

The Sea Coast Echo.

CHAS. G. MOREAU, Editor and Publisher.

"FEARLESS IN ALL THINGS."

TERMS: \$1.00 Per Annum in Advance.

VOL. I.

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS., SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1892.

NO. 11.

HER FRIEND.

"Twas in the Boston fast express a little maiden sat;
She occupied the seat alone; beside her lay her hat.
She clutched her doll to her breast in childish play,
As if she feared some dreadful giant would snatch it right away.
"Are you alone, my little girl?" I asked, as I stooped down.
"My mamma told me Dad was here," she said, with half a frown.
"She kissed me an' my doll, an' I dess I don't know you."
"But, dear," I answered, smiling, "tell me where you're going to?"
She twisted in her seat, and then she tossed her tangled hair.
"I'm down to Boston, an' my pop'll meet me there."
"But, dear," I questioned, gently, "if the choco cars should stop,
"And you should walk, and WALK, and WALK, and then not find your pop,
"What would you do?" The little maiden shook her head and frowned.
"My mamma says when pop is gone, that Dad is somewhere round."

The train rolled on to Boston town. I waited there awhile
And watched my little blue eyes, with her half expectant smile.
"Dess waitin' for my pop," she said, "with doll fast asleep."
And then a man came rushing in. I knew him by his leap.
He snatched his little daughter up with frantic, feverish glees;
And then, with father's instinct, quick his eye was turned on me.
"Well, bless," he asked, "who is your friend?"
With quaint, expressive nod
The maid replied: "I dess I know. I ank it mus' be Dad."
—Tom Masson, in Jury.

A BUFFALO'S MARCH.

LIVED in the west, and "roughed it" long enough to become accustomed to those treacherous, mean and contemptible cowards called wolves, and for a long time I put them about on a par with coyotes, but I did them an injustice. Hunger and numbers will make them sufficiently dangerous to satisfy the most exacting. I had an experience with a few of them one winter up in Montana, the recollection of which makes me shudder even to-day. I had been for several months engaged in doing the work of a special messenger, or courier, for a syndicate looking for mineral up there, and one day found I would have to go across from where we were, near Fort Logan, to Lewistown, about one hundred miles northeast. Just as I was starting, a worthless old Indian, who generally hung around the fort, said, in his characteristic way: "Wolves heap hungry," and, though appearing to pay no attention to his remark, I got me an additional revolver and a box of cartridges. I expected to reach the ranch of a friend that night, and did so, staying with him, and starting out bright and early the next morning for Lewistown. Not a wolf had I seen the preceding day, but by nine o'clock on the second day their barking began, and in an hour there was a pack quietly forming behind me, and coming along in that swinging lops and keeping about the same distance from me all the time. Presently they came within range and I killed one. The rest ate him up before I could tell it almost, and were back again, when I shot another one, and the same process was repeated.

This was kept up for about an hour, when they grew so bold and there were so many of them that I felt it best to save my ammunition until it was necessary to act in self defense. I was not particularly uneasy, for although I knew it had been a hard winter and the beasts were ravenous, I was out in the open country at noonday, and they



SIMPLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

still kept a few feet back. This did not continue long, however. They soon began running up and snapping at my horse's heels, and now for the first time I began to grow apprehensive. I first thought I would shoot whenever they came close enough, but I found that would not do. Then I decided to shoot only when they came up and actually tried to exercise their teeth. But even this kept me busy.

Presently one of them fastened his teeth in my horse's leg and hung there

until I shot him. Soon another one did the same, and in a short time I had all I could do to keep them off at all. My horse became almost unmanageable, and finally, stumbling over two that were hanging to him in front, fell headlong. As we were going in a gallop, and I was looking at a couple springing at him from behind, and had just shot one, I was, of course, totally unprepared for this fall, and went, it seemed to me, twenty-five feet over his head. A pack of the gray devils were on me in an instant, but I at once arose, and, killing two or three, became freed from them. My horse also arose and shook himself free from them, and, to my utter dismay, went flying out over the prairie. What I thought was my ruin, however, was my salvation. As the horse started off the wolves followed him, and every one joined in the chase, leaving me entirely alone. I had no time to spare, and, making up my mind instantly, struck out ahead.

If I could reach a small ranch some ten miles ahead I knew I would be all right, and of course it would be folly to try to go back, so I settled down to a walk which I hoped to keep up for hours. A glance to the left showed me that my horse was trying to make his way back over the road we had come.

In about an hour or more I approached one of the few ravines that one sees in that country, along the side of which the road ran, and heard a short distance ahead that sharp, snapping snarl that wolves give when they are worrying some animal. I could not avoid them, and, as there appeared to be only two or three, I drew my revolver and walked right ahead.

Turning a corner suddenly I came upon a sight which I do not believe I can ever forget. About a dozen wolves had surrounded and were now holding at bay and trying to worry to death a splendid specimen of an old buffalo bull. The skin hung in shreds on his legs, and he was bleeding and standing in a pool of blood. The vicious, hungry beasts had lost about half their number on the horns or under the hoofs of the old fellow, but they had actually torn out his eyes in the struggle, and he stood there with the small bluff behind him and with his face to the foe, stamping and crushing them when he could, though stone blind. As I turned the corner a large wolf had sprung upon him, and I at once shot him. At the sound of my pistol the old bull started and trembled violently, but feeling his enemy fall at his feet he jumped upon him with incredible fury and stamped him out of all shape. The next one I shot the bull seemed to realize that it was a friend rather than an enemy who had arrived, for he felt for the wolf as it fell and stamped it as before, but did not seem at all frightened at my pistol shot.

The long, dismal howls which I had been hearing in every direction kept coming nearer all the time, and I was fully five miles from the ranch of a Mr. Lewis I had hoped to reach. It would be sure death to try to reach Lewis', so I decided I would stay and take my chances with the buffalo bull. I would at least have the advantage of the ravine. The wolves increased in numbers far faster than I could thin them out, and in a short while we were surrounded by the snapping fiends. Slowly, but constantly, the space between me and the old bull lessened. He became so convinced that I was a friend that he made no effort to guard the side toward me at all, but devoted his entire energies to the opposite side and in front. I had all I could do to protect myself and keep the scoundrels off, but could not resist occasionally turning and killing one for the old bull, which he seemed to appreciate, judging from the vigor with which he demolished each one I shot.

But slowly, though surely, the wolves became bolder and more numerous. It was simply a question of time, and I was beginning to give up, when I heard a rifle-shot in the distance. I answered it with two quick shots and then waited. It seemed like hours, but was only a minute or two, till I heard the rifle shot again—this time much closer. In a very short while I was saved. My host of the evening before had lost some cattle, and while looking them up with several of his hands had come across my horse while the wolves were devouring him. As no signs appeared of my being injured, he felt satisfied I was somewhere within a few miles and needing assistance. As a consequence he had dropped everything else to look for me, and had found me.

We examined thoroughly to see if the bull was blind beyond hope, and found that he was, so I asked my friends to put him out of his misery—I could not bear to do it myself—and so they did.

I have had some little experience with wolves once or twice since then, but that was the closest call, I think, I ever had.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

She Pardoned Him.

"Why didn't you come to see me when I was down with the ague, Henry?"
"I was afraid."
"You needn't have been. It is not contagious. But even if it were, your love for me, if you have any, should have led you to risk coming to see me."
"It was because I thought the ague was contagious that I didn't come to see you, and also because I am so fond of you. I didn't want you to give me the cold shake."—N. Y. Press.

SEVENTH STREET WHARF

Where the People of Washington Buy Their Oysters.

Excellent Bivalves Sold for One Dollar a Bushel—Gay Parties Whose Members Have a Weakness for Steamed Mollusks—Thrifty Colored Waiters.

[Special Washington Letter.]

One of the most interesting spots in Washington is seldom seen. It is the Seventh street wharf, where bushels, gallons and tons of oysters from the lower Potomac and Chesapeake bay are landed. It is not only an interesting but a gastronomically enjoyable place. No sooner does the passenger alight from the Seventh street cable cars, near the foot of that busy thoroughfare, than his olfactory is greeted with an odor which plainly indicates the vicinity of an oyster mart. A very short walk from the car track, around a sharp bend, brings the visitor to the river bank, where a dozen or more oyster sloops are moored to the wharves. The captains of these vessels are always ready to sell oysters of any kind and quality and in any quantity, from a bushel to a boat load. No sooner is a customer in sight than these captains come out of their smoky cabins or emerge from the groggeries in the vicinity, whip out their immense oyster knives and commence opening some of their choicest bay fruit to exhibit to the prospective customer and convince him that they are pure salt water mollusks of the finest kind.

A great many people go to these wharves, especially on Saturday nights and all day Sunday, from sunrise to sunset, for the purpose of buying oysters by the bushel and eating them right there in the midst of the bivalvular atmosphere. Very fair oysters can be purchased for fifty cents a bushel, but there is a lower grade of small oysters which can be purchased at thirty-five cents per bushel; but this latter grade is generally purchased for



"NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T."

use in soups at cheap restaurants. The best grades bring from sixty-five cents to one dollar per bushel, but very seldom go higher than the latter figure, although there are seasons of the year when the river is so filled with ice as to obstruct navigation to a certain degree, and then the price sometimes goes above a dollar.

If you never ate a bushel of oysters without stopping, or never saw anyone engaged in gorging himself in that manner, you cannot appreciate the novelty of the situation. Well-dressed gentlemen wearing kid gloves and silk hats and carrying gold-headed canes approach the wharves, and give the negro shucker a silver dollar for a bushel of raw. The colored man produces a splendid grade of oysters worth about seventy-five cents a bushel, which he opens for his customer, who rapidly disposes of the aluminous beauties by swallowing them whole. The colored man clears a quarter of a dollar inside of fifteen minutes and the customer always goes away happy. The oyster opener lifts one-half of the shell from the bivalve, loosens the oyster from the other half and places it on a little barrel in front of him. The customer, having removed the glove from his right hand, picks up a half-shell, conveys it to his mouth, throws back his head and, with another swoop (now you see it and now you don't), the oyster is gone. This operation is repeated until the whole bushel has disappeared.

An oyster roast is a very enjoyable affair, between nine o'clock and midnight, any night during the winter. There is a little shanty opposite the main oyster wharf, in one corner of which is a stove about twelve feet long. Congressional parties of a dozen or more each take the belt line cars near the National theater and ride to this oyster roasting shanty. As soon as they enter the door the colored servants empty three or four bushels of oysters upon the red-hot surface of this large stove, and there they roast for from five to ten minutes, when the opening commences. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, all oysters are spoiled in the cooking, because they are generally served very well done, when they are tough as leather and as indigestible. The roasted oyster is thoroughly warmed through, smoking hot and cooked in its own juice, and therefore so soft as to be self-digestible. When taken from the top of the stove the shells are so hot that it is simply phenomenal that the colored men can handle them at all. The steam arises in clouds of vapor that fill the room with their aroma, to the gastronomic enjoyment of the lovers of these epicurean bestnesses. The roasted

oysters are served in plates which are almost too hot to handle. As rapidly as possible the shells are thrown aside and the oysters dropped into the plate, until a dozen or more, steaming hot, are placed before the anxiously awaiting customers.

The late Senator Plumb, ex-Gov. Curtin, Congressman Stahlmecker and Cummings, of New York, ex-Congressman Billy Mason, of Chicago, and a number of other gentlemen of high standing in both the house and senate, have had weaknesses for roasted oysters. Scores of times they have taken parties there after the theater at night in order that their friends might enjoy with them this unique feast. One of the most enjoyable features of these oyster roasts is the absence of all kinds of alcoholic liquors. Right here it might better be said for the information of all who may have the pleasure of enjoying this molluscan food, that it is highly detrimental to drink anything of an alcoholic nature while eating oysters. The oysters are a particularly nutritious and beneficial food, because it is a matter of fact that they are almost self-digestible. But the slightest touch of alcohol hardens and toughens them so that they are almost insoluble even to the best and most powerful digestive organs.

There is one thing that cannot be obtained at the oyster wharf, and that is a steamed oyster. Some fifteen years ago a gentleman on Pennsylvania avenue in the restaurant business undertook as an experiment to serve steamed oysters to his customers. He constructed a large chest with woven wire shelves, had half-peck wire baskets made, and then connected his steam chest by a pipe with a large boiler. Through this pipe the steam escapes from the boiler into the chest, filling it completely and thoroughly heating it. The wire baskets filled with oysters are placed in the chest and there thoroughly heated by the steam. The experiment was a success from the start. The oysters served are soft and delicate as the roast oysters, and the new dish at once became a great favorite in the national capital, and is until this day. It is a singular fact, however, that neither in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York nor Boston, nor so far as I know, in any other city in the country, can steamed oysters be obtained. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that no one who has ever enjoyed the delightful flavor and beneficial results of a steamed or roast oyster supper ever desires to have oysters served in any other manner in this city. As a consequence of this fact the man who evolved and executed the happy thought has grown wealthy at the business. Moreover, every old Washingtonian is delighted, and nobody is envious because of a streak of luck which recently came to this man. By an act of congress an entire block of ground opposite the

steamed oyster house has been purchased and upon it will be erected an eight-story marble building for the accommodation of the city post office of the national capital. The selection of this site has already enhanced the value of the steamed oyster man's property to the extent of fifty thousand dollars.

Fortunately for the rest of mankind in this city no patent was applied for by the discoverer of this culinary method. Consequently there are half a dozen excellent places in Washington where steamed oysters can be had without the payment of an exorbitant price. In many cities the summer is the social season, and the ice cream girl leads her escort to the dyspepsia dealer. Here, however, the winter is the gala time, and after the theater it is customary for gentlemen to escort their guests to the restaurants where steamed oysters are served.

Sitting before a long marble top counter table one evening recently in response to my inquiries the sable oyster shucker said: "We works seventeen hours every day. We gets five dollahs a week. I spohts a wife an' fo' children. I pays eight dollahs a month fo' rent. Ef it wasn't fo' de tips wot I gets from de gentlemen here, I couldn't spoht my fam'ly. I gets ten cents from some folks, an' twenty-five cents from some many; an' sometimes rich folks comes in an' gives me de change out'n a five-dollah bill. Once I got two dollahs an' a half from one man. De av'rage tips amounts to from twenty to thirty dollahs a month. So yer sees, boss, I'se makin' a purty good livin'."

I learned afterwards that the obsequious servant who bowed very low when he accepted my pour boir is the owner of several houses from which he receives a monthly rental which would make many a newspaper man feel as though he were the owner of shares in the Golconda or Bonanza mines. Nevertheless, while he is working with the succulent bivalves and the succulent suckers who give him "tips," his wife is doing washing and ironing by the day or week, and adding constantly to the worldly accumulations which her ambitious, not to say avaricious, husband has set his heart upon. The dear people who imagine that the freedmen in Washington are not competent to care for themselves do not understand the conditions and circumstances of these people. They live on oysters and pie and the fatness of the earth is theirs.

SMITH D. FRY.

An Impertinent Question.

Jack Dashing—She's the most interesting girl I ever met, though she is rich. She can't say anything but "yes" and "no."
Priscilla—Which did she say to you?—Brooklyn Life.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Potato Fritters.—Grate six cold, boiled potatoes, and add to them one pint of cream (or rich milk), flour enough to make as stiff a batter as for other fritters, then the yolks of three eggs, then the beaten whites, salt, and fry in sweet butter.—Detroit Free Press.

—Bananas are very good when cooked. Many people are fond of them when simply cut in slices and fried, and here is a recipe for an excellent and inexpensive dessert: Cut the bananas in slices, pour over them the juice of half a lemon and sugar to taste; stew gently for twenty-five minutes and serve cold. Whipped cream makes a good sauce for this dish. About eight bananas will be needed for a dish for six people.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Popcorn Balls, or Bricks.—To one cup of brown sugar add a heaping tablespoonful of butter and three tablespoonfuls of water; boil until it ropes or hardens when dropped into cold water. While the sirup is boiling hot, pour it over two quarts of popped corn, from which all round grains have been removed. Stir with a spoon until it is cool enough to be molded into shape with the hands, which should be rubbed with butter to facilitate your work.—Housekeeper.

—Veal pudding.—Cut into small slices some cooked lean veal and some ham and season them highly with chopped parsley, sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and a little grated lemon rind. Line a pudding-dish with a thick crust made with suet, fill up with the meat, pour some gravy over it, cover with a crust, pinch the edges well together, cover with a cloth and tie firmly, put it into boiling water and boil until done.

—Apple Charlotte.—Cut ten sour apples into quarters and peel, put them in a kettle and cover with boiling water, add two cups of sugar and stew until they are clear. Line a large dish with slices of sponge cake, put the apples over, make a hole in the center and fill with currant jelly. Set in the oven for twenty minutes. Take out, cover the top with thin slices of sponge cake and serve with butter and sugar.—Home.

—Fig Pudding.—To six ounces of beef suet add two tablespoonfuls of flour and chop fine. Have suet well chilled. Add three-quarters of a pound of grated or finely crumbed bread, six ounces brown sugar, half a pound coarsely chopped fig. Chop all well together, add one teaspoonful sweet milk, one beaten egg, and one-quarter of a nutmeg, grated. Mix, pack in oblong form or brick-shaped baking-pan, set in steamer, steam for three hours. The bread must be perfectly light and sweet, and at least two days old. Serve with lemon sauce.—Boston Herald.

—Eggs a la Duchesse.—Boil half a dozen eggs for ten minutes; allow them to become quite cold, then divide them into quarters. Put two ounces of butter in a saucepan, and as it melts work in a tablespoonful of flour smoothly; add seasoning of salt, and stir off the fire until the flour is sufficiently cooked. Then pour in a large breakfast cupful of rich stock, and add a tablespoonful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley and a pinch of cayenne. Bring to the boil, lay the eggs in very gently, allow them to become thoroughly heated through without being broken, then arrange them tastefully on a hot dish, pour the sauce over them, and serve with a garnish of toasted sippets.—Boston Herald.

CARE OF THE SICK.

Some Simple Rules for the Supervision of Invalid's Rooms.

Let in the sunshine.
Banish all confusion.
Cleanliness is the first rule.
Make mustard plasters thin.
Ask the doctor as to visitors.
Don't ask questions of sick people.
Wear a clean dress and a bright smile.

Flowers are permissible, but never in profusion.
Simple surprises are a pleasure to a convalescent.
Rheumatic patients should lie between woolen sheets.

Eat a cracker or two before going into the room of contagion.
A sandwich of minced raw beefsteak often tempts an invalid.

A mustard plaster mixed with the white of an egg will not blister.

Watch the ventilation and gauge the temperature by a thermometer.

The sick chamber should be plainly furnished and no heavy hangings.

The best night light is a candle, weighted with a nail and made to float in a glass of water.

All woollens or similar goods should be removed from the room where contagion is under treatment.—Philadelphia Record.

Had to Have Her Say.

They were going to get up a surprise party and one of the lady promoters asked Mr. Simpkins, who had just said he was willing, "I suppose you can also speak for your wife, Mr. Simpkins?"

"Indeed, I can't. The man that could speak for her doesn't live. Mrs. Simpkins must speak for herself or she'd die."—Philadelphia Times.

Graduated in High Standing.

Cal Lerrin—Well, neighbor, busy as usual making footwear? But what a peculiar lap-stone you have!

Hyde Cutter—Yes, sir. That lap-stone has a history. Eight months ago my little girl graduated from the cooking-school. This lap-stone of mine is the first sponge-cake she made.—Judge.

IT WAS THE YELLOW HORN.

The Dutchman's Clarinet That "Hooded the Circus."

"Yes, we're back again," he sighed, as he gnawed one of the angles off a gutta-percha sandwich, "and, if any body should ask you, we left a Dutchman down in Texas who wasn't expected to live when we pulled stakes."

He was an ancient circus man, and with a small but select party of his friends was occupying a table in one of the strictly theatrical saloons on the opposite prompt side of Union square.

"What did the Dutchman have to do with it?" he continued, in response to a query from the serio-comic that sat beside him. "Well, just about everything. When Quirk was making up the show, he left the band to the last, so we picked 'em up on the jump, so to speak. Katzmeier—that was the Dutchman's name—was signed about an hour before we started and only just caught the boat."

"We sailed out of this town with one of the best ring shows that ever rustled sawdust. It was an all-round corker, and we had some acts that Barnum couldn't beat, so it didn't surprise us when we started in at Galveston with a rip staving good business, and kept it up right along for three straight weeks. We knocked out everything that came against us, and Quirk began to think of adding a freak exhibit and taking the whole show over to Australia next season."

"One night, in the gayest kind of a Texas town, Katzmeier came into the men's dressing-tent with a long parcel under his arm and a smile like a gash in a pie."

"I my instrument brake by accident," he said, "but I haf alretty yet anoder. Py chimminy, it was a bargains, also, too," and waving the parcel in triumph he waited out to get ready for the grand enter.

"Half an hour later Eddie Thomas shinned up the rope to do his flying trapeze act, and as he was standing on the bar I saw him look into the bandstand and grow pale. Three minutes afterward he missed a turn, fell, and broke a couple of ribs."

"As we were carrying him out of the ring he whispered to me: 'Bill, that Dutchman's got a yellow clarinet,' and I said to him: 'Eddie, we'll bust up in a week.' When I told Quirk about it he nearly had a fit. For an out-and-out hoodoo you can't beat a yellow clarinet in ten years, and my estimate of a week was too liberal by far. The next three days was one steady procession of accidents and bad business, and though we tried our darndest to get that clarinet away from him the Dutchman couldn't be fooled into giving it up. On the fourth day a cyclone wrecked the tent, killed half the animals, and stopped the show for good."

"Quirk called us together at the hotel, told us the jig was up, and gave us our fares home—all except Katzmeier."

"You busted my show with that yellow agony pipe of yours," he said to him, "and now you can get back on skates for all I care. Then we took Katzmeier out on the street and pounded him with his clarinet until some Salvation Army guys swept him together and carried him away."

"I tell you it never failed yet—one of them instruments 'll smash up a circus quicker than a collision."

And the waiter was requested to fill 'em up again.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

HE WAS FINED.

The Judge Decided That the Contents of the Bottle Was Deadly.

The police judge of one of the interior Ohio cities had been on a "bar" in Toledo, and there was no telling what he hadn't been through if one were to judge from his appearance, said the drummer at the Cadillac. When he was able to take the bench again there were a lot of cases for disposal, the first one being a concealed weapon charge.

"So," said his honor to the prisoner, "you were carrying a concealed deadly weapon, were you?"

"No, your honor," denied the prisoner.

"The officer says different. Didn't you have anything on your person?"

"Nothing, your honor, except a bottle of whisky, and there's nothing deadly about that, your honor."

"Where did you get it?" inquired the judge.

"Toledo, your honor."

The judge rubbed his head as if it were sore clean through.

"Fifty dollars and costs," he said slowly. "I guess you don't know what a deadly weapon is."—Detroit Free Press.

No Use for a Trunk.

One of the barge office people is telling a very funny story about a young Irishman who passed through his hands the other day. Desiring to ascertain the extent of worldly goods with which the son of Erin was endowed, he said:

"Where's your trunk?"

"Thrunks is it! What for would I be having a thrunks?" asked the boy.

"To keep your clothes in," replied the official, tartly.

"And go naked?" was the quick response.—N. Y. Recorder.

A Tramp's Praise.

Little Girl—That great, big, dirty, ole tramp is a big, big story teller. He said that pie was as good as his mother used to make.

Mamma—Don't you think that likely?"

Little Girl—Of course not. He never had any mother.—Good News.