

STEAMING UP THE AMAZON. ALLIGATORS ATE UP HIS BABIES BEFORE HIS EYES.

The Greatest River of the World Described by Frank Carpenter.

I am on an ocean steamer 800 miles from the Atlantic in the heart of South America. I am just now within a half mile of its south bank. The shores are lined with cacao orchards, and by the aid of my glass I can see the golden fruit from which our chocolate comes shining out of the green leaves. Back of the orchards are the lofty trees of the mighty Amazon forests, and close to the shore are the gray thatched huts of the people. The opposite bank is wooded, but it is so far away that it forms only a line of soft wavy blue which fades into the lighter blue of the sky.

I entered the Amazon by its lower mouth south of the island of Marajo. I sailed about that island, which itself is as big as some of our states, to the narrows, and then wound in and out through a series of wonderful channels into the main stream. Since then I have been steaming slowly up against the current. I have passed Obydos, and I am now going on to the point, 1,000 miles from the Atlantic, where the Rio Negro flows into the Amazon. To-morrow I shall go by the mouth of the Madeira, and I have already crossed the mouths of tributaries as large as some of the great rivers of the world.

The Amazon receives into itself more than 100 rivers. It has 1,100 branches, and it is unquestionably the greatest water system of the globe. It has eight rivers, each of which has a navigable length of more than 1,000 miles.

In coming here I passed the Tocantins, up which you can steam for days into the wilds of Brazil. I am on a great ocean steamer, which, when we stop at Manaus, a few days from now, will be further inland from the ocean than Chicago. There are steamers from Manaus which will take you 1,350 miles further on to Iquitos, Peru, so that you can go by steam upon this river 2,350 miles westward from the sea.

Manaos is on the Rio Negro. It has steamers going up that river 470 miles. I could leave the Amazon before I get to Manaus and go on a steamerboat far up the Madeira. There are, indeed, more than 5,000 miles of steam navigation on the Amazon and its greater branches, and the whole system is estimated as having something like 50,000 miles of navigable waterways.

The people of the Amazon rely entirely upon boats for getting about. Every hut we have passed has had two or three boats tied to its wharf. Some were dugout canoes, others were flat-boats, and at one or two large houses we saw steam launches. Some of the rowboats are painted in bright colors, and not a few have canopies or covers over them, under which the owners can crawl to keep out of the sun.

As we passed the huts the people usually ran out of them and dragged the boats up on the banks. Sometimes they jumped into their boats and rowed them out from the land to prevent the waves made by the steamer from overturning them and filling them with water.

There are no roads in these Amazon forests. The only paths are those which go from one rubber tree to another. These are too rough and winding for the people to use in the way of

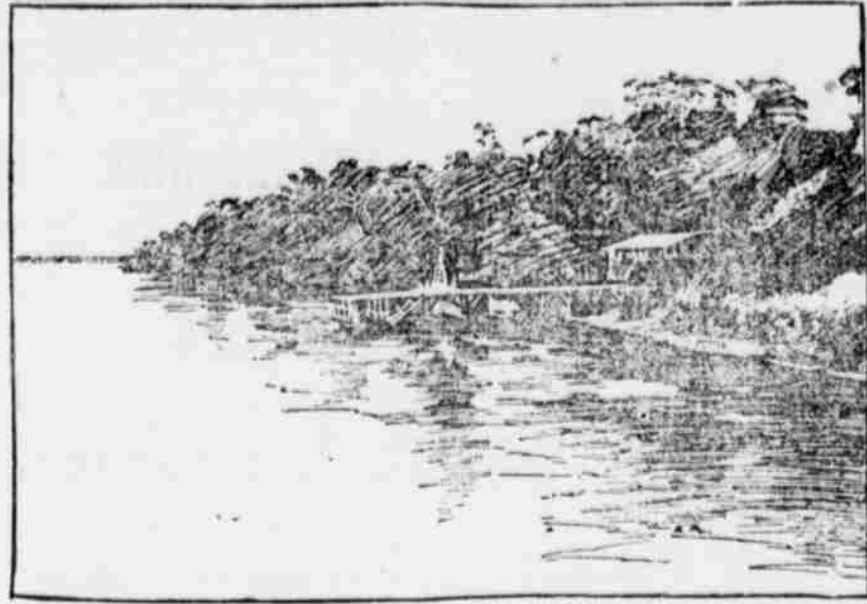
brought tins of chocolate on board to sell.

The orchards here are very poorly cared for. The most of them are old, and, although there is plenty of ground for new trees, very few are planted. Still the business pays well. The trees begin to yield fruit three years after they are set out, and it is said they will continue to bear for fifty years. Two crops a year are gathered, and the only cultivation necessary is to keep down the weeds.

The chocolate of the Amazon is very

you are saying when your mouth is filled with a wad of gum? This practice of gum chewing on the witness stand must stop. If you talk as plainly as you can, the jury will have trouble enough hearing you, without your making it worse by rolling that great wad under your tongue."

Wall paper does not hang, and yet the person whose business it is to paste it up is called a paper-hanger. The reason is simple. Long before the introduction of wall papers, Arras, a town in France, was famous for its tapestries called "Arras." These were used as wall coverings, and the men who were employed to put them up were called "hangers." When paper succeeded tapestry as a mural decoration the name "hangers" stuck to the men, though instead of being tapestry hang-



A RESIDENCE ON THE AMAZON.

fine, the French preferring it to all others. About 5,000 tons are raised, it is said, annually, and the yearly exports from Para alone often amount to more than 7,000,000 pounds.—Frank G. Carpenter.

STRAY ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Gilbert, of Salem, who were married fifty years ago, have been fortunate beyond most people. Six children were born to them. They also have ten grandchildren and one great-grandchild, and every one of their descendants is still alive and well. Not a break has occurred in the family from the day of the marriage fifty years ago.—Boston Herald.

Fuddy—"That was an odd predicament that Ben Thayer and Addie Moore found themselves in." Duddy—"They are deaf mutes, aren't they?" Fuddy—"Yes. They clasped each other's hands at the critical moment, you know, so that he couldn't ask her to marry him, and she was unable to reply if he had."—Boston Transcript.

The note paper used at the peace conference at The Hague was provided by the manager of the hotel which serves as headquarters and is decorated with a fierce design of cannon, rifles, bombs, swords and bayonets. A spider weaves his web across the bayonets, the swords lie broken in two, the cannon is spiked and a dove bearing an olive branch in its beak sits calmly upon the muzzle.



THEY BATTLED IN VAIN TO SAVE THEIR LITTLE ONES.

them is so strong that one can smell it three miles.

Naegle had been warned not to camp too near the lake, but he did not understand the danger and ignored the warning.

During the night he was aroused by the restlessness of his horses, who were straining at the ropes in such a way that they threatened at every moment to break loose. He went out to see what was the matter, and, thinking some wild animal might be worrying them, he took an ax. As he came near the horses he stepped on what seemed to be a long log of wood. It squirmed beneath him, and in another minute the jaws of a gigantic alligator snapped at him. He struck at it with all his might with his ax and hit it between the eyes, stunning it for a time.

At this moment he heard a shriek from his wife. Leaving the alligator he had encountered, he ran to her assistance. When he reached her he found that another enormous alligator had seized their eldest child, a girl of four years, and was moving away with its victim in its jaws.

The woman, who was unarmed, was

At the same time a second horror was taking place. When the alligator seized the 4-year-old girl the mother dropped the baby she had in her arms to rescue the child who was being carried away. No sooner had she done this than another alligator seized the baby that she had left on the ground.

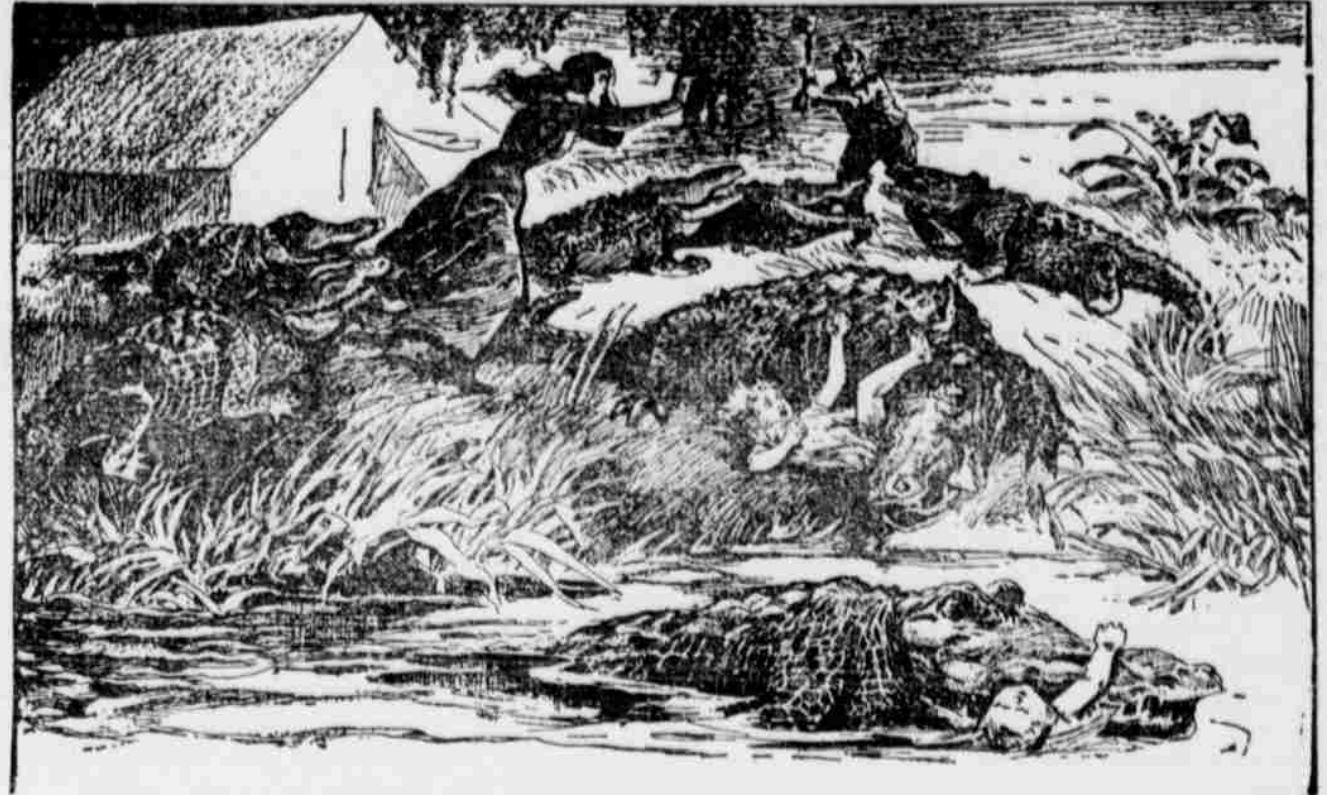
While her husband was struggling with his alligator she attacked the one which had seized the baby. The reptile bit at the mother. It did not succeed in getting a good hold of her, but made a terrible wound in her left leg as she sprang back to avoid being devoured.

By this time Naegle was left stunned upon the ground, while his wife was lying helpless and bleeding profusely. The reptiles moved quickly away with their child victims and disappeared in the foul waters of the lake.

Old inhabitants of the locality say that the alligators had just awakened from their winter torpor and found a great lack of their customary food, including fish, water birds and other small animals. They were ravenously hungry, and any living thing was sure

to attract a horde of them. Alligators are very much afraid of noise, and as long as a man or an animal makes a good deal of noise there is no danger. The alligator likes to crawl down on a silent and helpless victim and devour it without a struggle. They are the greatest cowards in the world.

While Naegle was arranging his camp with his prattling children and tramping horses the alligators were kept away by the noise, and lurked calmly beneath the water, but as soon as the camp was plunged in darkness



A SUPPLY BOAT ON THE AMAZON.

travel, and they lead to no particular place. The only roads are the streams. The people go visiting in boats. They carry their cacao and rubber to market in boats, relying entirely upon this method of getting from one place to another.

We made quite a stop at Obydos coming up the river. The Amazon here is narrowed to a channel a little more than a mile wide. Through this trough the immense body of the Amazon sweeps with great force. The river is about 240 feet deep, and it goes so fast that in stopping we could not rely upon the ship's anchor, but also had a cable tied from the boat to the bank. As soon as this was done men in canoes came out to the steamer, and upon one of these I went ashore.

The town is a little collection of one-story houses, cut out of the woods. It was as hot as Tophet and dreary to an extreme. It relies upon the rubber trade of the river and its cacao plantations. It has a factory in which chocolate is made, and the peddlers

The Connecticut legislature has passed a law protecting the trailing arbutus, said to be the first law ever passed in any state of the union for the protection of a wild flower. The law in question is said to be largely due to a newspaper article calling attention to the need of such a law.

A Missouri traveling man, during a recent trip in Washington county, Arkansas, noticed the following inscription on a tombstone in a local cemetery: "Alfred W. Caughman, born Izard county, Arkansas, Jan. 23, 1826. Died March 23, 1875. He was a man who in his early day killed over 100 deer. He did truthfully say he was born and raised a frontiersman's son, but he had to give up his life and his gun."

Out in Chicago the other day a judge interrupted the unintelligible testimony of a witness in court by saying: "Take that stuff out of your mouth. How do you expect me to hear what

BLONDINED DOG.

Matched His Owner's Costume Without Injuring the Canine.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "During the occupation of Paris at the close of the Franco-Prussian war," said a veterinary surgeon of this city, "the Frenchmen used to catch the small, white poodles belonging to German officers and dip their hindquarters in blue dye and their forequarters in red, transforming them into animated copies of the French flag, greatly to the wrath and disgust of their owners. The only other instance of dyed dogs of which I have any personal knowledge came under my observation a few weeks ago, when a lady brought me a pet spaniel to treat for an ulcerated paw. The little creature was a sort of tawny yellow, quite different from any spaniel I had ever seen, but when I came to examine him closely I found that he had been 'blondined,' evidently by peroxide of hydrogen. His natural color was steel gray, and the fur of the roots showed it unmistakably. The lady was an actress, who was passing through here on her way to New York, and when she called for her pet I incidentally referred to the dyeing. She laughed, and admitted at once that she had colored the fur to match a favorite costume, adding that she had been assured by a doctor that the process was entirely harmless. As far as I could see, the dog's health was not affected. He certainly looked very odd, and I must admit, rather pretty. When the blondine begins to wear off, however, he will be a holy terror."

Pie Has the Place of Honor.

The people of Bulgaria are cordial to strangers. In visiting a Bulgarian home you are expected to take off your shoes and put on your hat. At the dining table the entire family sits cross-legged upon the ground around a table not more than a foot in height. Meats, vegetables and other edibles are cooked together and so served. There are no potatoes in Bulgaria. Pie is given the greatest distinction at the dining table and it is considered ill-mannered for one to accept a cut when it is offered the first time. After two or three entreaties you may then accept a portion.

The love of a woman passeth all understanding, not only in its depth, but in the peculiarity of its object.

THE DREADFUL FATE OF THE LITTLE BOY WHO PLAYED "HOOKEY."

