

TEN COMMANDMENTS

FOR THE AID OF CENSUS ENUMERATORS.

An Unofficial Supplication to the Agriculturalists to be Prepared to Answer All Questions Promptly—Novel Method of Instruction.

1. And it shall come to pass in June that a census of agriculture be taken by the chosen men of the nation, who number two score and ten thousand.
2. Upon a parchment, yet upon a separate parchment, which is called a schedule, the chosen men shall write the chief things and the little things of the farm, and the value of them.
3. But neither the wicked, nor the assessor of many taxes, nor the collector thereof, shall serve with the chosen; nor shall he look upon the returns to know any man's property.
4. The anointed only from the census shall lay hands on the returns and know the writings thereon. Whoso doth more than this surely shall be punished. Thus saith the law.
5. The chosen people of the land, the enumerators thereof, shall, swearing solemnly, write upon the parchment, yea, upon every parchment, the length and breadth of every crop; verily, the true shekels' worth of all things upon the farm in 1899 shall be summed up on the blanks which the king of the census giveth out, and they shall be kept forever and ever in the temples at Washington, where many nations may behold the correct measure of the strength of the land.
6. And all the live stock according to age, and all the poultry, and all the hives of bees which the husbandman hath shall be counted, and they shall be written in value as the law saith and preserved in the temples.
7. And the length and breadth of the farm, and the value thereof, and the value of the houses and barns for shelter thereon, and the value of the machinery and implements and chariots which man useth shall likewise be written and laid forever in the temples of truth. Thus saith the law.
8. He who leaseth land shall answer all things to the elect like unto him who owneth it, for the king of the census hath said that one man shall not be called and another left.
9. Thus saith the king of the census to his people: "Thou shalt this day write upon a tablet all the things of the farm and the value of them; the value of all thou hast eaten and all that thou hast sold and exchanged, and be ready; for in an hour ye wot not next June the enumerator cometh. Blessed be he that maketh full and perfect answers quickly."
10. Send thou unto the king of the census, at Washington, which is the king's home, or unto the high priest of the census of agriculture, and thou wilt receive light.

"JONES" TOO MUCH FOR TACALS

There Is No "J" in Their Language or in Spanish.

Major Samuel B. Jones of the regular army is now quartermaster at Boston. He served with distinction until recently in the Philippines, says the Philadelphia Post. A curious local custom in Luzon authorizes a native to take and use a foreign name, generally Spanish, in addition to his own Tagal patronymic. This accounts for the multitudinous of such sonorous names as "Agramonte," "Urtarte" and "Polobieja." The major had won the gratitude of a native, who announced his determination to adopt the American family name of Jones before it occurred to him that there was no equivalent for "J" in either Spanish or Tagal. He had it written out for him by a soldier, to whom he gave a box of cigars for his trouble, and then departed from the camp. Some time after the native came into camp and was addressed by his new name. He looked worried and called his interlocutor aside and explained to him his troubles. "Please don't call me by that name," he said, plaintively. "You see, I took that written name home to my village and showed it to my relatives. They were much pleased, but when they tried to read it no two pronounced it alike. Rather than have trouble in the family I am looking for a brave American whose name is comprehensible!"

His Address.

The following, from an English paper, will be enjoyed by speakers who have found themselves called upon to address audiences already wearied by excessively long speeches: A certain man was invited to speak at a local gathering, and being nobody in particular, was placed last on the list of speakers. Moreover, the chairman introduced several speakers whose names were not on the list, and the audience was tired out when he said, introducing the final speaker, "Mr. Bones will now give us his address." "My address," said Mr. Bones, rising, "is 551 Park Villas, S. W., and I wish you all good-night."

Saving His Money.

Mr. Wheatpit—My failure is the talk of the street! At the meeting of my creditors today I arranged to pay 10 cents on the dollar. Mrs. Wheatpit (after a moment's figuring)—Oh, Henry, isn't that lovely? Then the \$50 hat I sent home today will only cost you \$5.—Life.

Making a Living.

First Swell—They say this fellow actually earns his living with that voice. Second Swell—Is that so? First Swell—Yes—by collecting the things that are thrown at him.—Ally Sloper.

WILD ANIMALS

Dead in Captivity Develop Ferocity in Spite of Training.

There is a current tradition that wild animals born in captivity do not attain the savageness of those bred in their native jungle, and that the teeth of such animals do not develop as they do in the wild state. Mr. Alexander Day, assistant superintendent out at the zoo, whose experience with wild animals has been almost lifelong, says that he has not found those assertions to be true. However innocent and apparently tame the cubs may appear, he says, there is a time when they attain savageness apparently from instinct, and show all the characteristics of the animals whose home has always been the forest or the plain. As for the development of teeth, Mr. Day points for illustration to full-grown lions which were born and reared in captivity and may be seen any day cracking bones of meat with which they are fed with every evidence of possessing the most sound teeth possible. The only way in which wild animals in captivity usually suffer with their teeth is that when they are fed they may grab at the meat which is pushed through the bars with a big iron fork and break a tooth on the fork, or they may in jumping against the bars injure a tooth and suffer afterward from its loss. The little lions, when baby cubs, are shy at first; then become as playful as kittens. For the first year of their life usually they may be treated as domestic animals. At the age of about twelve weeks the cubs are taken from their mother, but in the meantime she has taught them to eat meat. At first the cubs suck a bone or a scrap of raw meat which the mother tears off for them. Often they may be seen gnawing upon a bone which the mother lion holds in her jaws and paws. When first taken from their mother the cubs are given finely chopped meat, the pieces being gradually made larger until they are given bones, upon which they sharpen and develop their teeth. In time the lions can crush the bones with ease. From 12 to 14 months of age the young lions are, it is said, so cross as to be almost unmanageable. At the age of 18 months or two years the cubs are taken in hand by the trainer and then, having reached their growth, they are ready to be perfected in their tricks and to be exhibited. It is said by those familiar with lion taming and training that lions which have been brought up as pets are the hardest to train for performers. They do not seem to take the training seriously, and are not so easily mastered as those which have grown to maturity without petting.—Baltimore Sun.

GOV. ROOSEVELT'S BRIBE.

Paid \$10 for a Shot at a Wounded Charging Grizzly Bear.

"A friend of mine," says a New York or, "told me the following story about Gov. Roosevelt that I had never heard before. The present governor was out with a guide after grizzlies, and if one was found the agreement was that Roosevelt should take the first shot, and if he missed, the second was to go to the guide. The governor, you know, is near sighted and has to wear glasses. They finally got a shot at a grizzly and although the governor succeeded in winging him the bear was not fatally wounded, and came charging down on them at a terrific rate. Now, big game men unite in saying that, hunt the world over, and there is only one form of sport to be found more dangerous than grizzly hunting, and that is a cowboy who has gone wrong, and that he, and he only, is likely to give you a better run for your money than a grizzly bear. Well, to return to the story, the bear was coming down on them like the Empire State Express and emitting loud, rude, belligerent snorts at every jump. Roosevelt's glasses had been knocked off by the recoil of the gun, and while he could locate the bear by the row he was making, he was without the limit of accurate vision. Nothing daunted, however, and with every drop of sporting blood in his veins a-tingle, he yelled at the guide: "Say, Bill, \$10! Is it my shot?" and upon that worthy falling a victim to bribery and corruption Roosevelt laid his bearship low when he arrived near enough for him to see where to put a shot in a vital spot."

Involuntary Twitchings.

A nerve specialist stated, not long ago, that one way to judge of the condition of a person's nerves was to watch his thumbs. Ever since that time, says a correspondent, I found the greatest fascination in looking at people's thumbs. The doctor said that if they moved involuntarily outward it was a sign that the nerves of that man or woman were not in the best condition. I find myself now sweeping the line opposite me in a street-car, and if that doctor's test is a good one, there is a surprising number of people whose nerves need looking after. There are few among the women who do not involuntarily move the thumbs outward at intervals of every few minutes, and when your attention has been once attracted to it, the process of watching their gloved hands grows very interesting. I have found the habit much less frequent among men, but take the average number of women in a street-car, and it will be a surprise to you to see how many of them indulge unconsciously in this little habit. I only hope it might not mean anything so serious as it might indicate, if that nerve specialist's diagnosis was a good one.

A Fine Cleaner.

Mirrors and plate glass can be cleaned very thoroughly with alcohol on a soft piece of muslin or flannel.

AN ODD CASE REVIVED

BY THE RECENT SHOOTING IN DENVER.

Story of Alfred Packer's Cannibalism Likely to Be Retold in the Forth Coming Trials—A Case That Has Excited World Wide Notice.

The latest development in the celebrated Packer case, which has in the twenty-six years it has been in the courts become inextricably mixed with the politics of Colorado, was the shooting a short time since of F. G. Bonfils and H. H. Tamman, editors of a Denver newspaper, by the prisoner's counsel, Attorney Anderson, who accused them of misrepresentation. The two editors are now on the way to recovery, and a bitter fight over the proposed release of "Man-eater" Alfred Packer from the Colorado penitentiary will soon be resumed.

Alfred Packer, over whom all this agitation has arisen, is serving a forty year term in prison for having killed and eaten his five companions while on a prospecting tour in the Colorado mountains in 1874. A leading worker for the conviction of Packer was Otto Mears, twenty-five years ago proprietor of a little general store in the mountains and now one of the most influential men in state politics. He declares that his life would not be worth the snuff of a candle if the convict were released from the penitentiary. When Gov. Thomas had under advisement a short time since his pardon of Packer, Mears hastened across the continent to prevent favor-

deterred from action because of supposed danger. If the great builders and engineers of the world would stop and ask, "How many lives will this undertaking cost?" it is probable that the world would be without some of the greatest triumphs of modern thought. Everyday life and common occupations are full of silent courage, and all around are workers who bravely die in the harness.

MAKES HER SICK.

New Jersey Woman Who Is Strangely Affected by Light.

In a Spruce street boarding house there is now living an elderly spinster who for thirty years has avoided the light. She is no misanthrope, no recluse, nor does her aversion to light arise from any constitutional defect. Of wide information, charity and fond of company, her peculiar condition precluded enjoyment of society in circumstances making social intercourse most pleasant. In the evenings when the gas is lighted she retires to a cloaked corner, and hidden under an umbrella especially constructed to ward off rays of light, she holds converse. Thus she sits for hours, like some sorceress, unseen by those in the same room and not seeing those to whom she talks and charms with his fund of bright and interesting things. Not that her eyesight is affected—it is as good as that of any woman 60 years of age. She simply cannot bear the light to strike her. Diffused sunlight, as a rule, does not trouble her, but a tiny ray illuminating a near-by object upsets her physical system and is followed by an attack of nausea. The



ALFRED PACKER.

able action upon it, and was successful. Other leading men were active in preventing his release.

Packer claims that he is not guilty of killing his companions on the prospecting trip, as charged. He said that, owing to hunger, the men had been killed by mutual consent, one at a time, until only he and a companion were left. They agreed to spare each other's lives, but the other attempted to shoot him and, in self-defense, Packer killed him. The bodies of the men were found at a place identified by Parker and proof that cannibalism had been practiced was not wanting.

Packer was tried and sentenced to be hanged, but a stay was granted and subsequently the sentence was commuted to forty years' imprisonment. Now claim is made that there is a flaw in the original indictment which will lead to Packer's release and a suit against the state for restraining a citizen unlawfully for a term of years. Much interest is taken in the case and sensational developments are looked for.

Trades That Kill.

There are many legitimate occupations or trades that steadily kill those who are engaged in them. Lead is death-dealing to all who use it in their work, as house painters, gliders, calico printers, type-founders, potters and braziers. Mercury is a foe to life. Those who make mirrors, barometers or thermometers, who etch or color wood or felt, will soon feel the effect of the nitrate of mercury in teeth, gums and the tissues of the body. Silver kills those who handle it, and photographers, makers of hair dyes and ink and other preparations ere long turn gray, while a deadly weakness subdues them. Copper enters into the composition of many articles of everyday life, and too soon those who work in bronzing and similar decorative processes lose teeth and sight, and, finally, life. Makers of wall paper grow pale and sick from the arsenic in its coloring, and matchmakers lose strength and vitality from the excess of phosphorus used in their business. But mankind is by nature brave, and very few are

A RIVER OF BLOOD.

CARNAGE THAT CRIMSONED TUGELA'S WATERS.

The First Battle Took Place There in the Early Thirties—The Zulus and Kaffirs Were Then the Principals—Has Ever Since Been Stage of Slaughter.

The Tugela river in South Africa, where Buller and Joubert were contesting for the mastery, is called the "river of blood" by the Zulus, and frequently, too, by the Boers.

The first known battle to have occurred on its banks took place during the early '30s, between the Zulus and Kaffirs, not far from the modern town of Weenan. The Kaffirs were utterly routed, the bulk of them being killed, and the remainder were reduced to slavery.

In 1837 another bloody battle was fought along the Tugela between the paramount chief of the Zulus and a sub-chief, Sibayo. The latter and his followers made a stubborn stand, but were massacred to a man. The traveler who visits the scene of this battle will be shown a large tree, where tradition says Ditawayo, the last man left alive, fought single-handed against his foes, like the heroes in medieval romances, slaying over a score of warriors before he was finally hacked to the ground.

In 1838 a party of seventy Boers under Piet Retief were massacred by the Zulus a little west of where Buller and Joubert have been struggling for many weary weeks. The Boers then swept along the Tugela, killing off Boers wherever they could, until the number mounted into the hundreds. A relief expedition, partly English and partly Dutch, was sent from Cape Colony against the Zulus.

This force defeated the latter in two battles, but finally ran into an ambush and was exterminated. The Zulus, then led by the chief Dingaan, fell upon a Boer laager of 400 men with a force estimated at 10,000. The Boers, however, defeated them and killed 3,000 of the dusky warriors.

Save for innumerable small fights, peace now reigned along the Tugela until Cetewayo and Umbulazi, the two sons of Pande, king of the Zulus, began to quarrel over their right of succession to the throne. So fierce did their quarrel become that it finally led to a civil war. The nation was divided over the claims of the brothers, and their forces met on the Tugela within sight of the Draakensburgs, in December, 1859. All day the struggle continued. The ground trembled with the rush of fighting men, and the hills echoed the shouts and the roar of battle. For hours the struggle continued without an apparent advantage on either side, when Cetewayo and Umbulazi, who had been fighting in the front ranks of their respective armies, finally came face to face, and a terrible duel ensued between them. Mightily did these brothers, giants in strength, battle together, but Umbulazi was at last dispatched by an assegai thrust, and his army, disheartened at the loss of their leader, fled from the field. This was one of the mightiest battles in the history of South Africa, and if the ghosts of warriors linger about the field of their death, over 10,000 who died in that struggle are now watching the operations along the Tugela.

Although Umbulazi's followers were defeated, they did not abandon the cause, but carried on a guerrilla war until 1861. During that time fifteen fights, in which enough warriors were engaged to warrant calling them battles, took place, and in one, which occurred during the latter part of 1860, at a spot about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Tugela, nearly 12,000 warriors were slain, including several of Cetewayo's most prominent partisans.

The last great native battle along the Tugela took place between the Zulus and the Basutos, in which the former were defeated. Thousands lost their lives in the defiles of the Draakensburg mountains, among which the battle occurred.

Sir Walter Scott's Dog.

Sir Walter Scott had a bull terrier named Camp, which he taught to understand a great many words. Camp once bit a baker, who was bringing bread to the family. Sir Walter beat Camp and explained to him what a great offense he had committed, after which, to the last moments of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the incident without getting up and slinking off to the darkest corner of the room. Then, if you said: "The baker was well paid," or "The baker was not hurt at all," Camp would come out from his hiding place, caper about and bark joyfully. When he was old and unable to accompany Sir Walter when horseback riding, Camp would watch for his return, and, if the servant said that his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor, Camp was never known to mistake him, but would start off to greet his master.—Buffalo Times.

Falseness.

The first sin committed in this world was a lie, and the first liar was the devil. The Greeks, who allowed their dieties almost every weakness and every vice, held that they forfeited heaven by falsehood, and that an oath was as sacred to Jupiter, the cloud-compeller, as to the meaneast denizen of earth. A regard to truth is the last of all the virtues, and supposes high civilization. The savage is full of falsehood, both in word and deed, the ignorant man will deceive if he can, but learns, if he promises to perform—in other language, to keep his word when he has given it; an important part of truth, but not the whole.

VERY MUCH ALIVE.

Count Reported Dead, Is Discovered in New York.

Count Gebhard von Blucher has been found. Recently he was reported dead; now it appears he is in an institution near New York. His affairs are in the hands of his attorneys, Dean & Hohannsen of Baltimore, who are making arrangements for him to go to Germany and claim a recent inheritance. George D. Dean is in that city, at the Sinclair house, to consult with the countess and arrange a settlement of differences. Mr. Dean said yesterday that the count is ill, but is recovering. "His mind is not impaired," he said, "and he will live to enjoy his inheritance of \$200,000 and the castle of Wietzow."

Mr. Dean refused to give the name of the institution of which the count is an inmate. The attitude of the countess is uncertain. She was formerly Ella Ohlsen, and a nurse when she married the count. In his inability to support his wife Count von Blucher left her with three children two years ago. She heard from him last in October. A few weeks ago she learned of his whereabouts. Count von Blucher was an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Washington after leaving his wife. He left that institution in October and went to Annapolis. Later he went to Baltimore. He received money from friends to provide his passage to Germany. He fell sick in New York and was taken to an institution. Mr. Dean said that the count was a grandson of the famous Marshal Blucher of Waterloo, and that there was positively no doubt as to his legal right to the inheritance. He added that the lawyers would receive \$50,000 for fees in assisting the count to the possession of the fortune and the castle.

LOST IN A KANSAS CORNFIELD

Boy Wanders About All Night Without Finding the House.

Recently a farmer living four or five miles east of town was out in his corn field shucking corn, and a little four-year-old boy went along for company, as the afternoon was pleasant and the little fellow wanted to "help papa shuck corn." Along toward night he started alone to go to the house, which is but a little way off, and that was the last seen of him till about sunrise the next morning. The father finished picking his load of corn and went to the house, supposing the boy was there, but on inquiry found that such was not the case. Search was at once instituted, and the neighbors were called upon to assist, and it wasn't long before the cornfields were alive with men and lanterns looking for the lost child. And to add to the grief of the parents and friends, the rain began to pour down in torrents, between 10 and 11 o'clock—but the boy was nowhere to be found. They continued the search in the rain, calling for the little fellow, but hearing no response. The next morning one of the searching party came upon the wee one traveling in one of the neighbor's cornfields, a little over half a mile from home, wet through to the skin, his clothes covered with mud, indicating that he had probably tired out during the night and had lain down to take a snooze.—Herrington Times.

Music and Health.

Music, if we are to believe ancient historians, has produced some very extraordinary effects. The Berceness of Achilles was allayed by playing on the harp; Damon, with the same instrument, quieted wild and drunken youths; and Asclepiades in a similar manner brought back seditious multitudes to temper and reason. The Corybantes and effeminate priests of Cybele were incited by music to cut their own flesh. Pinar addressed his harp thus: "Thou quenchest the raging thunder." Music is also reported to have been efficacious in removing dangerous diseases. Mirandola observes, in explanation of its being appropriated to such an end, that music moves the spirits to act upon the soul as medicine does the soul by the body. Theophrastus, in his essay on "Euthusiasm," reports many cures upon this principle. The Thebans used the pipe for the cure of many disorders, and Zenocrates is said to have cured several madmen. The bite of the tarantula is said to have been cured by music; and the Phrygian pipe was recommended by many of the ancient fathers as an antidote to sciatia. We could enumerate many other instances of the estimation, amounting as it would seem to palpable superstition, in which music was held among the ancients, but the above may be considered sufficient.

Bowed Down by Grief.

John Richards, who killed Gus Norton in Hot Springs, Ark., a short time ago, and who was released from jail on a \$5,000 bond, received a telegram from his brother, informing him that his father had dropped dead on a southbound train near Texarkana. The remains were put off there to be prepared for shipment to his home in Corsicana. The senior Richards, immediately after the killing of Norton, assisted in getting his son out of trouble. The old man deposited the amount of the bond, \$5,000, in cash, in a local bank, and thus secured his son's release from jail. The old man, bowed in sorrow over the matter, started back home, accompanied by a younger son. Before the train reached Texarkana he was stricken with an affection of the heart and expired instantly.

"Pelleo" of the Zulu tongue, is in general use in South Africa. It is literally translated into English as "done for."