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GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1906

TEN CENTS A WEEK

THE STORM KING CONTROLS AT NORTH

The East and Middle West Having Coldest Weather of Season.

SNOW IN MANY PLACES

Six inches of snow in New York—Chicago has four inches of the beautiful—snow slides do much damage in Colorado.

Atlanta, Ga., March 20.—The reports from various portions of the State are to the effect that the peach crop of this State is in greater danger than during the cold snap of a few weeks ago.

New York, March 20.—Service on all the surface roads in the city is interfered with by snow, which fell to the depth of six inches yesterday.

Chicago, March 20.—We have just had the heaviest snow storm of the season. Many trains are late.

Silverton, Col., March 20.—Twelve miners employed at the Shenandoah mine were caught by a great snow slide yesterday and sent to their deaths. Their bodies have not yet been recovered.

TWO ALPHABET LETTERS.

"J" and "W" Comparatively Recent Additions to the List.

It is a fact, not so well known but that it may be said to be curious, that the letters J and W are a modern addition to our alphabet. The letter J only came into general use during the time of the renaissance, say between 1450 and 1500. From 1450 to 1640 its use is exceedingly rare, and I have never yet seen a book printed prior to 1672 in which it appeared.

In the century immediately preceding the seventeenth it became the fashion to tail the last I when Roman numerals were used, as in this example, vii for 8 or xii in place of 12. This fashion still lingers, but only in physicians' prescriptions, I believe. Where the French use j it has the power of s as we use it in the word "vision." What nation was the first to use it as a new letter is an interesting but perhaps unanswerable query.

In a like manner the printers and language makers of the latter part of the sixteenth century began to recognize the fact that there was a sound in spoken English which was without a representative in the shape of an alphabetical sign or character, as in the first sound in the word "sweet."

Prior to that time it had always been spelled as "vet," the v having the long sound of u or of two u's together. In order to convey an idea of the new sound they began to spell such words as "wet," "weather," "web," etc., with two u's, and as the u of that date was a typical v the three words above looked like this: "Vvet," "vweather," "vweb."

After awhile the typefounders recognized the fact that the double u had come to stay, so they joined the two u's together and made the character now so well known as w. I have one book in which three forms of the w are given. The first is an old double v (vv); the next is one in which the last stroke of the first v crosses the first stroke of the second, and the third is the common w we use today.

—New York News.

Bad Habit.
"So you lost your position?" we ask of our young friend, who has demanded our sympathy.
"Yes; the firm told me I would have to quit."
"What reason was given?"
"I smoked cigarettes."
"Why, that seems hardly a sufficient reason for such drastic action."
"Yes, but I was smoking the boss' cigarettes, and he caught me at it."—Judge.

His Plans.
"Did the architect carry out your plans?"
"Guess he must have. I haven't been able to find any of them about the house."—Cleveland Leader.

We never see the target a man aims at in life; we see only the target he hits.—Jordan.

EARLY CREEK HISTORY.

In the Time of Cortes the Tribe Life Was Idyllic.

The Creeks are an entirely different race of people from the Cherokees and other northern Indians. They are of Aztec, or, rather, Toltec, origin, and in a teocallis, or pyramidal, temple, located in a secluded wild of the Creek country, the same religious rites and ceremonies are performed today that were performed in the imposing teocallis located on the bank of the beautiful Lake Tezcuco, in the days of the ill-starred Montezuma II. The archives of the nation are here preserved in hieroglyphics, beautifully painted on shells, strung together on deer tendons. Here are also preserved their most cherished relics, their green jasper altar and a life sized image of their great war god, both brought from their former home near Vera Cruz, Mexico.

At the time Cortes made his appearance in that neighborhood, bent upon a career of conquest and plunder, the Creeks, as they are now called, were living a peaceful, idyllic life in a land made sacred to them by having been the home of their ancestors for untold thousands of moons and containing the ashes and bones of their wise and loved old men through many generations. Gathering their warriors together, they gave battle to the invaders, but weapons of stone and that could make but little impression upon the steel clad warriors of Spain, and they were defeated with terrible slaughter. Gathering wives and little ones together and taking with them their most cherished possessions, among which were the records of their race, the jasper altar and their war god, holding in his extended right hand the sacrificial knife of flint, they made their weary way to the capital of Montezuma, the sacred city of Mexico, where they were warmly welcomed by that unfortunate monarch and where they fought bravely in defense of the devoted city. They assisted Cortez in his glorious, if ill-fated, attempt to regain the throne of his ancestors, and upon its failure and the attendant death of that young chief, slain by torture, after the manner of the ancient Israelites, they determined to seek a land that man knew not, where they might provide homes for their families and worship the gods of their ancestors.—Exchange.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The man who loves his joke is usually unpopular.

Put yourself in the other man's place and you may sympathize with him.

It is commendable to save your money, but it is not commendable to look it up.

We worry as if we had to go through a whole year tomorrow instead of just one day.

The cares and worries of life look pretty good, after all, to those returning to town through the country gate.

When a soldier returns from a battle his story of the fight is more interesting and less truthful if he returns alone.

Of course friends are a good thing, but when misfortune comes to you which do you wish you had more of—friends or dollars?—Atchison Globe.

Cold Feet.
Never go to bed with cold feet; never try to sleep without being perfectly certain that you will be able to keep them warm. To lie one night with cold feet gives such a strain to the system as will be felt seriously, perhaps ending in a fit of sickness. Cold feet show an unbalanced circulation. The very best thing to do is to warm them by exercise, if that be practicable; if not, by dipping them in hot and cold water alternately two or three times and then using vigorous friction. If that does not warm them and keep them warm heat them before the fire, drying them thoroughly, and then correct your habits or improve your health, for be sure that one or the other is wrong, perhaps both.

Matrimonial.
Three Germans were sitting at lunch one recently and were overheard discussing the second marriage of a mutual friend when one of them remarked: "I'll tell you what. A man who marries de second time don't deserve to have lost his first wife."—Life.

The highways of literature are spread over," says Holmes, "with the shells of dead novels, each of which has been swallowed at a mouthful by the public and is done with."

WOMEN AND CHILDREN NOT KILLED

By United States Troops in Recent Battle With Moros.

SENSATIONAL CABLES PRINTED

A Long Time Spent to Get the Moros Away Without a Fight—General Wood Says It's the Truth—Statements Expected Soon.

Washington, D. C., March 20.—Gen. Wood has sent a cable which says: "Sensational cables sent to the United States relating to the Mount Dajo fight were made up in Manila. There has been no reference in any cable from Mindanao to the killing of women and children. On receipt of Colonel Andrews' condensed report from me in Washington, the American newspapers cabled for details. The reporters here had no other information than was cabled in my report."

ADVERTISING A BOOK.

How the Author of "Valerie" Captured Parisians Long Ago.

We had some notes a little while ago on the methods which some authors have adopted for the advertisement of their books. A correspondent sends us an example of this sort of thing, which is the better worth quoting because we have never seen it quoted in this country before. It is taken from a life of Mme. de Krudner, whose novel "Valerie" appeared shortly after Mme. de Staël's "Delphine." "You know quite well," the author wrote to a friend, "that neither talent nor genius nor the excellence of one's intentions is sufficient to insure a success. Everything demands some charlatanism." And the biographer proceeds to tell us how she translated her doctrine into action.

During several days, he writes, she made the round of the fashionable shops incognito, asking sometimes for shawls, sometimes for hats, feathers, wreaths or ribbons, all "à la Valerie." When they saw this beautiful and elegant stranger step out of her carriage with an air of assurance and ask for fancy articles which she invented on the spur of the moment the shopkeepers were seized with a polite desire to satisfy her by any means in their power. Moreover, the lady would soon pretend to recognize the article she had asked for. And if the unfortunate shopgirls, taken aback by such unusual demands, looked puzzled Mme. de Krudner would smile graciously and pity them for their ignorance of the new novel, thus turning them all into eager readers of "Valerie." Then, laden with purchases, she would drive off to another shop, pretending to search for that which existed only in her imagination. Thanks to these maneuvers, she succeeded in exciting such ardent competition in honor of her heroine that for a week at least the shops sold everything "à la Valerie." Her own friends, the innocent accomplices in her stratagem, also visited shops on her recommendation, thus carrying the fame of her book through the Faubourg Saint-Germain and the Chaussee d'Antin.—London Academy.

Fishing For Sponges.

Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the sponge fisher, with his water glass—a pane set in a box fitted with handles—looks down forty feet into the clear depths. With one hand he grasps and sinks a slender pole, sometimes fifty feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rocky base and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached. This curt description of what seems the simple work of sponge-fishing gives no idea of the real skill and exertion needed. The eye of the fisher has to be trained by long experience to peer into the sea and tell the commercially valuable sponges from those that are worthless. He must have a deft hand to detach the sponge without a tear. Above all, while doing this with one hand, he must manipulate with the other the water glass, as the waves sway it sideways and up and down. The strain on eye and body is most intense, to say nothing of the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet, which, first and last, make almost every sponge fisher a victim of acute rheumatism.—Pearson's Weekly.

A MOHAMMEDAN FUNERAL.

Ceremonies With Which a Body is Consigned to the Grave.

When the life of a Mohammedan is ebbing away a distinguished reader of the Koran is summoned to recite aloud its chapter on the resurrection, so that the spirit of the person, on hearing it, may have an easy death. The Mohammedan believes that the vital principles of the whole system are concentrated in the head, when death is the result. The watchers at the bedside also read some passages, and then a drink of sherbet is given to the patient to lessen the pangs of death. As soon as the spark of life has fled, the two great toes are tied together with a thin strip of cloth, the mouth is closed, and incense is burned near the body.

The interment follows a few hours after death. The "washers" are men and women who wash and shroud the body and dig a hole in the earth to hold the water, so that it cannot spread very much, as it is considered unucky to tread on this water. The washing is a great ceremony, and when finished the body is shrouded with even more ceremony. If there is a widow of the deceased, she returns the dowry her husband had given her. If the deceased's mother is present, she says, "The milk with which I suckled thee I freely bestow upon thee." Thus she resigns the debt of the deceased to her. When flowers have been placed on the body it is carried to the grave on a bier or, if the relatives can afford it, in a coffin. At the grave four creeds are recited, and the body, with the head to the north and the face looking toward Mecca, is laid on its back in its tomb. The grave is about seven feet long for both sexes, but the depth for a man is measured by the distance between his feet and chest; for a woman, between her feet and waist. If the body is too long for the grave, it is believed that the deceased must have been a great sinner.

Before the body is covered the Mohammedan takes a little earth and, throwing it into the grave, says, "We created you of earth, and we return you to the earth, and we shall raise you out of the earth on the day of resurrection." Then a mound is built to keep the earth in the grave from crushing the body, and water is sprinkled on it in three lines. Special prayers for the safe voyage of the deceased are offered after the burial. As in the case of a Hindu funeral, the poor are not forgotten, both remembering the needy by distributing money, salt, rice and wheat among them after the funeral.

The Prague Clock.

Since the middle of the fifteenth century the city of Prague has possessed a remarkable clock, the machinery of which is most complicated. The dial, which is between six and eight feet across, has a number of hands, which mark not only the minutes and the hours, but also the days, months, years and centuries. Of this clock a poet tells us:

At the left of the dial a skeleton stands,
And aloft hangs a musical bell in the tower,
Which he rings by a rope that he holds in his hands.

In its practical function of striking the hour,
But the funniest sight of the numerous sights

Which the clock has to show to the people below
Is the holy apostles, in tunics and tights,
Who revolve in a ring or proceed in a row.

Wonders About Skin Pores.

Each square inch of the human skin contains no less than 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiration pores. Each of these tubes, although wonderfully minute, is about one-fourth of an inch in length. Each of these sweat tubes may be likened to a tiny drainpipe. We find that the average adult has about 2,000 square inches of skin on the surface of his body. Each square inch of this outer cuticle is, as we have said, literally permeated with its 3,500 quarter inch perspiration ditches. If we could put each of these little tubes end to end we would find that they would extend a distance of not less than 20,000 feet. Had you ever before stopped to consider the fact that the aggregate length of all the ditches for draining the human body is almost forty miles?

Perfume of Flowers.

It is claimed that the perfume of flowers disappears as soon as the sun, in the petals is exhausted, and if any, it is said, be restored by placing the flowers in a solution of sugar, when the formation of starch and the emission of fragrance will be at once resumed.

RAIN STORMS AND DAMAGING FLOODS

Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia Are Being Cleansed by Water.

MANY CATTLE ARE DROWNED

Railroad Traffic Paralyzed by Floods, Rivers Overflow and There Are Several Wash-outs Along the Lines—The Money Loss Will Be Great.

Atlanta, Ga., March 20.—The heavy rains which began on Sunday have done untold damage all over the State. The railroads are completely paralyzed.

Jackson, Miss., March 20.—Railroad traffic has been paralyzed for the last eighteen hours as a result of the heavy rains. Many trains are from five to ten hours late, while others have been annulled.

Montgomery, Ala., March 20.—Owing to incessant rains, the Coosa, Tallapoosa and Alabama rivers are on a rise, and the predictions are that the waters will go over the danger line at Wetumpka, Montgomery and S. Ins.

Macon, Ga., March 20.—The river is rising and warnings have been sent to cities below here.

HUNTING VIOLINS.

Tarasio Was Found Dead Surrounded by Valuable Instruments.

Violin makers now and again come upon pieces of wood of phenomenal resonance and beauty, and when they do we may be sure they give special care to the making and finishing of the instrument formed of the wood. Stradivarius, at any rate, did. In 1716 he had a piece of luck in this particular, and his luck went into an instrument with which he fell so much in love that he absolutely refused to sell it or allow it to be played upon by any hands but his own. He kept it locked up, and when he died at the advanced age of ninety-three he bequeathed it to his sons. By and by an enthusiastic collector named Salabue got on the scent of this instrument, and about the year 1760 he acquired it—at what figure is not known—from one of the great man's sons.

Salabue cherished it until his death, about 1827, and then a strange character appears on the scene as purchaser. This was an eccentric old fellow named Luigi Tarasio, who, abandoning his trade as carpenter, had started collecting old violins and was now searching in every nook and corner of Italy for the treasures of Cremona. He could neither read nor write, this enthusiastic collector, but he could tell a valuable fiddle the moment he saw it, and he estimated the worth of the Salabue "Strad" so well that after he had acquired it he kept it to himself with all the loving care that its maker had already shown for it. Tarasio lived entirely alone in a wretched garret in Milan, and one day in the year 1854 his neighbors found him lying dead among a confused heap of Cremonas. The old man had amassed a collection of some 250 instruments, the result of a thirty years' "hunt," and, although he had started life a penniless carpenter, he died worth about \$12,000.—Cornhill.

Arctic Mosquitoes.

The presence of mosquitoes in myriads within the bare, uninhabited arctic circle is surely in some degree a mystery. The mosquito is a blood-sucker, but in these unvisited plains he is for the most part, and of strict necessity, a vegetarian. A few birds excepted (and the birds are furnished with impervious feathers), there is no local life whatever. The Lapp in summer drives his reindeer to the sea, and no native crosses the field if he can help it. Yet in this region, "seemingly the most unsuitable for its effective working," the mosquito flourishes, "a primeval and enduring curse, inexplicably developed to its utmost."—London Chronicle.

Encouraging Him.

Mr. Faintart—Miss Brightly, I—aw—that is—Mabel, I—er—deaf to—aw—redly— Miss Brightly—Keep right on, Mr. Faintart; I'll consider your proposal and have my answer ready by the time you have got it out of your system.—Philadelphia Press.