

# 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 diversion, 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 Antignon at Anvers, who came to take part in the fetes of Van Dyck; Hercules at Louvaine; Ommegan at Brussels; Lidéric and Phinarat at Lille; Gollath 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-Sergt. 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 Borensourier, 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 Geheimrath, 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 up 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 Carry.

New York Mail and Express: The pack mule is quite as much an institution as the team mule, and is also indispensible 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 sing 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 afraid of shark!"—Spare Moments.

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

## SPANISH MASHERS

ONE SIGN OF THAT NATION'S DECAY.

They Stand on the Streets in Vast Numbers and with Brazen Effrontery Approach Unchaperoned Women—Even Worse Than London Mashers.

Madrid streets are by no means altogether delectable. Some are broad and well kept, but others are narrow, dirty and malodorous. Worst of all, to my own thinking, is the Madrid stare, which, hardly less offensive than the Paris stare, is more universal, says a Madrid correspondent of the New York Times. It is amusing to see how fearlessly a maiden of 18 sallies forth alone, while many Madrid spinsters of 50 would not go a block unattended. "But why do you mind?" said a high-bred Madrid lady to me, with a puzzled look. "Men have their own heads full of these silliness and they suppose women are so foolish as themselves. They are much more careful with foreigners than with us." Another lady, who, under stress of family misfortune, was taking a few boarders, told me that she had never received Spanish gentlemen because of her daughters. "Foreign gentlemen, the Germans, English and Americans whom I have had here," she said, "are very strange about that, but it is much nicer. They treat the girls as friends, and show the same respect the last day as the first. Of Spaniards that couldn't be expected. Our young men are all for lovenaking and such nonsense. And my daughters have no father nor brothers to protect them."

"That very fact ought to be their perfect protection with gentlemen," I said. "Oh, Spaniards are gentlemen," she loyally hastened to declare. "They are the most gallant gentlemen in the world. The trouble is, they are a little too gallant." Madrid is better than the cities of Andalusia and worse than the cities of northern Spain in its treatment of women. A young Spanish girl cannot walk alone, however sedately, in Seville, without a running fire of salutations—"Oh, the pretty face!" "What cheeks of roses!" "Blessed be thy mother!" "Give me a little smile!" And even in Madrid Spanish girls of my acquaintance have broken their fans across the faces of men who have tried to snatch a kiss in passing.

### INDIAN HEAD IN STONE.

Remarkable Find at Bouquet Station on Allegheny River.

A remarkable curiosity was unearthed by workmen at the approach of the Ninth street bridge on the opposite side of the Allegheny river, near Bouquet station, says the Pittsburg Leader. It is the bust of an Indian chieftain made of burned red clay and about three-fourths life size. When first discovered by James Sell, an Italian workman, he thought it was a petrified human body, so natural are the features portrayed. It was found under about fifteen feet of earth on the side of the hill where the dirt is being taken out to fill out the approach of the bridge abutment. The formation of the earth and slate under which it had laid showed that at one time there had been a slide of the earth and stone from the steep hillside. That this had been many years ago, however, is evidenced by a large elm tree fully two and a half feet in diameter standing near by. The image may have rested on a grave or been buried at the top of the hill, which is the highest along the river, or it may have been interred where it was discovered. In appearance it seems as if a mold from a death mask so perfect are the outlines. The ears, eyes and mouth are perfect, but the nose was fractured by the workman's mattock in excavating. Besides the bust the remnants of a portion of the two arms and hands were found, but these were carried off by two Springfield boys. There was no trace of the body. What the clay image was used for is only a conjecture. It may have been an idol for religious worship or it may have decorated a grave. The material of which it is made is hard and flinty, being a mixture of red clay and burnt stone. Over the head, partially broken off, is a sort of shield or helmet. The bottom of the bust is flat and solid and there are no marks or indications of its origin.

### Can't Get Their Morphine.

York (Penn.) special Baltimore Sun: By request of Mayor Geise the druggists have stopped the sale of opium and morphine, except upon the prescription of reputable physicians. In consequence the large number of people in this place who have been using quantities of morphine, mostly by injection, are in a state of consternation, and many have sought scientific medical treatment. Other victims of the drug have sent to other places for it, while some are using headache powders as a substitute. One York physician is treating sixteen morphine cases.

### Just Like a Bachelor.

"I do love dress," exclaimed a young society belle at a reception the other evening. "When I should think you would wear more of it," commented a cynical bachelor acquaintance of middle age.—Ohio State Journal.

### Reverence for Mothers.

The strongest sentiment of the Turk is his reverence for his mother. He always stands in her presence until invited to sit down—a compliment he pays to no one else.

## LACES AND THEIR HISTORY.

"Beautiful and Everlasting Valenciennes."

Point lace is so-called from its gauze-like needle-ground, composed of very fine, round meshes, with needle-made flowers, made simultaneously with the ground, by means of the same thread as in the old Brussels, says the Home Needlework Magazine. It was made in small pieces, the joining concealed by sprigs or leaves like the old point, the same lace-worker making the whole strip from beginning to end. Point gauze is now brought to the highest perfection, and is remarkable for the precision of the work, the variety and richness of the flour, and the clearness of the ground. It somewhat resembles Point d'Alencon, but the work is less elaborate and less solid. Alencon lace, it is said, could not compete with Brussels in its designs, which are not copied from nature, while the roses and honeysuckles of the Brussels lace are worthy of a Dutch painter. Lacemaking was at one time the chief source of national wealth in Belgium. It formed a part of female education, and in 1876 one-fourth of the entire population of 150,000 women were said to be engaged upon it. But some of the pillow laces, as well as those of the needle, have had immense popularity. This kind of lace was first made in the city of Valenciennes, and the manufacture reached its height in that town about 1780, when there were some 4,000 lacemakers employed upon it; but fashion changed, lighter laces came into vogue, and in 1790 the lace-workers had diminished to 250. Napoleon made an unsuccessful attempt to revive the manufacture, and in 1851 only two lacemakers remained, and they were over 80 years old. At one time this manufacture was so peculiar to the place that it was said: "If a piece of lace were begun at Valenciennes and finished outside the walls, the part not made at Valenciennes would be visibly less beautiful and less perfect than the other, though done by the same lacemaker with the same thread and pillow." The city-made lace was remarkable for its richness of design, evenness and solidity. It was known as the "beautiful and everlasting Valenciennes," and was bequeathed from mothers to daughters like jewels and furs. It was made by young girls in underground rooms, and many of these workers are said to have become almost blind before they were 30 years of age. When the whole piece was done by the same hand the lace was thought much more valuable. Valenciennes lace was made in other towns of the province, but "vrate Valenciennes" only at Valenciennes. The Lille makers, for instance, would make from three to five eils a day (an eil is forty-eight inches), while those of Valenciennes would make not more than an inch and one-half in the same time. Some lacemakers made only twenty-four inches in a year; hence the costliness of the lace. Modern Valenciennes is far inferior in quality to that made in 1780.

### LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN.

Although Two Centuries Old, It Is Still Used as a Hostelery.

"Rich in the historical and literary associations accumulated during two centuries of existence," says the Ladies' Home Journal for September, "the Wayside Inn, built by David Howe, still stands remote among the wooded hills in South Sudbury, Massachusetts. 'The Landlord' of Longfellow's famous tales was the dignified Squire Lyman Howe, a justice of the peace and school committeeman, who lived a bachelor, and died at the inn in 1860—the last of his line to keep the famous hostelery. Beside Squire Howe, the only other real characters in the Tales who were ever actually at the inn were Thomas W. Parsons, the poet; Luigi Monti, the Sicilian, and Professor Daniel Treadwell, of Harvard, the theologian, all three of whom were in the habit of spending the summer months there. Of the other characters, the Musician was Ole Bull, the Student was Henry Ware Wales, and the Spanish Jew was Israel Ebreli. Near the room in which Longfellow stayed is the ballroom, with the dais at one end for the fiddlers. But the polished floor no longer feels the pressure of dainty feet in high-heeled slippers gliding over it to the strains of contra-dance, cotillon or minuet, although the merry voices of summer visitors and the jingling bells of winter sleighing parties at times still break the quiet of the ancient inn."

### DANGER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Mountain-climbing is a fascinating sport but also a dangerous one. There has seldom been a summer in which so many accidents have occurred to tourists on the Austrian mountains, hardly a day passes without at least one. They are not confined to any particular province, though most of them occur in the Tyrolese Alps.

From Tyrol the following casualties are reported: A student named Stolz, a son of Prof. Stolz of Innsbruck university, although a good mountaineer, fell from one of the peaks of the Otztal Alps and was killed. Dr. Herzheimer of Frankfurt met with his death in consequence of a fit of apoplexy, caused by over-exertion.

News has also been received of the death of Fraulein Wohlfahrt, a young Viennese lady, who was on the Brenner with her father and a friend. She stayed behind to gather flowers, but when her father returned to look for her she had disappeared. Her body has since been found at the bottom of a ravine.

## AFTER ALEXANDER'S DEATH.

A New Era Introduced by the Great Macedonian Conqueror.

When Alexander came upon the scene, writes Prof. Wheeler in closing his "Alexander the Great," in the October Century, Greece was still the old Greece, the composite of autonomous cities and cantons. In this form it was past the bloom, and was ripening to seed. All that the little communities could accomplish for history through living for themselves had been accomplished. In the miniature life of their isolated valleys, opening to the sea, they had developed a social system in which, as individual achievements directly counted, and individual responsibility was directly assessed, personality gathered to itself unwonted consciousness of power. So it was that here man first, as it were, discovered himself—first saw with clearness the power and the right of the free human soul. Man as a base line for measuring the universe, man as a source of governing power, arose in Greece; it was Greece that shaped the law of beauty from which came the arts of form, the law of speculative truth from which by ordered observations came the sciences, the law of liberty from which came the democratic state. This was what the old Greece held in keeping for the world. Alexander was the strong wind that scattered the seed; again, he was the willing hand of the sower. When he planted seventy cities of the Greek type on Oriental soil by acted with plan and purpose. As a city was Hellenism in the concrete. As a principle of social order, Hellenism was the government of communities of men located in territory, and the source of authority was from within; Orientalism was the government of territory in which lived men, and the source of authority was from without. The story of Alexander has become a story of death. He died himself before his time. With his life he brought the Old Greece to its end; with his death the state he had founded. But they all three—Alexander, Greece, the Grand Empire—each after its sort, set forth, as history judges men and things, the inner value of the saying, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth alone."

### STORYETTES.

A pugilist in Chicago was giving an interview to a reporter recently. The pugilist is from Australia, and has traveled in South Africa, so the reporter asked him if he had met Cecil Rhodes. "Rhodes," replied the Australian; "what's his weight?"

A British tourist wandered into the Rustlers' Retreat in an Arizona town recently, and languidly asked for a "igh ball." "Jake," called the accommodating barkeeper to his assistant, "the gent wants a eye-ball; I dunno wat fer, but he wants it. Go out and ketch a Chinaman."

Friends of the two remember the quarrels that used to go on between the late Sir Rowland Hill and Anthony Trollope when they both were connected with the postoffice. A discussion arose one day as to the meaning of "official" language and "private" language. "In official life," said Sir Rowland, glaring at Trollope, "I am accustomed to ascribe myself as your obedient servant, whereas in real life you know very well that I am nothing of the sort!"

### Causes of Hysteria.

Most people do not sufficiently understand that hysteria is a symptom and not a disease, says an exchange. Among the many predisposing causes which might be named are chronic dyspepsia, neuralgia, anemia, depressing surroundings and a great mental anxiety and worry. Sometimes hysteria is due to ennil, and it is a well-accepted fact that it is an affection which chiefly attacks the upper middle classes. Poor people have no time to indulge in the luxury of a display of the emotions. When the cause can be ascertained, the general treatment must be directed toward its removal. Daily exercise in the open air, the morning sponge bath and a good quinine and iron tonic are valuable aids toward a cure. A change of air and scene will also sometimes work marvels, and in all cases the patient's mind should be kept interested and amused.

### Wouldn't Offend.

An old negro once, in relating his religious experience, avowed that he had seen the devil in bodily form. Upon being asked whether his satanic majesty presented himself as a white man or as a black, the honest darky replied: "Neither white nor very black, but of a grizzly gray."—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

### About Roses.

The old monthly (China) roses flower the longest, then the "teas." The first to begin and the last to remain in flower is the Gloire de Dijon, but all the strong growing tea roses will flower late in the season.

### Cause and Effect.

Weeks—Life is becoming more and more of a machine every day I live. Meeks—Yes, I understand you married your typewriter.—Chicago News.



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—Jacquot, Filian and Binbin. Gayant is over 7 yards high, Mme. Gayant 6, Jacquot 4, Filian 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 Dahlonega (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

proud, 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 tabs 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-