BOY'S VALOR.

[illegible]

—Edward Lucas White in New York Sun.

DARKIES HUSTLING.

ONE WAY OF MAKING THE EASY GOING NEGRO STIR HIMSELF.

A Double Industry for the Charleston Colored Folk Originated by New York Tourists—Something for Officer-Hitting to Gravitate.

A tourist was just leaving Charleston, bound for Jacksonville, Fla. A step of several hours on the Transcontinental earthquake-city had made a pleasant break in the three days' run from New York. Most of the passengers had taken advantage of it to drive about the queer old town, curiously observing the great cracks caused by the upheaval that still remains in many of the buildings. Others took a sail over to Fort Moultrie or to Fort Sumter, where the civil war was started. Perhaps the most interesting point for the sightseers who remained aboard was old St. Michael's church. Some of the more sturdy climbed far up into the steeple, from whence General Beauregard had wooded and directed the battle, until the Yankee gunners had got the range of his chevaux-de-frise and put a cannon ball right through the steeple, not far from the general's head, when he discreetly retired.

Then passengers were as much impressed with the historical associations connected with the place that it was almost a relief when a half hour's diversion came to them. As the steaming was nothing away from her pier an auctioneer little tug that puffed and snorted and toiled enough for a couple of ocean liners aimed for Isle of Palms and the big steamer's bow drifted slowly around until she lay broadside to the outer end of the pier. Here she was held for awhile by a stiff breeze that pinned her up against the pier and by the wind that gripped her bow.

Perhaps it was the cheerful recollection of past experiences which they hoped to have repeated that caused all the darkies, big and little, the six-year-old picaninny and the gray-headed, stump-decorated reminiscence of slavery days to hurry down to the end of this pier. There are few things that will amuse the dusky southerner who makes his home along the river front. He is as easy going, happy natured fellow, fond of a laugh than he is of work, who feels his greatest content in doing easy jobs some sun-blistered nook upon the wharf, resting to the full from the minute he roll that he finds he may be called upon to perform in the work to come.

They were of the class who came tumbling down to the steamer by the dozen and score. A careful patching into one suit of the attire of half of them would have made a beautiful crazy quilt garb for one. It is doubtful if the most conscientious and painstaking soldier could have constructed a decent pair of shoes out of the material he found upon that pier.

However, it was a diversion to the passengers the upper deck to see that motley crew, and when a clumsy little fellow with a wonderful mouth, that must have secured a great vacuum in the atmosphere every time he breathed, pranced to the front and shouted, "Now, ladies and gents, jes' you fro a nickel at dis yere lick, 'a it's dat' fetch it she-doo' comet," there were instantly three or four dimes aimed at the "hole." But none of them made a bullseye. I fancy the game must have been played before, for the instant the dimes flashed in the sunlight a half dozen stalwart negroes leaped upon the shoulders of the possessor of the mouth and bore him to the ground.

Then there was a scramble. A Yale-Harvard football entanglement is supposed to contain so much of writhing, contorting, muscular humanity as is possible to get into a given space. But a Yale-Harvard tangle would be a sort of kindergarten frolic in comparison. That one scramble lasted more than ten minutes. During that time the pile of dusky humanity was ten feet high at least, and there were instances of writhing forms in the top, all struggling with desperation to get 24 the unfortunate fellows down below who were supposed to be clutching the dimes. I'll warrant that during that ten minutes there was an industrial waste of energy that would have kept the participants in fuel for a week if otherwise directed.

But that was only the beginning. The upper decks were crowding to the watchers as to those who took part. Quarters and half dollars began to shower upon the water, which was now thronged with an eager, dark faced multitude, whose eyes glittered. The most sober minded passenger caught the infection and began to feel around in his clothes for silver. A well known Delaware hospital physician, Dr. J. R. O'Neil, gathered together all the silver dollars that had been given him in change in Charleston, and kept half a dozen heaps of darkies in turmoil at once.

The climax came as the steamer began slowly to move away from the pier. Some one waved a two dollar bill and asked who would dive for it. "I will!" came from two dozen throats, and there was a general feeling of jealousy—from those who were foolish enough to wear jackets. The bill fluttered on to the water a few feet from the pier. There was an anxious, hesitating, regretful pause and a scattering of heads. Then there was a plunge, a few sturdy strokes by a young negro, and he clutched the bill. The passengers gave him a cheer and the steamer sailed away.—New York Herald.

The Cow Tree.

The cow tree, the sap of which closely resembles milk, is a native of South and Central America. It is a species of evergreen and grows only in mountain regions. A hole bored into the wood, or even a wound made in the bark of this remarkable tree, is almost immediately filled with a lactal fluid, which sometimes to flow until it coagulates at the mouth of the wound, also resembling the substance. This extremely fluid is both palatable and nourishing.

Professor Barnard, of the Lick observatory, made some strange discoveries in connection with Swift's comet, visible to the naked eye as a small, hazy star without a tail. The Lick telescope, however, discovered tails enough—a whole system of tails. From time to time during the present month Professor Barnard has been examining the comet. He found that it had not only tails, but forked tails, with curves in them. He succeeded in photographing the remarkable phenomenon, and the picture will be one of the most striking ever obtained in the field of astronomy. The telescope showed three principal tails, of which the middle one was much shorter. The most remarkable thing was, however, that this tail grew 10,000,000 of miles in twenty-four hours, as observed under the telescope.

Dahomey.

France may have to take not only the ugly black brute and wipe him out. He warned France that if she wanted to fight him he was ready to put his little people and their chief, Behanzin of Dahomey against the whole French nation. He has 10,000 warriors, some of them the terrible Amazons, who are the world's pugilists in their closing days of the Nineteenth century.

Dahomey is enough because he was as the Indian of America now 100 years ago, the white man's civilization closing in on him and forcing him to adopt ways or precipitate him to extinction. The proximity of the white man means to Dahomey that he can no more make bloody raids on the tribes around him for the purpose of capturing slaves to sell to the traders. It means that he can no more behead or torture whom he will and that he can no longer offer human sacrifices. Behanzin has therefore grown desperate, and more so since he finally to his own destruction.

England proposed to France to enter into a convention whereby these two nations should prevent, as far as possible, the sale of firearms to Dahomey. But his soldiers are already equipped with the best modern rifles of German make, so that the action of France and England might have little effect. It is authoritatively stated that arms are always smuggled into the white man both France and Germany to an unlimited extent. The trade in these is the first to be opened and the last to be suppressed.

Marriage and Working Women.

In London one-fifth of all the women between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five are single. In all England one-sixth of such women are single. This being so necessarily, apparently since there are not men in Great Britain to go around to provide husbands and maintenance for them, Clara E. Collet, writing in The Nineteenth Century, urges that some systematic provision should be made whereby they may earn their own living and be independent. After the age of thirty-five she says it is almost certain that they will never marry.

Miss Collet finds a rather curious fact in the course of her investigation. It is that the expectation of marriage really works against girls industrially. If they look forward to getting husbands to support them, they may perhaps work indifferently a few years, merely for enough money to buy clothes and for pink pocket money. They do not take pains to learn anything well, because they expect men not to be obliged to earn money at all. Many of them never marry. They have not trained themselves to any occupation, consequently their lot in after life is a pitiable one. The remedy, Miss Collet says, will be to carefully training all women of the poorer and middle classes to some occupation. She writes:

"It may conceivably that women who are in twenty callings in work which may enable them to be self supporting are less attractive than they would otherwise be, I can make no reply except that to create a hundred women to decide that marriage is attracting fifty men seems slightly ridiculous.

The Use of Superlatives.

Absolute perfection is indeed rare, and exaggeration plays a great part in modern life. We think too much of our own importance or talk too much of ourselves. We dwell too much upon family or society, and lend a fantastic tone to absolutely empty things. The use of superlative words often tends to destroy the impression that we wish to convey. Simply because we overdo things. A light earth, a little thought regarding things of this life, seems to accomplish the end much better than going to any extreme, however strongly you may feel.—Harper's Bazar.

WAITING TO BE ROBBED.

The Passengers Were All Ready for the Bandits, but They Came Not.

A gentleman from Kansas tells a rather interesting story of a committee to which he and his fellow passengers were treated a short distance from Vicksburg. The train was flagged at Cleveland, a small station in a comparatively sparsely inhabited section, at which passenger trains are not scheduled to stop. The station officials boarded the train with a badly frightened negro, who informed Conductor Clark that as he was walking along the track about two miles below the station he had seen six masked men working at the track with a crowbar, evidently bent on displacing the rails and ditching the train. They had their pistols out and he saw that the track and every saddle had a Winchester rifle slung across it. The darky did not stop to parley them, but as he was trying to steal away unobserved one of the world the transgressors called out to him, commanding him to halt. This was just what the negro did not wish to do, and plunging into the thicket he scrambled through the thick undergrowth and over fallen logs as rapidly as his legs would carry him. He had just reached Cleveland in time to warn the station agent to flag the down express.

This was startling news, and Conductor Clark at once made preparations to guard his train against attack. Every light, even to the footlight of the locomotive, was extinguished and Winchester rifles were placed in the hands of the train officials, who with their pistols were armed with a revolver and placed in the baggage car to guard the assets.

Before the lights could be extinguished the passenger conductor it was necessary to inform the passengers of the reason why such an extraordinary precaution had been rendered necessary, and then it was that some curious scenes were enacted. Some put their money in their boots, others, pulling off their coats, stowed away small quids of bills in their shirt sleeves. Others appeared to think that the lining of a man's hat made a snug little pocket in which to store some small sums of paper money. But the disposal of their valuables did not appear to the passengers a matter of such vital importance as the defense of the train and the lives of those upon it. Money, jewelry and watches were quickly hidden away, but when it came to hiding their pistols out of callous "arrangements" and lap pockets the business of hiding away valuables was "out to it."

The Kansas man who told the story said that to his day he had seen a great deal of rough life on the frontier, but he had never seen anything approaching such a show of bravery as was unknowingly displayed on that passenger train by peaceful and prosperous Mississippi. All the money, he said, on the train would not serve to make the first payment on that great array of bravery, even on the weekly installment plan. One man had no weapon, but he was promptly supplied by a Mississippian who had three smaller Colts in his valise. The stranger accepted the loan rather timidly and walked to the door of the car with it in his hand. He peeped out and into the darkness and the first object that met his eyes were three solemn looking men with Winchesters. It was dark, and he took them for robbers. Fortunately he did not open fire. On the contrary, he dropped his pistol, and running back to the middle of the car tried to crawl under a seat.

In the meantime, all being ready, the darkened train ran slowly down the track so as to miss the pile of the obstructed by the negro and stopped. Its officers appeared and then lanterns were lighted and a party of armed men went ahead to search for them, but they had made their escape. The advance guard found the best points of their access in the thicket where the negro had seen them and to the sapplings, and the track, though left in good order, gave evidence of having been tampered with. Something had evidently disturbed the workers—possibly the escape of the negro, whom they knew to have seen them—but at all events the train reached Vicksburg in safety.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Windmills in the Barbadoes.

Steam power is being gradually introduced into the sugar mills, but the island of Barbadoes is still well stocked with windmills, which pleasingly diversify the monotonous aspect of the over-cultivated country. Indeed, with an constant a power as the trade wind, most of the work of this favored land can be performed almost free of cost. If you need water you have only to sink a well and erect a windmill over it, which will keep your reservoir full. The coral rock is so porous that there is no such thing as a spring in the whole island. The whole rainfall sinks through the soil to form underground streams, which discharge their copious floods below the surface of the sea. Well boring presents easy conditions here.—All the Year Round.

Notable Exceptions.

Mick Bloodsucker—Yes, everybody is always ready to give advice.

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"Yes; doctors and lawyers."—Detroit Free Press.

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