The Sea Coast Echo

CHAS. G. MOREAU, PUB.

BAY ST. LOUIS, - MISSISSIPPI

Most of the recent aeroplane records have been death records.

The stepless car is highly popular in these days of hobble skirts.

Now a lot of people are hearing the first call to the old swimming hole.

The passing of the horse is a calamity—when you've got money up on him.

The Chicago girls are right, the old-fashioned kiss is the sweetest and best,

Another infallible sign of the approach of summer is the mad dog scare.

One way to drive away every sign of rain is to buy a new umbrella or raincoat.

The inventor of the black dress shirt was no doubt behind on his laundry bill.

A counterfeit $20 bill is reported in circulation, this being one of the perils of the rich.

A German company has just launched the biggest steamship in the world. It's England's move.

The English sparrow may be a savory dish, but it would cost too much to put salt on its tail.

Smallpox lurks in false hair, says an exchange. Get the back of her dressing chair vaccinated.

In Duluth the author of a popular song is running an elevator. The punishment hardly seems adequate.

Some optimist has discovered that a cold spring is good for the blackberry crop. Now let us all cheer up.

The new one-half cent piece approximates the feelings of the man who appears in public with the first straw hat.

A man with but one leg is trying to walk around the world. He might be pardoned for calling it a stumping tour.

America's hens last year laid 217 eggs for each inhabitant. And yet we look upon the eagle as the national bird.

An actress is writing a series of articles on "how to stay married." We can do it in four words: Don't sue for divorce.

The strike of German aviators leads one to suspect that the wages of the birdman are not breaking any altitude records.

America now has three women aeroplane pilots. May there be no subtraction by accident from that mystic number.

An Ohio man started to dig a garden and turned up a chestful of treasure, but few gardens are quite so profitable.

A New York policeman, while off duty, arrested two burglars. It might pay New York to give a few more coppers a vacation.

"Knee-deep in strawberries," ejaculates a Baltimore paper. Yet one can think of several pleasanter things than that kind of wading.

Massachusetts has forbidden by law the explosive "joke" cigar, showing clearly that the Bay state knows when a joke is a misdemeanor.

More than 1,000 metal articles were removed from the stomach of a California woman by a surgeon the other day. Probably a souvenir huntress.

An English gypsy queen has just died at the age of 101. She was an inveterate pipe smoker, which, no doubt, accounts for her early taking off.

A New York court includes baseball bats in the category of deadly weapons and a Chicago jurist adds automobiles. Justice, however leaden-footed, occasionally overtakes the procession.

An eminent alienist declares that for a man to liken his wife to an angel is not an indication of insanity. Once in a while, one of those alienists does show some signs of human intelligence.

Now that pleasant weather has arrived, guess how long it will be before the water companies get out their annual warning against a water famine, with all sorts of threats against the man who uses the hose too freely?

The eastern farmer who has spent $1,000 in a suit over a $20 cow has reason to kick about the price of beef.

The statistician who asserts that the population of New York is too dense probably has no money to be separated from, or else he has never been there.

A Louisville doctor says that man can stand more suffering and endure it longer than woman. That doctor ought to wear a woman's toggery for a while.

A mule's kick has restored speech to an Altoona man. Still many persons might prefer to remain speechless.

"An unknown gentleman created considerable excitement in London by appearing at the opera in a black dress shirt." Probably he came from Pittsburgh.

There are other good reasons for disliking the proposed ½-cent piece besides the obvious opening it would give the mean man when the contribution plate is passed.

A Memorial Visit

By DOROTHY BLACKMORE

"But, father," Caroline protested, "surely this is not a part of the estate, this—this cemetery!"

Col. Darling nodded his head. "Yes, daughter, it is. I purchased the old Craft farm, as it was called, without ever having gone over the 200-odd acres of its extent. The old homestead has so excellent a site overlooking the water that I took the acres I could not see pretty much for granted.

Father and daughter stood in the arch made from the branches of two ancient hemlock trees that formed a gateway to a small and apparently abandoned cemetery. Here and there, covered with myrtle vines and creeping wild ivy, were tombstones gray with age. The little plot gave evidence of having been, in days gone by, carefully kept, but now it was so overgrown with trees and shrubs as to be almost hidden. Thus, it was little wonder that Col. Darling had overlooked it when he purchased the property of which it was a part.

"I'm quite sure I shall never enjoy rambling in the grounds as I had dreamed of doing," Caroline lamented.

"Tut, but, daughter, that is all nonsense!"

"Nonsense to you, perhaps, because you're—well, you're not given to moonlight wanderings. Now—a girl is, and I shall feel every time I step out of the house at night that I am being watched by ghosts who have strayed from beneath these stones. Oh, father, do let us go!" Caroline begged, slipping her arm within her father's and leading him away.

"I doubt you could even find this spot again if I were to take you by a roundabout circuit to the house, my dear," soothed the colonel. "So—in your own language, more shame to you!——forget it."

And, since youth easily forgets, Caroline did forget the wee, abandoned burying ground tucked down among the hemlocks in a remote acre of her father's estate. It was seldom that she traversed more than the half dozen acres which comprised gardens and playgrounds of the old farm.

But if the young woman of the house made slight use of the country surrounding the old homestead, she

"Oh, Father, Do Let Us Go!"

made the great, old-fashioned rooms of the manor house ring with joyous laughter and echo the voices of merry young people. House party followed house party, and Caroline was beginning to think that her father had not done her such an injustice after all in taking her from the gay life of the city to plant her in the midst of a 200-acre farm. Never before had she realized the joy of being mistress of a real home and at liberty to extend unlimited hospitality. For, when Col. Darling had induced his motherless girl to comply with the desire of his own life to have a home in the country, he had promised her that she should have all the companionship she wanted, even if it be a continual round of entertaining.

The end of May was upon them, and Caroline was the center of a happy group of friends from the city. They had been asked as guests over Decoration day and had planned the time-honored picnic of that day.

"It seems too good to be true," cried one of the girls, "to think we are going on a real picnic on Memorial day."

"Just as all the country lads and lassies do back in good old Iowa where I was a child," added a young man with more than half seriousness in his expression.

"All we can do to make it presactly real," laughed another pretty girl, "is to go to some graveyard and sit on the freshly decorated mounds and eat our lunches!"

Caroline's eyes suddenly flashed and she jumped to her feet.

"Girls and boys!" she cried, excitedly, "we can do that very same thing! And let's do it!"

"What?" chorused the others.

"Eat our lunch in the dearest little cemetery you ever saw," Caroline explained more seriously. "In this very farm there lies a small abandoned graveyard and you can't imagine how picturesque it is. I'll take a bunch of lilacs to put on each of the old graves that has been forgotten since—oh, since before any of us was born," she said.

Memorial day dawned as a perfect May day should dawn, and Caroline was down on the broad old colonial porch in her fresh white frock long before the others were out of their beds. She sat beside her father, rocking back and forth in the balmy morning air and looking out across the velvet of the lawns. The fragrance of apple blossoms was all about them, for the breezes came to them across the orchard.

Presently around the turn of the winding gravel path that led to the main entrance of the farm there came a young man. He walked briskly, and yet there was an expression of uncertainty in his carriage.

As he approached the two he took off his straw hat and addressed Col. Darling.

"Is this the old Craft farm—the Lorado Craft farm?" he asked.

"It is," the colonel answered. "I have recently bought it. What can I do for you, sir?"

The young man smiled. "I am looking for the grave of my great-grandfather, and I was told that it was in a small cemetery that was believed to be in the Craft property."

"Oh, father——" began Caroline.

"It is," interrupted the colonel. "At least there is such a place somehere hereabout."

"I know exactly where it is, father," suggested Caroline.

"Then you might try to tell us," the father replied. "Better than that, daughter, you might come with this young man and me and we will see if we can aid him in his search."

As the three sought the hemlock grove the young man told them of his reason for seeking so remote a grave. His grandmother, recently deceased, had begged it of him as a final request that he find the burying place of her father and care for it. She herself had been unable to do so, and after much effort the young man had traced it to the Craft estate.

They found the old flat stone with the carved letters telling of how one George Alexander John Carstone had lived and died, etc.

"And do you bear one of the names?" asked the colonel.

"I am John Carter—I beg your pardon for not having introduced myself at once," the young man hastily replied, extending a card to Col. Darling.

"Not so lengthy a name as your great-granddaddy's, eh?"

Caroline laughed at her father's facetiousness with a stranger, and yet—in her innermost self—she was sure the man would not always be a stranger. Already her father was saying:

"If you will, our house is yours and you can remain through the day with us and return to this spot and care properly for the resting place of your ancestor, Eh, Caroline?"

"Yes, indeed, father."

The three returned to breakfast, and Caroline had misgivings as to the picnic, now that the young man had come on a serious errand.

He put her at ease in a moment. "What better care than the visitation of a merry party of young folks could my good grandmother have asked? I'll join you, if I may."

And that Memorial day picnic beneath the hemlocks was a day to be remembered by Caroline Darling, for it was in the cool, quiet shadows there that she first saw into the depth of the eyes of the man who was to become her husband.

Coroner Was Correct.

Coroner Durham, is examining the effects of a man who committed suicide a day or two ago, hastily removed a large number of printed cards from the pockets of his clothing. Without examining the cards the coroner continued with his search, remarking: "He's been working for some candidate."

Someone turned one of the cards and read: "Vote for C. O. Durham for coroner."—Indianapolis News.

MR. RUCKER'S MEMORIAL DAY DINNER

OUR illustration is a flashlight photograph of the Memorial day dinner given by Congressman A. W. Rucker of Colorado to 12 men in Washington official life, who, like himself, are survivors of the Confederate army. The only flag that appeared in the decorations of the host's apartment was Old Glory.

SEEK ASTOR WEALTH

Heir to $100,000,000 Receives Letters From Many Persons.

Women Propose Marriage and Men Ask Him to Become Partners in Business—Others Make Odd Requests.

New York.—Vincent Astor's latest trouble is a deluge of letters from persons anxious to advise him as to the best manner of spending his $100,000,000 inheritance. Many of the letters are from women, telling of their great love and conveying offers of marriage.

Old women and young women, brazen and demure, thin and fat ones, pretty and ugly, have taken their pens in hand, not without hope of gain. Some have pretended to bespeak Mr. Astor's interest in behalf of causes other than purely personal ones, but most of them have been frankly smitten in the desire to call the young man's attention to certain persons that he otherwise might overlook.

Some of the writers have waited in front of the Astor estate offices in Twenty-sixth street for a glimpse of the boy. Most have mistaken the handsome "Nick" Biddle for the object of their curiosity, much to Biddle's embarrassment. He is an executor of the Astor estate, is about thirty-four and a bachelor.

And it isn't only through the medium of letters that women have pressed their suits. The telephone has been kept pretty busy, both at the offices and at the Fifth avenue house, with girlish voices whose owners were anxious to have opportunities to meet the heir of millions. The reasons assigned were as many as the letters contained.

Some of the writers want the young man to "do something worthy of his name." There have been suggestions that he finance the suffragette cause. Others want him to use his fortune to buy up breweries and distilleries and put them out of business for the sake of promoting the cause of prohibition. Comparatively few of the letters written by women are from inventors. This class of communications almost always bore a man's signature.

Things suggested for a worthy use of the money ranged from patent bung-starters to methods of bridging Behring strait. Included in the appeals are those of professional beggars. Churches, schools and libraries divide honors as to the numbers of their letters with propositions from business houses that offer him interests for ever so small a sum.

Most of these letters, of course, need no answer. Those from women on subjects of the heart are entirely ignored. Many of the latter come accompanied by photographs. Two of the fair correspondents sent as their own postcard, pictures of Lillian Russell, from which they had forgotten to scratch the name.

Kills Girls Playing Indian.

Watersburg.—Playing Indian, Harry Black, aged seven years, found his father's shotgun, and chased Mary Goodish, aged five, into a corner. Putting the muzzle to her head, he pulled the trigger, instantly killing her.

DIES TO SPITE LANDLORD

Woman at Paris, France, Ends Life in Owner's Flat to Vex Him.

Paris.—House owners in Paris are no better and no worse than those of any country, and disappointed tourists, of course, keep them on their black list. Literary celebrities like M. Gandillot may leave lions and tigers in their flats to annoy proprietors, but what is a poor charwoman to do whose room is not large enough for a menagerie, and who, besides, is not famous?

"I will do something that will draw attention to me," said one of these poor wretches, and she penned the following missive to her landlord: "I will commit suicide to spite you, because you let my flat to another. People will not care to come to a flat with a corpse in it."

She proceeded to carry out her threat, and committed suicide by inhaling the fumes of a coke fire which she lighted in her room. The proprietor found her dead.

BEEF TOO HIGH FOR TWO CATS

Uncle Sam Refuses to Maintain Rat Catchers at the Subtreasury Owing to Expense.

Washington.—The propriety of feeding two cats at the public crib is denied by A. Piatt Andrew, assistant secretary of the treasury.

The urgent appeal for the cats came from the subtreasury in New York, which is infested with rats and mice. Kind-hearted clerks have been contributing to the support of the two cats installed, while awaiting official approval of the use of the contingent fund.

TO FORM FLAG ASSOCIATION

Patriots Will Erect Monument and All Will Be Asked to Fight Anarchistic Principles.

Spokane, Wash.—The Grand Army of the Republic, the Spanish War Veterans, American Flag association, Daughters of the American Revolution and other local members of patriotic organizations will organize a flag association in Spokane in which every national society will be a member. They also will fight anarchistic organizations and teach all people and societies to respect the flag. A proposition to erect a big monument on the high bluff in Summer avenue between Washington and Bernard streets, to be called "Flag Day" monument, is being considered.

Downtown buildings will be decorated and every national society in the city will be asked to take part of a parade and program.

WEAPONS ARE FROM 1000 B. C.

Austrian Explorers of Imperial Museum Make Rich Haul in Karst Mountains.

Vienna.—An exploration by members of the Imperial museum into the cavern of St. Kanzion in the Karst mountains has yielded more than 1,000 bronze implements such as swords, axes, lance heads and vessels supposed to date from 1000 B. C. They were all found at the bottom of a pit 150 feet deep within the cavern. It is suggested they were thrown in there as a sacrifice to a subterranean deity.

Man Near Death Relents

Murderer Forgives His Daughter, Who "Caused It All."

Dramatic Meeting in Prison Before an Artist's Death—Pivtures of Himself on the Gallows Painted by Jan Ribarich.

Washington, Pa.—Jan Ribarich, an Austrian, artist and thrice a murderer, who will be hanged here, was converted in his cell by his daughter whom he had vowed he would kill because she was the "cause of it all." A visit from his daughter, a prayer and the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," caused a dramatic incident.

Ribarich, who had fitted his cell into a studio, for weeks past occupied his time in painting pictures and presenting them to his friends and jail officials. He always spoke jokingly of the gallows and had persuaded the sheriff to allow him to look at the gallows from a window several hours before the hanging was to take place.

Ribarich had painted many of his friends and had drawn a sketch of himself dangling at the end of a rope with his body half concealed through the falling of the trap.

Rabarich shot and killed Michael Novak, his wife and stepson, Stanjovi, whom he blamed for harboring his daughter. After his conviction, the father said his only desire was to kill his daughter before he died, as she had disobeyed him.

The girl visited her father, accompanied by guards. When he saw her he broke down. A Methodist minister prayed, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung by visitors and jail guards and the condemned man embraced his daughter.

Before leaving the jail the daughter, eighteen years old, promised her father to bring her fiance to the jail. It will be the first meeting between Ribarich and the young man who will take his daughter as a bride soon after the hanging.

DIES BY OWN BURGLAR TRAP

Memphis Grocer Fatally Wounded by Shotgun Set Near Window for an Intruder.

Memphis, Tenn.—A burglar trap set by Ray S. Brooks caused the death of Brooks in his grocery store in the outskirts of town. His body was found on the floor when his wife went to the store to find out why he had not gone to supper. A shotgun arranged to discharge in the direction of a window, should an effort be made to raise the window, was empty, its load having entered Brooks' body. It is supposed that he stepped on the string "trigger" in passing between the gun and the window.

Dirigible Breaks Record.

Paris.—The French dirigible balloon, Clement-Bayard III., beat the world's dirigible balloon record for altitude. Carrying six passengers the craft ascended to a height of 9,514 feet.

Superstition Hard to Kill

French People Surprised at the Survival of Dangerous Customs in Brittany.

Every few years some incident occurs to remind a civilized nation of the survival of the grossest superstitions in its midst. French opinion is at present shocked by a recent revelation at St. Malo, which has resulted in the arrest of a dormeuse. The dormeuse is peculiar to Brittany. She is a woman who claims a mysterious power to heal disease by certain charms and treatments, pre-eminently by inducing artificial sleep.

A St. Malo workman was suffering from meningitis, and under ordinary medical treatment, when a woman, Delanoe, a renowned dormeuse, was called in. She arrived with her husband, and sent for a milk white pigeon. While the man put the patient into a trance the woman cut the live pigeon in half and placed the warm flesh on his forehead. This was followed by bathing the sick man's feet in some secret liquid and covering his head with a cloth that had been soaked in it. As a result of the treatment the workman died in a day.

The dormeuse has been arrested, and a comprehensive inquiry is to be made into the superstitious practices of Brittany. It will, however, need more than an inquiry to shake the beliefs of the most superstitious and conservative corner of France.

A Safe Rule.

Tea and coffee should not be given to a child under seven, and the longer the delay the better. A good cocoa is often enjoyed, milk and water and diluted condensed milk may also be given, and, very cautiously, plain soda water. It should never be forgotten that milk is a food and not a drink, and that plenty of water flushes the kidneys. There is no reason why a healthy child should not drink when it feels thirsty.

Fulfills His Death Dream

Visions of Hearse Waiting for Casket Finally Induces Man to Kill Self.

Phoenixville, Pa.—Tortured for weeks by a constantly recurring dream, in which was pictured a funeral cortege with a hearse opened to receive a casket which has being carried from the house in which he boarded, Peter Luzecki died shortly after he had cut his throat with a razor.

Witnesses, called at the inquest held by Deputy Coroner C. H. Howell, told the story of the strange apparition which had so long oppressed Luzecki and which drove him finally from loss of sleep into insanity. His fellow boarders told of accounts of his strange dream which the suicide gave them at breakfast each morning, and in which he declared that it forecast his own death and pictured to him his funeral.

Within the past few days Luzecki was apparently suffering from a great nervous strain, and could talk of little else than what he termed his coming funeral.

Recently a groan was heard, evidently coming from the room which he occupied, and investigation revealed the man lying in a pool of blood and fast bleeding to death. He died half an hour later. He was unmarried and had been a resident of Phoenixville for seven years.

TWO GO INTO LAKE OF FIRE

Carnegie Foundation Men Make Important Examination of Volcano of Kilauea.

New York.—Professors Shepard and Day, two geological experts whom the Carnegie Foundation sent to Hawaii a few months ago, completed an unusual and somewhat hazardous experiment at the volcano of Kilauea recently, according to advices just received. The two scientists were lowered by ropes into the crater of Kilanea, which is the largest active volcano in the world, and for several hours remained suspended over the bed of boiling lava, making a study of the gases discharged and gathering specimens of molten stone for analysis. It is the first time in history that scientists have gone into the lake of fire, as the pit is called, although a party climbed to the top of the outer pit in 1909.

Mount Kilauea is 6,000 feet above the sea and the oval crater of the volcano is nine miles in circumference. The last time it was dangerously active was in August, 1910. The experiments are expected to result in important findings in support of certain theories of volcanic activity.

Blind Law Students Win Honors.

New York. — Without having read a word of law in the two-year course they have just completed, Louis Herman Gold and Isadore Cohn have carried off high honors at the Brooklyn law school of St. Lawrence university. They are both blind, but each received honorable mention and the degree of LL. B

The Kitchen Cabinet

THE thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

When you are making a cake in which the color is not objectionable, use coffee instead of milk and enjoy the change of flavor.

If you have a faded dress which is too good to throw away and would be unsatisfactory if recolored, try bleaching. Put a heaping tablespoonful of bichloride of lime in a pail full of water and let the garment soak in it over night. In the morning add the same amount of the bleach to another pailful of water and bring to the boiling point; hang out and dry after rinsing well. Usually this will be sufficient to bleach the fabric; if not, soak again.

When face powder is to be placed for the use of a group of women at an evening company, furnish a box of medicated cotton for their use, as each may pull off a small piece and not find it necessary to use a common powder puff.

A convenient arrangement for cooking in the open for campers or picnickers is a heavy piece of wire netting and a piece of asbestos. The wire may be supported on four stones with the fire underneath, and all kinds of cooking and broiling may be done.

A steel crochet hook is a useful utensil to use in pulling out basting threads or finding ends of threads to be tied in fine tucking.

For those who delight in the brown crispiness of the Vienna rolls which are so wholesome, try making them at home. When the bread is very light and ready to mold into loaves, carefully pinch off bits as large as a walnut, drop into greased gem pans. They will be nearly all crust.

For a supper dish on Sunday night, cut rounds of bread, lay on a thin slice of cheese and on top of that a thin piece of bacon. Place in the oven and cook until the bacon is curled and crisp. Serve hot with cocoa.

IT AIN'T no use to grumble or complain
If God sorts out the weather and sends rain
Why, rain's my choice.

FAVORITE DISHES.

The homely, old-fashioned boiled dinner is not much spoken of these days, and yet it has many stanch supporters all over our land. The drawback with a boiled dinner for a family of two is that there is so much left over. This is extremely nice for hash, but once served in that way is sufficient. A small boiled dinner may be prepared, but even then there is a large amount of left-overs. A good plan for the lovers of the old-fashioned dish is to gather together those who enjoy it and have a feast. A head of cabbage or two, a few potatoes, turnips and carrots all boiled together with a good thick piece of well-flavored salt pork.

Corned beef is liked by many instead of the salt pork. A small bag of cranberry beans that have been soaked over night, in a cotton bag, and added are another vegetable well liked. They may be heaped at one end of the platter or served in a separate dish.

Fruit Dessert.—Whip a pint of cream with the white of one egg; this egg aadds more body to dish. Sweeten the cream to taste, add a half cup of ground nuts, twelve figs and six dates, chopped. Mix and pack into a mold and cover with ice and salt. Let stand four hours. This will serve six to eight people.

A delicious little accessory to serve with an ice or any frozen dish is made by rolling pie crust about a quarter of an inch thick, cut it in strips six inches long, roll until round, lay in a pan and bake. Dip them into boiled frosting and, when dry, again into melted chocolate. They may be rolled while moist in chopped nuts or in cocoa instead of the chocolate.

While strawberries are in season there is no more delicious ice cream than that flavored with the fresh fruit. A box of berries, crushed and strained, added to a plain mixture of ice cream is sufficient for flavor and color. A tablespoonful of lemon juice added brings out the flavor of the berries as well as making the color more intense.

All fruit flavors are best added after the cream is partly frozen.

Nellie Maxwell.

Not Unexpected.

"I see in your hand," muttered the seeress, as she looked into the outstretched palm, "that you will meet with some dark obstacles."

"Those confounded coal-cart hold-ups again," he exclaimed.

Natural Inference.

"Were the tribes you speak of glad to welcome the missionaries?"

"Glad? They fairly ate them up."

"Why, I didn't know they were cannibal tribes!"

Considerable Begonia.

Mrs. Frank Ireland of Wilton, Me., has a begonia which she thinks cannot be beaten for size in the state. The plant is seven feet and one inch tall and the stalk is two inches in diameter at the base. It began to blossom in last month and has blossomed continuously since. There are now 20 pink and white cluster blossoms on the plant.

About the best way for a widow to be happy is to reflect on her previous condition of servitude.