# POLITICS IN FRANCE.

## Something About the French Methods of Conducting Elections.

## HOW PARTIES ARE ORGANIZED.

### A Clear Account of the Important Struggle Just Ended.

### PROBABLE RESULT OF THE CONTEST

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

PARIS, September 22.—To-day, Sunday, September 22, is the first day of the election for the new Chamber of Deputies. Sunday, October 6, about the date when this letter will appear in your columns, will be the second and final day.

From February 8, 1871, date of the first elections after the close of the Franco-German war, to the autumn of 1885, when the last Chamber of Deputies was elected, the Republican side of the House had been slowly increasing in numbers at the expense of the anti-Republican side. And what was true of the Chamber, was true of the Senate. With an anti-Republican majority in 1875, the year when the French Senate was created, each new election strengthened the Republican ranks, until to-day the anti-Republicans fill only a few rows of benches on the right in the Luxemburg Assembly amphitheater.

But in October, 1885, at the moment when the Senate had decidedly passed over to the Republic, the elections for the Chamber showed for the first time since the establishment of the Third Republic, a check to the progress of the dominant party; the Anti-Republican minority had been nearly doubled, and reached the formidable number of almost 200, about one-third of the whole body, which consisted of 584 Deputies.

This triumph of the Right in the elections of 1885 was the chief cause of the creation of Boulangism and gave rise to most of the dangers which have beset the Republic during the last two years, dangers which will not, probably, be dissipated, as the friends of Republican France hope, by the present elections. The Right in the last Chamber was so strong, that if 100 Republicans sided with it, the enemies of the Government had a majority. And, on more than one occasion during the past four years, Republicans did side with the Right, Republican ministries were overturned, stability of Government destroyed, the country became disgusted, Boulanger appeared the savior of France, and to-day Parliamentary Republicanism is in such bad odor that the very life of the Third Republic is threatened.

THE SCRUTIN DE LISTE.

The Chamber of 1885, whose rule has been so disastrous to the present Government of France, was elected by what is known as scrutin de liste; that is, each Department voted in a body for the whole number of Deputies allotted to that Department, just as in a Presidental election in America a whole State votes for a list of electors. Prior to 1885, Deputies were voted for by districts, as with us. It was Gambetta who induced the Republicans to adopt scrutin de liste. He believed that it would advance the interests of the Republic. He did not live to see its evil results; for it was due, in large part, to scrutin de liste that the Right gained so much ground in 1885, and that Boulanger, by the votes of a half-dozen Departments, was brought into prominence during the past year.

It was only natural, therefore, that the last Chamber, before it died this summer, should have passed a law, which was concurred in by the Senate, returning to the district system and abandoning scrutin de liste. This vote was chiefly directed against Boulanger, who otherwise would have stood a good chance of election in a large number of departments, and would have carried out his plebiscitt idea, the favorite political codge of a bold politician who seeks supreme power in France; a majority of the people would have pronounced in his favor and the run-away General could have exclaimed: Vox populi, vox dei.

In its fear of General Boulanger the Chamber did not stop here, but introduced a reform in the French electoral system, which, if I am not mistaken was unknown in this country before. Heretofore a candidate might stand for election in as many districts as he pleased. For instance, at the general elections of February, 1871, the first after the war, Gambetta was chosen in nine different colleges, and Thiers in 36. But the last Chamber decided that, as in America, a candidate may stand in but one district. This clipped still further the wings of Boulanger and his friends. It killed a plebiscitum even in the districts.

PARTY ORGANIZATION.

And this law, this permitting a candidate to present himself before the voters of but one district, is the most curious feature of the present campaign, and is sure to produce some very odd and unexpected results. Under the old system, prominent public men would often stand simultaneously in two or more districts when there was any doubt of their defeat in their favorite district. In this way a party was sure not to be deprived of the service of a valuable leader. This was the great advantage of the system. But, in the present contest, several prominent candidates are, if I am not greatly mistaken, pretty certain to "get left." The way in which some of these desperate politicians have been running about all over France in the search of a "sure thing" is one of the amusing aspects of the campaign. And this brings me to the interesting question of party organization in France.

As yet, the "machine" cannot be said to have become acclimatized in France. National or general committees do exist in two or three instances, but they possess very limited and poorly defined powers. Speaking generally, every candidate manages his own affairs. Nominating congresses—conventions as we should say—do meet in some cases in certain departments, but, as a rule, they have to do with the choice of Senators, who are chosen by "second degree" suffrage, much as it was intended our Presidental electors should choose a President. The only well organized electoral bodies in France are the local committees. Almost every deputy or would-be deputy has his committee, which is often brought together by him, but which sometimes organizes itself, and then invites a candidate to appear under its auspices. At times these committees get to be very powerful and arbitrary close corporations, and often hold in their hands the fate of the aspiring politician. One of the reasons why Gambetta favored scrutin de liste was that he hoped in this way to break the back of this electoral committee oligarchy. So we may say that primaries, caucuses, conventions and national and State committees are quite unknown in France. There is no "machine," no "slate," no "boss" in this happy land.

NOT A POLITICAL PARADISE.

My Mugwump readers will be tempted to exclaim: "What a political paradise France must be!" Not at all. Some order must everywhere be brought out of party chaos. In France this desideratum is obtained by the Central Government; but of course only in so far as "the powers that be" are concerned.

The Minister of the Interior, M. Constans at present, is the great boss in French politics. He is armed, among other things, with a secret service fund, which he uses to advance party ends. Certain candidates are patronized by the Government, and this means pecuniary aid if it is needed.

Nor is "boodle" the only power in the hands of this French Ministerial Boss. He has in every department an obedient servitor in the person of the Prefect, or Governor of the department, making in all 86 minor bosses in direct telegraphic communication with the central boss at Paris. Under each Prefect are a thousand and one employes of various grades scattered throughout the department, each one likely to have his political head chopped off unless he keeps in step with the Minister of the Interior. When you add to this the fact that the Prefect superintends the counting of the votes under the superior direction of the Minister of the Interior, you will see that if the American "machine" is unknown in France, this country is saddled with a worse curse—the active participation of the Government itself in the elections. I do not exaggerate this feature of French public life. It is of common occurrence in the history of politics in this country that a Prefect is removed simply because he failed to carry his department for the Government party by "putting the screws on." Paris has not yet attained to the political finesse of the New York boys by voting citizens in "blocks of five," but she surpasses Washington in the use of the people's money to advance party interests. So the friends of reform in America will not find much comfort here.

WHAT THE RESULT MAY BE.

I do not care to make any predictions. Popular elections are always uncertain, especially when there are, as is the case today, over 1,500 candidates in the field, and particularly when the voters are all Frenchmen. But this much can be safely said, that if the Opposition—Monarchists, Imperialists and Boulangists—succeed in holding their own by electing 200 candidates, about a third of the Chamber, the political situation will not have changed. The downhill course of the Third Republic will not be checked, Boulanger, or some undiscovered man personifying the general discontent, will come to the front again, and the overturning of Ministries will go on, as during the past four years, until the final catastrophe arrives.

But if the Republicans succeeded in reducing, say to 100 members, the combined opposition, a result which scarcely seems possible, the Government will have gained such a material and moral victory that the republic will be able to bridge the abyss on the very edge of which it has been trembling for the past 12 month so rmore, and will go on its way rejoicing for another term of years.

If, however, the Republicans triumph, you must carefully examine, before jumping to any conclusions, whether it be the Conservative or radical Republicans who have gained in strength. The two groups were about equally divided in the last chamber, each like the right being about 200 strong.

BAD FOR THE REPUBLIC.

If the Radicals increase in numbers—and it looks very much as if such would be the case—the prospects of the Republic are less bright than if the Conservative Republicans regain the ground which they lost in the election of 1885. There is nothing in the doctrines of French Radicals to seriously frighten an American, and at heart I should like to see Clemenceau and his friends increase their strength. But France is excessively Conservative, especially provincial France, and if this Conservative element sees the Republic in the hands of the Radicals it will go over to the enemy, and then the third Republic will have lived. Hence, in France, Americans should be Conservative Republicans.

To sum up then: If the Right and Boulanger should gain a majority in the Chamber, say 300 seats, I fear we shall have to bid goodby to the Republic, at least in its present form; if they hold their own and come back 200 strong, the old danger exists and the crisis is simply postponed; if the Republicans as a whole can muster 500 votes in the new Chamber, for a good time to come the Republic can take care of itself and its enemies; if the Conservative Republicans increase their majority say to 300—it is now about 200—this will be an excellent sign; but if, on the contrary, the Radicals add new recruits to their rather disjointed and ungovernable phalanx of 200, then, as the sailors say, "look out for squalls."

THEODORE STANTON.

## CASH FROM HIS OWN POCKETS.

### A Chicago Man Wins at the Card Table Without Making Money.

Chicago Herald.]

On one of the roads which runs through the southern suburbs there is a gay conductor who has charge of the morning and evening trains. He makes about five trips a day and has a lay-off of about three hours along at noon time. He knows some of the good people in the heart of the city, and with them it is delight to indulge in a quite game of pedro during his leisure hours. Usually he does this every day. One afternoon last week he fell in with the regular party, and the cards were shuffled up. It was quite warm, and the conductor removed his coat for comfort's sake. In one pocket of this coat he kept the pennies which he gathered up on his trips, and in the other pocket the nickels.

On this occasion he wondered why the other players should get up to attack the lunch table so often, but he gave the matter no serious consideration and thought nothing of it when he was given his winnings in pennies. His luck with the cards was phenomenal and he won everything. At last, when duty called him, he arose and put on his coat. Incidentally he felt in his pockets and found no coins there. Then he realized he had been winning money belonging to his own explorers, and it cost him a good portion of it to induce his friends to keep quiet about the matter.

## DAVY CROCKETT'S COMMAND.

### Origin of a Saying That is Known All Over the World.

New England Magazine.]

In Jackson's campaign of 1812 originated the now world-wide motto, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." The fact was given me personally by General William Moore, in these words: "I was a Captain, but a very young man, in that command. Davy Crockett was in my company, quite young and awkward. I had trouble with my men and told them I would go and lay my complaints before the General. I did so, and young Crockett officiously went along. When I had stated my case, the General said: 'Captain, don't make any orders without needing them, and then execute them, no matter what it costs.'

"Returning to camp the boys wanted to know what the General said, when Davy Crockett, with a big laugh, said: 'The General told the Captain to be sure he is right and then go ahead.'" General Moore informed me that the next day Crockett's words were in the mouth of every soldier in the regiment, and they were used all through the campaign. "Be sure you are right and then go ahead," is a common saying now whereever the English language is spoken.

### Conflicting Views.

Chicago Tribune.]

"Your Honor, this man is pigeon-toed. I object to him on the ground that a juror's understanding should not be biased."

"The objection is overruled, Mr. Sharp."

"Then I challenge him on the ground that he is cross-eyed. He takes conflicting views of everything."

### Her Answer.

"Young man proposed to me last night."

"You can't mean that?" "Indeed it's true; Asked me to be his wife outright."

"Good gracious, dear! What did you do?"

"Poor boy! He looked so handsome, Nell."

"Handsome! A clerk on weekly pay Asks you—a beauty and a belle!

But tell me what he dared to say."

"Well—first, he loved me!" "Oh, that part, Of course! What else?" "And that he thought

I was the sort of girl whose heart Would never let itself be bought.

"He said he was a man—that I Was just a woman, equal so In youth, health brain we stood, and—why, You'd think he never dreamed of no—

"That he was poor need be no bar—" "Well! what an attitude to take!"

"For Love would prove the guiding star To fame and fortune, for my sake—

"And then he begged my heart and hand." "Such impudence! who'd ever guess?—

I hope you made him understand His place?" "I did—I told him 'Yes!'"

# OCEAN GREYHOUNDS.

## Development in Size, Speed and Comfort of the Atlantic Steamer.

## WHAT WILL IT BE IN 100 YEARS?

### Shall We Be Able to Cross the Atlantic in 48 Hours?

### HOW THE RECORD HAS BEEN REDUCED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

What will the trans-Atlantic steamship of 1989 be?

Measured by the improvements in size, beauty, strength and speed attained during the past half century, she will be a leviathan little short of a quarter of a mile in length, carrying over 100,000 tons, consuming but little more coal than the trans-Atlantic steamer of to-day and making the trip from Fastnet light to Sandy Hook in 48 hours.

Ridiculous as this statement may seem, it is less improbable than would have appeared a prophecy made 50 years ago that the Atlantic would be crossed in less than a week. That it would ever be crossed at all in a vessel propelled by steam seemed almost beyond belief to that knot of people who assembled on August 22, 1818, in the upper New York bay, about where the Erie basin now is, to witness the launching of the little 300-ton side-wheel steamer Savannah, which was to make the first attempt to accomplish this feat. Her builder was Francis Pickitt, and she was commanded by an old New England sailor, Captain Moses Rogers, of New London, Conn. She steamed out of New York in the early part of 1819, and on May 25 of that year, amid the usual blazing of cannon and waving of flags she set sail from Savannah, Ga., for St. Petersburg by way of Liverpool. She could only carry 75 tons of coal and 25 cords of wood. Her engines were, of course, of the high pressure order, and were built by Stephen Vail. It took the Savannah 26 days to reach Liverpool, but she steamed only 18 days, at the end of which time her fuel gave out, and she was compelled to proceed under sail.

A MARITIME SENSATION.

She created a great sensation, and it is said that the commander of the British fleet at Cork seeing the smoke emerging from her funnel, sent a boat's crew to extinguish what he took to be a fire on board. Some idea of the crudity of her construction may be had from the accompanying sketch taken from an original print.

*The First Trans-Atlantic Steamship.*

One or two unimportant ocean voyages were attempted during the following 20 years, but it was not until 1838 that another attempt was made to cross the Atlantic by steam. On April 7 of that year the Sirius left Bristol, England, and made the voyage to New York in 17 days. Two years afterward the Cunard line was started by the launching of four large side-wheel steamers.

Meanwhile the late John Ericcson had been experimenting with the screw system of propelling steamers, and on July 13, 1836, he obtained a patent on a spiral screw somewhat similar, but much longer than the one now in use. With it he succeeded in attaining a speed of ten knots an hour. Francis P. Smith, a farmer in Hendon, England, was also experimenting in the same line at the same time and accidentally discovered that a short screw would increase the speed of the vessel being propelled. Acting upon this idea he built the Archimedes, which was launched October 18, 1838, and made her trial trip to Portsmouth May, 1839. Six years after the Great Britain, a screw steamer, made a voyage from New York to Liverpool, but her speed proved no greater than that of the side-wheel vessels. Her maiden trip demonstrated, however, that screw steamers could be run with much less expense than could the other kind, because of the reduced consumption of coal.

MAKING A RECORD.

In 1850 the Collins Line, the first and only American line between New York and European ports, was established. The vessels of this line were the Arctic, Baltic, Pacific, Atlantic and Adriatic. A year or two later the Pacific startled the world by making the trip from New York to Liverpool in 9 days and 20 hours. The next vessel to reduce the record to any appreciable extent was the old Inman Liner the City of Paris, which was built and launched in 1867. In August, 1869, after having been in use something like two years, she succeeded in covering the distance between Queenstown and Halifax in 6 days, 19 hours and 5 minutes, and to New York in 8 days 3 hours. In December, 1869, the City of Brussels, of the same line, ran from Liverpool to New York in 7 days 20 hours 23 minutes, and this record stood unbroken until 1873, when the Baltic, of the White Star line, broke it by covering the same distance in 7 days 20 hours 9 minutes. The next racer was the City of Berlin, which in 1875 reduced the record first to 7 days 18 hours, then to 7 days 15 hours and eventually to 7 days 14 hours. By this time the question of speed had become a vital one to steamship companies, among whom the competition was very great, and all their interest was being concentrated upon this one point.

Trans-Atlantic travel had increased greatly, necessitating a like increase not only in the number, but in the size of the vessels engaged in the traffic. From the 300 tons of the Savannah the growth in size had been gradual until in 1870 a vessel of

*Latest Steamship Teutonic.*

7,000 tons was by no means a curiosity. Record breaking still went on and in 1881 the Guion line steamer Arizona crossed in 7 days and 7 hours. On September 19, 1882, the Alaska astonished everyone by making the trip in less than 7 days, having taken but 6 days, 18 hours and 37 minutes to run from Sandy Hook to Queenstown. In 1884 the National line steamer America took about three hours off the Alaska's record and in December of the same year the ill-fated Oregon, whose skeleton lies six fathoms deep off Sandy Hook, came into Queenstown in nine hours less time than that made by the America.

FLOATING HOTELS.

Following closely upon these came the then enormous Cunarders Umbria and Etruria, each being of 8,000 tons burden, and built exactly alike in every respect. The Etruria, however, proved much the faster vessel, and in June, 1888, crossed from Queenstown to Sandy Hook in 6 days 1 hour and 55 minutes.

Up to this time trans-Atlantic steamers had been built with single screws and single engines of what is known as the triple expansion type. By triple expansion is meant an engine that will use the same volume of steam three times before it is exhausted. The Etruria will probably always hold the best record as a single screw steamer, the limit for that class seeming to have been reached in her case. Shipbuilders recognizing this fact began to turn their attention to improvements in machinery and the shape of the steamer. From the single screw they turned to the double screw with double engines, one for each propeller and sacrificing breadth of beam to speed, began to model their ships more after yachting lines. It is upon this basis that the new Hamburg-American line steamers Columbia and Victoria Augusta, the new White Star line Teutonic and the new Inman line City of New York, and City of Paris are built. With the exception of the last named steamer the twin screw has not made any appreciable change in speed, but it has demonstrated the fact that vessels built in that way ride the waves much easier and are therefore, more pleasant for passengers than are the single screw steamers. It has also demonstrated in the case of the City of Paris that the twin screw very materially increased speed. This vessel having made the trip over the regulation ocean race course from Sandy Hook to Fastnet Light in 5 days and 19 hours and has attained an average speed of 20 knots an hour, over this course its average is about 4-10 of a knot greater than that of the Etruria which formerly held the best record.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

Increase in size in the trans-Atlantic steamers has kept pace with their increase in speed and none of the recently built ships have less than 10,000 tons capacity. Any one of them will accommodate at least 2,000 people as comfortably in many respects as they could be entertained at any hotel. Most of them contain handsome libraries of from 800 to 1,000 volumes each, bathrooms, toilet rooms and every luxury that can be enjoyed on shore.

Of course all this speed has not been attained without considerable consumption in coal, which in the case of the single-screw steamers has steadily risen as the speed was increased. The Umbria, Etruria and vessels of that class burned on an average a ton of coal for every knot of progress, or between 450 and 500 tons per day. With the advent of the twin screw, however, the consumption of fuel decreased, and it is said that the new steamers burn but 300 tons in the same time.

All these figures are interesting because of the fact that they show what can be done by comparison with what has been done. In the 70 years since it was demonstrated that trans-Atlantic steam traffic was possible the trans-Atlantic steamer has grown from a 300-ton vessel to a 12,000-ton vessel, and it has increased in length from less than 100 feet to almost 600 feet. It has decreased the time required to cross the Atlantic from 26 days to less than six days. The same ratio of increase in size would make the vessel of 1989 something over 3,000 feet in length, with a tonnage reaching up into the hundreds of thousands. The same ratio of increase in speed would cut the time necessary to make a trip across the Atlantic down to 48 if not to 24 hours.

Of course it will be urged and it must be admitted that there is a limit to capacity and speed, but who in the light of the past would be bold enough to draw this limit at anything like the present record, especially with the possibilities of electricity as a motive power yet to be developed?

A. B. SEAMAN.

## AN EXPERT DRIVER.

### But He Was More Familiar With Stakes Than With Horses.

Chicago Tribune.]

An insurance broker on La Salle street says: I recently advertised for a coachman. Among the drivers who applied for the place was a man of rather seedy appearance, but possessing a decidedly interesting face which caught my fancy, notwithstanding the fellow's wearing apparel was somewhat below par. We talked a few moments and I decided to give the man a trial. We went to my residence, hitched up a team, and soon were spinning along the boulevard, the applicant driving. The man did not prove to be quite as clever with the lines as he was with his manners, and the following conversation was started. I said to him:

"You say you have been driving for the last ten years?"

"Yes, sur; ten years."

"Let me see, did I ask you the name of your last employer?"

"The last man I driv fur wus Forepaugh."

"What! Adam Forepaugh, the circus man?"

"That wus the man."

"Ah, ha! Drove the 16-horse bandwagon, I suppose?"

"No, sur; I driv stakes."

## WHAT CAUSES WRINKLES.

### Scowling, Laughing and Scheming Make Crow's Feet on People's Faces.

Dr. Peppenbrook, in Globe-Democrat.]

The general impression about wrinkles is that they are caused by worry, but the truth is that most of them come from laughing. To know how to laugh is just as important as to know when to do it. If you laugh with the sides of your face the skin will work loose in time, and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with the kind of laugh you have. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semicircular wrinkles covering his cheeks. A gambler, who is accustomed to suppressing his feelings, generally has a deep line running from each side of his nose to the upper corner of his mouth, which in course of time extends to the chin, forming the shape of a half-moon.

A cadaverous person is usually marked with two wrinkles, one on the jaw and the other under the eye, meeting at right angles at the cheek bones. The scholar's wrinkle forms on the brow, while a schemer's wrinkles come around the eyes, and look like spokes of a wheel.

## YOUR ADAM'S APPLE.

### If It Is Prominent You Must Wear a Stand-Up Collar.

Washington Post.]

"It is well-known," said Joe Beardsley, "that deformities have often dictated styles, but probably most people do not realize to what extent slight defects control them in the most trivial pieces of apparel. This is shown in the case of the prevailing styles of collars worn. When the style changed from the low collar to the high one it was a sweeping change, so that but few people could be seen wearing anything except the 'choaker.' Finally the 'choaker' was modified into a collar with the ends turned down, a good deal of space being left open at the throat.

"That style was never adopted universally. Why? For the reason that a great portion of the men who have occasion to wear collars at all have prominent 'Adam's apples,' which they are very glad to hide from sight if they find an opportunity. The 'choaker, just suited them, and it will probably be many days before they will be induced to give it up."

### The Love That Reached My Heart.

The sky of my life was overcast,
My heart was heavy and sad,
I had looked around and caught the last
Reflection of all that was glad.
A mist of the future hid from sight,
And the echo was lost in a sob,
As I called aloud for a ray of light
And asked that they might not rob
A broken heart of all earthly balm;
A heart that had struggled so long
'Mid tempest and storm to reach a calm—
Shall the "Pisgah" of hope be lost in the song?

I hold a blossom, a flow'ret sweet,
And I pluck its petals to learn my lot,
As the old, old legend I repeat;
"He loves me. He loves me not—"
Oh, flower that holds my fate so dear,
Will you in mercy fail?
Will your snow-white petals shroud my heart
Or give life to the love I call?
A flood of sunshine covered my heart—
And a harvest of love I could see
Stamped on the last leaf from which I should part
For it said he loves but me.

"He loves me not" falls carelessly down,
For I hold the coveted key
That with eyes of love counted the leaf
That said "He loves but me."
This is the love that reached my heart,
And in the darkest hour I can see
The snow-white petal of the flow'ret sweet
Which said he loves but me.

*—Virgie Quantrille Brown in Washington Post.*

# HUNTING THE 'COON.

## A Favorite Sport of Southern Gentlemen Before the War.

## MAKING READY FOR THE CHASE.

### Uncle Jack Leads the Way to a Good Night's Sport.

### THE TRIUMPHANT MARCH HOMEWARD

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

In ante-bellum days the favorite sport of the sons of wealthy planters, barring the fox chase, was hunting the raccoon and opossum at night under the chaperonage of a trusty old slave with five or six younger slaves and two or three trained dogs. The night selected for the hunt would be clear and cold enough that the exercise of a tramp through the woods would not be fatiguing—generally from the middle of October till the last of November. The game then is in fine condition, the plantations of corn, skirted by dense forests, furnishing the 'coons with sumptuous feasts, while the 'possum would fatten on ripe persimmons in every field and thicket.

Though but a lad, I frequently enjoyed the fun, and, dressed for the hunt, would repair to Uncle Jack's cabin, where the preliminaries would be going on, the younger men preparing bundles of lightwood that would readily blaze when the match was applied, collecting the best axes, filling a jug with water, and sometimes one with persimmon beer. The dogs in the meantime would be evincing their understanding and appreciation of the proceedings by frequent barking and many lively antics. When all ready the old hunter would give the word to start, and everyone must implicitly obey his every command, for upon his knowledge depended the success of the hunt.

Leaving the cabins, or quarters, the party made for the forest in the direction pointed out by the leader, the well-trained dogs following closely behind. When the forest was reached the old slave called a halt, examined the sky to see where certain stars were and noted the direction of the wind. If, from his prognostications, the signs were propitious, the torches were lighted and the dogs called and separately instructed as though they were rational beings. At the word from their master they would spring into the woods and

THE HUNT BEGIN.

The hunters following and picking their way where the undergrowth was dense or wet places encountered. Soon the dogs would be heard, and the old man expressed pleasure or disappointment at their peculiar cry. We proceeded just fast enough to keep in hearing of the dogs, for sometimes they only barked at intervals and in different directions. If the hunt was progressing favorably 'twould not be long before "Oa, Ring would tell de news," the other dogs would draw on his trail, frequent yelpings would be heard and the pace of the hunters quickened. For a half mile, possibly, the chase would be kept up—the forest resounding with the cries of the dogs and the shouts of the hunters, and made luminous by the blazing torches. Finally the dogs would cease for a moment, then all break out at one spot, then we knew the game was "treed," and hurry scurry now to reach the place.

When the dogs were reached they were furiously barking and running around a huge gum tree. Ole Ring, in particular, was springing as far up its sides as possible and biting the bark. Uncle Jack snuffed his torch and prepared "ter shine he eyes." When it was blazing brightly he held it above his head walking around the tree and peering up in its tall branches. After going around several times he gave a grunt of satisfaction and exclaimed: "Dar's two big 'coons up dar." Had there been but one the tree, no matter how large, would have been felled; but with more than one "varmint" it was climbed and Messrs. 'Coon shaken out one at a time, that none might escape, and the dogs have a fair chance at all. Up started a good climber and the lowest 'coon shaken out. Such fun! The dogs were on him when he touched the ground. He was a large fat fellow, and fought bravely, the excited hunters, each with a blazing torch, forming a circle about the combatants, cheering the dogs.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

Over and over the dogs and 'coon would roll, so rapidly and amid so much confusion, gnashing of teeth and growls that it was impossible in the dim light to distinguish dog from 'coon. One indiscreet hunter got so near he tripped and fell, and for a while the darkey and his flaming lightwood were badly mixed up with the struggling mass. He was soon rescued, however, the 'coon dispatched and hunter No. 2 up the tree, told to shake out the other 'coon. Down he came with a thud, and in falling must have struck his head against a root—addling him; for the dogs had him killed in no time with little of the fun and excitement of the first battle. The panting dogs were allowed a moment's rest while the hunters refreshed themselves with water or beer and prepared the game for carriage. This was done by splitting a four-foot stick about six inches from the big end, so the split would not run out, through which the "varmint's" tail was drawn. The wedge removed caused the sides to go together again, thereby clamping the tail firmly. From this performance is supposed to emanate the expression "his tail in a split stick." These sticks were shouldered by the darkies, the torches snuffed and the dogs again put on the hunt.

Ten minutes passed before the dogs "treed" again. This time it was a 'possum up a large oak. The tree was soon cut down, and as the opossum makes but little resistance, the fun was quickly over. Again the dogs were put out, leading us still farther into the depths of the forest. We were having good luck and the hunters were in high spirits, so did not pause to consider the probabilities of a long tramp. "Ole Ring" could be heard in the distance and in ten minutes had "treed" again. It proved another 'coon up a tall poplar. The axes were soon ringing on its sides and it fell with a fearful crash, snapping and breaking other trees in its course to the ground. The dogs were at the top in an instant scenting the game, but not in time to catch him. They pressed him so hard, however, that he ran up the nearest tree—a small sapling not over 20 paces from the poplar, and not 15 feet high. Around it the dogs and hunters gathered. The 'coon was shaken out among the dogs and killed by them after another tough battle.

A GOOD NIGHT'S SPORT.

The hunt was continued until two more 'possums were caught. By now we were some miles from home, had crossed a large tract of forest and near the road on the other side. We reached the road, and Uncle Jack scanned the heavens "ter find de seben stars an' ellen yards." When found he pronounced the time to be "one hour past midnight"—which was within a few minutes of the correct time.

Well satisfied with the hunt, the dogs were whistled, lights extinguished and our step turned toward the plantation. When the cabins were reached the fires, always built out in front of the doors in pleasant weather at night, were still burning. One was "mended up" and gave a bright light. Around it all gathered with the results of the hunt. Uncle Jack divided the game, reserving the fattest opossum to be dressed and cooked the next day for me. Incidents of the hunt were recounted a few moments, then the darkies sought their respective quarters.

As I was departing for the "great house" Uncle Jack called to me to wait. He went in his cabin and brought out a bottle and glass, saying: "Here, chile, drink sum ov dis mederson; it'll keep yer frum catchin' cole." It proved to be excellent apple brandy, and the writer, while not advocating the use of stimulants, is not prepared to say that a drink of good liquor under such circumstances is conducive of harm.

W. COTTEN DOWNING.

## THE OLD MAN PLAYED OX.

### How a Maine Teamster Proved That He Knew His Business.

Lewiston Journal.]

The first Colonel of the First Maine Cavalry was bluff John Goddard, an iron-sided old lumberman. Before the war he used to take gangs of men into the woods every winter.

Late one fall in the "fifties" a tall, lank Yankee came into Colonel Goddard's office and asked for employment as a teamster.

"Do you know how to drive oxen?" asked Goddard.

"I rather reckon I do," was the bashful response.

"Suppose I was a yoke of oxen," said Goddard, getting down on "all fours," on the office floor, "and suppose I would not haul, let see what you would do to make me come up under the yoke."

The Yankee objected at first, but when he was told that his winter's work depended upon the trial, he took the long-bradded oaken ox-goad and began to flourish it over the kneeling Goddard's head.

"Hish, Bright; get up, there, Golden. Come here, Star; gee off, Lirn," he yelled in turn, but never a move did old Goddard make. Finally, getting weary, the teamster inserted the steel brad into Goddard trousers. The coming cavalry Colonel got up in a hurry, and the Yankee hired at his own price, proving the best teamster in the gang. When the cavalry regiment was organized the humorous teamster went to the front as a private, and when he fell fighting under Grant he had a set of Lieutenant's epaulettes on his shoulders.

## HE SUED HIMSELF.

### How a Lawyer Secured Business While Paying Off a Debt.

Some years ago, when Judge G. H. Hicks was not as prosperous as he has been in late years, says the Minneapolis *Tribune*, he owned a little bill of $25 to a well-known firm and one of the members came to see him about it. The Judge, then a plain Colonel lately returned from the war, frankly confessed that he was "busted" and asked for an extension of time.

"Can't do it," said the gentleman, "if you don't pay it we'll have to sue you.

"How can I pay when I haven't got the money?" asked the Colonel. All I want is a little time."

"Well, we'll have to bring suit," said the gentleman, as he started off.

"Hold on," said the Colonel, as a bright idea struck him. "If you must sue me why not give me the case? You will have to employ some lawyer."

"That's so," said the gentleman; "all right, bring the suit."

Colonel Hicks brought the suit, confessed judgment, sent in his bill for $50 attorney's fees, collected it, then settled the judgment. From that time on he had all the firm's law business.

## NO SALES AT THAT HOUSE.

### An Irate Lady Hastens the Departure of a Book Agent.

Detroit Free Press.]

He rang the door-bell of a house on Second avenue and then sat down. In a minute he rose up and rang again. Then he waited a spell and rang for the third time. Soon thereafter, the lady of the house, betraying a dozen proofs of sick headache, opened the door and demanded:

"Are you trying to pull the house down?"

"No ma'am," he answered. "Have you the 'Lives of Plutarch?'"

"No, sir, but if I was a man I'd have yours in about a minute."

"Eh—ah! I see, madam. I guess I'd better go."

And he took the "Lives of Putarch" under his arm, and his own in his hand, and backed down the steps and out of the gate and went off with the air of a man who wished he hadn't.

### Can't Remember Everything.

Boston Budget.]

It must be a great thing for a man to have so many investments as General Butler, who said to a reporter in regard to the company controlling the guano island of Navasso: "I may be an owner in that company, but I don't remember that I am." The General has always been credited with possessing an average memory.

### In the Canal Boat Cabin.

Skipper—Swordfish, by gum! 'F any one had told me they swum in th' Harlem river I'd said he lied!

Skipper's Wife—I reckon he won't spear no more coal barges, Hiram.

Member of the Pastime Club—Had you jest as lief back off a little? I'm 'traid I'm foul of yer.—*Judge.*

# JOSHUA.

[*Continued from Ninth Page.*]

and then to the pasture; so the large yard in front of his house would be full of cattle, farm men and women, carts and field implements. The owner himself commonly ordered the going of his beasts, and he and his were to be the first victims of the popular rage.

The swiftest runners had already reached his spacious farm, and among them Hornecht, the captain of the archers. There lay the house and buildings in the first bright beams of the morning sun, and a brawny smith kicked violently at the closed door; but there was no bolt, and it flew open so readily that he had to clutch at the door post to save himself from falling. Others pushed by him into the courtyard, among them the archer chief.

But what was the meaning of this?

Had some new charm been wrought to show the power of Mesu, who had brought such terrible plagues already on the land, and display the might of his god?

The yard was empty, absolutely empty; only in the stalls lay a few cattle and sheep, slain because they had suffered some injury, while a lame lamb hobbled away at the sight of the intruders. Even the carts and barrows had vanished. The groaning and bleating crowd, which the star-gazer had taken to be the spirits of the damned, was the host of the Hebrews, who had fled by night with all their herds, under the guidance of Moses.

The leader dropped his sword, and it might have been thought that the scene before him was to him an agreeable surprise, but his companion, a scribe from the King's treasury, looked round the deserted courtyard with the disappointed air of a man who has been cheated.

The tide of passions and schemes which had risen high during the night ebbed under the broad light of day! Even the soldier's easily stirred ire had subsided to comparative calm. The mob might have done their worst to the other Hebrews, but not to Nun, whose son Hosea (Joshua) had been his comrade in battle, one of the most esteemed captains in the field, and a private friend of his own. If Hornecht had foreseen that his father's farmstead would be the first spot to be attacked he would never had led the mob to their revenge, and once more in his life he bitterly rued that he had been carried away by sudden wrath to forget the calm demeanor which beseemed his years. And now, while some of the crowd proceeded to rifle and pull down Nun's deserted dwellings, men and women came running in to say that no living soul was to be found in any of the other houses near. Some had to tell of yelling cats squatting on vacant hearths, of beasts past service found slaughtered, and broken household gear, till at last the angry crowd dragged forward a Hebrew with his family and a gray-haired, half-witted woman whom they had hunted out among some straw. The old woman laughed foolishly and said that her people had called her till they were hoarse, but Mehela knew better; and as for walking, walking forever, as her people meant to do, she could not; her feet were too tender, and she had not even a pair of sandals.

The man, a hideous Hebrew, whom few even of his own race would have regarded with pity, declared first with humility bordering on servility, and then with the insolent daring that was natural to him, that he had nothing to do with the god of lies in whose name the imposter Moses had tempted away his people, but that he and his wife and child had always been friends with the Egyptians. As a matter of fact he was known to many, being an usurer, and when the rest of his tribe had taken up their staves he had hidden himself, hoping to pursue his dishonest dealings and come to no loss.

But some of his debtors were among the furious mob; and even without them he had not a chance for his life, for he was the first object on which the excited multitude could prove that they were in earnest in their revenge. They rushed on him with yells of rage, and in a few minutes the bodies of the hapless wretch and his family lay dead on the ground. No one knew who had done the bloody deed; too many had fallen on the victims at once.

Others who had remained behind were dragged forth from houses or hovels, and they were not a few, though many had time to escape into the country. These all fell victims to the wrath of the populace; and while their blood was flowing, axes were heaved, and doors and walls were battered down with beams and posts to destroy the dwellings of the detested race from the face of the earth.

The glowing embers which some furious women had brought with them were extinguished and trodden out, for the more prudent warned them of the danger which must threaten their own adjoining dwellings and the whole city of Tanis if the strangers' quarter were set in flames.

Thus the homes of the Hebrews were spared from fire, but as the sun rose higher the site of the dwellings they had deserted was wrapped in an impenetrable cloud of white dust from the ruins, and on the spot where but yesterday thousands of human beings had had a happy home, and where vast herds had slaked their thirst by fresh waters, nothing was now to be seen but heaps of rubbish and stone, while broken timber and splintered woodwork strewed the scorching soil. Dogs and cats, abandoned by the fugitives, prowled among the ruins, and were presently joined by the women and children who herded in the beggars' hovels on the skirts of the neighboring necropolis, and who now, with their hands over their mouths, poked among the choking dust and piles of lumber for any vessels or broken victuals which the Hebrews might have left behind and the plunderers have overlooked.

In the course of the afternoon Baie was borne in his litter past the scene of devastation. He had not come hither to feast his eyes on the sight of the ruins, but because they lay in the nearest way from the city of the dead to his own home. Nevertheless, a smile of satisfaction curled his grave lips as he noted how thoroughly the populace had done their work. What he himself had hoped to see had not indeed been carried out; the leader of the fugitives had evaded their revenge, but hatred, though it is never satiated, can be easily gratified. Even the smaller woes of an enemy are joy, and the priest had just quitted the mourning Pharaoh, and though he had not yet succeeded in freeing him completely from the bonds laid upon him by the