

# THE DIAMOND DRILL.

THOS. CONLIN, Editor.  
CRYSTAL FALLS, MICHIGAN.

## An Idyl of the Okobogee.

There were three decks to the Lulu Jones and as swells a bow as ever a vessel owned. A good part of the crew's duty was to push this bow off impertinent peninsulas and to protect it against drifting logs. For the Okobogee writhes in and out among the swamp lands, and the heavy masses of Spanish moss clinging to cypress and live oak obstruct the view, so that it is quite impossible for even the most watchful of wheelmen to tell what he may run into next. This lends an enchantment to the haunted river which even those who know it best never cease to feel.

No one ever knew it better than Capt. Bicker Jones and his faithful crew. The captain was white and triumphantly conscious of the fact; his crew was black and was not sorry; and though a great gulf was supposed to yawn between the captain and his men, as a matter of fact they were bound together heart and soul, and, if occasion had required, would have died for a common cause. But no such occasion arose, and there is no intention of dwelling unduly on the subject of death. For while there is no denying that the swamps were somber, and that the pale hangings of moss suggested some castle of old, yet with a captain that swore so merrily and a crew that sang so eternally as the captain and the crew of the Lulu Jones, even Lethe would have seemed jovial.

The songs of the crew were original (as, indeed, was the captain's profanity), and they were the swamp's protest against its own brooding silence and solemnity. They were born of the place and came from the unreflective hearts of these half-barbaric men. So if into the wild chanting there crept now and then a minor note heavy with heartbreak it was no marvel. And if, as the boat crept cautiously down the black river, picking its way by the glow from the blazing pine knot on its upper deck, the voices of the men rose to a wail, was it strange? Were they not right to endeavor to propitiate the night, that formidable thing? Ethan Bartlett had such thoughts as these as he sat on the deck and listened to the curious folk songs and



JANET LONG SAT BESIDE HIM, AS USUAL.

let the weird architecture of the swamp drift pass him—for he could not dissociate those broken columns and fallen arches, those shafts and buttresses made by the trees and the moss, from the idea of a ruined city of men long dead. Janet Long sat beside him, as usual. He and Janet Long had always been sitting side by side, it seemed to him. They had done so at school and in church as children. They had done so at college. It was intended that they should do so through life. His mother and hers were together even then, playing a slow game of eucher in the cabin below, safe from malaria and damp. Mrs. Long had been out of health, and a Florida journey had been advised. Mrs. Bartlett had decided to accompany her. Janet went as a matter of course, and Ethan was finally persuaded into going, too.

"It seems like an ancient vision, does it not? Like something one has seen ten thousand years ago and returned to, sadly?" asked Ethan.

"Hark!" warned Janet. "The men are singing again. It is a lament this time."

They listened to a plaintive melody, rising with fitful modulations and expressing the grief of a lover for his lost love.

"The black men are the only improvisatori our country can boast," Ethan remarked. The girl wrapped her long mantle close about her and sat listening. Suddenly she arose.

"It was much too weird, Ethan. I confess I find the whole place uncanny and depressing. I shall be glad when we get back to civilization. I'm afraid I was not made for a wanderer. Good night."

He arose and walked with her to the cabin door. "Good night," said he. "I must stay among the ruins a little longer. Perhaps, I shall remember what it was that I did and said when I dwelt among them ten thousand years ago."

As he returned to the deck he saw a little form near the flaming pine knot. He knew it well.

and you have traveled it almost every day of your life."

"Ah sometimes tell fathah I know every ole blacksnake on th' whole stream. As foh th' buzzards, they ah ma chickens, yo' may say." She laughed musically and tossed the hood of her long gray cloak back from a little, dark face. "Ah play games all by myself when Ah stand out heah nights, sah. I play that I used to live in the ruined castles yeabs and yeabs ago, an' that I understood enchantment, and could be anything or anybody that I pleased. They look like ruined castles, don't yo' think, sah?" She pointed to the mystic structures fashioned by trees and moss.

"Indeed, I was playing the same sort of a game myself only a few minutes ago," cried Ethan. "How strange that we should have been thinking the same thoughts."

"Yes, sah." Her voice was like and music; her manner compacted of gentle boldness and a sort of proud diffidence. Ethan found her enchanting, and he remained with her till the songs of the crew ceased.

"Th' boys ah all goin' to sleep, Ah think, sah. Ah mus' be sayin' good night."

"Good night, Miss Jones. To-morrow I fear our journey ends. I would willingly go up and down this stream indefinitely, but the ladies complain of monotony. This making a house-bow of the Lulu Jones and following her up and down her route is not to their liking."

"Ah'm sorry, Mistah Bartlett."

"You cannot possibly be as sorry as I, Miss Jones." He spoke with earnestness.

"Oh, Ah don't know, Mistah Bartlett. Perhaps Ah can." She flung a look at him which bewildered him, and then fled down the ladder.

And the next day he shook her dark little hand in farewell and started for the north. Once back in Boston, he expected to forget her. His profession was beginning to make demands upon him; his social obligations were many; and it was time that he was beginning to think of his duty to Miss Long. But this duty was now obscured. It seemed as if duty, or something much more alluring, continually drew him to the moss-draped swamps by the Okobogee; nor could he enjoy the electric lights of his historic city for dreaming of the glow of a pine knot on a dark river.

So one day, to his own astonishment, he quitted the city, though he had some business and many engagements of pleasure, and made fast and furiously for the lazy stream, where the blacksnakes lolled undisturbed, the lazy turtles watched the river with ancient-seeming eyes and the buzzards wheeled and wheeled, ever expectant. He had to wait three days before the Lulu Jones tied up at the wharf, but when once its nose was made fast he was soon on board. He sought out the captain and went straight to the point.

"Capt. Jones, I love your daughter. I tried to think I didn't, but I do. I went north expecting to forget her, but I can do absolutely nothing else but remember. Do you think she would marry me, and, if she would, should I have your consent?"

The old captain looked him over with an appraising eye.

"Ah don't know about her loving yo', sah, but Ah do know for certain no one gets Lulu that doesn't take the boat."

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Ah mean Ah've got nothin' but th' gahl an' th' boat, and they go together. Lulu understands it. We've talked it ovah. Whoevah takes Lulu has got to leahin to run this heah boat, sah, up an' down the Okobogee. That's a fact."

"But you are running it yourself, Capt. Jones."

"So I be—now. But I won't fo' long. Ma days ah almos' done, Ah reckon. Ah feel maself gettin' stiff an' unhandy. An' Ah want to see th' boat an' th' gahl in safe hands."

"But I have my profession, captain, and my home and friends. You couldn't expect me to give them all up and come down here to run a steamboat up and down the river, captain!"

He looked about with ill-concealed amusement at the old craft.

"No, no, sah. Ah don't expect anythin' of th' kin'. Oh, no! Ah was jus' sayin' what Ah'd expect of whoevah got Lulu." And he walked softly away, leaving Ethan staring at a fat turtle on a slimy log.

So the next train took Ethan north again, and once more he essayed work and pleasure, and proper conversations with Janet, and all the familiar round. And then, actually against his will, he was back again amid the warm and lazy airs of the Okobogee.

"You see, Capt. Jones, I am back. It's no use. I'll be a miserable man up there in Boston. I've come down to see if I can learn navigation on the Okobogee!" He couldn't help roaring with laughter at the absurdity of the idea. The captain laughed, too.

"Lulu's sewin' up fo'wahd, sah, un-dah th' awnin'. Yes, it's gettin' pow'ful wahm. She's makin' a white fixen fo' chuch. Bettah go see heh. She's been kin' o' down lately—white an' dull. But I reckon she'll chirp up now."

"Do you think so, captain?"

"Darned if Ah don't, Mistah Bartlett. Yo' go fin' out!"—Chicago Tribune.

—London Answers.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"I am told that they bought their family crest." "Oh, nobody here ever leass a crest! That is, nobody who is anybody!"—Puck.

Judge—"Was the stolen jewelry gold or silver? Well, why don't you answer?" Prisoner—"Don't you know, judge, what silence is?"—Fleegende dialetter.

Sam—"I s'pose dem dog shows is good enough, but dey cud be made a heap more interestin'." Pete—"How?" Sam—"Why, cudn't dey have dog fights?"—Puck.

Teacher (to class)—"What is an octopus?" Small Boy (who had just commenced to take Latin, eagerly)—"Please, sir, I know, sir; it's an eight-sided cat!"—Life.

Museum Manager—"I will have to discipline that Professional Faster." Assistant—"What's wrong now?" Manager—"He takes too much time off for lunch."—Baltimore American.

"I wish now," shrieked the angry young wife, "I wish now, Frederick Harrison, you had married Edith Macmahon instead of me! That's what I wish!" "I would have married her," yelled the infuriated husband, "only she wouldn't have me, and you would."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Think! Think! Oh, if you could only think!" The proud girl in the large checked skirt turned a calcium glare of scorn on the chrysanthemum-decked youth. Then she continued: "But every time you try to think you foolze!" And yet they say the golf dialect serves no purpose.—Baltimore American.

"It very seldom happens," said Hamlet Horatio Jones, "that we are permitted to adopt the career for which we are ambitious in youth. I always wanted to be a comedian and make people laugh." "Dear me," said the sympathetic young girl, "you ought not to be disappointed. I'm sure you make people laugh very often as it is."—Stray Stories.

## DIPLOMATIC STATIONERY.

An Unusual Story of Bret Hartie's Shows How It Is Misused Abroad.

The use of the official envelopes of the United States by both French and German spies is an old dodge and a great many are stolen from the smaller consulates in Germany, where the folk in charge are rather careless about their stationery.

Some inkling of this leaked out years ago, and the thing was talked about in diplomatic and newspaper circles as a good joke.

Bret Hartie was then in the consular service in England and naturally he heard the yarn. It struck him as good literary material, and he wrote a short story based upon it which was published in one of the London Christmas annuals—I think the Graphic—but I am not quite sure, in either '94 or '95.

This story, writes a newspaper man, was quite different from Mr. Hartie's usual vein, and was very clever and amusing.

It purported to be the narrative of the American consul at a fortified city in interior Germany, and opened with the appearance at the local garrison of a very raw recruit, who speedily became the butt of his comrades.

This poor fellow, who was the soul of good-natured idocy, used to come to the consulate to write letters to his "brother in America," and was allowed to help himself to the office stationery. Later on he disappeared, and was supposed to have been drowned in the river when bathing.

Two years afterward the consul was in Paris, and while seated in front of a boulevard cafe was accosted by a smart young French captain in full uniform. The face of the soldier was strangely familiar, and suddenly a light broke in upon the consul. The smart captain was none other than the stupid recruit who had a dear brother in far-away America.

He was a French spy and a matchless mimic, and the consul forgot his chagrin over the misused stationery in his admiration for the man's pluck and audacity.

The reader is given plainly to understand that the letters written at the consulate never went to America, but were addressed to a secret agent in Paris and passed safely through the mails, guarded by the official insignia of Uncle Sam.

That tale was printed four or five years ago and is a tolerably striking confirmation of what I have said in reference to the use of our envelopes by spies on both sides.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## A Long-Necked Race.

Among the pictures by American artists now being exhibited at the Art Institute is the portrait of a young woman, the length of whose neck might cause the swan to retire in confusion. A well-known artist and critic pausing before this picture remarked that nowhere but in America do we find such extended necks. Is this true, and, if true, what does it signify? The short neck has always been accepted as an indication of apoplectic tendencies, but the long neck has a deeper significance. It symbolizes the continued upward reaching of the American people. As an indication of aspiration some Americans may be proud of their long necks.—Chicago Tribune.

## How to Get a Genial Dog.

A vagrant dog, particularly a cur with seven or eight different strains of common dog in him, is the best kind of a dog to own. He is always smiling and wagging his tail at you, and his appreciation of little favors is only equalled by his appetite. A fancy dog with a blue ribbon around his neck is always looking for an opportunity to snap at children. If we kept a dog, we would keep a yellow one, purchased as a pup from a negro boy.—Atchison Globe.



## THE BUSTLING WOMAN.

She is Even Worse Than That Other Intolerable Nuisance, the Bustling Man.

If the busiest men and women were the greatest bustlers, plenary absolution might be granted them, but as a matter of fact bustlers are not the people who get through an enormous amount of work, and live at a high pressure; when bustlers are busy it is generally either about other people's business, or else about self imposed, highly unnecessary work. The bustling man is bad enough. We all know him, but we know also the limitations of his bustle; he begins early in the morning; his shaving water and his boots cause as much fuss and commotion as if he were going to India or Australia, instead of to the city, or, if he lives in the country, to a meet in the next parish. Everyone knows there will be no peace in the house until he is out of it, and everyone resigns himself to his fate, and breathes a sigh of relief when the door closes on the bustler, and inwardly hopes that he won't return before evening, when the moment he sets foot in the house another domestic tornado arises and lasts until he has dined well, and is enjoying his pipe, which, glory to the tobacco, generally has a calming effect.

But the bustling woman! No soporific influences can be brought to bear on her; she does not smoke, she has not time, we almost wish she did, for she is 10,000 times worse than the bustling man. Her bustle is boundless; it is perpetual; it is the only thing about her that has no limitations; there is no escape from it; it begins at six o'clock in the morning, summer and winter, at which hour she commences operations by ringing up the servants and disturbing everybody else, and it goes on the livelong day until sleep closes her weary eyelids at night.—Household Words.

## TWO NEW SLEEVES.

Small Coat Design Is Still Fashionable and There Are Many New Trimmings.

Something decidedly new is shown in the sleeves that will be worn this winter. Lace, velvet, ribbon and passementerie are applied upon them with lavish hand, and an epaulette can easily cost \$50 with its tiny rows of jeweled beading.

A notable example of this statement is shown in the sleeve of brocaded silk. It is trimmed from wrist to shoulder with small bands of ribbon velvet and capped with an epaulette of plain silk trimmed with narrow strips of jeweled beading and edged with plaited lisse. It is needless to say that the jeweled beading can be duplicated with an inexpensive passementerie.

The second sleeve is trimmed with folds of the waist material and finished at the shoulder with a lace design applied upon it.

American Women in Business. The following statistics relating to American women have recently been published: In 1870 American actresses numbered 692; they are now 3,883. Women architects have grown from 1 to 50; painters and sculptors from 412 to 16,000; literary and scientific writers from 109 to 3,161; pastors from 67 to 1,522; dentists from 34 to 417; engineers from 67 to 291; journalists from 25 to 900; lawyers from 5 to 471; musicians from 5,762 to 47,309; doctors and surgeons from 527 to 6,182; accountants from zero to 43,071; stenographers and typewriters from 7 to 50,633.

## A Return to False Hair.

An era of false hair seems to be upon us, if one is to judge by the present displays in the leading hairdressers' windows. Such an array of fringes and pompadour pads and puffs and long curls and wavy switches and what not we have not had since the days of that terrible fact, the waterfall. Young girls affect the Newport coil and single long curl, and right becoming it is. The pompadour with light curling fringe is doomed and the digriffed part is to be revived. With it the low coil and the fancy net of chenille, a la Trelawney, as it is named.

## When Doctors Disagree.

Mother—No, Johnnie, you mustn't have any more mince pie. It isn't good for you.

Johnnie—Hub! Grandma always gives me all I want, and I guess she knows more 'n you do about what's good for me.—N. Y. Journal.

## RAMPART WHIRLPOOL.

That is the Stirring Name of a Klondike Newspaper Edited by a Woman.

Mrs. Clara E. Wright, formerly of San Francisco, is the only woman editor and publisher in the Klondike region. Her paper, the Rampart City Whirlpool, was established last January as a monthly publication of 12 pages. It has already doubled in size, and has a bigger circulation at one dollar per copy than the entire population of the town, so many papers are sent home by the miners.

Mrs. Wright doesn't get her fingers black musing 'round with inkly type; no, indeed! She builds her paper with two very feminine tools, the typewriter and the sewing machine, with the sole help of her ten-year-old daughter Doris.

For some years Mrs. Wright, who is a widow, had supported her little girl and herself by stenographic work in San Francisco. With her sewing machine she made at home all the garments of both.

But she could earn no more than a bare living. Typewriters' wages are low, and there was the little girl



MAKING COPY IN THE KLONDIKE.

growing up to need some day an education, and mother love would gladly put upon her beautiful clothing, would lavish toil to save little Doris such a life of hardships as her mother's.

So in June last year, without her daughter, Mrs. Wright went to Dawson, and thence pushed on to Rampart City. At first she was a gold seeker like the rest, but met little success. It was in January, when mining was stopped by the cold, that she conceived the idea of issuing a paper. There was no white paper in town, so the first numbers of the Whirlpool were typewritten on reddish brown wrapping paper and stitched together on the sewing machine. Now all those early difficulties are passed. The paper is printed on durable manila, and little Doris is there to help work off the increased edition.

Mrs. Wright intends to stick by Rampart City until she has made her pile. Of course she has some mining interests which may pan out well.

The Whirlpool is brightly written. Here are some local items:

We are the only gilt pebbles on the beach. Gov. McGraw, of Seattle, has spent a week in town doing the Highland fling in Dr. Jones' dental parlor, and incidentally having nugget buttons inserted in lieu of teeth.

We were going to speak respectfully of the Yukon mail service, but we can't. The market of Rampart is well supplied with dogs, the prices being \$50 to \$100, according to merit.

To Clean Cotton Fabrics. French satens may be cleaned by putting them in a lather of lukewarm soapuds, in which dissolve a cupful of salt. Put salt also in the rinsing water. Dip the article in this starch and roll up in a clean sheet, and in two hours iron on the wrong side. For washing blue or mauve gingham add a table-spoonful of washing soda to a gallon of cold rinsing water; this will bring out all the colors, while a teacupful of vinegar to a gallon of water will improve pink or green prints. For black or navy blue wash in hot water containing a cupful of salt, rinse in very blue water and dry in the shade; then dip in very blue thin starch, and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron.

Protection for Babies. It is not generally known that in France it is forbidden under severe penalties for anyone to give infants under one year old any form of solid food unless such be ordered by a written prescription signed by a legally qualified medical man. Nurses are also forbidden to use in rearing of infants confined to their care at any time or under any pretext whatever any nursing bottle provided with rubber tube. Several other and equally stringent laws have recently been enacted by the French government, which, despairing of obtaining any increase in the birth rate in their land, are now turning their attention to the saving of the few children that are born.

Saved Her Husband's Dignity. The following story illustrates a woman's quick tact in an emergency. It is about a college president, who is a great amateur gardener and wears a glass eye. One day this college president—it being summer and he on his vacation—rushed in from the garden all soiled and splattered and without his glass eye. His wife was seated with a caller of importance. She perceived the special unfitness of her husband's condition and frigidly said to him: "John, go at once to the library and tell your master Mr. Blank wishes to see him." The college president was also a man of great presence of mind. He bowed, disappeared and soon reappeared, clothed, eyed and in his proper guise.

How to Cleanse Mattings. Clean with salt and water, but no soap. Rub the way of the straw, not across it, and wipe dry. The salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

## How to Avoid Colds During Winter.

"This idea that many people have, that winter is an unhealthy season, is all wrong. Winter is just as healthful as summer, if people will take care of themselves. If you want to go through the winter without a cold, observe these few simple rules:

"Don't overheat your house, and don't stop all ventilation. Sleep in a cool room, but keep warmly covered. Always take off your outdoor wraps when you come in the house, and always put them on when you go out. And, lastly, just as long as there is snow on the ground, don't go out without your rubbers. This last rule is the most important of all, for two colds out of three come from wet feet."—The Independent.

## SAMPLES MAILED FREE.

One Hundred Thousand Trial Packages of Catarrh Cure Sent Free to Applicants.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure is a pleasant and harmless vegetable compound, which being inhaled by smoking, is applied directly to the diseased parts, and being absorbed, also purifies the blood. It will cure ninety-five of every hundred cases of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc.

A sample will be mailed free, and further treatment, if you desire it, will cost only \$1.00 for a box sufficient for one month's treatment. Write at once to Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 113 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

## Took Him at His Word.

Customer—You sell cracked eggs at half price, do you not?  
Clerk—Yes, sir; we always make 50 per cent. reduction on cracked goods. Anything else to-day?  
Yes, you may give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat. Here's 50 cents.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

## Winter in the South.

The season approaches when one's thoughts turn toward a place where the inconveniences of a Northern winter may be escaped. No section of this country offers such ideal spots as the Gulf Coast on the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad between Mobile and New Orleans. It possesses a mild climate, pure air, even temperature and facilities for hunting and fishing enjoyed by no other section. Accommodations for visitors are first-class, and can be secured at moderate prices. The L. & N. R. R. is the only line by which it can be reached in through cars from Northern cities. Through car schedules to all points in Florida by this line are also perfect. Write for folders, etc., to J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

## Winter Excursions.

The Southern Pacific Company and its connections operate the best first and second class service to California, Arizona, Texas and Mexico. Through Pullman Palace Sleepers and Tourist Sleepers from all principal eastern points. Personally Conducted Tourist Excursions from Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Omaha, Kansas City, etc. For particulars and descriptive literature write W. G. Neimeyer, Gen'l Western Agent, 238 Clark St., Chicago, W. H. Connor, Com'l Agent, Chamber Commerce Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, or W. J. Berg, Trav. Pass. Agent, 220 Elliott St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Solid Trains to Northern Michigan.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is now running solid trains of palace sleeping cars, dining cars (serving meals a la carte) and first-class day coaches, through from Chicago to Calumet, Houghton, Hancock and other points in the Copper Country without change of cars, with direct connection for Marquette, Negaunee, Ishpeming, etc., and passengers from the East, South and Southwest will find this the most desirable route.

All coupon ticket agents sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Gratitude, like everything else, is obnoxious when it is overdone.—Atchison Globe.

My Mother Had Consumption

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. A neighbor told her not to give up but try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She did so and was speedily cured, and is now in the enjoyment of good health." D. P. Jolly, Feb. 2, 1899. Avoca, N. Y.

Cures Hard Coughs

No matter how hard your cough is or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you could possibly take. But it's too risky to wait until you have consumption, for sometimes it's impossible to cure this disease. If you are coughing today, don't wait until tomorrow, but get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once and be relieved. It strengthens weak lungs.

Three sizes: 25c, enough for an ordinary cold; 50c, just right for asthma, bronchitis, influenza, whooping-cough, croup, colds; \$1.00, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.