsel, and walking on our heads, madame would say: 'Quite right, my dear, a very sensible idea of yours. I shall be delighted to have my young ladies go.'"

There was a general laugh at this, and then commenced the joyful tasks of selecting personalities, studying up the costumes in old engravings and antique fashion plates, and turning over the combined stores of the whole school in sash ribbons, artificial flowers, jewels and plumes. For although the graduating class, which alone was invited, consisted of only eight young ladies, the interest concerning Miss Evans' masquerade party was disseminated through the whole school in no measured degree.

And Alice Appleton's gentle heart in particular beat with innocent anticipation, for she had sometimes fancied that Capt Hugo Evans, the brother of the pretty hostess, had looked upon her with a tenderer glance than he vouchsafed to the other young ladies of his acquaintance. To be sure she had no party dress, but the individuality suggested by Marian Holley, "A Snowflake," would be sufficiently interpreted by her simple muslin gown, with a few starry white flowers of the Catalonian jasmine in her hair.

"But you're not going to let those girls go alone," said Miss Polly Prout, who was Mme. Morini's cousin, housekeeper and chief counsellor.

"Certainly I am," said Mme. Morini. "Why should I not? It is only to dear Nell's house."

"It wouldn't be at all proper," said Miss Polly, pursing up her thin lips, and the hearts of the eight young girls sank simultaneously into their boots. "Such a party of giddy girls with no responsible companions! Mme. Morini, I wonder at you! It would not be allowable, unless, indeed—"

"Unless what?" said Mme. Morini, and the eight lassies listened breathlessly for Miss Polly Prout's reply.

"Unless I am to go, too, as their chaperone!" said Miss Polly.

"Oh, that wouldn't be according to etiquette!" cried the girls in chorus. "Nell didn't invite Miss Polly Prout."

And Mme. Morini, who was an amiable, easy-going lady, governed in most matters by her cousin's energetic will, finally gave way and announced her

"A WHITE FIGURE SEIZED THE HORSE."

conviction that Miss Polly Prout was right.

"I can put on my green gown and a tinfoil covered helmet, and go as Minerva," said Miss Polly Prout; "and then I can keep my eyes on the young ladies the whole time."

"What have we done that a spy should be set upon our actions?" said Ida Colton, indignantly, when they were by themselves.

"Hateful, forward thing!" sputtered Louise Hayward. "Why, she'll spoil every bit of our fun!"

"How dare she obtrude herself, uninvited, upon poor Nell Evans?" said Mirian Holley.

"She shan't come," said laughing Kate Kesley. "She shall never cross Nell's threshold!"

"But how will you help it?" said Alice Appleton.

"We'll see!" was Kate's enigmatic answer.

The next week was a week of glad preparation for the forthcoming event, and no one was more difficult to please, or more exacting in her selection of materials, and her ceaseless calls upon the aid of the young ladies, than Miss Polly Prout, who ordered a new "bang" of glossy chestnut hair for the occasion, which would have been quite perfect if it had matched her back braids a little more exactly, and had a pair of green satin sandals made by the village shoemaker, and a mosquito pole gilded to represent a spear by the picture-frame dealer.

"One likes to observe all the niceties," said Miss Polly, while in her middle-aged mind rose up the delusive idea that perhaps some mature masquerader of the opposite sex might perceive in her some greater attraction than the youthful roses and girlish graces of the eight graduating girls.

"Stranger things have happened," complacently thought Miss Polly, as she stitched away at the satin rosettes which were to modernize her green gown.

But in spite of all her precautions, the first sleigh-load of laughing girls started without her, while she was tying her fur hood over the tinfoil helmet.

"What! gone already?" said Miss Prout, angrily. "Why didn't they wait? What right had they to go off without notifying me?"

"Don't mind, Polly," said Mme. Morini, soothingly. "Eight was all the sleigh could carry besides the driver. Michael says his orders were to bring the cutter for you."

"Orders!" shrilly repeated Miss Polly. "But whose orders? Does Kate Kelsey manage this institution, or do I—and you? Me crowd into a cutter, indeed—with a staring Irish lad like Michael to drive? A pretty arrangement."

But, in spite of her indignation, Miss Polly Prout was compelled finally to accede to the obnoxious plan.

"Drive quickly, Michael," she said to her young Jehu, "for it's getting dark already, and I don't like the woods that we have to go through. Why on earth those girls couldn't have waited—"

But the jingle of the sleigh-bells and the sudden start of the horse brought

"DEPART!"

Miss Prout's sentence to an untimely termination, and away they went over the frozen road.

Not far, however. Just within the darksome limits of the cedar woods, where the purple dusk that still lingered in the open fields seemed turned to the gloom of absolute night, a tall, white figure, with a black mask covering its face, stepped forward and seized the horse's head, while, partially hidden by the drooping evergreen boughs, a little group of other figures lingered.

"Burglars!" shrieked Miss Polly Prout, dropping Minerva's gilded spear into the snow. "Assassins! Masked robbers! Oh, kind gentlemen, spare, spare my life, and all my jewelry is yours!"

And tearing her gold-plated bracelets from her wrists, she flung them and her watch into the road.

"Arrah, the saints betune us and all harrum!" squeaked Mickey, the Irish lad, as he cowered down in the bottom of the sleigh.

"Descend—and depart!" uttered a deep voice. "Look behind at your peril!"

"Wh—where shall we go?" stuttered Mickey.

"To the place whence you came," was the stern reply. "And at the risk of your lives be speedy and secret!"

Half an hour afterward the luckless pair arrived, half frozen and worn out with fatigue, at the Morini institute, with a gruesome tale of having been arrested by masked robbers, and having only escaped by the most marvelous good luck from being murdered outright. The gardener and two men from a neighboring farmhouse were at once detailed in pursuit of the robbers, but when they reached the scene of action, all that they found was old Dobbin shivering by the roadside, with the cutter turned over on its side where he had dragged it into deep snow.

The eight young ladies, however, enjoyed a most delightful evening at Evansdale, quite free from Miss Polly Prout's malevolent supervision, and, strange to say, expressed no sort of surprise at her non-appearance on the scene. But they took good care to leave behind them at Evansdale eight black satin masks and eight white sheets, when they once more entered the double sleigh to return home.

Miss Polly Prout transformed herself into a heroine the next day, as she related her adventures.

"And so you weren't stopped?" said she to the girls. "Not even molested? Well, well, how singular! I really think if we hadn't made such a brave resistance I should have been carried away by main force—a regular abduction, you know," and Miss Polly simpered.

"How many ruffians were there?" innocently questioned Kate Kesley.

"Fifty at least!" said Miss Polly. "Great, coarse bearded villains, with their eyes covered by masks!"

"Dear, dear, how dreadful!" cried Ida Colton.

And the eight fair young conspirators looked archly at each other, as Miss Polly hurried off to check the washerwoman's bill, and cried, in laughing chorus:

"What a very romantic adventure! And what a very narrow escape for poor Miss Polly Prout!"—Boston Budget.

BRAZILIAN INDIANS.

Characteristic and Customs of Some of the South American Tribes.

Brazilian Indians are said to be about the ugliest human beings on the face of the earth, not excepting the "Diggers" of lower California and the tribes of Terra del Fuego. The Botocudos, who are most noted, have advanced far enough to till small patches of land, live in huts, raise cattle and weave mats for sale. The Portuguese gave them their singular name from the word botogue, meaning a barrel-bung—from their habit of wearing large, round disks of wood in their ears and under lips. This fashion used to go so far that in middle life many of them had stiff under lips projecting five or six inches, holding a plug as big as the top of a coffee cup. Of late years the custom is mostly discontinued but both sexes still go perfectly naked, except those living in the near neighborhood of white settlements. The men varnish themselves all over with bright yellow paint made from the bark and gum of a species of palm; and the women "dress up" as some civilized ladies do, by applying a few streaks of white and red to their faces, arms and bosoms. Though many of the Botocudos are now practically civilized, we are assured that those of the far interior are yet cannibals to the extent of eating their captives taken in war. Like the Greeks of the Homeric age, they consider it the greatest of evils to lie unburied after death; so they delight in making flutes and trumpets of their enemies' bones. I have the questionable pleasure of owning one of these ghastly trophies, which has five holes and is ornamented with tufts of red and yellow feathers attached to the bone by strings; but it requires somebody more courageous than your correspondent to test its value as a musical instrument by personal experiment.

There is another Brazilian tribe, whose name I do not remember, who are an almost exact counterpart of the Pueblos of Mexico and Arizona—simple, peaceful and industrious. They live near the coast, and are doubtless descendants of those Pinzon and other early voyagers first encountered. But unfortunately they are few in number and rapidly dying out, for among their fierce neighbors the "turn unto him the other cheek also" principle is disastrous to life and property. There are many scattered tribes of unreclaimed savages, most of whom are wandering cannibals and all implacably hostile. Perhaps the most interesting among these (at safe distance) are the Mundrucus, or "Beheaders," who, with their allies, are said to number between twenty and thirty thousand. They live up the Madura Tapajos, Rio Negro, and other tributaries of the Amazon, in palm-leaf huts set around a central malocca—the latter not the dwelling of a chief, as might be supposed, but rather a grand council chamber, fortress, arsenal, and general pow-wow room. In it are deposited those horrible trophies—the preserved heads of their enemies—which have given to the Mundrucus their terrible title of "Beheaders." Unlike the Jiveros of southeastern Ecuador, they do not extract the skull, but by some savage process of embalming keep the cranial relic as nearly entire as possible, inserting false eyes, made of bits of shell or polished quartz, the long hair combed out and carefully decorated with strings of rockcock and macaw feathers, feather earrings in the ears, and dyed strings passed through the tongue by which to suspend it from the rafters. In peaceful times hundreds of these are ranged around the walls of the malocca or set in rows around the mandioca fields to keep the ghosts away that might otherwise injure the growing food; and on warlike and festive occasions they are trotted out on the points of the warriors' spears. Strange to say, the Dyaks of Borneo have a similar custom of preserving their enemies' head, and are provided with blow-guns, almost identical with those of South Americans.

Like most other Amazonian Indians, the Mundrucus cultivate a little mandioca, corn and plantains. They know how to prepare farina meal from the mandioca, and also to brew a sort of intoxicant resembling chicha. They have gourd vessels, some of them quaintly carved, rude pots of baked clay and utensils of wood and stone. Their canoes are hollowed tree trunks, and besides the blow-guns for killing birds, they have bamboo spears with poisoned points, and arrows tipped with the deadly curare. By the way, the latter is now generally conceded to be neither a vegetable poison nor the venom of serpents, as was formerly supposed, but the putrid matter from decayed human bodies, the arrows being stuck into a festering corpse and left until soaked full of the deadliest poison known.—Fannie B. Ward, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A PRETTY SLOW TOWN.

He Thought Cholera Might Wake It Up. But He Was Not Sure of It.

He wore a faint smile of pleasure when he walked into the downtown drug store, unbuttoned his coat and leaned with an air of expectancy against a showcase.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked a clerk.

"Well, maybe you can and maybe you can't," answered the other, carefully removing a speck from his coat-sleeve. "I don't know," he added, reflectively.

"Anything in my power I'll be glad to do," said the clerk, smiling encouragingly.

"Well, I'll tell you," answered the stranger. "I live over in Jersey. My town is pretty slow. You might almost call it dead. I'm sure you would if you went over there; only we're so used to it that we don't notice it much."

"Oh, yes," said the drug clerk, looking a little dazed.

"Yes, exactly," said the other with a flattering smile. "You see, there is never any excitement over our way; it's just dead—dead as a door nail. Now coming over on the ferryboat to-day—By the way, do you know much about cholera?"

"Cholera," asked the clerk, looking startled. "What's that got to do with it."

"Why, yes, cholera. Know anything about the symptoms?"

"Symptoms!" said the clerk, with a gasp, and he took two or three steps backward and his eyes began to dilate.

"Symptoms—that's it. Should you say, for instance, that I had the cholera? Would you believe it, I mean, to look at me?"

The young man who dispensed drugs began to back away, looking as if he were waiting for a chance to make a break for the street.

"Oh, don't get frightened," said the New Jersey man with his calm smile. "I haven't got the cholera—no such luck."

"Luck!" exclaimed the startled clerk.

"Yes, luck. Do you call it luck to get an A 1, first-class, genuine, guaranteed case of true Asiatic cholera, freshly imported."

"Why, man, you're crazy—excuse me, you can't mean what you say!"

"Mean what I say," declared the searcher for cholera. "I mean every word that I say. I tell you, sir, that I was born in the deadest town that ever died. I was raised in it. I have lived in that town for thirty-four years. I'd rather live in a graveyard. There aren't even ghosts or spirits in my town. Now that place has got to be waked up. If we don't do something we won't be able to distinguish between a dead man and a live man. Then we'll be in a pretty fix, won't we? We'll have dead men—I mean really dead men burying live men—I mean men that breathe; and we'll have live men hobnobbing with men that ought to have been buried long ago, just because everything's so dead that it seems natural."

"Oh, of course," gasped the bewildered clerk.

"Now that place has got to wake up. There's only one thing in the world that will wake it up. That's cholera. Now I thought that I'd be willing to catch the cholera and take it over there just for the good of my town. I'm a public spirited citizen and I'm willing to make some sacrifice to benefit my native town. But I found that they would not let me catch it. Can't get to people who have the cholera—that is, I can get there, but I can't get away again. Of course that wouldn't do any good, would it? Would it now?"

"Of course not," answered the clerk, ready to shout "lunatic" at the first sign of violence on the part of the visitor.

"Of course not. That's just what I thought. So I thought maybe I could get up a good imitation of cholera and take it over there. I'd have it break out as soon as I got well into town. I'd drop right down in the street and begin to howl. I'd kick and yell and dig my nails into the ground and turn summersaults. Then the people got around to me—of course it would take a long time, for it's a slow town—I'd grab everybody I could reach and yell 'cholera.' I thought that would fetch them. They'd have to run up a hospital for me and get me into it and take care of me. They'd get more or less interested, you see. Then if I knew the symptoms by heart, I'd go through the whole business and by the time I was convalescent I thought that everybody in the town would have heard that I had the cholera and that would do them good. It would wake them up, you see.

"Now," added the New Jersey philanthropist, with a public-spirited smile, "can you teach me anything about symptoms? That's what I want to know now. If I can't get the cholera, I'll have to take the next best thing. Can't you help me out?"

"I'm afraid not," said the clerk. "Why don't you try dynamite? It's easier."

"Oh, that wouldn't do any good. I know them too well. They'd think dynamite explosions were a church organ and they'd go right off to sleep again."

"Sorry, but I can't do anything for you in the cholera way," said the clerk.

"Well, good-by, then. I'm sorry to have troubled you. Perhaps it's just as well to give it up. I ain't sure that one case would do much good anyway. I guess, come to think of it, that it would take a whole shipload. I'll have to wait. Maybe I can get up a Johnstown disaster or a Chicago fire and maybe we'll have better luck with cholera next season. Good day, sir," and he rebuttoned his coat and walked away with a thoughtful air.—N. Y. Tribune.

Long-Distance Photography.

Remarkable advances are being made in the art of photography. At the annual exhibition of the Photographic society of Great Britain a sensation was produced by a photograph of Mont Blanc, taken at a distance of fifty-six miles. Dallmeyer's telephotographic lens was used, smallest stop, extension of camera sixty inches, with seven minutes exposure, at 8:15 p. m., in windy weather. The success of the telescopic camera is unquestionable, and opens up many interesting possibilities. The securing of this view of Mont Blanc at so great a distance affords an opportunity of instructive comparison with an ordinary lens at similar and closer ranges. Another exhibit had some scientific, though little or no artistic attraction. Even the uninitiated have ceased to be astonished at the lightning records of the camera. Daguerre found seven or eight hours' exposure necessary to procure a copy of a landscape that may be obtained now in an infinitesimal fraction of a second. Notwithstanding this familiarity with speed, a picture in the exhibition worth noting was that of a rocket in its flight from the shore to a ship in distress.—St. Louis Republic.

Her Amendment.

Flossie had seen something on the street which greatly amused her and when she had concluded talking of it to her mother she drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"Why, mamma, I just thought I would bust."

"Gracious me, Flossie," said the horrified mother, "you must use more elegant language than that."

"Well, then, break open," she said, apologetically, and the amendment was accepted.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE OF TOXICOLOGY.

Experts May Mix Poisons So as to Leave Few Traces.

The poison-monger's art has contrived to defy the progress of science by constant improvements of its own. Only a few weeks ago one of the experts consulted in the trial of the New York student accused of causing the death of his wife quoted the opinion of several eminent specialists to the effect that "no chemical analysis can pretend to trace the vestiges of certain poisons as modified by the subsequent administration of other drugs."

In other words, poisoners have learned to cover the traces of their crime by taking the precaution to use more than one drug. Arsenic and strychnine occasionally betray their presence, even if the stomach of the victim should have retained only the hundredth part of a grain, but the tests of the analysis are so delicate and so far from being unequivocal that their reliability depends upon conditions which adepts have often managed to modify.

The poisoners of antiquity had, indeed, to contend with a far more serious difficulty, viz: the circumstance that the injuriousness of many virulent substances betrays itself by their repulsiveness. Strychnine and opium are intensely bitter, so much so, in fact, that in some of their powdered forms an invisible trace can be tasted in the air on shaking a small quantity from one paper into another. Belladonna, digitalis, stramonium, hemlock and colchium are either acrid or so nauseous that a deadly dose can be swallowed only with difficulty, even by suicides. In an admixture with most articles of food vegetable poisons can generally be detected by the protest of the human palate.

Certain mineral poisons, however, make a remarkable exception from that rule. It would almost seem as if nature had not thought it worth her while to warn our instincts against such out-of-the-way substances as sugar of lead or arsenious acid. Common white arsenic is odorless and almost tasteless, deceiving even the vigilance of such cautious creatures as rats and foxes. In small doses its taste is as difficult to detect as that of a few particles of white chalk or powdered alum, but being a rather insoluble substance the deadly drug might betray itself to the eye.

"If I should see fit to take a short-line trip to the other world," said the Swiss philosopher Haller, "I would no more think of shooting myself than a man would dream of getting himself fired across the river from the mouth of a cannon if he could instead use a commodious ferry." He alludes to the enthanasia of narcotic poisons, and his [illegible] had lived to witness the experiments that have made prussic acid and cyanide of potassium the favorite drugs of suicides. A single drop of the acid applied to the tongue of a full-grown rabbit has been known to produce instant death, and the failure of suicidal attempts with drugs of that sort can be often explained by the fact that amateur chemists are apt to use absurd overdoses.

A young druggist of my acquaintance came near getting himself into serious trouble by accommodating a friend who pretended to need a lot of cyanide for photographic purposes. This customer intended to take a peep through the camera obscura of Davy's Locker, but missed the chance by swallowing the whole of his purchase, a quantity sufficient to kill a regiment of soldiers. Under the circumstances of the case in question it merely produced a vomiting fit, and a few hours' work with a stomach pump put the repentant sinner on his legs again.

A similar case occurred a few years ago in western Texas, where a disappointed railway contractor attempted to avenge his wrongs upon the employes of his successor, but betrayed his purpose by filling the whole camp with the odor of bitter almonds.

By good luck prussic acid and its derivations lose their portentous properties by a few days' exposure to air and even the sunlight, but the criminal history of the last two decades seems to prove that criminals begin to master the difficulties of such circumstances in a way which threatens to make discovery next to impossible.

Besides, there is reason to believe that the gypsies of the old world, like the aborigines of our own continent, have preserved the recipe of ugly chemical trade secrets. Austrian newspapers, some fourteen years ago, reported the trial of a gypsy girl who had gratified a caprice of jealousy by poisoning a young man with a cup of drugged coffee. Analytical tests failed to identify the poison, but the prisoner finally confessed that she had used a substance known to her people as "drei," or "three," and prepared from the moldering woods of certain trees. An autopsy proved that her victim's lungs were permeated with a strange whitish growth resembling the ramification of certain mosses, while his stomach, though somewhat congested, revealed no trace of any known poison.—San Francisco Chronicle.

—In the early middle ages gloves became quite common. Knights, priests and ladies used them, and they received different symbolical significations of love, challenge, submission, etc. It was not, however, until the age of Louis XIV. that they became part of elegant dress in general. During this French king's reign, the gloves of Paris became a very important community. They were styled maribands, maitres, gantiers, parfumeurs, and alone had the right to sell or prepare gloves. Between 1644 and 1680, Louis XIV. issued several edicts prohibiting the use of gloves embroidered with gold or silver. Gentlemen's gloves at this period were made with gauntlets; those worn by ladies covered the arm.

—"Well, I wonder what will be the sensation of the week?" queried the telegraph editor. "If I may be permitted to speak," ventured the horse editor, "it is likely that the sensation of the week will continue to be that tired feeling."—Indianapolis Journal.

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Physician and Surgeon,
LAUREL HILL, LA.
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TRESPASS NOTICES.

FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE ALL shooting on the Anacola, Belleview, Loango and Lake Incanary plantations in this Parish will be considered trespassing, and all offenders prosecuted therefor. S. L. JAMES.

FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE ALL hunting of any kind, either with rod, dog or gun, on either the Loulon or Brown Corner plantations, in this parish, will be considered trespassing, and violators will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
CHESTON FOLKES, Agent.

HUNTING OF ANY KIND ON THE GREENwood plantation, in this parish, with dog or gun is hereby prohibited, and offenders will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. CHAS. H. REED, Agent.

FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE, ALL hunting with gun or otherwise, on Highland plantation, will be considered trespassing, and offenders will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
MRS. ELEANOR R. BARROW.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT FROM and after this date, all trespassing upon any of my several plantations in West Feliciana, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law. MRS. I. L. MATTHEWS

PARTIES CONCERNED ARE HEREBY notified that the gathering of flowers and shrubbery from the gardens on Troy plantation, in this parish, without the permission of the undersigned, will be regarded as trespassing and prosecuted accordingly.
FRANK E. POWELL, Agent.

HUNTING ON THE ROSEDOWN AND Hazlew places will after this date be considered as trespassing. JAS. P. BOWMAN.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT HUNTing on the Ambrosia and Independence places is prohibited. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
J. W. DRODERICK.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT HUNTing on the Rosale and Linwood plantations in this parish is prohibited. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
ROBT. H. BARROW.

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