

THE BATTLE-FIELDS.

OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle-Thrilling Incidents.

Matches in War Times.
The late war caused the Southern people to realize the utter helplessness of a purely agricultural community when thrown upon its own resources and cut off from communication with the outside world.

As the months rolled on it became more difficult for the inhabitants of the Confederacy to supply themselves with many of the necessities and conveniences of every day life. Matches, for instance, were used by millions of people, but it was impossible to run them through the blockade in sufficient quantities. It soon became evident that they must be manufactured at home, but how was it to be done? The machinery was lacking, and also the materials.

James McPherson, a public-spirited book seller in Atlanta, was one of the first to attempt to solve the problem. At considerable expense he succeeded in getting some machinery, phosphorus and sulphur through the blockade, and in a short time his match factory was in operation.

The factory was situated a few miles from the city, and the matches were stored in McPherson's book store and sold there by wholesale and retail. They were made of poplar and sold in square blocks, the factory not being provided with a machine that would separate the matches.

Inexperienced workmen found it a hard matter to turn out matches that would light. At first about the only way to make them available was to bring them in contact with the dying embers in a fireplace, but this was inconvenient, and efforts were made to improve their quality. Finally, the composition was changed, and the matches blazed up at the lightest touch.

It was not necessary to strike them. They were self-lighting, and unexpectedly broke out at odd hours of the day and night. The clerks in the book store had double work in those exciting days. When they were selling books they had to watch the big boxes containing the matches, and roll them out into the street the moment they began to smoke. Once in the street, the boxes would be emptied and the contents left until they were reduced to ashes.

There was not much profit in an article containing the elements of self-destruction, and a night watchman had to be employed to remain in the store and drag out the boxes as soon as they showed indications of spontaneous combustion. But the factory was an Atlanta enterprise, and the people were proud of it. At least, it was a beginning. It was a sign of promise, and showed that in spite of the blockade there were enterprising men in the South who had the pluck and energy to risk their fortunes and go to work to build up the industries of the country.

It was not long before the discovery was made that the composition used for the matches was a first-class rat poison. Here was a new source of revenue for the manufacturer. The stuff was put up in little tin boxes and advertised as a rat exterminator. If McPherson could not boast of the superior quality of his matches, he could at least feel proud of his rat poison. The compound sold rapidly, for the supplies of grain stored in the city by the Confederates caused the place to swarm with fierce rodents of the largest size.

But there was one difficulty in the way, and an unfortunate incident soon destroyed the popularity of the poison, and there was a sudden falling off in the demand for it. At that time there was a hat store nearly opposite the book store. Holbrook, the owner, had no end of trouble with rats, and one day in his wrath he determined to make a clean sweep of them. Purchasing several boxes of the exterminator, he laid some big slices of stale bread on his counter and covered them with the poison. He spread the mixture on the bread with a case knife and rubbed it in vigorously.

The merchant was a fine-looking man, with a big blonde beard reaching nearly to his waist. Just as he was giving about a quarter of a pound of the stuff one of his most energetic rubs on a hard slice of bread it suddenly blazed up like gunpowder. The flames set fire to Holbrook's handsome whiskers, and when his clerks had thrown a bucket of water over him the astonished and frightened latter would hardly have been recognized by his best friend. Seizing the half consumed piece of bread he rushed across the street to the book store.

"Where's McPherson?" the singed and blackened visitor shouted.
"Out at the factory," replied a clerk.
"What is the matter, Mr. Holbrook?"
"Matter enough!" yelled the other. "See what this infernal rat poison has done! It has almost killed me, ruined my whiskers, and it came near burning down my store. Tell McPherson that I want to see him right away. I would rather fight a million rats than fool with this blasted old poison!"

And the angry man darted back to his store without giving any further details of his misadventure. A visit to his barber, however, made him more presentable, and he was soon in a better humor.

"I'll be dashed if I know what to do," said McPherson. "We must have rat poison, you know, and matches. People should be more careful. If they will stand around and have plenty of water handy when they use my goods they will get along all right."

A newspaper man suggested that it would be a good idea to store a lot of the matches in some place where they would be captured by the Federals.

"They might blaze up some night and destroy their supplies," he said, "or they might be shipped to some of the Northern cities."

"No," replied a Confederate officer, with a sly glance at the bystander, "that would be barbarous. We must all bear our crosses, and we must put up with our home-made matches and rat poison until we can do better."

Then everybody laughed, and the clerks proceeded to drag into the street a large box from which a white smoke was just beginning to issue.

Sherman's cavalry destroyed the factory just before the siege of Atlanta, and thus perished a great Confederate industry.—Wallace Putnam Reed, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Lived on Crackers and Water.
The first conspicuous victim of the civil war, Colonel Ellsworth, of the New York Fire Zouaves, was killed at Alexandria May 24, 1861. Having occupied the town without resistance, and seeing a Confederate flag floating from the summit of the Marshall House, he ran into the hotel, went upstairs to the roof, and tore down the flag. On his way down he was met by the hotel-keeper and shot dead. His assassin perished at the same moment, killed with a bayonet thrust by Frank E. Brownell. Ellsworth's friend, John Hay, gives in McClure's Magazine such personal reminiscences of the young hero—he was but twenty-four—as may show his simple, kindly heart, and the struggles he went through to gain a legal education.

Poverty drove the boy early out into the world to make a living. He drifted to Chicago, where he entered a law-office, and lived on a pittance earned by copying papers. His food and drink for months were dry biscuits and water; his bed was the hard floor of the office. He would not accept even an apple from any one because he could not return the courtesy.

Going on an errand into an eating-house, he met a friend and several companions, who insisted on his having an oyster stew. He refused; his friend pressed; the waiter brought on the oysters for the party, and Ellsworth sat down. The stew was the first morsel of food he had tasted for three days and three nights. Subsequently he had money; he went to his friend and told him that he, Ellsworth, owed him half a dollar. The man said no, but Ellsworth insisted that his memory was better than his friend's, and made him take the money—the price of the oysters.

In a diary which Ellsworth kept for a little while are such entries as these: "Have written four hours this evening; two pounds of crackers; sleep on office floor to-night." "Read one hundred and fifty pages of Blackstone—slept on floor." "I have contracted a cold by sleeping on the floor. Then there is the gnawing sensation which prevents my long-continued application." "I spent my last ten cents for crackers to-day." "Nothing whatever to eat. I am very tired and hungry to-night. Onward."

At the first gun—that fired on Sumter—Ellsworth raised with incredible celerity the New York Zouaves, a regiment eleven hundred strong, and brought it to Washington. His friends, knowing his military talents, thought that his first battle would make him a brigadier-general, and that the second would give him a division. President Lincoln thought so highly of him that he called him to Washington to place him in charge of a bureau of militia. But "Man proposes, God disposes."

Grant's Gratitude.
General Grant's kindness of heart and deep sense of obligation are seen in a pleasing light in a story told by the St. Louis Republic. While the General was President he visited St. Louis, and Mr. Garrison, President of a railroad, took him out for a drive. On the way they met a shabby old man, in his shirt-sleeves.

Grant recognized the man, and stopped the buggy. He got out, extended his hand and said:

"Hello, Uncle Ben! How are you and your wife getting along?"
The old man greeted the President and said that they were getting along very well; they were happy if they had enough to eat, and if he could get a little tobacco for his pipe.

"Uncle Ben, wouldn't you like to be postmaster of Meramec township?" asked the President.

Uncle Ben said he would not object, and Grant shook him by the hand and said: "God bless you and your wife, Uncle Ben. I think of you often."
When Grant got back in the buggy he was much moved, and said to Mr. Garrison: "Poor old Uncle Ben! He has a big heart. I remember when I and my wife, living in that house over there, did not have any more to eat than we needed, and Uncle Ben would come around to the house at night, and leave a basket of provisions on the doorstep. He was afraid to come and give them to us, thinking that he might possibly hurt our feelings. God bless his memory!"

The President did not forget his promise. Uncle Ben was soon made postmaster. The payment of personal debts by means of public office is not to be defended, but the public conscience was not then aroused as it is now.

Cold Harbor.
Senator Reagan, of Texas, who was present at the battle of Cold Harbor, says that if Grant had succeeded in breaking Lee's lines the Confederate commander had not a regiment of reserves to put into the fight. Grant incurred heavy losses at Cold Harbor, but it seems that he tried to end the war on that field.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Man is like a plant, which requires a favorable soil for the full expansion of its natural or innate powers.

In most people tastes grow earlier than principles, and, as they are well or ill formed, intimacies are made which, more than anything else, determine the character of the after-life.

None but those who keep up appearances against heavy odds can understand what servitude pretence imposes upon the sensitive soul. The sting of confessed poverty is not nearly so burning as is the reality of being poor while seeming to be rich.

Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. He who endeavors to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness must not practice it.

To feel with and for others—what a glorious widening out and enriching of one's life that is! How it increases our joys because of the pleasure that we take in the joys of others! How it renders selfish brooding over our own woes impossible because of the sympathy we must give to the sorrows of others!

There are many persons who neglect their bodies in their absorption in other things. Sometimes it is their business, sometimes a devotion to science or art or philanthropy, which exhausts their energies and saps the foundation of character by weakening the vital powers. A great joy, or more often a profound sorrow, is sometimes allowed to do this. There are sincere mourners, full of self-reproach because they cannot rise above a selfish grief to a higher and nobler life, when the real cause lies in a total neglect of the bodily claims, which has resulted in enfeebling the entire system and depriving the will of its power to act.

One of the important results of the Indian appropriation bill, passed by the last Congress, is contained in the declaration that it is the settled policy of the government "to make no appropriation of money or property for the purpose of founding, maintaining, or aiding by payment for services, expenses, or other wise, any church, religious denomination, or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking which is wholly or in part under sectarian or ecclesiastical control." The bill enacts that from and after June 30, 1897, "no money appropriated for charitable purposes shall be paid to any church or religious denomination or to any institution or society which is under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

The funeral of Col. John A. Cockerill, the widely-known newspaper man, who died in Egypt, was held a few weeks ago in St. Louis, and the marriage of his widow to Walter Louis Lineau, of Brooklyn, followed two weeks later. A justice of the peace officiated at the latter ceremony in Hoboken, N. J., shortly before midnight, and it was the result of an engagement that was contracted twenty minutes before in a cab. Mrs. Lineau, formerly Mrs. Cockerill, once a chorus girl, nee Miss Lenora Barnes, explains she wanted to keep the fact of her marriage a secret for a time, thinking it would not look well coming so soon after Col. Cockerill's death. This superstitiousness on the part of Mrs. Lineau is in keeping with the poignant grief expressed by Mrs. Cockerill and just as sincere, undoubtedly.

The Illinois penitentiary at Joliet is about to introduce some radical dress reforms. Instead of all convicts being compelled to array themselves in the ugly black and white stripes there will be three styles of dress from which to choose. But the choice is not altogether voluntary. Each style represents a special grade. Cadet gray is to be worn by the highest grade. Trustees and convicts expecting to be liberated in a short time will don this costume. Green will be the color worn by the doubtful class, or those on probation. For the lowest grade red will be the color and stripes will distinguish the wearers as bad men. The adoption of the parole system has made it a wise move to grade the prisoners and it is believed that the distinction in garments will do much to foster self-respect and to encourage the men to try to win the privilege of wearing the gray. This dress reform movement calls attention to the fact that, while clothes do not make the man, they have a great effect upon his mind. It is no use denying that the influence of fine apparel is felt by the most indifferent person. A coat that is new will give a man more confidence in himself and his fellow men than any number of carefully coaxed precepts. There is no doubt that the striped clothing is a terrible humiliation to a man. The garb of the convict places him on a level with the lowest. It sinks his individuality and does much to retard his moral regeneration. The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determined pursuit of virtue, with regard to present dangers and advantages.

A "co-operative matrimonial snap" was explained to a New York Sun reporter a few days ago by a veracious Chicago drummer who had escaped unscathed from a section in Massachusetts where the fair sex predominates to an unusual extent. It seems that there were twenty marriageable young women in a certain town, and only one man, and he was so poor that he was afraid to venture upon matrimony. "The girls were worth four or five thousand dollars apiece," the drummer said, "but that was hardly enough for the thrifty eligible, so he proposed that all the girls chip in so much for a chance at him, no subscription to be less than five hundred dollars, and each subscription of that amount entitling the subscriber to one ticket, with additional tickets at one hundred dollars each. The enthusiasm soon became intense. One girl blew in a thousand dollars on six tickets, and several of them had more than one chance. On the day of the drawing there was something over twelve thousand dollars in the pool. The drawing took place in the town hall, where an admission of ten cents was charged, the sum to go to a consolation fund to be distributed among the nineteen unsuccessful ones. The young man's name came out with that of a girl who had only one chance, and, of course, she was declared the winner. The wedding took place two months later. The unsuccessful ticket-holders take a proprietary interest in the couple, and they have a reunion every year and call for an accounting, though they never ask for dividends on their investment. The lucky man has made money enough to agree to pay to each of the contributors a thousand dollars on her marriage, and up to date he had paid three thousand dollars. Three or four of them are in maiden graves, however, and the chances are he will never have to give up as much as they gave him."

A woman committed suicide in a New York hotel recently, and her remains lay in the morgue for a week before her identity was established. Meanwhile, hundreds of visitors had gone to gaze on the dead face, some doubtless attracted by curiosity, but so many in search of a missing friend or relative that attention has been drawn to those sinister mysteries of modern life known as strange disappearances. Apropos of this, a New York paper tells of an incident said to have occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad, between that city and Trenton. Near Trenton, there is a well-known lunatic asylum. The heroine of the affair boarded the train at Jersey City. Presently a man entered the car, and after courteously inquiring whether the seat beside her was taken, sat down in it. Suddenly, in ordinary conversational tones, he turned to the woman, and said: "In a short time we shall reach Trenton, and you will get off there with me. Yes, I see your ticket says that you're to go to Philadelphia, but you won't reach there until I have first secured the money and jewelry that I see you have about you. It's no use for you to make the slightest outcry"—which outcry the woman, of course, made at once, but the man was as good as his word, and at every appeal she made to the passengers and conductor, he cut her short with a "Don't pay the slightest attention to her, she's my sister, and she's suffering with a terrible hallucination as to her identity, and mine, and everything else. I'm taking her to the insane asylum near Trenton just as quickly as I can get her there. I have the warrant right here. You needn't mind what she says, as she may become violent." Whereupon, so the story goes, both conductor and passengers were deaf to the woman's appeals, and at Trenton she was hustled into a closed carriage, taken to a lonely wood, denuded of her diamonds and ducats, and at a late hour returned to the station.

Twenty-six Great Men.
A contributor to the Companion has been amusing himself by trying to answer the question—or series of questions—What man in the history of the world whose name began with A—and after that every other letter of the alphabet in order—exerted the greatest influence upon the thought and conduct of mankind? Of course there are some letters which are not very prolific in the names of great men; but we think most of our readers will be surprised to see how many of the most illustrious names in history are included, and how few are excluded.

Our friend's list is not submitted as a perfect one, nor is he altogether certain that he has chosen the right names. In some cases he seems to have selected names quite as much with a view to comprehending in the list men of many countries, as because he was sure that the name given was really that of the greatest man. Indeed, he explains that he hesitated between Moses and Mohammed, and between Shakespeare and Solomon, but decided as he did because Jewish thought was well represented by other names. Perhaps the weakest name as that of the poet, Edward Young, who wrote "Night Thoughts," but it has been the fortune or misfortune of great men to have names which begin with some other letter than Y. The list is as follows:

Aristotle, Bacon, Confucius, Darwin, Ezra, Franklin, Goethe, Homer, Isidore, Jesus, Kant, Luther, Mohammed, Newton, Ossian, Plato, Quintilian, Rousseau, Shakespeare, Tasso, Uhlund, Virgil, Washington, Xavier, Young, Zoroaster.—Youth's Companion.

AMERICAN SADDLES.
Some Gems of Art Turned Out in the Far West.
All over North America for many years Cheyenne saddles have been famous, and every equestrian outside of the United States cavalry and of the Northwest mounted police of Canada, has either had his horse tricked out with Cheyenne leather, or has wished he had. The fancy work on saddles, leathers and stirrup leathers, that once made Mexican saddlery famous and expensive, long ago was copied by the Cheyenne makers, who kept up the fame and beauty of American horse trappings, but made them so cheap as to be within the means of most horsemen. In the old days when Western cattle ranged all over the plains and the cowboy was in his glory, that queer citizen would rather have a Cheyenne saddle than a best girl. In fact, to be without a Cheyenne saddle and a first-class revolver was to be no better than the sheep herders of that era.

When the writer was in Cheyenne the other day the first places he looked for were the saddle-makers' shops. He was surprised to find only one showy, first-class store of the kind, and instead of there being a crowd in front of it, there was no sign of more business than was going on at the druggist's near by, or the stationer's over the way. The goods displayed in the windows were beautiful and extraordinary. There were the glorious, heavy, hand-stamped saddles; there were the huge, cumbersome tapaderos; there were the lariats or ropes; the magnificent bits that looked like Moorish art outdoors, and there were wide skinnners and the fanciful spurs, and, in short, the windows formed a museum of things that a cowboy would have pawned his soul for. The metal work was all such as a cavalryman once declared it, "the most elegant horse jewelry in creation."

Englishmen and Germans now buy the finest and best trappings to send abroad to their homes. Hand-stamped saddles cost from \$13 to \$85, but \$35 buys as good one as a modest man who knows a good thing will care to use. Cowgirl saddles were on view—seven of them—with rigging for side seats and with stirrups made in slipper shapes. It is not that there are really half a dozen cowgirls in the world, or half a dozen women like the Colorado cattle queen, or the lady horse breeder of Wyoming, but there are Western girls who have to ride a great deal, and they have fond fathers and brothers, and still fond lovers; hence the manufacture of magnificent side-saddles, all decked with hand-stamped patterns, and looking as rich as the richest Bedouin ever dreamed a horsegear being made. There is still a good trade in cowboy outfits that are ordered from Montana, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas, and similar goods go to the horse ranches of Nevada, Idaho and Oregon. Moreover, as long as men ride horses there will be a trade in fancy outfits for them.—Denver Field and Farm.

A New Disease.
A coroner in Georgia, while examining witnesses in a case of sudden death, learned of a new disease. Says the Chicago Times-Herald:

"Did you ever hear the deceased complain of any ailment?" he asked of one.
"The who, suh?"
"The deceased."
The old fellow scratched his head, looked thoughtful, then called his wife, daughter and son-in-law aside, and held a whispered consultation. Then he faced the coroner again.

"I never knowed no 'decease,' suh," he said, "cep'nin' you means dem folks what done cease ter plant cotton."

"The 'deceased' is the man lying dead there," exclaimed the coroner.
"Oh!" exclaimed the witness, "of you means de dead man I'm right 'long wid you! En now, ef I don't disremember, I did heah dat he had rattlin' er de brain."

"Rattling of the brain?"
"Yes, suh."

"And what's that?"
"Well, suh, hit 'tain't 'zac'y a misery er de stomach, but hit ain't fur frum it, en hit's des 'bout ez painf' ez flintin' at de heart, or ketchin' er de joints, or settlin' er de bones; en ef I makes no mistakes, hit ain't so powerful fur frum skinnin' in de ya's en twichin' er de skull, en dat's all I knows 'bout it."

The Temple of Serpents.
The small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for a lathsome den called the Temple of Serpents. It is a long building dedicated to the priests and mystery men of the kingdom, and in it they keep thousands of snakes of all kinds and sizes. These slimy, crawling creatures literally own the village, as well as the temple, which has been erected for their special accommodation, and may be seen hanging from the rafters and door posts of any house in the town. In Werda to kill a serpent is a crime punishable by death. The serpents in the sacred temple are fed by a regular corps of hunters, who are paid for their services out of the public exchequer.

Some Idiot Archdukes.
Bismarck's epithet, "Austria's idiot archduke," seems not undeserved. Carl Ludwig, apparently Austria's future emperor, is so parsimonious that he allows his cook only 2 florins (92 cents) a day for each member of his household, and on this the cook must provide four meals a day. His daughter-in-law, wife of Archduke Otto, pays her board from her husband's allowance when she visits him. Carl Ludwig is also fond of embroidering beautiful vestments for his clergy. His younger brother, Ludwig Victor, is a confirmed woman hater.—Indianapolis News.

Composition of the Watch.
The watch carried by the average man is composed of ninety-eight pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the small screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt.

Every good husband is what is known among women as "a great baby."

Only those who don't believe in life can talk about it without becoming silly.

WANTED THE USUAL FEE.
Witness Would Not Interpret Chinook to Please the Lawyer.

A good story was told lately of Commodore March, of March's Point, Fidalgo Island, whose ready wit is well known to the habitués of the Hotel Butler, and, indeed, all over the Sound. The Commodore was called as a witness in the Point Roberts dispute between the cannery men and the Indians, and the lawyer on the other side, with a "what-can-you-know-about-it" air, put the question to him:

"How long have you been in this part of the country, Mr. March?"

Mr. March has a pretty chin, and he shaves his white whiskers to each side to show it off. When the question was so suddenly put, he softly crossed the pretty chin and slowly and meditatively said, as to himself:

"Forty, forty-five, fifty" and at length answered: "Fifty-five years."

"Fifty-five years?" said the lawyer, and then, as if he were addressing Christopher Columbus, asked:

"And what did you discover, Mr. March?"

"A dark-visaged savage."

"A dark-visaged savage, eh? Yes; and what did you say to him?"

"I said it was a fine day."

"Fine day? Yes, and what did he say to you?"

Mr. March rattled off a whole yarn in Chinook, and kept on, to the mirth of the whole courtroom, until peremptorily cut off by the gavel of the Judge.

"I asked you what reply the savage made to you, Mr. March. Please answer the question," said the irate cross-examiner.

"I was answering."

"Tell us what the savage said."

"That was what he said."

"Then tell it to us in English."

"Not unless I am commissioned by the Court to act as interpreter and paid the customary fee."

The lawyer thought a moment, looked at the Judge, who could not resist a smile, and said severely, "Mr. March, you may stand down."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Kickaway Boat.

Most striking among the many glimpses of Chinese people, places and customs given by Julian Ralph in a recent article in Harper's, is perhaps his description of the passing of a Chinese passenger-vessel worked by man-power through the agency of a treadmill. This extraordinary craft went by at night, close enough to afford the American observer an excellent opportunity for observation. "It came throbbing and drumming up to and beyond us," he writes, "a great yellow box on a low, broad hull. Huge beams of yellow lamp light shot out of its many square windows upon the murky water beside it.

"Through the windows we saw the coolie passengers lying on bed-shelves, and next beyond them the long-coated gentry in round, button-topped skull-caps, snoring and gambling and lounging about. And then came a fair third of the broad boat, open at the sides, lighted by a smoky lamp, and filled with the ghost-like figures of many men, all walking, walking, walking, and yet standing in one place, as they clambered incessantly upon a treadmill that worked a great naked stern paddle-wheel, toward which they walked, yet which they never reached.

"The trunks of the spectral men dripped with perspiration. The feeble rays of the lamp were caught upon their sweating sides and shoulders, and reflected back. And when two or three turned their heads to look at our boat, the light leaped into their eyes, and made them coals of fire.

"There were twelve or fifteen men on the treadmill, though there might have been fifty, or none at all, but in their place a shapeless monster, all heads and legs and shadows, prisoned in a dark cell, and condemned to walk without rest to Sookhow and back, and back again forever."

The appearance of this strange boat was, to the American writer and the artist accompanying him, something frightful, and the toll of the treadmill men a thing to shudder at; but to the Chinese passengers it seems quite natural and simple, as indeed no doubt it is. The coolies who kick these "kick-away boats," as they are called, over their route have certainly a hard task; but it is a question if it is harder, or as hard, as that of the stokers in the terrible hot depths of an ocean-going steamship, and if they are not, according to the standard of their country, equally well paid.

Paradise for Tramps.

A correspondent says that Australia is a paradise for tramps. They comprise about one-quarter of the population, and spend their life in traveling from one little colony or station, as it is called, to another. The name sun-downer is applied to them for the reason that the sun's setting is a signal for their coming. The stations being so far apart—twenty or thirty miles, or even more—the people have not the heart to send them adrift to the bush to go hungry for the night, and they are recognized as a necessary evil. The well-to-do farmers have usually a "traveler's hut," and regular rations are served out to these wayfarers, a pound of the inevitable mutton, a pannikin or dipper of flour, the water bag refilled and a bunk for the night.—Chicago Chronicle.

Australian Rabbit Plague.

Australia has found it impossible to abate the rabbit plague. In New South Wales alone, 7,000,000 acres of land have been abandoned—\$1,000,000 has been spent—and the only plan that has any good effect is wire netting, and of this 15,000 miles have been used.

No girl with a pretty mouth should ever say, "I just nussed him right back."

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The Kickaway Boat.

Most striking among the many glimpses of Chinese people, places and customs given by Julian Ralph in a recent article in Harper's, is perhaps his description of the passing of a Chinese passenger-vessel worked by man-power through the agency of a treadmill. This extraordinary craft went by at night, close enough to afford the American observer an excellent opportunity for observation. "It came throbbing and drumming up to and beyond us," he writes, "a great yellow box on a low, broad hull. Huge beams of yellow lamp light shot out of its many square windows upon the murky water beside it.

"Through the windows we saw the coolie passengers lying on bed-shelves, and next beyond them the long-coated gentry in round, button-topped skull-caps, snoring and gambling and lounging about. And then came a fair third of the broad boat, open at the sides, lighted by a smoky lamp, and filled with the ghost-like figures of many men, all walking, walking, walking, and yet standing in one place, as they clambered incessantly upon a treadmill that worked a great naked stern paddle-wheel, toward which they walked, yet which they never reached.

"The trunks of the spectral men dripped with perspiration. The feeble rays of the lamp were caught upon their sweating sides and shoulders, and reflected back. And when two or three turned their heads to look at our boat, the light leaped into their eyes, and made them coals of fire.

"There were twelve or fifteen men on the treadmill, though there might have been fifty, or none at all, but in their place a shapeless monster, all heads and legs and shadows, prisoned in a dark cell, and condemned to walk without rest to Sookhow and back, and back again forever."

The appearance of this strange boat was, to the American writer and the artist accompanying him, something frightful, and the toll of the treadmill men a thing to shudder at; but to the Chinese passengers it seems quite natural and simple, as indeed no doubt it is. The coolies who kick these "kick-away boats," as they are called, over their route have certainly a hard task; but it is a question if it is harder, or as hard, as that of the stokers in the terrible hot depths of an ocean-going steamship, and if they are not, according to the standard of their country, equally well paid.

Paradise for Tramps.

A correspondent says that Australia is a paradise for tramps. They comprise about one-quarter of the population, and spend their life in traveling from one little colony or station, as it is called, to another. The name sun-downer is applied to them for the reason that the sun's setting is a signal for their coming. The stations being so far apart—twenty or thirty miles, or even more—the people have not the heart to send them adrift to the bush to go hungry for the night, and they are recognized as a necessary evil. The well-to-do farmers have usually a "traveler's hut," and regular rations are served out to these wayfarers, a pound of the inevitable mutton, a pannikin or dipper of flour, the water bag refilled and a bunk for the night.—Chicago Chronicle.

Australian Rabbit Plague.

Australia has found it impossible to abate the rabbit plague. In New South Wales alone, 7,000,000 acres of land have been abandoned—\$1,000,000 has been spent—and the only plan that has any good effect is wire netting, and of this 15,000 miles have been used.

No girl with a pretty mouth should ever say, "I just nussed him right back."