

LITTLE WARS OF THE FRENCH

They Have Two Campaigns on Hand at Present That May Last for Years.

While the war in Morocco calls for attention, France still has two other little wars on her hands with no prospect of complete pacification within three or four years.

The latest news from Wadal in the heart of Sudan shows that in February the negro tribes affiliated with the Senegals were still fighting fiercely, despite unfavorable and severe losses.

A serious encounter took place on February 7 in Darkout, just occupied by the French under Colonel Largeau. On the previous day a large caravan from Mexico, in confluence with the Senegals, had been attacking the port at N'dele, professing a peaceful attitude.

At three o'clock in the morning the tribesmen, approaching under cover of the darkness, opened a furious fire on the French and their native allies. The battle lasted until eight, when the attack broke up in a panic. Allah Djahou was shot in the leg. He left 50 dead on the field and carried off hundreds of wounded.

This is a sample of a dozen combats recorded in brief dispatches in the French papers. Reinforcements are now moving in from the coast to join Largeau. They should reach him about the middle of August. He will then have 1,200 men, and it is believed he will soon be able to pacify central Africa and end the pernicious activities of the Senegals.

The other troubled region is on the Ivory coast. The tribes living near the Liberian frontier have recently been brought into order after a campaign of six weeks in which they lost heavily, while the French had seven men wounded.

France has 2,400 native troops under French officers operating in the region, and expects to have it reduced to order in three years. So far 40,000 guns have been captured from natives and destroyed.

OLD CUSTOM BRINGS TROUBLE

Young Men Try to Force Entrance to Young Girl's Home and Are Shot.

Four young men have been shot at Vex (Valais) by an irate father to whose daughter they had come to pay court. They were refused admission to the house and when they tried to force their way in the father took down his gun and fired. Two of them were slightly wounded and the other two seriously. The father was arrested.

The encounter and its almost tragic ending were due to an ancient custom which prevails in the villages of the canton of Valais and in the Alpine hamlets of the German cantons. After a girl has reached the age of eighteen her parents are not surprised to receive the visit of several young men after the day's work to ask to see their daughter and pass a pleasant evening in the family circle. The visit is looked on as a compliment, and as the young men bring with them wines and food they are generally welcomed by the parents. The custom, which is known as the "Vetille," results in introductions and often in marriages.

Waited Long for Honor.

Forty years to elapse before honoring a hero is to say the least, a reasonable time. Few of his comrades will be left to say that the distinction is invidious. Yet this is what happened to the man who saved the Louvre when Paris was in the hands of the commune in 1871. Maj. Marthan de Bernady de Segoyer was the hero of May 31, 1871, and the victim of the mob a day or so later. He was in command of the Twenty-sixth Battalion de chasseurs-a-pied and dispatched to occupy the Tuilleries garden. He saw the Louvre was threatened, in fact, the flames had reached the gallery of antiquities. He had no orders, but he took upon himself to send his men and in a short time the flames were under control.—London Globe.

Not His Line.

George L. Shrook, one of Atlantic City's champion life guards, was discussing his profession, says the Los Angeles Times.

"Funny things happen to us guards sometimes," said Mr. Shrook. "A funny thing happened to my friend Tim last week. A society belle from Spruce street went into the water wearing one of those fashionable transformations or wigs. A big wave went over her and when she came up she was transformed into something else. She turned and ran to Tim.

"Oh, save my hair!" she yelled. "Save my hair!" "Pardon me, lady," says Tim. "I'm a life saver, not a hair restorer."

A Cruel Apologist.

"Mr. Bliggins takes himself very seriously," said the critical young woman.

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "you can't blame him. To be thrown into a cruel world with no more brains than he possesses would be a serious matter for anybody."

Baby Ecology.

Us—Come right in, old man, and see our new baby! There—let's be great! He—Oh, yes! Fine! Well, they say baby's grows up to be handsome—that is, you can be thankful—or—well, how much he looks like his mother, I mean!

WHEN FISH TAKE THE BAIT

Such is the Joy of Living That All Other Things Fade and Die Away.

Look at those two venerable gentlemen floating in a skiff upon the clear waters of Lake George. One of them is a successful statesman, an ex-president of the United States, a lawyer, versed in all the curious eccentricities of the lawless science of the law. The other is a learned doctor of medicine, able to give the name to all diseases from which men have imagined they suffered, and to invent new ones for those who are tired of vulgar maladies.

But all their learning is forgotten, their cares and controversies are laid aside in the "innocuous desuetude." The Summer School of Sociology is assembled. The medical congress is in session. But they care not—no, not as much as the value of a single live bait. The sun shines upon them with fervent heat, but it licks them not. The rain descends, and the winds blow and beat upon them, but they are unmoved. They are securely anchored here in the lee of Sabbath Day Point.

What enchantment blinds them to that inconsiderable spot? What magic fires their eyes upon the point of the fishing rod, as if it were the finger of destiny? It is the enchantment of uncertainty. Let the philosopher explain it as he will. Let the moralist reprehend it as he chooses. There is nothing that attracts human nature more powerfully than the sport of tempting the unknown with a fishing line.—Henry Van Dyke—Fisherman's Luck.

BEWARE OF PETTING CATS

Woman's Experience is Enough to Make Anybody Cautious About Stroking Felines.

"I like cats very much," said the woman, "but I shall think twice and look half a dozen times before I pet one in public again. I am particularly fond of the big black cat that graces the restaurant where I eat my dinners. Tom likes me, too. He brushes off his superfluous fur against my best clothes and curls up at my feet in purring contentment. Last night, when the remnants of my dinner had ceased to interest me, I looked for Tom. He lay just under the edge of the table. I reached down and patted the big black lump affectionately.

"Dear old fellow," I murmured, then I wound up the endearing epithet with a little shriek. "The black lump was not Tom at all, but the foot of the ungainly, long-legged stranger who sat at the opposite side of my narrow table. An experience of that kind is enough to make anybody cautious about petting cats."

Ore Deposits Near Surface.

Men sometimes dream of enormous wealth stored in the earth, below the reach of miners, but experts aver that there is little or no ground to believe that valuable metallic deposits lie very deep in the earth's crust. Such deposits, it is said, are made by underground waters, and owing to the pressure on the rocks at great depths, the waters are confined to a shell near the surface. With few exceptions, ore deposits become too lean to repay working below three thousand feet. Nine mines in ten, taking the world as a whole, are poorer in the second thousand feet than in the first, and poorer yet in the third thousand.

Sarcastic Comment.

Of no author of our time have more stories been told of incisive comment or crushing repartee than of William S. Gilbert. One that is perhaps repeated a little less often than other is of a meeting between Gilbert and a popular actor, who on the evening in question happened to be laboring in the part of Falstaff. Gilbert met him behind the scenes, in all the enormity of a prodigious makeup, redundant and panting. He gazed upon a handkerchief and a steaming brow. "Your skin acts well," he remarked.—The Spectator.

There Was a Difference.

A local Protestant clergyman has decided, much to the disappointment of his congregation, to accept a call to another pulpit in an eastern city. A few days ago, one of the neighbors met the little son of this minister, and said:

"So your father is going to work in Blanktown, is he?" "The little boy looked up in surprise. "Oh, no," he said. "Only to preach there."

Marks Left on Cloth.

In an address to the Paris Academy of Science, Professor Baillhard contends that when a leaden bullet traverses cloth characteristic marks are left upon it, which are not obliterated by the subsequent passage of the bullet through flesh, provided that it does not strike a bone. It is even possible, he claims, to identify the nature of the garment through which the bullet has passed by a careful examination of the marks on the lead.

Unfailing Source.

Joe Miller was compiling his jest book. "For posterity in general," he explained, with a wink, "and for London Tit-Bits in particular." Even Joe Miller, as we see, had a sense of humor.

BRICE AS A POKER PLAYER

Colonel Lemert Tells How Warning to Late Ohio Senator Was Breath Wasted.

"A visit to Washington always recalls the good old days when my friend Senator Calvin S. Brice was here," said Colonel Lemert of Ohio. "Ohio never fully appreciated the worth of Brice until he was gone, and those who knew the real man personally never tire of telling about his career. Long before his election to the senate he came to my town of Bucyrus as a clever young lawyer, but even then he was beginning to indicate what was in him. After our consultation he insisted on meeting with a famous character of our town who kept a rather high-class gambling place. I do not mean a public resort, but just a gentleman's poker game. Brice had heard a lot about the wonderful skill of these citizens, and he had a curiosity to try them a spell as a matter of recreation. I begged him almost with tears in my eyes not to risk his money with such experts, but he smiled. Then I explained that I would have a supply of funds for him when he was ready to leave town, as I felt sure these local sports would trim him down to his shirt studs. I even begged that I might take care of his watch.

"Well, I worried a good deal that night, and could hardly sleep thinking what was happening to Brice. I hastened to find him the next morning. He was chipper and smiling, and I asked him if he needed any money with which to leave. He smiled and pulled out a roll of bills. Then he explained that he had tackled our local heavyweights in a quiet little gentleman's game, and had won every dollar they could rake and scrape together. I have never warned men like Brice against going into any sort of a game. It is breath wasted."—Washington Post.

EVERY MONTH HAS ITS MOOD

Sportswoman Discovers That We Develop Different Temperament With Each Month.

A well-known sportswoman writes me an interesting note as to the attitude to the months of those ladies who take an active part in life and the pleasures of the field. She says:

"Have you ever thought how we all, more or less, develop a different temperament each month? It seems to me that in January we are apprehensive; in February, speculative; May, impulsive; June, appreciative; July—it's generally too hot to be anything but submissive; August, aggressive; October, contemplative. "For November and December words fall me to define a temperament. The hunting woman is in her seventh heaven and as happy as can be to be in the saddle again and at covert side. Of course nowadays each month has its program for the sportswoman—she is much more the sympathetic and intelligent companion of the sportsman than ever was the case before."

Child Stories.

A little boy was asked how he stood in school. "In the corner," he replied. "Once upon a time a little girl was asked to define a mountain range. She said it was a large-sized cook stove. A school teacher asked her class who was the mother of the great Scottish leader, Robert Bruce. "Mrs. Bruce," said one little boy. A little girl went out on her back porch one morning and found that a chunk of ice left by the iceman was nearly all melted. "The ice is about all drowned," she told her mother. A teacher asked a little girl: "What is the office of the gastric juice?" "The stomach," she said.

Waters Left by the Flood.

M. Vedrines, in his flight to Madrid, passed near a chain of lakes which few tourists have visited. The Desert de Carlette, in the Pyrenees, close on 10,000 feet above the sea, contains no less than sixty lakes of varying sizes. These, according to local tradition, were left at the time of the flood. When the waters subsided it appears that Noah and his family landed on the Puy de Prigne, one of the highest peaks in the district. Convincing proof of the truth of this tradition is found in an iron ring to which, the peasants declare, the Ark was moored when the landing was effected.

Logical Opposition.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, advocating woman suffrage in New York, said: "I have never heard in all my life a single syllable of logical opposition to woman suffrage. The average opposition is neither better nor worse than the argument of a certain carter. "Ah," he growled, "wot would women do with a vote if they had it? Contrary critics! Why, if I says to my old woman, 'Gimme liver and bacon for dinner, do I get it? Naw! I get tripe and onions.'"—Washington Star.

Dickens' Nonsensical Cottage.

A memorial tablet is to be fixed on the cottage at Chalk, near Gravesend, where Charles Dickens spent part of his honeymoon, and Mr. Percy Fitz-Gerald is executing a bronze bust of the novelist in black marble, which he is presenting to the Gravesend Dickens Fellowship, to be placed over the doorway of the cottage.—London Evening Standard.

BLACK BASS CHEWS TOBACCO

New Yorker Discovers Fish That Strikes at Cigar Butts and Has Taste for Nicotine.

Hartlets, N. Y.—John J. Flanagan, manager at Hartlets, has as one of his proteges a black bass which uses tobacco. The fish, being an intelligent one, does not smoke cigarettes. But it chews.

Mr. Flanagan got acquainted with the habits of the bass about a month ago. The bass' favorite loafing ground is near a power-house. Always, when Mr. Flanagan goes to the power-house, he flings the cigar he happens to be smoking away, so that there will be no danger of fire.

He flung his cigar into the water by the power-house one day and the bass made a rush for it and grabbed it, disappearing under the water. Mr. Flanagan thought little of that at the time, for on certain days bass will strike at nearly anything, while on other days the most alluring bait will not tempt them. A day or two later he flung another cigar butt into the water and the same fish rose to it and nabbed it.

After this had happened a dozen times, Mr. Flanagan was forced to the conclusion that it was not mere random hunger on the part of the bass, but a genuine taste for tobacco. Several times shreds of the cigar, much torn and raveled, have risen to the top of the water half an hour or so after the fish has grabbed them, thus showing that the intelligent bass really tried to smoke the cigar, but being handicapped by certain natural disadvantages, contented itself by merely chewing the weed.

Some of the summer boarders, after observing Mr. Flanagan's bass came to the conclusion that a natural taste for tobacco might be inborn with fish. Just as it is with deer and goats. They experimented on several other fish, notably a number of catfish. The catfish, however, when put into a tub on shore, and fed small portions of navy plug-chewing tobacco, became very sick at the stomach, showing every sign of nausea, and mewing pitifully. This, and other research along the same lines, with dog fish and pickerel convinced them that the black bass who hangs around the power-house is unique in his habits.

SNAKES IN AUTO WITH GIRLS

Machine is Permitted to Run Wild Until Man Arrives, When Presence of Reptiles Discovered.

Elizabeth, N. J.—An automobile in which Ella White and Annie Smith were on their way from Springfield to their homes in Jersey City was permitted to run wild near this place, when the girls discovered two snakes were in the auto. That the machine was not wrecked and the girls hurt, if not killed, was due to luck. The fact the snakes were harmless was not known to the young women until afterward.

The snakes were attracted by the warmth of the machine and crawled into it when the girls stopped by the roadside to pick pussy willows. Soon after they started Annie Smith felt something squirm at the back of her seat. She turned her head and saw it was a snake. The white girl, who was steering the auto, saw the snake at the same time, and then found another snake was crawling in the bottom of the auto.

Ella dropped the steering wheel and both girls stood up in the auto and screamed. James Adamson heard them as the auto approached his place, and rushed out to see the car heading for a tree. The white girl shut off the power and the auto gave the tree only a slight bump. Adamson killed the snakes and the girls resumed their journey.

PEST OF GOPHERS IN TEXAS

Estimated That There Are 50,000,000 of Little Animals on Spur Ranch in Lone Star State.

Spur City, Tex.—Charles D. Moore is engaged in poisoning gophers on the Spur ranch of 453,000 acres, in Dickens, Kent, Garza and Crosby counties. He expresses the belief that there are about 50,000,000 of the little animals. These gophers will cut down and carry away a field of grain in a night. Their destructive propensities are wonderfully developed. They store their winter supplies in the fall. Allowing from 700 to 300 to the acre, they soon denude the land of grass or any growing vegetable or grain. They are disappearing like the Indian, buffaloes and antelope. They can't live where the white man holds sway.

Windscheck is Latest.

Kansas City, Mo.—Aviation has developed a new noun—windscheck, Lieut. James P. Anderson, general representative of the International Aviators, claims credit for the term that means the same in the flying game as the raincheck does in baseball. "When the wind tilts the monoplane and the daring flyers refuse to dare we issue windschecks good for the next day," the lieutenant explained. "However, we have been compelled to give the return coupons only once since last October."

Here Rates Pheasants.

Dunkirk, N. Y.—The northern part of Chautauque county is being stocked with pheasants as a result of the activity of several scores of common barnyard hens assigned, by Dunkirk sportsmen to the work of setting on a large consignment of Chinese pheasant eggs.

GOING BACK TO PAGANISM

Orthodox Priests Claim That in Some Parts of Russia Churches Are Empty.

According to official statistics published by the ministry of the interior, large numbers of the peasantry in the governments of Perm, Uja and Viatka have fallen into a state of paganism, worshipping the ancient gods, Flor and Lavra. There are now 20,000 idolators in Viatka, 4,000 in Perm and 11,000 in Uja.

Local officials say that the worship of Flor and Lavra had never totally disappeared from these districts, but assumed alarming proportions after the bad harvests of the past three years. The pagan priests who still lingered in remote districts carried on active propaganda among the peasantry, telling them that Flor and Lavra sent bad harvests as a sign of anger.

The consequence was that many thousands of peasants ceased to attend the churches, took to sacrificing cattle to Lavra and Flor instead and attended services in forest groves consecrated to these gods. The police are trying to put a stop to the movement, but without avail, as the large forest shelter the idolators.

The ministry has sent out Dr. Kuznetsov of the Moscow Archaeological institute to study the movement. The orthodox priests complain that many of their churches are standing quite empty, while in some cases the peasants force them to hang in their churches the hides of cattle which have been sacrificed to Flor and Lavra.

TOOTHLESS SAWS FOR STEEL

High Speed Revolving Disks Now Used for Cutting the Hard Metal.

The employment of high speed revolving disks of mild steel for cutting hard steel has become common, but the process always excites the astonishment of the uninitiated. The disks are preferably made of boiler plate quality and are about a quarter of an inch thick. They revolve with a peripheral speed of as much as 20,000 feet a minute. One of these disks will cut through a heavy channel section of hard steel, 12 by 4 1/2 inches, in 15 seconds.

It appears to act by local fusion. The very high speed causes thousands of inches of surface to impinge in rapid succession on the metal undercut, so that its temperature at the point of contact becomes very high, although the disk, owing to its large surface area, remains relatively cool. All its frictional energy is concentrated on an extremely small area of contact. The work is done so quickly that the heat has no time to spread in the metal undercut, and the sides of the cut portion are only a little warmed.—Youth's Companion.

Unfounded Charge.

A leading officer in one of the courts was charged with never going to bed sober. Of course he indignantly denied the soft impeachment, and he gave the particulars of a particular night in proof. We quote his own words: "Pretty soon after I got into bed, my wife said: "Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act so strangely." "There is nothing the matter with me," said I, "nothing at all." "I'm sure there is," she said; "you don't act natural at all. Shall I get up and get something for you?" "And she got up, lighted a candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand. "I knew there was something strange about you," she said. "Why, you are sober!" "Now, this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it. So don't you slander me any more by saying I haven't been to bed sober in six months, 'cause I have."

Such a testimony was considered reliable, and the man now enjoys his new-found reputation.—Boston Herald.

Old Parliamentary Usages.

Members of the British parliament no longer bow down each other with imitations from the farmyard and the menagerie. One of these early nineteenth century usages is thus described: "One honorable member rode the bar repeatedly called out: 'road' to the members endeavoring to address the house. At repeated intervals a sort of drone—like humming, having the sound of a distant hand organ or bagpipes—issued from the back benches, with coughing, sneezing and ingeniously extended yawning blended with other sounds. A single voice from the ministerial benches imitated very accurately the yelp of a kennel-bound."

His Judgment Good.

At the Decies-Gould wedding reception an example of the somewhat caustic wit of the world's greatest woman philanthropist, Miss Helen Gould, was quoted. Miss Gould, discussing a certain spendthrift bachelor, remarked: "You are quite wrong in saying that he has no idea of the value of money. He proposed to one of my nieces twice."

A Slight Difference.

Patience—Does it make any difference which finger will put the engagement ring on? Patrice—Well, I should rather say it does! Suppose he put it on some other girl's finger?—Judge.

FIND DEPOSIT OF PERIDOTS

Egyptian Luck Stone Discovered in Large Quantities Near Where Cleopatra's Needle Stood.

A deposit of peridots has recently been discovered in Alexandria with in a stone's throw of where the Cleopatra's needle, now in Central park, New York, once stood.

These stones, which are amber in color, for many years have been found in large quantities in Upper Egypt, but never before in this section of the country. The finder has secured a concession to work the ground, and has uncovered several thousand of these stones, at a depth not greater than ten feet. It is believed that the peridots were buried in the foundations of houses of the ancient Egyptians and in tombs as an omen of luck.

The stones now found are estimated to have been buried for over 1,500 years. Their value is not great the price of the stone of the average weight of three carats being one dollar. The discoverers of the Alexandria deposit have also secured a concession to work ground on the islands of Rahamah and Kad-Ali near Assab, in Red sea territory belonging to Italy. Some peridots have recently been found there and it is believed the deposit is a large one never before mined.—Consular Reports.

FRANCE PUTS CLOCK BACK

After Standing Out for Many Years the Country Adopts Standard Time.

After standing out for many years, France has adopted standard time. The most the country would do was to enact in 1891 that the whole of France should use the time of the meridian of Paris, instead of western European time, along with England, Spain, Portugal, Belgium and Holland.

Paris time is 9 minutes 21 seconds faster than standard time, and elaborate directions were followed out on the night of March 10 to change the clocks to the new time. Trains on the government lines were ordered to lose 9 minutes 21 seconds somewhere, so that if they arrived after midnight they would not be ahead of time.

Still more revolutionary is the regulation that the train clock within the station shall be the same as the one outside. Up to now trains were run five minutes later than the advertised time. The public has been warned to count upon this five minutes' leeway no longer.

Cold Storage in Europe.

Many of the European cities are following the example of America as regards cold storage plants. Paris is one of the centers where such questions are now being promoted, and the Refrigeration society is endeavoring to bring such questions before engineers and manufacturers. Not long since there has been built a large cold storage plant in the suburbs of Paris and lying on the North railroad. It is designed to store home products which are to be exported as well as foreign products brought in by rail to be consumed in the city. There are now eleven cold storage chambers in operation. A convenient system is the use of an automobile wagon with freezing compartments which piles between the city and the storage house. It carries the products to the sellers in town, and also takes back the unsold products for storage.—Scientific American.

Primitive Law.

The Old Timer looked up from his rickety say the San Francisco Chronicle, and asked: "You think that story on Bill Stess is a good one, eh?" "Good or bad, it's true," Well, so is this," said the Old Timer, "and it happened down in Texas by the Rio Grande. I used to live down that way awhile, and in the village which I graced with my presence a certain old horse doctor was elected president of the peace. What he didn't know about law was sufficient. He knew nothing; he should have made an ideal justice of the peace. His first case, however, was that of a man arrested for stealing a horse. 'Guilty or not guilty?' asked the justice. 'Not guilty,' answered the prisoner. "Then what the deuce are you doing here?" demanded the justice of the peace. 'Get out!'"

He Smiled.

A man alighted from a Brooklyn avenue car at Thirty-first street, and helped a boy of seven or eight years to alight. The child looked glum. "Smile, child, smile," said the man, evidently his father. The boy did not cheer up, however, whereupon the father spoke again. "Smile," he said. "Smile, or I'll slap your head off."—Kansas City Times.

Might Answer.

"Got a notice from the telephone company this morning promising better service the first of the month." "Must have paid up." "Nope; owe 'em for a year." "Is that the system?" "Appears to be. Notice said I was one year in arrears for my phone, and if I didn't settle by the first of the month I'd hear from it."—Judge.

Difference in His Notes.

There is usually a perceptible difference between a man's speaking and his singing voice. "I should say so! The ones who talk big are the very ones most apt to sing small."