

The Daily Record

N. L. MILLER, Editor.

JENNINGS. : : LOUISIANA.

THE MEADOW LARK.

A sea of grass on either side
The prairie stretches far and wide;
Its undulating line of blades
Reflects the noontide lights and shades.
And brings before me one by one
The pictures wrought by wind and sun.

And silence reigns, save for the breeze
And muffled hum of droning bees.
Till in the summer hush I hear
A prairie signal sweet and clear,
In mournful, piercing notes that mark
The whistle of the meadow-lark.

Like one wild cry for loved and lost,
From a lone spirit tempest-tossed,
It wails across the waving grass,
And, blending with the winds that pass
It scatters cheer at my feet.
So full of pain, so deadly sweet.

Oh! heart of hearts, could my unrest
Find such a song within my breast.
My passionate and yearning cry
Would echo on from sea to sky
Along the path of future years,
And touch the listening world to tears.
—Ernest McCaffrey, in *Overland Monthly*.

Jim Henley, Remittance Man

By WILLIAM McLEOD

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JIM HENLEY, manager and part owner of the Bar Z cattle ranch, got his first sight of the new teacher at the Half Way house just after he had recovered from one of his periodic swoons. He was riding along gloomily with his cayuse at a walk, and the young man was putting in his time hating himself savagely. In point of fact, Henley always despised himself after one of his outbursts, but they happened none the less regularly on that account.

He was a younger son of an old English family, a university man (College of St. Ambrose, Oxford), and a gentleman; add to which he was the pluckiest man in the San Joaquin valley—or at least one of the nerviest, and that is a pretty large order—a splendid rider, a good shot, a handsome fellow in a devil-may-care fashion, and was possessed of recklessness enough to sink a three-decker. His vices were those which sprang from indolence and unsteadiness of purpose, but at bottom he had the manliness out of which staunch men are made. The trouble with him was that he had always had more money than he knew what to do with, and unworthy companions who were quite ready to assist him on the downhill road. The result was that he had long since come to feel a cynical distrust about himself.

"I'm a bad egg, and the sooner I'm bowled clean in the middle stump the better it will be for my people," he told himself, in the mixed figures he was wont to employ. "The devil of it is that I'm liable to live 100 years yet. Hello! What's the matter here?" The matter appeared to be that



"I'VE BROKEN MY ARM."

there existed a difference of opinion between a young woman and her pony. The cayuse was circling around at the end of a bridle, and the young woman was serving as the pivot of the circumference in a vain attempt to persuade the animal to let her mount.

Henley flung himself from his horse and tendered his services gloomily. In five seconds he had brought the pony to time and was offering a hand as a mount. From the saddle the young woman exclaimed,

"I got off to pick some of those columbines and I found that Cal was opposed to our renewing acquaintance. I'm afraid I should have had to walk if you had not happened to come along, Mr.—?"

"Henley," said the young man of that name, briefly. "You're all right now, I suppose."

"Yes, all right, thank you," and the young woman galloped away.

"Doesn't seem very friendly. He might at least have asked my name," thought Miss Lyndona Forsyth, teacher of the school at the Half Way house. "I don't think I've ever seen a face at once so sad and so reckless. Looks like a gentleman too. I shouldn't wonder if there isn't a history behind those great eyes."

With which Miss Forsyth, being eminently practical, dismissed the young man from her mind for the present. They met each other frequently in the months that followed, though their acquaintance continued to limp until one morning she found him lying on the ground in front of the schoolhouse.

"A new pupil, Miss Forsyth," he called out to her with his cynical laugh. "Didn't want to be late the first day, so I came last night. Afraid you'd have to excuse me from rising. Fact is, my pony's foot went into a

prairie dog's hole and I came a cropper. Sorry to trouble you, but I'm afraid I shall have to ask one of your hopefuls to ride over to the Bar Z outfit with the news. I've broken my arm."

"But you don't mean that you've been here all night," she said, in dismay, noticing that his face was white and drawn with pain.

"Yes, I—you needn't waste any pity on me. It was my own fault," he said, gruffly, flushing to the roots of his hair.

Miss Forsyth's eyes grew grave. She was from New England, and at heart the Puritan instincts of her ancestors still swayed her. She understood him to mean that he had been intoxicated at the time, and her heart rebelled against the weakness of this debonaire young man with the splendid eyes of fire. It was bad enough for the other women to get on their yearly "tears," but for a man with dormant possibilities like this one the sin was the greater. At the same time she confessed to herself that she was very greatly interested in the young fellow lying on the ground before her and looking up at her with the cynical sardonic smile and the eyes so full of scorn at himself.

Henley on his part was also very much taken with this rather fine-looking young woman whose manner was unconsciously so eloquent of judgment on him. It had been a long time since any woman of that type had been interested enough in him to care whether he went to the dogs or not. Indeed, a woman had started him there in the first place by jilting him for a more eligible match. Some appealing quality in her gray eyes stirred him now to say, with the ironic gleam in his eye:

"A fine specimen, is it not, Miss Forsyth? You'll have a chance to study the remittance man at his best, you know. One of the most prolific products of the Rocky mountain region is the remittance man, originally an exotic transplanted at great expense from England for his family's good."

"You mustn't talk that way—as if you didn't care," she said, gently.

"Do you happen to care?" he asked her, looking out of bold unabashed eyes.

She flushed uneasily. "Of course I care at seeing such a waste of human life. It is one of the saddest things I have ever seen."

He drew a long breath and groaned.

"Is your arm paining you very much?" she asked.

"Arm? No!" he said savagely. "What's a broken arm to shout about, if I'm doing the baby act because Heaven's opened to me after I've elected hell."

That was the last of Jim Henley's "swoons." He fought his fight out grimly and won. Even the Christmas season passed without the usual jollification. But, oddly enough, the friendship between Henley and Miss Forsyth did not progress. Perhaps the memory of that morning when she had found him a victim of his own weakness rose as a barrier between them. At any rate there was a subtle reserve in their speech and manner that grew greater rather than less.

They came the great blizzard in the San Joaquin valley. All day the storm had been growing worse and by the afternoon it had developed into a blizzard in which no living thing could be out and retain life. At the Bar Z ranch they worked like Trojans to get things ship-shape for the night, and just before dusk Henley dropped into his chair a weary man.

He was up again like a flash, for it had come to him suddenly that Miss Forsyth might be still at the schoolhouse. To the amazement of his men and despite their protests he mounted and rode to the ranch house where she stayed. She had not arrived. They were in great fear for her, but no man cared to venture out into the howling blizzard, for they counted it sure death.

How Jim Henley fought his way to the schoolhouse; how his horse succumbed and he pushed on alone; how the bitter cold and the unendurable wind took the sap of life out of him; how he fell and rose and fell again, still fighting forward step by step against the grimest enemy that ever man conquered; how he found Lyndona Forsyth in the drift all but dead, and won at length to the schoolhouse with her; how they were together for three days without food except some few scraps, cut off from a rescue by the raging blizzard, and how next spring the Methodist minister at the Half Way house joined in wedlock James Marlborough Henley and Lyndona Forsyth, the ranchers of the valley still delight to tell.

On Another Road.

A ticket collector on a railway got leave to go and get married and was given a pass over the line. On the way back he showed to the new collector his marriage certificate by mistake for his pass. The latter studied it carefully, and then said: "Eh, man, you've got a ticket for a long, wearisome journey, but not on the Caledonian railway."—London Tit-Bits.

Merely a Suggestion.

"Now, my hearers," asked the lady orator, who had just finished enumerating the qualities which should be possessed by man, "what should be done with this ideal husband?"

"Have him stuffed," suggested a coarse, frivolous person in a side seat.—Baltimore American.

The Boston Baby.

Stranger—I think, madam, that your child must have a pin discommoding it somewhere.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

"Heart shakes" are splits which radiate from the center to the circumference of a tree.

The United States navy is now ahead of Germany by 3,000 tons, and fourth in the world's navies.

Last year there were 192,705 miles of telegraphic lines and 993,153 miles of wire in the United States.

The 31 beet sugar factories in this country now yield more than a third of our domestic sugar product.

Henry III. of Germany had a complexion so dark that he might easily have been mistaken for a negro.

There is a considerable demand for bicycles in Japan, and some automobiles have been recently imported.

The first machines for the manufacture of gold pens are said to have been made by John Rendill, of New York.

The Persians have three kinds of guitars—the star, the tar and suz—all played either with the fingers or with a plectrum.

Olecloth should be washed over occasionally with skimmed milk; this treatment improves its appearance and helps to preserve it.

Many chronological authorities date from the foundation of the world, but the widest possible diversity exists as to when this event occurred.

King Edward VII. has a violent dislike of poor English. His own words come slowly, but are always well chosen, and he frequently corrects bad grammar that comes to his ears.

One place in the Vatican gardens to which the pope invariably bends his steps on his daily walks is the little menagerie, where he rewards the loyal parrot's cry: "Viva il papa!" with a double ration of sugar.

Formerly most opals came from Hungary, and more recently from Mexico. In 1889 an Australian hunter, while pursuing a wounded kangaroo, found an opal. Since that time Australia has yielded nearly \$2,000,000 worth of opals.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Beneficial Influence of Good Nature in the Elders Upon the Young.

One person doing right under adverse circumstances will accomplish more than many treatises about what is right. The census has never been taken of lovely old folks. Most of us, if we have not such a one in our own house now, have in our memory such a saint, says the *Detroit Free Press*. We went to those old people with all our troubles. They were perpetual evangelists; by their soothing words, by their hopefulness of spirit an inexpressible help. I cannot see how Heaven could make them any lovelier than they are, or were. But there are exceptions. There is a daughter in that family whose father is impatient and the mother querulous. The passage of many years does not always improve the disposition, and there are a great many disagreeable old folks. Some of them forget that they were ever young themselves, and they become untidy in their habits, and wonder how, when their asthma or rheumatism is so bad, other people can laugh or sing and go on as they do. The daughter in that family hears all their peevishness and unreasonable behavior without answering back or making any kind of complaint. If you ask her what her five talents are, or her one talent is, she would answer that she has no talent at all. Greatly mistaken! is she. Her one talent is to forbear and treat the childishness of the old, as well as the childishness of the young. She is no musician, and besides there may not be a piano in the house; she cannot skillfully swing a croquet mallet or golf stick; indeed, she seems shut up to see what she can do with a ladle and a broom and a brush and other household implements.

SCHOOL SAVINGS BANKS.

Occupy an Important Place in the Educational System of the Country.

The school savings bank has gradually come to occupy an important place in this country's educational system. While it is nowhere obligatory that teachers or school officers shall assume these new responsibilities, they in many cases have volunteered to adopt the plan when its benefits have come to be understood. In many parts of the United States, and especially in the west, the recent development of the school banks has been rapid. California has established the system in a number of towns and cities within a few months, and there are indications that the practical teaching of lessons of thrift in the public schools may soon become general, says the *Philadelphia Times*.

It is stated by the statistician of this movement that there are now 3,888 school banks in the United States, which have 63,567 depositors. The amount deposited in these schools since the work was established is placed at \$876,000 and the amount remaining on deposit on January 1 last was \$355,000. It is doubtful, however, if these figures are complete. In Montgomery county, in this state, where the work seems to have advanced farther than in any other section of the country, the scholars have deposited in about ten years no less than \$175,000, and on January 1 last 4,009 depositors still had in bank \$40,618. In Atlantic City the deposits amounted to \$6,376 during the last school year.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Pretty Fancies That Are Now in Favor with Followers of Fine Dress.

Gloves for the elbow-sleeved gown are shown with lacing of gold or silver cord from waist to elbow on the outer seam. The same thing is seen in shoulder length gloves and the lacing is not only decorative but also useful in fitting the glove to the arm and keeping it in place, says the *New York Sun*.

The latest thing in presents for the golf girl is a pair, or many pairs, of the startling red or green silk golf stockings, with huge monograms embroidered on the knees. The red stockings have the monogram in green, the green ones in red, and the girl who will not embroider a pair for her chum is no true friend.

Wonderful colorings and designs are appearing in the new silks, the manufacturers seeming to have counted confidently on increasing popularity for the Louis XVI. and Louis XV. modes. These exquisite brocades and stripes will make stunning coats, and the beautiful pompadour silks will be used more than ever, as foundation for chiffon, mousseline and other semi-transparent materials.

Jeweled lace is a fad in both Paris and London, and is a gorgeous toilette detail even if slightly barbaric. Many a grande dame wears real jewels of great value sprinkled over her old point, but the ordinary woman can accomplish wonders by buying the imitation stones which are sold for the purpose and applying them artistically to handsome heavy lace.

The latest imported French lingerie shows all the seams joined by narrow heading instead of being sewed as seams. On some of the garments baby ribbon is run through all of this heading, but that elaboration is not considered necessary.

A bit of feminine folly which is, so the corset makers say, becoming more common than ever before, consists in having the skirt hook on the front of the corset and the garter clasps and fixtures of the garters attached to the corsets made of gold and often jeweled. Corset and garter sets for this purpose are shown in all of the swell corset shops, and the prices of the sets run from ten dollars to sums that represent mild extravagance.

The display of art jewels at the Paris exposition has had much to do with spreading a taste for the unusual and unique in jewels, and the jewelers' shops are full of odd and beautiful examples of the art work. There is a greater call for hand-wrought gold work than ever before within the memory of this generation, and it is difficult to find goldsmiths who are equal to the demands of this new fad. One firm noted for its exclusive designs has a series of birthday rings, designed for the Paris exposition and altogether charming. The sign of the zodiac is used for the motif in the carving of the ring, and the birthstone, in cabochon form, is shown somewhere in the design, but not conventionally set.

AUTOMOBILES IN THE SAHARA.

French Government Plans a Regular Service for the Great Desert.

The automobile has invaded the desert of Sahara. Several Frenchmen have made trips recently through a large part of the waste country in southern Algeria with such success that the French government has officially undertaken a series of tests. A project for a regular service of control and relief-riding has resulted. The government plans to connect the various oases by regular lines of automobiles, says the *Chicago Inter Ocean*.

Since France's greed for territory has impelled her to spread the boundaries of her African possessions far into the Sahara desert, the problem of keeping open lines of communication and supply has been most serious. At present camels are used to transport the necessary goods and provisions from oasis to oasis and to carry the mails. But it is hoped now to change this.

Camels can go about three days without water, although to be kept in the best of condition they should have water every day. Their normal rate of travel is from three to five miles an hour, although the best dromedaries will make ten miles an hour and keep it up for ten hours a day.

With these limitations, the problem of communicating across the desert between points over 300 miles apart has been an extremely difficult one. And farther to the south, where the oases are more remote and the temperature often reaches 133 degrees, the task has been practically an impossibility.

The experiments made have shown that gasoline automobiles can far outdo the camel as a means of transportation in dry countries. Trips of 500 miles in length can be accomplished without great difficulty. Twenty miles an hour is attained in many parts of the desert, and the best speed of the camels can be practically doubled anywhere. Besides this, high temperatures have no effect on the running of the machines, and the amount of goods that can be carried is largely in excess of a camel's load.

In the desert of Sahara there are between 1,500,000 and 2,500,000 square miles. The exact extent of the waste of shifting sands is unknown. A part of it is now open to some degree of civilization, through the long-distance traveling powers of the camels. If the automobiles prove as great a success in the desert as the preliminary experiments promise, another large part of the desert will become tributary to civilized man.

BEEES TO EXTERMINATE MICE

Philippine Insects to Be Introduced Into This Country for That Purpose.

The agricultural department at Washington is to make a determined attack upon the American field mouse. His extermination in certain localities has been resolved upon and the Philippine bumblebee is to be brought into service as the executioner.

This was the statement made by Prof. C. H. Riley, of the department, who passed through Chicago last week en route to San Francisco and the Philippines. Prof. Riley, of the division of entomology, will devote a year in the Philippines to the study of bugs and insects of the archipelago. The "humming bird" bumblebee of the Philippines will be one of the main objects of his inquiry. It is planned to import the big bee of the Philippines into the United States that he may make war upon the American field mouse, a rodent which has caused the farmers of the country a loss of thousands of dollars.

"It is an old saying among farmers," said Prof. Riley, reports a Chicago paper, "that when there is plenty of clover there are lots of bumblebees. What the farmer really means is that when there are lots of bumblebees there is plenty of clover. He might carry his logic further by saying that when field mice are scarce there are plenty of bumblebees, and that when there are plenty of cats there are few field mice."

"In order to save the clover crops of the country the agricultural department has the choice of two things, to increase the number of cats in the country, which will destroy the field mouse, or to take away from the rodent his supply of winter food. Either method if successful would result in a gain of thousands of dollars to the farmers. The field mouse is very fond of bumblebee honey and never loses an opportunity to deprive the insect of the rewards of his work. The honey taken away from the bumblebee causes him to perish in the winter time. Hence a short clover crop for the bumblebee is a carrier of pollen from one clover plant to another. Thus when there are lots of bumblebees clover comes to perfection. If the field mouse has destroyed the bumblebee there is no insect that can do its work in the summer time and the farmers lose accordingly. This is not only true of clover, but many other plants."

"We hold that the bumblebee is a valuable member of insect society and that the field mouse is a worthless scamp who likes a good dinner but does not want to work for it."

"The Philippine bumblebee is an entirely different insect from his American cousin. He is fully an inch and a half long and looks like a small bird. He is full of business and has no fear of such a small animal as the field mouse. He is a harmless fellow when let alone, but his sting is deadly to smaller forms of animal life. He will fight for his own and any unscrupulous field mouse invading his domain will have to fight for everything he gets."

"A field mouse after receiving the sting of a Philippine bumblebee would much resemble the wrecked appearance of some of our college boys after the Thanksgiving football game. He would have to lay up for repairs."

"It is the intention of the agricultural department to introduce this bee into the United States if climatic conditions will permit. He will be sent to the warmer parts of the country at first, where he may gradually become hardened to the more severe climate. It is then hoped he will grow and spread until he covers the entire country. The department has its eye upon other insects in the Philippines which may prove of value to agricultural interests. There are several varieties of honey bees which will be given a trial. A species of tree toad, which has a deadly antipathy for certain kinds of citrus insects, will be introduced into southern California with the hope that it may be useful in the extermination of the black or armored scale, which has caused so great a loss to fruit growing interests of late years."

Savings Bank on Wheels.

An automobile savings bank is the latest French novelty. The authorities of Mezieres, wishing to encourage thrift among the peasants, have had it built to specifications. It is an electric motor-car containing four seats, one for the driver and three in the rear arranged around a small table. Folding shelves make a convenient desk for a person standing beside the vehicle. Under the table is a small safe. The passengers are two clerks from the local treasury department and a cashier. The car travels about the country, making short stops in the villages on prearranged days, and receiving such sums as the citizens or farmers of the neighborhood may wish to deposit. So far, however, the innovation has met little encouragement. "The peasants seem distrustful of the agility of the bank, and disinclined to draw on the old stocking from its hiding-place under the hearthstone."—Youth's Companion.

The Parson Wandered.

A country clergyman whose custom it was to read his sermons, one Sunday morning forgot his manuscript. He determined to take his congregation into his confidence, and he accordingly announced: "My friends, this morning I have come without my sermon. So you must take what the Lord gives me. But to-night I will come better prepared."

WHERE THIEVES ARE SAFE.

Refuges for Criminals in London That the Law Does Not Reach.

One of the natural harbors or refuges for the criminal classes is the city of London. Indeed, all large cities afford a measure of security to lawbreakers, but the English metropolis being the most populous city in the world gives such characters exceptional opportunities for concealment, despite the fact that the metropolitan police force is the most efficient and successful in the world. The fact is that to find a hiding criminal in London (with its teeming millions of people of all nationalities) is a tremendous task, and in the case of alien criminals the magnitude of the task is doubled by the fact that the "descriptions" supplied to Scotland Yard by foreign police authorities are proverbially meager and unreliable when they are not absolutely idiotic.

Despite, however, the advantages London offers fugitives from justice, when a British criminal commits a big crime whereby he obtains the necessary funds he generally gives the "Axis of the Empire" a wide berth and endeavors to get somewhere abroad under a vague sort of impression that anywhere is safer than the country in which he committed his crime.

The question of whether he shall hide himself is one which he must find considerable difficulty in answering, and the difficulty is yearly being increased by the concluding of more and more extradition treaties, and the signing of those countries with the United States already has several.

ties to a more proper sense of their obligations. Owing to the existence of scores of extradition treaties, almost every country is nominally as unsafe to fugitive criminals (excepting those "wanted" for political crimes) as the snug island, but nominally is not actually, for which difference the emigrating evildoer has every reason to be thankful.

More than half the treaties the government holds with foreign countries for the extradition of criminals who fly the country are practically dead letters. Were it not for this fact there would be only one actual refuge for fugitive lawbreakers, whereas there are dozens. The Bonin Islands, in the Pacific ocean, and off the coast of Japan, constitute the sole remaining nominal refuge for the criminal classes, and this refuge is not favored by any but the lowest and most criminal.

Men who have committed crimes for which death, lifelong imprisonment, Siberia, or perhaps torture, would be due punishment, have flown to the Bonin Islands from all parts of the world, and have set up a small colony of all that is most brutal in human nature, but the gentlemanly criminal, the bland fraud from the city who decamps with tens of thousands, prefers a less certain safety with an element of comfort, and would probably rather be arrested than be forced to patronize the Bonin Islands, particularly as there is now every hope of this refuge being covered by an extradition treaty in the near future.

Argentina is still a happy hunting ground for criminals, and Jabez Balfour's capture was an exceptionally good stroke of luck for law and justice. There are scores upon scores of criminals safely retired in the Argentine Republic.

Giant Oak of Germany.

Naturalists in Germany are much interested in a wonderful old tree which has been discovered near Homburg. It is an oak, and is notable not only on account of its great bulk, but also for the fact that at the base of the trunk it is entirely hollow. The trunk, indeed, is not more than eight or nine feet high, but it is more than 20 feet in circumference. Some idea of the size of its interior may be gathered from the fact that four persons recently found ample room in it. In winter the old oak looks very bare and gaunt, but, according to peasants in the neighborhood, who have known it for many years, it regularly puts forth new twigs and foliage every spring, so that, ancient and decayed though its trunk may be, it is nevertheless crowned and surrounded by masses of green leaves, just as it was in the days of its youth. The people of Homburg are very proud of this natural curiosity, and it is safe to say that many tourists will have a look at it during the coming summer.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rich Woman Peddles Milk.

New Jersey among its other freaks has a freak woman—a woman who, though wealthy, takes pleasure in peddling milk. She is Mrs. Anna Silliman, wife of C. P. Silliman, of Vineland, a woman of good social standing, education, refinement and beauty. Some time ago, wearying of society and the luxurious living of the wealthy, Mrs. Silliman decided to adopt the life of a milkmaid purely as a diversion. Every morning at four o'clock this society belle can be seen starting from her elegant country home in an outfit that is a veritable house on wheels. Unattended she drives from house to house and leaves the pint or quart of lactated fluid as daintily as she receives her callers, at first astonished, became so charmed with the innovation that her trade is increasing daily. Mr. and Mrs. Silliman are financially able to live in any style they may see fit and this fad makes the pretty milkmaid all the more conspicuous in her endeavor to outdaff faddism.—N. Y. Sun.

Beaver in Colorado.

Beaver have become so numerous in Colorado that the ranchmen want them killed off to save their property.