

The Weekly Picket

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HONORING A LEGACY.
FROM THE FRENCH OF ALBERT CUN.

HE 17th of June, 1888, was an important day for Henriette Bardonnell, milliner, at Rouen.

She was seated at about ten in the morning in front of her window, which faced on the Rue des Charrettes, busy shaping and trimming a superb bonnet, when Mme. Dufresnes, her employer, opened the door suddenly and, flourishing a paper, burst into the room.

"Henriette! Henriette! Haven't you read it? Don't you know?" she shouted.

"And she thrust the paper—the Petit Rouennais—under her eyes, pointing out a notice on the fourth page as follows:

"Mme. Henriette Emilienne Bardonnell, daughter of Pierre Auguste Bardonnell, late piano tuner Rue de Grand Pont, at Rouen, is requested to send her address to M. Thiebault, lawyer, 53 Place du Vieux-Marche, Havre property."

"You must write the lawyer at once, my dear—at once."

"Yes, I am going to, of course, Mme. Dufresnes, right off," said Henriette.

The following evening, in reply to her letter, Mlle. Bardonnell received word from M. Thiebault asking her to come at once to his office.

To pay current expenses a check for fifty francs was inclosed. Decidedly things were looking well, and Mme. Dufresnes remarked upon it.

"You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, my dear. I have always said so. And M. Leonce—he, too, is very happy, is he not? Is he going with you to Havre?"

M. Leonce, or Leonce Lecarpentier, was the son of a linen draper in the Quai aux Meules, a promising young bachelor of twenty-eight, blonde and hearty, but as gentle and timid as a lamb.

Employed in his father's shop, for Papa Lecarpentier did not believe any more than was necessary in throwing his money into the gutter, Leonce could only indulge rarely his passion for the pretty little milliner. A bracelet or a gown on her birthday or at New Year's, a few picnics on Sundays during the summer and a few parties occasionally, and that was all.

Restrained, however, by paternal and business exigencies, Leonce had to let Henriette take the journey alone from Rouen to Havre.

The lawyer's office was in the second story of an old, dilapidated structure at the end of a courtyard.

M. Thiebault, a thin little man, with bent figure, sharp eyes under his large copper-rimmed spectacles and a black velvet cap on his head, motioned to the young girl to take a seat on his left opposite the window.

"Mlle. Bardonnell, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have taken care to bring your certificate of birth, as I suggested?"

"Here it is, sir."

The lawyer unfolded the paper and carefully read the statement.

"Pierre Auguste Bardonnell—so far so good. Correct! Your father left France about 1866, did he not, miss?"

"Yes, sir. I was then five years old. We were going to meet him in New York. My mother has often told me the story. He wrote us three or four times, as nearly as I can remember. But we never received any further news from him—never. My mother has been dead six years, and I have no living relation except a cousin at Elbeuf."

"Your father, miss, died on January 22, 1879, in South America, leaving a fortune valued at one hundred and twenty thousand piasters, or six hundred thousand francs, of which you are the sole heir. To enter into the possession of the whole of this fortune it will be necessary for you to go there in person in order that you may see my colleague, M. Guastella, who is the executor."

"Go way down there. But, monsieur, I—"

"We shall advance the necessary amount. Have no fear on that score."

"And when must I start?"

"Let us see—the Eurydice—the Meuse—Friday, Saturday. Ah, here it is—the Iberie, for Buenos Ayres. You will sail next Monday. That's rather soon. You have just time to get back to Rouen and make your preparations. I shall expect you then, mademoiselle, on Monday next without fail."

Twenty-five days after Henriette Bardonnell, fortified with M. Thiebault's instructions and suggestions, and with the address of M. Guastella, Anibal Guastella, abogado, 189 Bolivar street, left her pocket, landed at Buenos Ayres, and repaired, with her trunk, to the hotel, so favorably named De la Bonne Soupe.

Within an hour after Henriette's arrival, and before she had finished her dinner all her neighbors at the table, as well as the proprietor and three servants, who spoke French, were already informed of the motive and the object of their journey.

One of her neighbors, the one on the right, was an elegant and seductive Spanish gentleman of thirty years, who murdered French dreadfully. He answered to the name of Manolo Alvarez, and lived at Montevideo, where he was in the cattle business.

FRUIT DRYING.

Like a gallant hidalgo, he offered to aid Henriette in her search, if she needed him—in short, he was at the service of the mademoiselle.

The following morning early Henriette, with an interpreter, went to Bolivar street to the address of the advocate Guastella.

No Guastella was at the number mentioned, not even an abogado in the building. Nor was he in any of the neighboring buildings.

At No. 125 was a business agent named Carlos Figueras. They sought him, but el Senor Figueras knew no advocate Guastella. He was sure, even, that there was nobody of that name in the whole city.

"There is a commission merchant Guastella, 38 San Martino street. You might go and see him."

Quickly they departed for this Guastella. He assured them he knew nothing of what they asked him; had never written to by M. Thiebault at Havre, of whose existence he was ignorant.

In what anxiety, in what a horrible dilemma poor Henriette found herself! For two days, escorted by her interpreter, she scoured the whole town, visited all the abogados, lawyers, notaries, courtiers, business agents. But no Anibal Guastella, no Bardonnell property—nothing.

M. Manolo Alvarez undertook to introduce her to the French consul.

"I regret exceedingly, mademoiselle," replied this functionary to Henriette, "to dispel such an agreeable illusion, but if there had been here an unclaimed French property I should have been the first to know it, and there is none. You have been made the victim of a hoax."

Henriette, when she returned to the hotel, followed the consul's advice by exploring her memory to find some one who had a personal interest in expatriating her and in getting rid of her.

And she found some one without great difficulty. It was Leonce's father, the old scamp of a papa Lecarpentier. Not a doubt of it.

On her account Leonce had let slip several good matches, a Mlle. Contois, of Lisieux, among others. Now they were scheming to make him marry Mlle. Hennequin, daughter of a merchant of the Rue St. Sever.

"For how many sous did he buy the complexity of that Havre lawyer? But wait, just wait, old wretch! There are judges in France. They give damages there. He laughs best who laughs last."

And boiling with indignation and rage Henriette went back to the consulate, and though without funds asked to be sent back home.

They promised a favorable reply to her request, but she must wait a fortnight. No boat would leave for France before the end of that time.

One evening as she was walking on the arm of M. Manolo Alvarez, and telling him of her mortifications, that wealthy and seductive Spanish gentleman murmured tenderly:

"Enrique, mignon, suppose, instead of returning to Europe, you should stay here with me."

Five years later, one morning in May, Mme. Manolo Alvarez nee Bardonnell, stepped from a train at the Rouen Station and directed her way toward the rue des Charrettes.

She did not wish to go through France when she was traveling with her husband without seeing again her native city.

Mme. Dufresnes kept Henriette to dinner and brought out for her the very best.

"Oh, deary, I always told you that you were born lucky. Don't you remember it?"

"And the Lecarpentiers and my little Leonce? What has become of them?"

"What has become of them? Oh, my dear Henriette, the good God has given them their punishment."

"The linen business ran out. It is two years ago since the firm of Lecarpentier & Son failed and gave up business."

"Four months after you went away Leonce married Mlle. Felicite Hennequin, whose father kept a large shop."

"I know. And didn't the marriage turn out well?"

"You can't really say that it did. M. and Mme. Leonce left Rouen when the failure came. They are probably living wretchedly somewhere, in Paris perhaps. As for papa Lecarpentier, his troubles have affected him so that he is in his second childhood. He is begging. When you go, you have only to turn up the street till you get in front of the theater, and there you'll see him."

Arrived at the end of the street, Henriette saw seated on a little stool an old babbler who handled feebly a wheezy old accordion.

"Don't you remember me, Papa Lecarpentier?"

The poor wretch interrupted the tearful strains of his instrument and fixed on the young woman a stony, fixed stare.

"You played me a villainous trick, in your day, with your story of the property in America. But that's all over now. Come, old scamp, here's something for you."

And she let fall into the beggar's cap all the gold she had in her purse.

TRYING THE SURFEIT CURE.

One Father's Experience with It as a Remedy for the Ice Cream Habit.

"When I was a youngster," said Mr. Bozelle, "I used to wonder how the confectioners could make any money. It always seemed to me that the clerks would eat so much candy that they would eat up all the profits."

"I remember reading or hearing later that this was not so; that when a new clerk came into the store the proprietor would say:

"Now, I hope you will eat all the candies you want; don't hesitate to help yourself at any time, and that the result was that at the end of the week she was so sick and tired of candy that she hated the sight of it, and didn't want any more for a year."

"This, I suppose, might be called the surfeit cure."

"After I had grown up and come to have a family I remembered this, and thought I might turn the idea to advantage. I had four children, and the amount of money they spent for ice cream and candy and soda water was something awful."

"I thought that by spending in a lump enough money to make them tired of these things I might in the long run make a considerable saving. So I set aside a thousand dollars for that purpose, and one day I said to my oldest child:

"Tillie, I don't think you and the children are beginning to have the ice cream and candy that you ought to have. I am afraid you think because papa isn't very rich that you must skip yourselves about those things, but you needn't; you can have all the money you want for them. Here's fifty dollars. Now, I wish you'd take the children out and get some ice cream and candy, and whenever that money is gone just let me know, and I'll give you more."

"Well, they used up that thousand dollars in about ten weeks, and at the end of that time they were as hungry for ice cream and candy as ever."

"I kept up the supply of money. I was like the gambler who keeps on playing after he has lost a lot, in the hope that his luck will turn."

"I thought they might reach the surfeiting point at any minute, and it seemed too bad to make a dead loss of the money already invested, when perhaps the expenditure of a few dollars more would accomplish the desired result; so I have kept on."

"But the children's appetite for ice cream and candy seems actually to increase. They tell me I am so good; and that, of course is something; I like to see them happy, but meanwhile my hard earned money is melting away and I am inclined to think that the surfeit cure is a delusion, if not a snare."

—N. Y. Sun.

GUINEVERE FORGAVE HIM.

His Outrageous Lateness at the Tryst Explained by a Glorious Gift.

"Tis North Chicago; and the night is waning swiftly to its close; the greenish saffron of the east into a spread of crimson grows; anon we hear the roar of the wheels, the heralds of the breaking morn, the peeler yawns himself awake and goes to seek an early horn."

At yonder easement Guinevere, Chicago's fairest damsel, stands; her brow that glistens as the snow, is held betwixt her lily hands; oftsoons a tear, a pearly drop, glows her cheek of satin steels; and with the weight of her fatigue and wretchedness, she fairly reels. Since yesternoon the maid hath stood and waited for her lover's voice; at every step she cried: "He comes!" and bade her heavy heart rejoice; but ah, the step, it was not his; 'twas but the butcher with his bill, the landlord breathing threats, or else the doctor, rolling in a pill.

But now, aye, now, indeed he comes! He swings along with wondrous grace; the foam of beer is in his beard and joy is on his handsome face; he leans upon the casement sill and cries: "My darling, are you there?" The maid hath waited, waited long, and anger followed her despair.

"Yes, by St. Hubert, I am here, and here I've been since Noah's flood, and here methought I'd have to stay until the springtime came to bud. Now, tell me why you did not come at yesternoon, or hear my rede—I'll go and splice with John Bejones, and then your name is Mud, indeed."

"At yesternoon," the lover said, "I heard about a stranger fair, who just had struck the town and sold a new and most delightful ware; I longed to bring you then a gift; I hunted him through fen and brake, along the crowded boulevards, and over twenty miles of lake; I followed him through Lincoln park and chased him all the river's length, until, odds death, I giddy grew, and falling quickly was my strength. And then I caught him, bought his ware, and here I lay it at your feet; it's sweeter than the bulbul's song, and so I hand it to the sweet."

She opened the pack—and then her arms—and cried: "My noble lover, some!" The splendid youth had brought her home a chunk of Jonsang's chewing gum.

N. B.—This is not an advertisement.—Chicago Tribune.

TO SERVE COLD MEATS.

Cold meat is not attractive unless daintily served; and yet it always exists in every economically managed larder, and certainly in summer it seems as if it ought to be appetizing. A certain hospitable mistress, who has nice little ways of her own in managing her cuisine, suggests the following method of serving any cold bits of beef, mutton or poultry: Cut your meat into thin slices; line a mold with slices of cooked carrots and beets, over which pour a little strong stock or gelatine, moving it round until it is jellied and so forms an outside shell. Then put the meat into the mold in layers with more stock, and cold peas, cauliflower, or any scraps of cold vegetables left over, until it is full. Set it in the larder until it is wanted, when plunge the mold into boiling water for a minute and turn out the gelatine on a dish. Garnish with parsley and serve the jellied meat should be cut crosswise in rather thick slices.—N. Y. Tribune.

NO USE BORROWING TROUBLE.

Mrs. McCauber—Here is a notice saying that if the bill is not paid, the gas will be shut off?

Mr. McCauber—Let 'em shut it off. Who cares?

"But what will we do?"

"Put in electric lights."

"But in time the bills for them will come in."

"Oh, well, perhaps something else will be invented by that time."—N. Y. Weekly.

Spontaneous combustion occurs in many substances because during fermentation heat is evolved and inflammable gases are engendered.

ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM.

It is Expected to Make Country Life Less Laborious.

Part of the growing difficulties occasioned by the desertion of the country and the crowding of the cities will be remedied, perhaps, by six years hence—in that wonderful year 1900, which electricians set as a mile-post of human progress—by the crowning of steam's rival. Machinery is rapidly taking the denuding drudgery out of farm work, is making it more profitable when conducted scientifically and on a large scale, and is causing it to attract the attention of city people who long for the healthful fields. Only the bodily discomforts of farm work have prevented an exodus from the cities to the country. Already electricity is turning its attention to the long-neglected farm work, and has discovered profitable results to be had by subjecting crops to currents of electricity. It is beginning to simplify the ponderous farm machinery, and as soon as the storage battery has received its finishing touches and can be applied to lightening the farmer's toil and increasing his profits the farmer will be looked upon with envy by the prisoners of city streets and counting-house walls. Those particular effects of electricity upon farm machinery and farm life are, however, visible chiefly in the imagination at present, and are not at all likely to be realized in six years; but one great change may be looked for in this direction in the immediate future, and that is the improvement of the farmer's condition by means of good roads and the rapid transit which electricity is almost ready to bring, thus greatly enlarging his market and bringing him higher prices for fresher products, and also bringing him closer to the life and pleasure and stimulating effect of the city. There is to be a wonderful change in farm life in the more thickly settled parts of the country in a very few years and rapid transit will be largely responsible for it.

The cheap transmission of electrical power must bring soon many changes that will be felt in the city household, and perhaps the chief of them will be the abolition of the cook stove, as it is known at present. The small electric heater has already begun to take its place, and it is almost certain that even in six years coal will be banished from a majority of the kitchens in cities adjacent to water power, from which electricity is generated. When heat is wanted for cooking purposes it will be had at a moment's notice by the pressing of a button.—N. Y. Press.

EXPLOSION OF A MOUNTAIN.

Blown to Pieces by Steam Generated Within—Hundreds of Japanese Killed.

Previous to July 15, 1888, Mount Bandai, a time-cleft peak four thousand eight hundred feet in height, was the most conspicuous object in the mountain range lying from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles north of Tokio, the chief city of Japan. On the day mentioned it was literally "rent in twain" and "blown off the face of the earth" by the expansive power of steam which had generated within it. From the earliest times of which there is any record streams of cold water had been plunging under the peak on one side and escaping in the shape of steam and boiling hot water on the other. That the "escape valve" was not sufficient to let off all the steam generated in the passage of the water through the red-hot interior of the peak is evident because of the fact that when the pressure became too great the sides of the mountain yielded, just as a boiler would have done under like circumstances, and an immense explosion was the result. The explosion is said to have been heard a distance of over a thousand miles and to have caused absolute darkness in the vicinity of the exploded peak upward of three hours, during which time perfect torrents of hot water and mud were poured down from the immense heights to which they had been hurled by the force of the "pent-up furies" which caused the disaster. The debris which fell after the explosion covered an area of about forty-four thousand acres, to a depth varying from ten to one hundred feet on an average, and in one place, where a beautiful valley had existed but a few hours before, rocks and mud were piled up to the height of nine hundred feet. Three villages were engulfed in the ruins and at least five hundred inhabitants killed by falling debris or drowned and cooked in the torrents of boiling mud which flowed down a valley to a distance of nine miles. These facts were gleaned from a report made by a visiting committee appointed by the University of Tokio.—St. Louis Republic.

NEW HATS AND BONNETS.

Shapes and Materials of the Latest in Ladies' Head Covering.

Felt and satin cut in narrow strips and braided together precisely as summer straws have been plaited are among the autumn hats and bonnets. The dull felt, brightened by lustrous satin of the same shade, produces an excellent effect in tobacco brown, black, ruby and other winter colors. Plain smooth felt and glossy beaver remain in favor for hats for general wear, while for more elaborate dress are those of mirror velvet and satin. As usual, jet bonnets are offered for the demi-season, and promise to be less eccentric than those worn at present. They are mostly small crowns, formed of jet spangles entirely, or of jet and steel spangles together, and are greatly enlarged by trimmings, satin ribbons, birds, long pins of jet and full aigrettes.

There is no great change in the shape of round hats. The newest crowns are large and slope gradually to a high round top. Of course these require rather wide brims, which are arched in front, and are turned up at the back in two curves close against the crown. There are also many hats of medium size somewhat in sailor shape, with low square crown, but with the stiff brim projecting in front, and sometimes doubled at the edge. This is considered chic when made of black glossy beaver, with a dull felt facing inside the brim, the double edge bound with silk braid—Harper's Bazar.

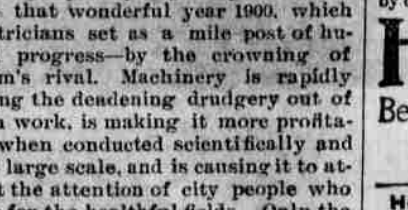
AN EXCEPTION.

"One thing must be admitted in favor of our sex," announced an advocate of female rights and superiority to her husband. "In the time of need we are always strong. Can you mention the name of a single woman who has lost her head in time of danger?"

"Why, there was the lovely Marie Antoinette, my dear," suggested her husband, mildly, with deprecatory smile.

The Testimonials

Published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employes. They are facts from truthful people, proving, as surely as anything can be proved by direct, personal, positive evidence, that



Hood's Sarsaparilla
Be Sure to get Hood's Cures
Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Delicate Cake: One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Potato Puff: Two cups mashed potatoes, bits of cold meat hashed, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, one cup milk; put in a deep dish and bake in a hot oven.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Serge, with its heavy cord, is the material of all others to which you should give preference for every-day wear. The skirt of your dress should be simple, well-cut, but plain, and the bodice, if it has a decoration at all, one that will not catch dust. A band of ribbon will be sufficient decoration at the wrists of the sleeves.

—There are many ways of making potato soup; the following is excellent: Boil and mash in two quarts of water, four large potatoes, a small onion and two stalks of celery. When done pass through a sieve. Return to the fire, season with salt, pepper, and two large spoons of butter rubbed into one of flour. Add a pint of creamy milk or serve with whipped cream as in rice soup. Peas, corn or celery may be prepared in a similar way.—Housekeeper.

—Pepper Pot: To one pound of cooked tripe cut in small pieces, add one onion cut fine, one pint of potatoes cut in dice, salt, pepper, ground cloves and minced parsley, and an equal quantity of cooked veal, chicken or beef; cover with stock and cook until the potatoes are done; fifteen minutes before serving take two tablespoonfuls of flour, scald and make into dumplings the size of a pea, drop them in, thicken the gravy with a little flour, taste to see if it is seasoned properly and serve.—American Agriculturist.

—Whole Wheat Bread: Scald one cup of milk; turn it into a bowl; add one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, one of salt and one cup of water; when lukewarm add one-half of a yeast cake, which has been dissolved in a half cup of lukewarm water. Stir in three cups of whole wheat flour, and beat until light and smooth. Let rise over night. In the morning, when light, add two or three cups of flour, or enough to make a soft dough. Knead well, and be careful not to add too much flour in the kneading. White flour can be used for the kneading, if desired. Let the dough rise until it doubles its bulk. Shape it into loaves, put it in a greased bread tin, let rise again and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.—Ohio Farmer.

—Chutney: Cut two quarts of green tomatoes in slices, take out the seeds, sprinkle with three tablespoonfuls of salt, and let them stand over night. Drain the tomatoes through a colander, put in a porcelain-lined kettle, add two quarts of water and chopped fine, two chopped green peppers, one pound of seeded and chopped raisins, three cloves of garlic grated and two pints of strong cider vinegar, and simmer for two hours. Then add one pound of brown sugar, one pint of lemon juice, three tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, two each of ginger and salt, and one teaspoonful of cayenne, and cook slowly for another hour. Pour into pint glass fruit jars; seal while hot, and when cold wrap each jar in paper and keep in a cool, dark place.—Country Gentleman.

OLDEST BOOK ON MATHEMATICS.

The oldest mathematical book in the world, which dates some four hundred years back and was written in Egypt, contains a rule for squaring the circle. The rule given is to shorten the diameter by a ninth, and on the line so obtained to construct a square, and this, though far from being exact, is near enough for most practical purposes. Since then the amateur squarer of the circle has been a thorn in the side of the professional mathematician. Learned societies at last, in pure self-defense, made a rule that all solutions of the problem sent to them should, without examination, be consigned to the flames. In the last century a Frenchman named Mathulus was so sure that he had succeeded in squaring the circle that he offered a reward of \$1,000 to anyone who proved his solution was erroneous. It was shown to be erroneous, if not to his own satisfaction, at least to that of the court's, and he had to pay the money. Mathematicians have long been convinced that the solution was impossible, but it is only a few years since they were able to demonstrate this. A German professor named Landmann published in 1889, a demonstration that was accepted by the scientific world as satisfactory, so that would-be squarers of the circle may now rest from their labors, seeing that it has been mathematically proved that the thing cannot be done.—Engineers' Gazette.