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## THE NANIGOS OF CUBA.

True Story of the Infamous Secret Criminal Society That Has Terrorized the Island.

### THE RITUAL CAREFULLY GUARDED.

Considerable mention has been made of the circumstance that all the nanigos, the notorious criminal class of Cuba, were members of certain secret societies, about whose character and aims little is known here, and not a great deal more in the island in which they flourish.

For many years it was believed that the nanigos were a kind of Ku Klux Society, whose members were banded together for the purpose of injuring their white neighbors. What gave rise to this belief, and for a long time supported it, was the circumstance that all the nanigos were colored men, but for more than thirty years past white men have been associated with them. From documents discovered by the police, and seen by the writer of this article, it appears that in 1835, when General Dulce governed the island, White Lodge (Juego de Blancos) number two was founded. Whence it is deduced that lodge number one was already in existence.

Nor are these societies political associations devoted to a common end. In the separatist conspiracies the nanigos took no part as a body. There were separatist nanigos, as there were nanigos who were loyal to Spain, and there are nanigos of Spanish birth.

That the nanigos have pursued no common political or religious aim there is incontestable proof, which is that each lodge is absolutely separate from and independent of every other. There is no hierarchy, no species of grand lodge or centre of action and government. Not only are the lodges not friendly, but they are frequently hostile to one another. In Havana, when it is known that there has been a midnight brawl in some out-of-the-way quarter, some one will be sure to say, "that is because the Ecori Oplo Lodge has declared war upon the Evion Lodge."

Nor is it even certain that these societies are recruited exclusively from the criminal classes. The nanigos are not, indeed, models of propriety; but not all, or even the greater number, are professional thieves, or gamblers, or assassins, or men without settled occupation. There are nanigos who follow a trade, and many of them are cooks, barbers, bag-makers and butchers. There have also been instances of young men of the upper classes who from curiosity or a spirit of adventure, or from some other tendency which leads certain men of culture to seek associates among the sum of society, have joined the lodges of the nanigos.

There is one trait common to all the nanigos—they are ostentatiously courageous. To be a member of the society is to be accredited a brave man. The reputation, deserved or not, of courage, gives prestige among the women of the lowest class, and credit among the men of the populace. Where no one is anyone, to come to be a nanigo is to be someone.

But what was the origin of this institution? Were the men of strength and brutality, in the lower classes, or the criminals? Neither the one nor the other, for it is thought that the first nanigos were Africans; slaves some, others free, who banded together to practice the idolatrous rites they had brought from Africa.

What tends in some degree to strengthen this opinion is the African character of some of the ceremonies and of the vocabulary in use among the nanigos. It is said that they sacrifice black hens, stripped of their feathers, and that in the places where they hold their meetings there is a log called the Palo Meoongo, which is for them what the altar is for others. This is what is said, but no one who is not a nanigo can declare positively that he has seen all this, or that he has any certain knowledge of their ceremonies. The nanigos have never been brought to public trial in Cuba, nor has this curious institution ever been thoroughly studied. Nanigos have been tried by the summary methods of the police courts, but the declarations drawn from them by torture or threats have thrown but little light upon them. Not even the origin of the word nanigo is known. Some hold it to be purely African, others Cuban; others say that it is African-Portuguese.

The nanigos have not a complete vocabulary of slang, like the argot of the French, or the calo of the Spanish criminal classes. They use, it may be, a limited number of words having a double meaning, but still Spanish words. Their vocabulary is restricted, and also is composed of strange, barbarous words that have no connection with the Spanish language, and that have, in all probability, come from the Congo or from Guinea; such as, encocoro, ataquenano, manufanua.

Some of their songs are no less African in character; and there are among them airs so original, of such wild force or sublimely plaintive sweetness, that they would make the reputation of a composer of foreign melodies. What takes place at their ceremonies, what prayers they offer up before the Palo Meoongo, whether this is for them the image of God, or of one of their heroes, or whether it is a mere fetish, are questions which cannot be answered any more than one can explain the fact that many nanigos profess religion, or the species of mental hallucination which leads Europeans and descendants of Europeans, brought up in the faith, to take up African idolatry. Regarding these points nothing positive is known in Cuba.

In the localities, however, where people of doubtful character live—those who in Spain are called the chusma—the residents generally know who are and who are not nanigos, and the police know also, although they have frequently made persons appear as such who were innocent of the charge. According to the police, the nanigos are known by an indelible blue mark which they tattoo on the back of the hand between the thumb and index-finger, and there have been periods during which the police have arrested hundreds of persons in the streets to examine their hands. If these had a blue mark they were put in prison. Sailors with tattooed marks have sometimes been victims of this method of pursuing nanigos, although they did not belong to any secret society whatever. The real nanigos have declared that the blue marks proved nothing; that they were not a necessary requisite for membership in societies; and that it would be a mistake for the nanigos to mark themselves in a way that would serve to betray them. The police, however, have continued to regard with great suspicion the blue marks, and the suspicion has also. When one of these is seen in the yard of a house it is concluded that a nanigo lodge is celebrating its rites within.

Some years ago, a Governor of Havana, General Rodriguez Batista, boasted of having put an end by peaceable means to these secret societies. The heads of the lodges delivered up to him the idols, drums and other paraphernalia of their worship; the press eulogized General Rodriguez Batista highly, without taking the trouble to find out what arguments he might have used to produce such speedy results. But within a short time after the Governor's departure for Madrid, the nanigos were again in the field. Under General Weyler's rule, aided by the circumstance that the existing state of war permitted the condemnation of accused persons without trial, that is, the employment of the authority of the police instead of the action of the courts, measures were taken to clear Havana of nanigos. About a thousand persons were deported to Spain; and, according to the declarations of the police, there remained in the city some 7000 more.

Spain, it is not certain that, even the greater part belonged to the association, and there are strong reasons for believing that many mistakes were made. Any one who had talked with the nanigos in the prisons of Havana, in the vessels in which they were transported to Spain, or in the Peninsula, afterwards, will have heard many of them say: "I was a member; but there are many here who were not members." They also gave the names, the occupation and the age of the victims.

The method employed to determine who should be transported could not be more defective than it was. There was no trial, nor anything resembling one. No proofs, no defence, no witnesses, no publicity. Every Saturday the Chiefs of Police of all the districts met together. Each one presented the list of persons arrested by him as supposed nanigos. If a magistrate was interested in any one arrested by order of another magistrate, he spoke in favor of his protégé, who was set at liberty. In Havana it was regarded as certain that the police accepted money from those arrested. It is beyond a doubt that the manner of living of all the police officials—inspectors, wardens, etc., was not in accordance with the modest salaries which they received.

The government of Madrid has been blamed without reason for having sent back to Cuba the men thus deported as nanigos. Having renounced their authority over the island, Spain could not retain in her prisons persons over whom she no longer exercised any species of jurisdiction, and who, besides, had not been condemned by any regular court.

The fault was not in sending them back to Cuba, but in having taken them thence solely on the warrant of a police officer that had by no means the reputation of being over-scrupulous.

It is probable that under the new rule naniguria will disappear, for it is plain that its environment, both political and social, has contributed to the preservation of the association. The population of Cuba is composed of three elements—the European, the American, and the African. In the contact of races it is not one race only that is influenced and that undergoes modification. The European, and still more the American, of the poor and ignorant classes in Cuba, has become Africanized. He has taken from the African words for his vocabulary and music for his songs. The rites of the nanigos show that he has also accepted something of his idolatry, a symptom which tells what would have been the condition of the island if there had not been a constant and abundant infusion into its population of other blood.

Thanks to this infusion, Cuba and Porto Rico are the only tropical countries capable of an organization similar to that of the European States.—New York Post.

From an Obituary Notice.  
"He was a man of great perseverance and enterprise. Nearly three years ago he buried his wife, with whom he had been united in marriage almost fifty years."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

### A Hero of the Windsor Hotel Fire.

During the terrible fire which destroyed the Windsor Hotel, in New York City, on March 17, there were performed a number of heroic deeds as splendid as any ever done in war. All these can not even be mentioned; but what was perhaps the very bravest deed of all should be recorded.

Edward Ford, a fireman of Extension Truck No. 20, has the honor of having been the last fireman to leave the hotel, bringing down the last person rescued alive. The brave man would not talk for publication himself, but a comrade who witnessed the rescue told the story partly as he saw it, and partly in Ford's own words.

It appears that Ford was going home on the elevated railroad, when he saw the smoke of the fire. At the Fifth street station, he broke from the train and rushed to the scene of the conflagration. When he arrived the smoke was pouring out of every window, and the building apparently about to fall. "I pushed my way through the crowd," he said, "and had begun work with the hose company, when some one shouted that there was an old woman in a room on the sixth story on the Fifth avenue side. I could not see any one at the window. I saw one fireman up there, but he was in the room to the north of where the woman was said to be, and he could not see her, or know that she was there. I determined to go up myself. There was a scaling ladder from the second floor up to the room where the fireman was, and I took a thirty-five-foot ladder and placed it inside the hotel railing, and started up."

In a few minutes he had reached the top, and found a comrade there named Bill Clarke. The room was full of smoke, and the men could hear the fire roaring and crackling outside. Thinking to get into the next room by means of the hall, Ford threw himself against the hall door and forced it open, but a storm of flames and smoke burst into the room, almost suffocating him. He tried to force the door closed again, but the hinges were broken, and he fell outward into the flames. Then he tried the windows. "I stood on the stone lintel of the window below," he said, "and grasped the woodwork with my left hand. Then I reached for the next window, but it was too far off. I stood my feet firmly on the lintel, and I was standing and made a jump for the other one. Fortunately I caught the sill firmly, drew my body up, and looked in. There was a woman on the floor on her knees. As I sprang in she turned and grasped me convulsively. 'Save me, for God's sake!' she cried."

The brave fellow took her up and dragged her to the window, calling to Clarke for help. He grasped her firmly around the waist and climbed out on to the lintel of the window below, holding himself close to the building. Clarke was already outside of the window, and tried to reach, but the distance was too great. The woman was afraid that she was going to fall, and kept praying and shrieking to be saved, at the same time grasping at everything within reach, and greatly hampering the movements of the men. "At last," said Ford, "I shook her free from her hold on the window-sill. She then became unconscious, and was a dead weight on my arm." All this time the fire was eating on the woodwork of the room toward the window, and the part to which Ford was holding began to sear. "I shifted my hold," he said, "for another on the top of the sill, and bent my head and shoulders low to get out of the range of the flames, which were already searing the edge of the window. I called to Clarke to reach over to me, as I could not hold any more. He leaned as far as he could hold on with his left hand, and reached out with his right. I lifted the woman toward him with all the strength I had left, and he seized her around the waist. Clarke is a big, powerful man, and succeeded in getting her to the top of the ladder."

Clarke then took the woman down to the sidewalk and brought her to a drug store. She was found to be Mrs. Chisholm, a grey-haired lady of fifty or sixty years. This was the last person taken from the building, and three or four minutes later the walls fell in.

Helped Out by a Bear.  
An old although rather brutal story of a man's adventure with a bear, is told in the "History of Williams County, Ohio." John Gillet had made up his mind, from various signs, that there was a nest of bear cubs somewhere in his neighborhood. One day, when he was out hunting for them, he grew tired, and as his good luck had it, sat down to rest beside the very stump in which the nest was hidden.

Hearing the cubs scratching inside, he leaned the branch of a tree against the stump, which was a very tall one, climbed up, looked down into the hollow, and saw two cubs about the size of "full-grown rat dogs." Without stopping to think, he jumped into the hole, caught the cubs, tied their mouths so that they could not squeal, and fastened their feet so that they could not scratch; but, then, Gillet could not say, in telling the story, "I knew the old bear would be along pretty soon and make it hot for me if she found me in the nest; so I swung the youngsters into my buckskin belt, preparatory to getting out."

"Get out? Did I get out? Land o' love! It makes me shiver to think of it yet. I could no more get out of that stump than I could fly. The hollow was well-shaded, larger at the bottom than at the top—so large, in fact, that I could not put my back against one side and my feet and hands against the other and crawl up, as rabbits and other animals climb up inside of hollow trees. In no way could I get up a foot.

"There were no sticks inside to help me up, and I made up my mind I had to die, certain. About the time I came to this conclusion I heard the old bear climbing up the outside of the stump. With only my hunting knife as a means of defence, and in such close quarters, you may possibly imagine my feelings.

"The old bear was not more than half a minute climbing up the stump, but it seemed like a month, at least. I thought of all my sins a dozen times over. At last she reached the top, but she did not seem to suspect my presence at all, as she turned round and began slowly descending, tail foremost. I felt as though my last hour had come, and I began to think seriously of lying down and letting the bear kill me, so as to get out of my misery as quickly as possible.

"Suddenly an idea struck me, and I began to hope. I drew out my hunting knife and stood on tiptoe. When the bear was about seven feet from the bottom of the hollow, I fastened on her tail with a viselike grip, and with my right hand drove my hunting knife to the hilt in her haunch, at the same time yelling like a whole tribe of Indians.

"What did she do? Well, you should have seen the performance. She did not stop to reflect a moment, but shot out at the top of the stump like a bullet out of a gun. I held on until we reached the ground. Then the old bear went like lightning into the brush, and was out of sight in half a minute.

"I took the cubs to Adrian the next day, and got five dollars apiece for them."

### Drave Bernadon.

Lieutenant Bernadon's classmates say that he fears nothing on earth—or water. His fearlessness overcomes any consciousness of self.

One afternoon in October, 1881, the United States steamer Kearsarge, Captain G. B. White, lay at anchor in Hampton Roads. The weather had been stormy for a day or two, and the wind had kicked up a heavy sea. There was a strong tide running, and the vessel swung out on a long cable. A seaman by the name of Christoverson, who was boat-tender in one of the cutters swinging at the lower booms, went out and down the Jacob's ladder. In stepping to the thwart his foot slipped, and he fell overboard.

There was a hoarse cry of "man overboard." Seaman Robert Sweeney, who saw the accident, running out along the boom, plunged in without delay, just as the man came up the second time. Bernadon, then a cadet midshipman, heard the cry, and rushing to the gangway saw the terrible struggle of Sweeney with the drowning man as the tide swept them toward the sea. Bernadon tossed off his coat and was overboard in an instant. Christoverson, in his fierce struggle, carried Sweeney down with him, the latter only breaking away to be carried down again.

Bernadon by this time was within reach, and catching the drowning man from behind managed to relieve Sweeney until a line was thrown him, and they were finally hauled aboard in an exhausted condition. For this act both Bernadon and the sailor received the recommendations of their captain and the thanks of William H. Hunt, then Secretary of the Navy.

### A Cool-Headed Girl of Twelve.

Twelve-year-old Bessie Kinney lives in Los Angeles, Cal. The other day her mother sent her to the market for meat. Mounted on her pony, she was returning from the market when a runaway horse dashed past, dragging an empty carriage. Bessie gave chase. Her pony is a fast one, and she was soon able to catch hold of the bit of the runaway with her left hand, all the while tightly clasping the meat and the pony's reins in her right. Gradually pulling back on the frightened runaway and quieting it with soothing words, she finally brought it to a standstill, after a chase of fifteen blocks. Then she went home, leaving the bystanders to publish her brave deed. The papers of her town tell it with words of praise.

### Attacked by a Wild Cat.

Richard Wheeler, a Birmingham sewing machine agent, recently had a thrilling experience near Melrose, says the New York Press. He was riding a horse along an old log road, on his way to see a customer, when a wildcat sprang from the bushes with a growl, gave two or three leaps and seized the horse by the neck. Wheeler kicked at it as hard as he could until it let go and then dropped in front of the running horse. He didn't hear any more from the wildcat, and, after he had quieted the horse and hitched him to a tree, he went back, struck some matches and searched for the savage beast. It lay in the road with a crushed skull, the horse having apparently trod upon it as it fell.

### A New Guard For Watches.

Watches can be securely held in the pocket by a new guard, formed of a two-piece snap button, having one portion of the button sewed in the fabric to the pocket and the other attached to the chain, a slight pressure on the parts locking them so that the chain cannot be pulled out easily.

### The Substitute For Trees.

The latest in the building line is the aluminum hut for Klondike miners. When packed for carriage it weighs 110 pounds. It is composed of four sides and a roof of thin sheets of aluminum, and when put up it contains 190 cubic feet.

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

### Flowers For Seal.

If you are artistically inclined a very pretty and novel way of sealing your letters is to form flowers with various colors of wax, thus doing away with the old-fashioned monogram. Pansies are very easily formed by first using violet wax, giving slight curves to the outer edges, and then white or yellow in the centre, twisting it around a few times to produce a decided paucity effect. Roses are easily made by using the different shades of pink. If the seal is brought to a thin, sharp stem when finishing the effect will be greatly heightened.

### Delicately Perfumed Linen.

Sachets of lavender and of violet powder are popular to lay in drawers among clothing. Perhaps even nicer are pieces of pumice stone saturated with some perfume. A delicious scent for this purpose is made of half an ounce of wholeorris root and two ounces of spirits of wine.

Be sure that the orris root is the real thing, and that it is fresh. Pound and break it up into little pieces, and let it remain in the spirit several days. Then use it to saturate the pumice stone, and place it among your clothing. It will fill your room with the delicious odor of fresh violets.

### Advice to Stout Women.

It has often been urged, but it seems well to emphasize by much repetition that women of generous proportions should invariably renounce all of these round-waisted styles, no matter how beautiful they appear on some other slender figure, or how universally the rage for them increases. Adopting these waists is not a matter of age, for the young, the mature, and the elderly and them comfortable and useful. It is simply a matter of figure, and for women inclined to stoutness, there are many close, trim, and attractive models which make them look better and slenderer than any of the "round" styles, festooned with net, draped with lace, and finished with clinging ribbon, bells and bows, which cut off the apparent length of the waist by two or three inches.

### The Summer Shirt-Waists.

Some pretty shirt-waist models have been designed for the summer, some of them showing a deep sailor collar, joined to pointed revers that reach the belt in front; the entire piece of woven gauze lace, with cuffs and girder to match. These trimmings adorn pique, linen and duck waists, as well as those of taffeta, foulard, or wash silk; other styles are trimmed with very handsome Swiss or Irish point embroideries. Again waists are seen with removable vests, stock collars and girdles of Liberty satin. Besides these are countless morning vests formed of Indian linen, percale, dimity, bishops' lawn, fine qualities of dotted and cross-barred muslin, plain and fancy swivel silk and zephyrgingham. The majority of these resemble as nearly as possible a boy's shirt-waist, with a single pla down the front, a few gathers on each side of this pla and on the shoulders, and a double-pointed yoke on the back. The regular shirt sleeve is shaped with but little fullness on the shoulder, and the entire model is small and extremely plain.

### Summer Gowns.

The cloudlike silk muslin that promises to be the most fashionable summer ball gown has full-blown roses in two shades of pink or in yellow and red on their faint blue, deep cream or lemon-tinted backgrounds. Zephyrginghams and piques, with damask stripes or flower patterns, are going to have the first choice in wash goods, while all the colored cotton goods from Scotland show small plaids in two colors with striped stripes.

Soft sashes of gazans, with ruffled ends, appear on some of the new gowns, falling in front or at one side, which is prophetic of Empire styles again, and gauze scarfs. It is promised, too, that the skirts of the thin summer gowns shall be elaborately ruffled or ruffled in the form of an overdress or tunic variously shaped at the bottom and rounded up overdress fashion at the sides. Other hints reveal the double and triple as one of the features in thin gowns. Lace insertions, arranged in various squirming designs, and the lovers' knot in particular, will be lavishly used to decorate organdies, batistes and other thin fabrics. Narrow ribbon, both gathered and plain, bids fair to extend its popularity as a trimming through another season.

### The Southern Girl.

In concluding an editorial inspired by a Southern girl's regret that she cannot go to college, Edward Bok, in the Ladies' Home Journal, has this to say of the girls of the Southland: "The Southern girl is surrounded by a life far truer and more conducive to self-development than girls living in other sections, because social conditions are more normal. Her life is healthier because it is saner, and her mind, by reason of it, is clearer and more constantly at rest. The rush of life of the North and West is not so stimulating as many Southern girls suppose. On the contrary, it wears women out as often as it develops them. In no part of our country do women look younger at maturity than in the South. To the Southern girl, too, nature blooms in a profusion as she does nowhere else. The natural history which the Northern girl must get out of books the Southern girl gets direct from nature's own hand. She is born of a soil as rich and classical in her history as is the

literature of Spain. This she receives as a natural heritage. Her parents are, and her ancestors were, among the best types of American chivalry and American womanhood. She hears but one language spoken, and that is her own. If there is the introduction of another tongue it is French, and with these two she can travel the world over and never be at a disadvantage. The religion which she learns from her mother is the highest and best because it is unstained with modern revelations."

The trust friend and safest teacher in "highest living" a girl can have is her mother, and in the South mothers have a way of finding time for their daughters and being companions to them. The Southern father is fond of his children, and proves it by his presence at the domestic hearth after his day's business is over."

### Melba's Excuse For Being Late.

When Mme. Melba went to the Grand Opera House the other night, not as a performer but as a listener, there was a slight delay about her arrival. She did not reach her box in time for the opening bars of "I Pagliacci," and everybody wondered.

But the great songstress was arranging a happy event for a bedraggled young girl who had blocked her entrance to the Opera House. Just as she alighted at the canvas awning she caught sight of the upturned face of a girl standing in the pouring rain waiting for a glimpse of her. She was only a poor factory girl, who lived somewhere in the unfashionable neighborhood of the Grand Opera House. Even for her class she was not very well dressed, nor very well bred; but she had the divine love of music in her heart and in her eyes, and Melba caught the gratifying light of true hero worship.

The great singer did not ask the management to pass in this stray admirer, as she might have done, and so have gained for the girl an uncomfortable hour in the back row of the well-dressed orchestra chairs. She had too much consideration, even for such a lowly guest.

With a softly spoken, "Come with me," she led the girl up to the box window of the gallery, and procured her a seat, for which she herself paid with two big silver dollars. Then Melba quickly sought her own proper box, from a corner of which she smiled softly to herself several times during some of Chailia's best songs, as she recalled the look she had brought to the eyes of her damp and bedraggled protégée.—San Francisco News-Letter.

### Gossip.

Miss Cong is an Alderman of the London County Council.

Miss Leigh Spencer, of British Columbia, is a missing broker.

There are twenty-three English women practicing medicine in India. In Austria-Hungary about 3,000,000 women are engaged in industrial pursuits.

Sarah Bernhardt was once intended for a milliner, and came very near being sent to a shop to learn the trade.

When the Empress of China travels she carries with her 8000 dresses, filling 600 boxes, in charge of 1200 coolies.

Women in Great Britain are well represented in the professions and trades, and about 4,000,000 earn their own living.

A successful firm of tea merchants in London is composed entirely of women. The blenders, tasters and packers are also women.

Miss Gwendolyn N. D. Kelley, of Columbus, Ohio, is at work on a miniature of Mrs. McKinley, which is intended by the sitter as a gift to the President.

There are twenty women who are pastors in the Iowa yearly Friends' (Quakers') meeting, and they are reported to be doing good work, and are well suited to their field of labor.

Mrs. Leonard Wood, the wife of General Wood, interested herself in her husband's work when he was an army surgeon, and under his direction read medicine to such good purpose that it is now said she could easily secure a diploma from any medical college.

### Gleanings From the Shops.

Satin-bordered squares of soft, light wool suitings for summer.

Sashes of variously colored crepe de chene with long fringed ends.

Every variety of untrimmed hat shapes in chips and tussan braids.

Embroidered swiss muslins showing fancy stripes of colored figures.

Summer gowns trimmed with numerous flounces out in deep scallops.

Golf score-books made of leather in various colors and prettily decorated.

New style blazer coats with white revers and black satin braid trimming.

Linen lawns in conventional patterns on a white, blue or black foundation.

Sailor suits for children, appropriately trimmed with gilt braid and emblems.

Pompadour pekin taffetas showing richly colored stripes on various dark colors.

Delicately colored chiffonettes showing clusters of silken cord in contrast.

White silk parasols covered with black velvet appliques out in the form of crescents.

Ready-made sleeves of net appliqued with lace or lace alone in some striking pattern.

Pretty cameo-striped chiffons in combinations of blue, white, mauve and yellow with white.—Dry Goods Economist.

## MAKING PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

The Torture of the Unfortunate Goose Beyond Conception.

To the ordinary man and woman conception of the torture to which poor, unfortunate geese is put is possibly be imagined.

The geese, when about nine months old, are taken from the pastures and placed in an underground cellar where broad, slanting stone slabs stand in rows, and are bound fast to the tables. They are literally crucified.

Feet, wings and bodies are spread out and bound by hands, so that only the neck is left free. As may be imagined, the animal struggles with all its might against this stretching, till, after days of vain endeavor to free itself from the bands and its position, its powers of resistance are overcome, and a dull resignation, broken only by its low cries, takes possession of it. Two months must pass away before death brings relief.

The animals meanwhile are crammed with dumplings made of a dough of buckwheat, chestnuts and stewed maize. Every two hours, six times a day, they receive from three to five dumplings, which in time become so sweet to the tortured creatures that they stretch their necks to be crammed.

The most difficult task is to determine the right moment for death. Those who die of their own accord are lost to the liver factory, therefore a kind of study is needed to see when the cup of agony is brimming full and the liver is ripe for taking. The bodies of such ripe ones are like pumpkins—where ordinarily fingers are buried in flesh and fat nothing but skin and bone is found. The livers have absorbed all the strength and juices.—Paris Figaro.

### He Couldn't Forego That.

It was in Bradford. An old man was about to step in front of a steam tram going at full speed, when a hand seized him and flung him back. It was a narrow shave, and as soon as the old man realized it he extended his hand to his rescuer and exclaimed: "You have saved my life, and I can never repay the debt!"

"I deserve no thanks," was the modest reply.

"But you deserve more than thanks. I am a rich man, and I want to give you some substantial token of my gratitude. Here—let me write you a check for—"

"I couldn't accept anything—really, I couldn't," protested the other, "but there is something you might do for me all the same."

"Speak and it shall be done."

"You are a rich man, and I know you by name. I am secretary of the gas company. Every month when you come in to pay your bill you make a tremendous row for half an hour, and declare that we are highway robbers. If you would only agree—"

"Not to make a row over my gas bill. Never, sir, never! You saved my life, and I am ready to draw you a check for whatever sum you want, but as foregoing a privilege granted only to free-born Britons, I can't surrender it—couldn't do it if you saved my life a dozen times over!"—Tit Bits.

### Owners of England's Soil.

"It is interesting to observe how many good opportunities the thrifty poor people of this country have to acquire valuable property," remarked a prominent Englishman. "In England the poor classes have no such chances, as more than half the soil of the United Kingdom is nominally owned by some 2000 wealthy persons, who refuse to sell their land. These persons are the owners of 22,880,755 acres, or nearly 5,000,000 acres more than one-fourth of the total area of the United Kingdom. The mind is unable grasp what such a monopoly costs the country, but certain features of it stand forth with a prominence sufficiently notable. In a most absolute sense the well-being of the entire population of some 32,000,000 souls is placed in the power of a few thousands. For these thousands the multitude toils, and it may be on occasion starves."

"Hence it is that all through rural England we have continually before us the most saddening of all spectacles—two or three families living in great splendor, and hard by their gates the miserably poor, the subject slaves of the soil, whose sole hope in life is too often the workhouse—that famous device against revolution paid for by the middle class—and the pauper's grave."—Washington Star.

### The Smallest Dwarf on Earth.

"We've got by long odds the tiniest mite of humanity in the world in this neighborhood," remarked a Sands street (Brooklyn) druggist a day or so ago.

"Tom Thumb and all those other dwarfs of more or less fame would never be in it with this pigmy in view of its smallness. Why, this fellow is so little he'd get lost in your change pocket. You don't believe it? Read that then."

The apothecary fished into a drawer and handed over a grumpled and dirty bit of paper.

"A little girl of the neighborhood came in with that from her mother a few days ago, and I saved it as a curiosity," said the druggist.

On the paper was written in sprawling characters the following remarkable request:

"Please give the girl five cents' worth of quinine for a six-year-old boy in a capsule."—New York Times.

### The Proper Way of Breathing.

To learn to breathe properly, inflate the lungs and walk for five paces, keeping the mouth shut and breathing through the nose, increasing the five paces to ten, and then to fifteen or more. Follow this up by taking several long breaths after getting up in the morning, and again before retiring.—Ladies' Home Journal.