

THE GIANTS AT CAMBRIA.

Survival of a Peculiar Custom in the North of France.

Each year, in the middle of August, the parish feasts at Cambria, in France, are concluded with the march of the giants. The cortege was particularly fine this year, the Gayant family of Douai and Reuse of Dunkirk having responded to the invitation of the Cambrians.

The various programs published at Cambria have taken care to recall to mind the origin of the institution of the popular giants of Flanders. It was Charles V., said some of these, who endowed the subjects of the north with this diversification, to the end that he might engage and amuse these people of restless spirit. Others affirm that the giants arose spontaneously out of the soul of the people. They are the heroic warriors who have saved the city, and of whom the remembrance is perpetuated under this symbolical aspect.

However that may be, for the most part the towns of Flanders, Belgium, have their giant. For instance, there is Grandfather Giant at Malines; Druon Antigon at Anvers, who came to take part in the fetes of Van Dyck; Hercules at Louvaine; Ommegeant at Brussels; Lideric and Phinar at Lille; Goliath at Ath; Longeman at Hasselt; The Dragon at Mons, and, finally, Gayant and Reuse at Dunkirk. Each one has a local history. The date of birth of others is unknown and uncertain.

saw two men trying to break into his father's safe. The boy got a hatchet and crept up behind the burglars, intending to kill them, but lost heart and retreated to the next room. There he made an outcry, expecting that the men would run, but they kept steadily at work on the safe. Young Filsinger went upstairs and aroused his father, telling him in the sign language what was happening. Both went downstairs to attack the cracksmen, who were making a noisy job of the safe. As the Filsingers entered the room the burglars saw them and ran for the window, communicating with each other by signs. Filsinger saw that the burglars were deaf mutes like himself and was so surprised that he forgot to chase them. He notified the police, and this afternoon Henry Braven and John Weber, both deaf and dumb, were arrested. They confessed.

Tallest Man in the Philippine Army. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that Aginaldo's little brown warriors run when the Colorado regiment appears in their vicinity, for the color-bearer of that regiment is the tallest man in the Philippine army. In addition he is a former college football player and has distinguished himself by acts of bravery on several battlefields. Color-Sergeant Richard G. Holmes, of whom all Colorado is

mind him of his duty by putting his various orders in the pockets of his dress-suit trousers. On one occasion, says the Berlin Borsenecourier, he was invited with the other Heidelberg professors to dine with a Baden prince. He entered the room late, after the guests had assembled, and one of his colleagues turned to him and said: "Excuse me, Herr Gehelmuth, but what have you done with your orders?" Bunsen was taken aback; he thought for a moment and then, plunging his hand into his left trousers' pocket, pulled out a fist full of stars and crosses. As soon as they recovered from their astonishment every one began to laugh, but Bunsen said, good-naturedly, "Oh, I have a lot more," and pulled another handful out of the right-hand pocket of his trousers.

TWO STORIES FOR ANGLERS.

Trout Caught Twenty-Four Hours After It Took the Fly.

A well-known Albany angler had a unique experience this summer trout fishing in Canada. He was sent out from camp to catch a mess for supper. He was fishing with three flies on a single leader. At the first cast his fly was taken by a good-sized trout that leaped from the water to grab it. He evidently got the leader on a "slack" before the line was tightened from the rod, as he snapped it off and went swimming away with the two flies and broken leader trailing behind. Next day the angler revisited the lake, and as he was looking over the side of the boat he espied in ten or fifteen feet of water the big trout that had taken his leader the night before. A closer examination revealed that his trout-ship was safely hitched to the dead branch of a tree which had fallen into the water. In swimming about one of the two free hooks on the leader had caught in the branch and that ended the migrations of the trout still firmly hooked by the fly he had grabbed. Rowing ashore the angler stripped and dove for his prize. He secured it and a piece of the branch, and to-day has the stuffed trout with hook still in his jaw and the other hook embedded in the broken branch mounted as a piscatorial study and souvenir of the incident.—Albany Argus.

PACK MULES

And the Tremendous Loads They Can Carry.

New York Mail and Express: The pack mule is quite as much an institution as the team mule, and is absolutely indispensable in the mountains. Mule packing is a fine art, and with a well-trained animal and a skillful packer you can safely transport anything from a piano to a bag of oats. When the packer has finished his job in an artistic manner the animal may buck or back, kick or rear, or roll, but he cannot rid himself of his burden, and he finally gives it up in despair. After two or three experiences he will submit to his destiny and fall into line with the rest of the train every morning to receive his load from the packer. A well-trained pack mule is always proud of his load, and if by any means he gets it loose he will step quietly out of line and wait until the packmaster comes along to tighten it. The most serious objection to the mule, which you sometimes find in human beings also, is the delusion that he can sing. One who has never heard a mule solo cannot appreciate the extent of his mistake; but like everything else about a mule, his song is strictly original. It belongs to no other animal. No one can describe, and no one can imitate it.

Wishing Wells.

In Scotland old customs die hard, especially in the Highlands, as was evidenced the first Sunday in May, when the time-honored practice of paying a visit to the wells, the waters of which are known for their healing virtues, was observed by hundreds of persons. Young and old journeyed from Inverness during the day to St. Mary's Well, which is situated near to blasted Culoden Heath, and after drinking the water a coin was dropped into the well. This act is supposed to be an earnest of good health and success during the year. The practice of visiting "wishing wells" has descended from father to son, and despite the fact that many ministers point out that it is not conducive to keeping the Sabbath holy, and is only fit for superstitious barbarians, still the numbers who go to the well never diminish. Not only was the practice observed in parts of Invernesshire, but in Rosshire also numbers of people visited the famous healing well of Cragie Howe, deposited their coins, and returned apparently satisfied that trouble and sickness had effectually been guarded against in the coming year.

Why Alligators Kept Away.

A naval officer, whose ship was stationed off the coast of Ceylon, recently went off for a day's shooting along the coast, accompanied by a native attendant who was well acquainted with the country. Coming to a particularly inviting river he resolved to have a bath, and asked the native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary. The officer thoroughly enjoyed his dip, and while drying himself he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool. "Because, sah," promptly replied the Cingalese, "they plenty 'fraid of shark!'"—Spare Moments.

The front steps are a real clue to the inmates of the house.

THAT TROUT AFFAIR.

Grimbsy said that he was perfectly delighted when Johnson told him over the telephone that if he would send down his office boy he would present to him a box of brook trout. Johnson had just returned the day before from the Catskills, where he had caught the trout.

"Put the box in some cool place till I start for home," Grimbsy had said to his office boy. But Worth street dry goods houses do not abound in cool places on midsummer afternoons, and when at 5 o'clock the office boy produced the box of trout for the departing Grimbsy he added, with a respectful smile: "It wouldn't do no harm, sir, if you was to sit in the smoking car on your way out."

"What do you mean?" demanded Grimbsy.

"The office boy said nothing, but enlivened rather suggestively in the direction of the trout."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Grimbsy, angrily. "They were caught only yesterday." And he thought what a delightful surprise they would be for his wife. They would have some for supper.

Grimbsy lives in New Jersey, and is one of that sad-looking band of commuters that press to the front of the ferryboat and stand each night, wan and weary, under the rays of the setting sun. But tonight Grimbsy noticed that the crowd around him was thin. In fact, it formed a fairly respectable circle, and some people made ill-natured remarks about "giving it air." Grimbsy was indignant. It was perfectly absurd to suppose that trout caught only yesterday could begin to spoil so soon. Besides, Johnson had told him that the fish were packed in grass, as they would carry much better that way than in ice.

All the same, it was an unpleasant coincidence, soon after he sat down in the train and placed the box under his seat, that two or three old men near him should rise, make testy remarks of "how close it was," and throw the car windows up with a bang.

When Grimbsy stepped off the train he made a rush for a carriage. Livery stable hacks come high, but he felt like getting home quickly.

Cornelia was a devoted wife, but she sometimes lacked tact. She started to greet her husband with more than usual cordiality, when she suddenly stopped and gazed at the box suspiciously. Grimbsy came to the rescue at once:

"That contains a mess of beautiful brook trout, fresh caught. Johnson was kind enough to make me a present of them," and Grimbsy set the box down with bustling cheerfulness.

"But they've gone bad, Fred," she



A FEW FRESH TROUT.

blurted out: "You can smell 'em a mile off. Why, it's simply horrible." Grimbsy flushed angrily. "My dear," he said, "you may think you know all about housekeeping, but when it comes to fish and game, you're nothing but a baby," and Grimbsy glared at her indignantly. "Besides," he added, "those trout were given to me by one of my best friends, and we're going to have them for supper."

"Very well, mum," said Katie, holding her apron to her nose, after Grimbsy had gone up stairs, "but I'm thinking that them poor fish needs an undertaker more than they do a cook."

"It has occurred to me," said Grimbsy, when he came down to the table somewhat mollified by seeing some of his precious trout ready for him, "that it would be a nice thing to give Robinson and his new wife a few of the trout. They get so little in the way of the season's delicacies." And Grimbsy sat down bravely before his fish. They certainly had a curious odor, but then Grimbsy knew that trout were wholly different from other fish, and he fell to work.

"My dear," he said finally to his wife, "do you know these trout are perfectly splendid; but I never cared for the flavor of brook trout. It is a taste that everyone says has to be cultivated. Robinson, though, I am sure, appreciates trout. How would it do to send him over the whole boxful? I believe in being neighborly, and they would be a real treat for Robinson and his wife."

Right after supper Mrs. Grimbsy sent Katie over to the Robinsons with the box of trout, and a cordial message from Mr. Grimbsy to Robinson.

"My gosh!" exclaimed Robinson, the moment that the Grimbsy cook was beyond hearing, "what trick is Grimbsy trying to play on me now! When he starts to send me diseased animals, I begin to object!"

Now, Robinson's wife had a great admiration for Grimbsy, and protested vehemently that the gift was a most generous and gracious one. "Of course, the trout are fresh, and a great rarity," she declared, and began carefully to remove the cover of the box.

"They look lovely," added Mrs. Robinson, when she had fairly got the inmates of the house.

cared for trout. They are really a cultivated taste, you know."

"Umph!" grunted Robinson. Soon after the Robinson's maid might have been seen wending her way through the back yard with a covered basket in her hands. She was on her way to the Hills in the next street, great friends of the Robinsons.

Mrs. Robinson sent a sweet little note to Mrs. Hill that "a friend has just sent us some beautiful, fresh-caught trout. But, unfortunately, neither my husband nor I care for trout, and we hope that you will accept them."

"How sweet of her!" exclaimed Mrs. Hill, but her husband eyed the basket askance. "Smells more like a dead cat," he blurted out.

"I declare," said his wife, who by this time had put the basket on the hall table and had taken off the cover. "I declare, they do have a curious odor. Why, they are smelling up the whole house. We can't stand this," and she hurried out again with the precious trout and laid the basket on the front porch.

"Do you know, Jim," she said, after gazing for several moments at the odor-bearing basket, "I believe those fish are probably all right. The fact is, we don't know a thing about trout. We've always lived by the sea, where they catch nothing but shad and cod-fish balls."

"I tell you what," and she clapped her hands at the thought, "we'll send the trout over to the Grimbsys. Grimbsy is all the time telling about his elegant friends, and we'll tell him that we have some, too, who shower trout upon us. The fish are undoubtedly all right, or Mrs. Robinson wouldn't have sent them to us. And the Grimbsys will enjoy them so much. They do eat such a poor table ordinarily!"

It was a little after 9 o'clock, as Grimbsy and his wife sat on their front porch, when they heard steps approaching, and almost at once a strangely familiar and penetrating odor was wafted to them again.

"A few fresh trout that Mrs. Hill begged you to accept for breakfast tomorrow," said Mrs. Hill's maid, and she took her departure, depositing the journey-worn trout at Grimbsy's feet.

There was silence for the space of several moments, when Mrs. Grimbsy irreverently remarked: "Be sure your sin will find you out," and Grimbsy did not rebuke her.—New York Tribune.

RICHES OF THE TRANSVAAL.

Some Idea of What England Is Going to War to Secure.

Just now, when the eyes of the world are on the Transvaal and various reports are being put forward as to what reason exists for plunging that country into war with Great Britain, a report furnished this government by Consul Macrum at Pretoria is interesting. He says: "According to a report just published the output of diamonds in the Pretoria district during 1898 amounted to 11,025 carats, valued at £8,867 (\$43,151.25). In December, 1897, the output was 166 carats, valued at £146 (\$710.51) and for the same month in 1898 the output was 3,100 carats, with a value of £2,389 (\$11,626.97). The largest stone found in 1898 was thirty-eight and one-half carats. Although the diamond industry is not developing with abnormal rapidity, there is every cause for satisfaction, the first stone having been discovered at Reitfontein only in August, 1897. The average value of stones found in this district is 61 shillings (\$3.98) per carat, the average value of Kimberly diamonds 26 shillings (\$6.33) per carat, and those found at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State, 34 shillings (\$8.27) per carat. The diamonds in the Pretoria district are found in pipes, as on Schuller's mine and on Montrose. A similar formation has been found on Rooede-plaats, on the Pienaars river, and another is also reported at Kameelfontein and Buffelsduff. On the De Kroon farm, about twenty-six miles west of Pretoria, diamonds have been found, but, according to the state geologist, not in a blue ground formation. At Bynespoort an alluvial deposit is being worked; also one on the adjoining portion of the Elandsfontein farm. The area of diamondiferous ground is very extensive, though its thickness is not considerable. The total quantity of diamonds found in 1898 in the Transvaal was 22,845 carats, valued at £43,730 (\$212,812.04). At the alluvial diggings 12,283 carats, valued at £35,228 (\$171,437.06), were found, while from the pipes 10,560 carats, valued at £8,502 (\$41,374.98), were obtained. The difference between alluvial and pipe diamonds consists in the fact that river stones are of a far better quality and are generally larger."

Misunderstood Him.

A lecturer who protested against people going to sleep during his dissertations on heathen lands would, if he perceived any tendency in that direction, introduce some queer or startling statement to revive their flagging attention. On one occasion when his audience seemed rather somnolent he thundered out: "Ah, you have no idea of the suffering of Englishmen in Central America, on account of the enormous mosquitoes. A great many of these pests would weigh a pound, and they will get on the logs and bark as the white men are passing." By this time all ears and eyes were wide open, and he proceeded to finish his lecture. The next day he was called upon to account for his extraordinary statements. "But I didn't say one mosquito would weigh a pound," he protested; "I did say a great many of them would. I think perhaps a million of them might do so." "But you said they bark at the missionaries," persisted his interlocutor. "No, no, my dear sir; I said they would get on the logs and on the bark. You misunderstood me."—Exchange.

WILD BATTLE.

How a Zoo Keeper Was Nearly Crushed by Constrictors.

"There's a snake keeper in the Philadelphia zoo who won't do it again. He tried to separate two large pythons who were fighting for the remains of a half-devoured chicken and suffered the proverbial fate of the peacemaker. There are three pythons in one glass cage, and there is always some care required in feeding them. Each must receive his meal at the same moment as the others, or trouble follows. This particular keeper, whose name is Thompson, opened the door the other day, and the snakes knew it was dinner time. They lifted their great, scaly heads and stood ready. Thompson threw a newly killed fowl to the biggest one, and one each to the others with the greatest possible expedition. Then he stood ready for the second course. The biggest snake was through first, and promptly got the second fowl. The others, as they finished, each received a second help. Then Thompson turned to push back the curious crowd of observers, and in this brief interval the trouble began. Snake No. 1 had swallowed his second fowl, and there was no third one ready. But snake No. 3 still had some of his fowl protruding unswallowed from his jaws. Like a lightning stroke snake No. 1 struck for the chicken, and in a twinkling the two monsters were writhing in each other's terrible grip. Thompson knew what this meant. When pythons fight it is to the death, and the weaker of these two was bound to be a dead snake in a few minutes if they were not separated. The keeper did not pause. He threw open the door, jumped in, and was soon using all his strength in desperate efforts to tear them apart. The crowd surged up to the glass cage, greatly excited. After a struggle he seemed to succeed. The snakes slowly unwound, but before Thompson could get himself clear of them and escape they had twined about him. He tried to free himself, then gave up the struggle in an attempt to prevent his chest from being crushed in. The huge snakes wound their bodies around the man's limbs. Thompson stood motionless. The crowd gazed spellbound at the man, who was gradually weakening under the weight of the reptiles. Other keepers, attracted by the excitement, arrived in the snake house and pushed through the crowd to the caged man. Three of them jumped in and beat the big snakes until they freed the captive. Thompson was badly crushed, but otherwise not injured.

GOT HIS CLEAN CLOTHES.

He Had No Money, but Had Nerve and an Easy Chinaman.

That there are more ways than one to accomplish a thing if a man only has the necessary nerve is illustrated by the experience of a young man. The young man tells the story himself, so there is no betrayal of confidence in printing it. It seems that he had a big bundle of collars and cuffs and shirts at a Chinese laundry a night or two ago, some articles in which he needed very much. The night was the furthest in the week from his pay day, and he was "broke." Still he had to have clean linen in order to keep an important engagement. "I didn't know what to do," he said, in relating the incident. "I felt sure that the Chinaman wouldn't extend credit to me, for it is a well-known thing that Chinese laundrymen never 'trust.' At last I hit upon a scheme. Going to my room, I bundled up all the soiled linen I possessed. Hurrying around to the laundryman's, I produced the bundle. 'Sixty-five cents!' he exclaimed blandly, holding out his hand for the coin. I picked up the clean linen and, depositing the bundle of soiled on his counter, started for the door as if my life depended on my being half a mile away within five minutes. 'That's all right,' I shouted back in reply. 'Just mark it on that bundle and I'll pay you for both together.' Then I was gone, but not before I caught a glimpse of the laundryman hastily unwrapping the bundle I had left, or if he was anxious to see whether or not the contents were worth the 65 cents I had 'hung him up' for. He was evidently satisfied, for he didn't yell for the police or make any commotion, as I was afraid he might do, and I had all kinds of freshly laundered collars and cuffs and shirts to wear that night. And all on account of a bit of nerve."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

CHANCES OF MIND.

A Lancashire Lass Gets Ahead of an Unfaithful Lover.

A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. The young man said one day to the woman: "Sal, I canna marry thee." "How's that?" asked she. "I've changed my mind," said he. "Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said she. "If folk know that it's thee as has given me up, I shanna be able to get another chap, but if they think that I've given you up then I can get another chap. So we'll have banns published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and thou must say, 'I will.' And when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say, 'I winna.'" The day came, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the man answered: "I will." Then the parson said to the woman: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" And she said: "I will." "Why," said the young man, furiously, "you said you would say, 'I winna.'" "I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind since."—London Answers.



THE PROCESSION OF THE GIANTS AT CAMBRIA.

They are due probably to the desire each village had to make the most droll, most amusing and most eccentric display, in the words of the learned M. Theophile Denis, to amuse big children with big playthings.

The willow mannikin, which represents Gayant of Douai, was constructed in the year 1530, to figure in a religious procession. Gayant has been repaired very often since that time, and it is believed that there exists little of the original carcass. His wife dates only since 1564. The children followed—Jaquot, Fillan and Binbin. Gayant is over 7 yards high. Mme. Gayant is over 7 feet high. The children followed—Jaquot 4, Fillan 3.5, and Binbin between 2.5 and 3. Gayant, the most beautiful of the giants, who has figured at Cambria in the procession of the 15th of August, is costumed as a soldier of the sixteenth century.

A Sad Predicament.

From the Dahlonga (Ga.) Nugget: Arch Anderson, while attending the Baptist association the other Sunday, got into a very embarrassing condition. At night he went home with some girls to spend the evening with an old acquaintance. After chatting until a late hour they all retired for the night. After Arch had gone to bed it was so warm he became restless and decided to get up and slip out into the yard and remain a while where it was cool. He had not landed but a few minutes before the dog discovered him, and Arch had to climb a peach tree in haste in order to escape its powerful jaws. The dog barked so long that one of the young ladies came out to see what it meant, and looking up in the tree by the light of the moon discovered the man resting on a limb in his night suit.

Deaf Mute Burglars.

Buffalo Special Chicago Chronicle: At 1 o'clock the other morning the young son of John Filsinger, a deaf mute, living at 473 Sherman street, heard a noise in the shop below his bedroom. He went downstairs and

prond, stands six feet six inches in height and weighs 216 pounds. Just before the Spanish-American war broke out he was a student at Lafayette university, from which he graduated. While in college he was for two years captain of the football team. Then he removed to Denver and was one of the first men in Colorado to volunteer for service. At the storming of Malate he was with the leaders when they reached the heights and, after one man had been shot down while attempting to raise the flag, and had fallen with its bloody folds draped around him, Holmes rushed forward and, in the face of a storm of bullets, pulled it to the top of the staff. He is said to be the most popular man in the regiment.

Device for Watching Letter Carriers.

The postoffice department in Washington is experimenting among the Washington letter carriers with a device for keeping tab on carriers as they make their rounds from box to box, and if the experiment is decided to be a success the new system will probably be adopted for the entire country. The device is founded on the same principle as the alarm which night watchmen pull once an hour, or half-hour, attending to business. It is attached to the inside of letter boxes, and on return from his route the carrier deposits slips of paper, which contain an accurate register of the places he has visited. If adopted by the department the device will be intended as much for the protection of honest, faithful carriers as for the detection of those who are inclined to be shiftless and careless.

Bunsen's Pocketful of Orders.

The late Prof. Bunsen thought more highly of his scientific discoveries than he did of the many orders and other tokens of honor that were showered on him during his long life. He was apt to forget to put on his crosses and ribbons when invited to official ceremonies, and his housekeeper tried to re-