

THE SOUTH.

My great-souled woman soon to rise
And tip-toe up and loose her hair—
Tip-toe and take from all the skies
God's stars and glorious moon to wear.

SUZE ANN.

BY JULIA K. WETHERILL.

"The hour is a mighty funny beast,"
remarked Lisher Whetstone, in a slow,
deliberate tone, as if reading aloud from
a primer. "Ef yer kick him he'll set
right down an' yowl fer an hour."

Spanish Jack pushed back his chair
from the table, and stretched himself
like a tiger after feeding. Then he
sauntered to the fire, and drove his
spurred and booted heel into the smoldering
log to quicken the flames.

It was just before sunset on a chilly
autumn day, and the locality was Sink-
ensank, a settlement in the heart of
the piny woods. There was not much to
be seen except brown pine ridges
and infertile fields, full of stumps and
broken by red washes.

The house in question was a rickety
frame building, standing on long legs,
which gave it the air of having come
merely to pay the surrounding land-
scape a morning call. A great blaze of
smoky firelight flared through the win-
dows.

A reply was prevented by the voice
of Mr. Whetstone's mother from within:
"You, Lisher! ham't yer had 'nough
o' settin' on them air steps? Git up, 'n
come in to supper," adding with start-
ling suddenness, "Plague take th' fry-
in'-pan!"

As the two men entered the illumined
cavern, a tall girl rose out of the
darkness like a revelation. In the un-
certain light, her countenance wavered
between beautiful and horrible; un-
til a clearer-leaping flame disclosed a
wild, soft mass of dusk hair, and
features somewhat Egyptian in cast,
but according well with the warm
brown of her cheeks and warm red of
her lips.

The gentlemen of Sinkensank did
not find Suze Ann Whetstone hand-
some. They loved her had a mighty
fine figure, but added that she was too
dark-complected.
"Hullo, Suze Ann!" said Spanish
Jack, jocosely, "when'd you comb your
hair las' time? It looks like the devil
fore day."

A remark that Suze Ann could not
altogether grasp, always turned her
sullen. She was not nimble-witted, so
she merely remarked, as she seated her-
self at the table, "I dunno what yer
air talkin' bout."

She raised to his face a pair of eyes so
dark that it seemed as if they must al-
most cast a shadow on anything they
regarded. They had the look like the
eyes of a person slightly under the in-
fluence of an opiate, giving the impres-
sion that the next stage of the trance
might prove startling.

She did not seem as if she belonged
to the Whetstone family. Lisher him-
self was tall, but of a weedy growth,
with an aquiline nose, and a general
fallowness of coloring—a frequently
recurring type in the piny woods. He
"avored" his mother, except that his
eyes had an evil expression, while his
were merely fishy; and she had long,
fang-like yellow teeth that reminded
one of a row of forgotten tombstones.

evasion of some slight difficulty at
home.
He was Suze Ann's ideal. There was
nothing he would not dare do—ay!
or brag about, afterward. Her strong,
vivid nature luxuriated in the contrast
he presented to the flaccid types that
surrounded her. They were narrow-
chested, weak-kneed and loose-jointed;
faded in color; thin of voice. They
shuffled as they walked. When they
found an opportunity to sit down they
sank inertly.

Spanish Jack, on the contrary, was
rarely quiescent. As he talked he made
gestures and swaggered up and down;
his eyes flashed, the color leaped to his
dark cheek. The tones of his deep
voice were so different from their reedy
pipes. Most of the men she knew were
as ruffianly in their way as he was, but
it was the sneaking attack of the cur
compared with the ferocity of the blood-
hound.

Nature had intended Suze Ann to be
a robber queen or a gypsy princess.
She hated most people, especially her
father and grandmother, because they
had beaten her in her defenseless child-
hood; and she had a good memory. Not
one kindness did she ever forget—not
one wrong she had "learned"
nothing and forgotten nothing." There
was a blind tumult in her mind. Be-
yond Sinkensank stretched a vast plain
of conjecture, in the darkness of which
her poor imagination groped and stum-
bled.

She grew among these people as a
palmetto springs on the bare side of a
pine-hill.
Spanish Jack pushed back his chair
from the table, and stretched himself
like a tiger after feeding. Then he
sauntered to the fire, and drove his
spurred and booted heel into the smoldering
log to quicken the flames.

A shuffling of footsteps was heard
outside, and Eunice and William Gunn
entered. They were the children of a
local dignitary known as "Poorhouse
Ginn." William was not ill-looking
except that his eyes and hair were too
light for his sunburnt face, and Eunice
was a buxom, fresh-colored young wo-
man, rather loosely built, with promi-
nent blue eyes and her shining dark
hair tucked up with a gilt comb.

She betrayed a smirking conscious-
ness of Spanish Jack's presence, as she
explained her errand: "Aunt Lissy,
maw say will you loan her your combin'-
cyards—say she'll bring 'em back. Say
when you wan't 'em agin'."

"Dunno's I keer to loan 'em, but—
well, I reckon," said Mrs. Whetstone
ungraciously, acknowledging William's
salutation by a sort of a growl.

This cold reception seemed to embar-
rass William, and he backed hastily to-
ward a chair with three legs, and trying
to sit in it failed signally.
"I should a' thought Willym," Mrs.
Whetstone remarked severely, "you'd
a' suspec'ed that air cheer hain't ben
set on this ten years."

Spanish Jack's bold and wandering
glance had fixed itself upon the vulgar
prettiness of Eunice's face. He sat down
beside her. It was his fancy of the mo-
ment to "devil Suze Ann," as he ex-
pressed it to himself, just as he would
have delighted in tormenting a chained
and ferocious dog to the limit of mad-
ness.

Suze Ann, while this was going on,
sat in the chimney corner with her
arms sung around her knees and her
brows depressed. Eunice was another
of her hatreds. As children they had
quarreled and fought, always to Eunice's
discomfiture.

Suze Ann was a slow moving body,
but circumstances acted strongly upon
her. The force of inertia might have
made her dangerous.
"Come 'long, Sissy," remarked Wil-
liam, rising slowly. "Hit's gittin'
night!" Spanish Jack followed them
out of doors.

"Well, I got the eyards," said Eunice.
"Didn't suppose I would, neither. I'm
mighty skeered of old Aunt Lissy.
They do say she went onest to see a
'oman that had a sore foot, 'n Lissy she
took holter it, 'n the foot came right
off in her han." "Clare to gracious!
they do say that."

"You better not let her get holter
your'n," suggested Spanish Jack.
"Hit's little 'nough, a'ready."

"Go way!" remarked Eunice, coyly.
"Suze Ann, don't you forget to fetch
that pair o' water 'fore night," said her
grandmother, and Suze Ann sullenly
snatched up the pail from the corner,
and went out. Spanish Jack was lean-
ing by the bars that served for a gate,
and she brushed past him.

"Where you goin'?" he demanded,
catching at her arm.
"Mind out!" she cried, freeing her-
self violently.
"Where you goin'?" he demanded,
catching at her arm.

"Well, I reckon I'll go with you, any-
how."

let any other gal have you."
"I'd like you would, you darn little
wild cat!" he said, admiringly. "You're
the spunkiest thing!" and he bestowed
a rough caress upon her. "You're
the only gal I ever knew that wasn't a
sap-head."

"Well, lemme git the water now,"
said Suze Ann, reassured and suddenly
relapsing into commonplaces—"I
don't pitch rocks in it. You're mak-
ing it druggys."

As they returned—Suze Ann some-
what heavily weighted and Spanish
Jack with his hands in his pockets—
there was a young moon sailing in the
clear sky before them, and a red light,
faint and distant, streamed up through
the vistas of the forest.

"They've ben burnin' brush, 'n set
the woods afire over to 'Possum Cor-
ner," remarked Suze Ann.
"'N't then first thing you know we'll
all have to turn out 'n save the fences,"
Spanish Jack said.

This was prophetic, for by the follow-
ing evening the fire had crept up the
pine hills, and threatened the little set-
tlement of which Mr. Whetstone was a
prominent member.

"Well, folks," said Mr. Whetstone,
dolorously, rumpling up his hay-co-
lored hair, "I'll have to beat it out
with pine brushes, 'n keep it off 'n the
fences, I reckon."

"Well, make 'aste, then," growled
his mother. "Hit ain't goin' to wait
on you."

They found most of their neighbors
assembled on the hillside, Eunice and
William Gunn among others. Eunice
called to Spanish Jack to help her, and
after that he stayed by her side.

A wild red light flared through the
dusk, and swathed the trees in clouds
of lurid smoke. Narrow lines of fire
ran, serpent-wise, along the pine straw,
leaping the little stream by the aid of
its fringing grasses. Sometimes an ad-
venturous flame would rush to the top
of a sapling, flicker there for an instant
and go out. The cambrake beyond
was in a blaze, and the continual pop-
ping of the joints sounded like volleys
of musketry. Fiery balls of pitch shot
up into the air and fell like showers
of falling stars. A hum of voices arose,
accompanying the swish—swish—swish
of the pine brushes that swept darkness
in their track.

Suze Ann made no pretence of help-
ing. The others had passed on, follow-
ing the fire, and she stood motionless in
the seared and blackened space behind
the ruined thicket, trailing her pine
brush in the ashes.

"Look at that gal o' Whetstone's,"
whispered a neighbor. "There's goin'
to be vengeance shore!"

"I wouldn't trust none o' ole Lissy's
breed," replied the other; and then they
moved on and saw Suze Ann no more.

Toward daylight, when the fire was
nearly under control, and they were
thinking of returning home, she was
seen again. Her dress was torn by the
briars, and she drew her breath hard,
like one who has traveled far and fast.
There was blood upon her mouth, where
the sharp white teeth were set upon the
red underlip. Her eyes were wild and
bright.

When Spanish Jack saw her he called
out, "Hullo, Suze Ann! where you be 'n
hidin' y'self?"

The words were scarcely spoken,
when a troop of horsemen dashed upon
the scene, with pistols drawn to the
ammunition.

"Spanish Jack, you are my prisoner.
I arrest you in the name of the law,"
said the leader of the posse.

HERE AND THERE.

Agnvapi hmiyanna taku waskuyeen
agnakapi is the Sioux for pie.
About \$3,000,000 worth of American-
made locomotives are sent abroad every
year.

The latest novelty announced is a
bible printed in shorthand and illus-
trated.
The Jesuits have 2,500 missionaries.
They have 13 popes, 4,000 archbishops
and bishops, and 6,000 authors.

A man was committed to Houtzdale,
Pa., because he refused to pay 66 cents
a week toward supporting his mother.
In New Hampshire last year 80 per
cent of the receipts of fire insurance
companies were absorbed by the losses.

The best dressed professional wo-
man in New York is said to be Dr. Lo-
zier, whose quiet black gowns suit her
and her calling.

Some Rhode Island people want an
arbor day, but The Providence Star op-
poses it. Massachusetts and Connecti-
cut would get all the shade.

In round numbers of the value of
gold in the principal countries of the
world is \$3,293,000,000, and the value
of silver is \$2,754,000,000.

Italians are crowding out the Chi-
nese as gardeners in California, being
better qualified for the business, and
being frugal and industrious.

An old man in California is just cut-
ting his third set of teeth. The pro-
cess is attended with all the pain and
annoyance that a child suffers.

Tramps in California are reported to
be opposed to the boycotting of Chi-
nese, as it takes away from them one
more excuse for not going to work.

A lover, who evidently wishes to be
economical in time, wrote: "Not hav-
ing seen you 4 a week I am looking for-
ward 2 seeing your dear face."

An English German, and Chinese syn-
dicate has made a contract with the
Mexican government, and will send
600,000 Chinamen to Mexico within a
year.

Kid breads are something new in
the alleged "house beautiful." They
are made out of the backs of discarded
kid gloves and the gauntlets of long
ones.

The chaplain of the New Jersey sen-
ate, in his prayer the other day, man-
aged to work in a defense of an official
whose impeachment trial is in progress
by that body.

One man wants whisky in a bar-
room. Another wants soda in a drug
store. Then they arbitrate. They
both take beer in a beer-saloon.—
New Orleans Picayune.

The strain on the floor of a house in
East Macon, Ga., at which a wake was
held the other evening, was so great
that it gave way, precipitating the
corpse and all present into the cellar.

The notorious Chatham street in New
York has been rechristened, the alder-
men having named it Park row at the
request of one of their number who
keeps a liquor saloon in the street.

A VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

Scenes by the Way—The Persecution
of Travelers—Troublesome
Bedouins.

The visit to the pyramids is not made
under the old disadvantages, writes a
correspondent of The San Francisco
Chronicle. Formerly the visitor had to
find his way to them the best way he
could over the ordinary roads of the
Delta, and always by donkey. Now he
can drive into their very shadows with
a fashionable carriage, or if he prefers
the donkey as a thing of tradition and
quite en regle, he follows the splendid
road built by Ismail. Having expressed
a preference for the saddle, he has of
course previously made the acquaint-
ance of a donkey whose gait and am-
bidity do not entail sufferings after the
exercise. It is not hard to find an ani-
mal of this description, for in spite of
those maligning tourists to whom a
seat in a saddle is as untenable as the
horn of the moon, they are in general
patient and long-suffering. Neither are
the donkey boys more malicious, unless
scolded or otherwise maltreated. The
tourist will do well not to allow a dog-
man or donkey boy to be imposed upon
him by his hotel, but try the animals
and their drivers as he meets them
about the city till he finds what suits
him. Having fixed a day he orders his
donkey-boy to be in readiness at an
hour early enough, if the time is sum-
mer, to enable him to accomplish the
eight miles and reach his destination
before the sun is far above the horizon.

The boy and donkey wait adjacent to
the hotel all night, and at an hour
so premature that he is really quite
sure that it is the previous day he
is aroused and finds himself
mounted and winding his way through
him and devious streets toward the
pyramid. He traverses the quarter
of the Nile. He traverses the quarter
of the Nile, whose paved and shaded
streets, flanked by handsome houses,
which the enterprise of the wasteful
Ismail rendered possible, are still in
gloom, illuminated by a few scattering
lamps.

The signs of life are few
here, and there is seen the furtive shadow
of an Arab policeman. An English
soldier near a huge building that
may be a soldiers' barracks, or a camel
stables along loaded with bales of hay
or huge panniers containing vegetables
or melons which his master is bringing
to the early market. Having crossed
the bridge the broad, tree-bordered
avenue turns to the left, diverging
gradually from the bank of the river.
It is built high up above the level of
the Delta, and is hard and dry, though
slightly neglected since the rebellion of
Arabi. By this time there are signs of
daylight, and as it reddens the domes
and minarets of Cairo stretch their
fantastic outlines along the eastern sky.

The pyramids appear in advance look-
ing disappointingly small. Camels
with hay or bursting panniers, ridden
by savage-looking Bedouins, pass in
front. The donkey, does his duty
heroically, urged by his driver,
who as a luxury as well as convenience,
has mounted himself on a borrowed
animal whose hire will have to be
added to the day's expenses.

Occasionally a Bedouin, one of
those who regularly bore travelers at
the pyramids, attaches himself to the
party, but being able to maintain
the rate of speed, finally gives up and
is lost to sight. Now and then a pre-
socious youth, speaking a little of all
modern tongues, appears from a neigh-
borly village and attached himself to
the escort. By the time the sun is
above the horizon, signs of life are
seen about the village and scattering
huts. Men going to the fields, women
with jars of water on their heads,
brought from a stagnant ditch or pool,
looking like bible pictures, and so on
fill, in the full sunshine of the early day,
the task is achieved, and the traveler
finds himself in the presence of the
monuments of which he has dreamed
since childhood.

The pyramids have, from time im-
memorial, been in charge of an avaric-
ious sheik, to whose tribe of hungry
Bedouins has been assigned the task of
pushing and hauling the visitor up to
the pyramids, pulling him down again,
and then, if he desires, shoving and
jerking him up and down the inclined
planes and along the galleries of the
interior. Two more precede him, go-
ing up, to pull him from step to step,
and one to follow to push, or to pre-
vent his falling backward. In descend-
ing, two precede and one following, the
last passing a shawl or strap to hold
him back. I accepted the gentle as-
sistance of the wild children of the
desert in ascending, but preferred, on
the opposite side, to descend unassisted.

For the service, four English shillings,
or a dollar, only were paid to the sheik
as a rule at the time of my visit, if
the visitor knew his rights. That was
the legal charge. Since then a differ-
ent tariff has been arranged by the
government according to the number
of men allowed. The sheik would then
take whatever more he could get and
pay the men nothing—that is, accord-
ing to their own account. Hence their
private efforts at extortion, which were
atrocious. You were not expected to
die of thirst during the half or three-
quarters of an hour you spend on the
great pyramid, still, in the hope of
gaining an extra piaster,—the Egyptian
piaster being worth about 5 cents of
our money; and the small one two and
a half— you were attended by one or
two supernumeraries, with earthen
water bottles. You paid these persist-
ent servitors or not, as you thought
it. It is to be hoped the present system
is better. The annoyance of the traveler
are always more numerous if he is alone,
as I was at my visit. Naturally, on the
face of such an immense pile or moun-
tain of stone, one is very much alone,
and much more at the summit. There
is really no danger, but if help were
desired it is far distant. So when I had
mounted one-fourth of the way and
stopped to rest, there was not a person
in sight below except the little knots of
Arabs about the base. There was not a
traveler to be seen there on donkey or
in carriage.

The persecution began with a univer-
sal appeal to purchase old coins, said to

be manufactured in a neighboring vil-
lage, and efforts to extract promises of
money by such formulae as the follow-
ing: "If we do well by you you will do
well by us," coupled with assertions
that if they did not receive something
extra, their services, on account of the
meanness of the sheik, would go unre-
warded. The only way to end that dis-
cussion was to promptly insist on con-
tinuing the ascent. At every halting-
place the scene was repeated, with signs
of irritation, and at the top there were
new devices to extort money in the
form of offers to eat your name in the
rock, or for a stipulated sum to descend
the great pyramid and climb the second,
bringing back a piece of the topmost
stone. As to the cutting of the name
it did not promise absolute immortality,
for as the flat space at the top is only
thirty feet square, and in the course of
time many thousand names have been
engraved within its area, it is now im-
possible to cut a new one without
erasing some other. Of all the
persons who had climbed the pyramid
the Bedouins seemed to remember only
the prince of Wales and Mark Twain.
It was Mark Twain's fancy to climb
the second pyramid, which is difficult,
since it retains a portion of the old
cooling of concrete. When the Nile is
high it comes to the base of one vast
delta, and the view is of one green sea.
At other times, with Ghizeh, Cairo, villages,
and groves, and on the other the con-
stantly encroaching desert. The eye
rests on one point of modern interest,
the village of Embabeh, half concealed
by palms, near which Napoleon fought
his battle with the Mamelukes, a verita-
ble garden spot, but which, to read the
histories, one would suppose to have
been in the heart of the desert. Not
much time was left to contemplation,
for the Bedouins were anxious to ex-
ploit other travelers who were seen ar-
riving. So a hasty descent, a plunge
into the heart of a pyramid, from which
I made my exit in a dangerous state of
heat and exhaustion, hasty look at the
exhumed temple and the so-called be-
nign though really ugly face of the
Sphinx, and I willingly turned my face
back along the acacia-shaded causeway
toward Cairo.

Traps for Americans.

An American gentleman, who for
many years past has been established in
business in Paris, received one day a
call from a handsomely dressed female
in whom he recognized a notorious
American member of the demimonde
of Paris. She came, she said, to propose
to him a lucrative business transaction.

She had in her possession a list of sun-
dry high-born and titled gentlemen who
wished to marry rich American girls,
and she displayed such a list inscribed
with some of the proudest names of the
French aristocracy. If any countryman
would inform her of the arrival in Paris
of any wealthy American ladies, and of
the presumed amount of their fortunes,
she would, on the accomplishment of a
marriage between any one of these and
one of her clients, at once pay over to
him half of her stipulated percentage on
the dowry, which in her case was to
amount to 10 per cent. It is needless
to say that the woman's offer was re-
fused. But the very fact of its being
made showed how widespread is the
system of the matrimonial agency in
Paris, and how extensive and elaborate
must be its arrangements for obtaining
information.

There is an Austrian gentleman mov-
ing in the best society of Paris whom I
strongly suspect of being one of the se-
cret and accredited agents of one of
these establishments. He tried hard,
but in vain, some years ago, to bring
about a match between the daughter
and only child of a wealthy American
gentleman then visiting this city and a
French duke of ancient family. The
duke turned out finally to be an impos-
sible, and was forced to take flight from
Paris. Employees of these agencies are
also to be found at the principal hotels
here. They are usually women, gener-
ally bear high-sounding titles, and are
pleasant of manner and affable of bearing.
Their business is to make acquaint-
ance with rich Americans who have
daughters, so that the daughters afore-
said may be presented to impeccable
adventurers on the lookout to repair
their fortunes by marriage. The matter
is very adroitly managed, an opera
or a theater party or a little dance be-
ing gotten up by the amiable French
lady to amuse her sweet, new young
friend, the luckless damsel whose dol-
lars, real or rumored, have caused her
to be selected as a fitting victim. At
the dance or at the theater the intro-
duction takes place, and the fascina-
tions of the gentleman are supposed to
do the rest. Very often, indeed, the
promoter of the whole series of maneu-
vers is not connected with any agency
whatever, but is acting on her own ac-
count.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

An Innocent Man.

The trial of a man for murder had
just commenced in a Dakota court
when the attorney for the defense arose
and said:

"If the court please, we have no fear
as to the outcome of this trial. In the
testimony we shall prove that the mur-
der was committed four miles from
town at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We
shall also establish the fact that there
was a circus in town that day."

"Hold on," said the judge excitedly,
"you say there was a circus in town?"

"Yes, sir the Anti-European Con-
gregation showed there that day."

"Yes, I've seen it,—two rings, a
spotted grave-digger hyena, and seven
lady bareback riders. You say the
man was killed about 2 o'clock?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Just the time of the ring parade?"

"The same time."

"While the elephant and double-
humped camels were going around?"

"Yes, sir."

"The prisoner is discharged. Try-
ing to prove that a man was four miles
away from town on such an occasion is
looked upon as malicious prosecution
by this court. The unfortunate gentle-
man who was found dead without doubt
committed suicide when he realized
that he was in that kind of a position
himself."—Estelline (Dakota) Bell.

The House-Flv.

Flies are distinguished from most
other insects by having but a single pair
of wings, what corresponds to the sec-
ond or hinder pair in other insects be-
ing a pair of knob-like "balancers."

The flight of the house-fly is most rapid
in warm, sultry weather. We all know
how busy and pertinaacious their move-
ments are in dog-day weather.

It has been found that a common fly
when held captive moves its wings three
hundred and thirty times a minute,
whereas a honey-bee, whose pow-
ers of continued flight are much great-
er, moves its wings one hundred and
ninety times in the same period. The
wings describe a figure 8 in the air.

The buzz of the fly has been carefully
studied by Landolt. During flight the
fly's buzz or hum is in a relatively low
tone; when it is held so high that the
wings cannot move the buzz is higher
in pitch, and it is higher still when the
fly is held so that all motion of the ex-
ternal parts is prevented. The last
mentioned is the true voice of the in-
sect; it is produced by the breathing
holes of the thorax. The buzz of the
fly thus expresses the emotions of the
creature; the low hum being one of con-
tentment, the shrill excited buzz, one
of alarm and disturbance.—Unita
Presbyterian.

Too Busy to Argue.

Customer (in restaurant)—"Here,
waiter, this steak is too tough to eat."

Waiter—"Sorry, sah; I see too busy to
argue 'bout dog steak now. If yo
wants to argue wif a waiter 'bout do-
toughness of steak yo' mus' come in
when de noon rush am ober."—New
York Times.