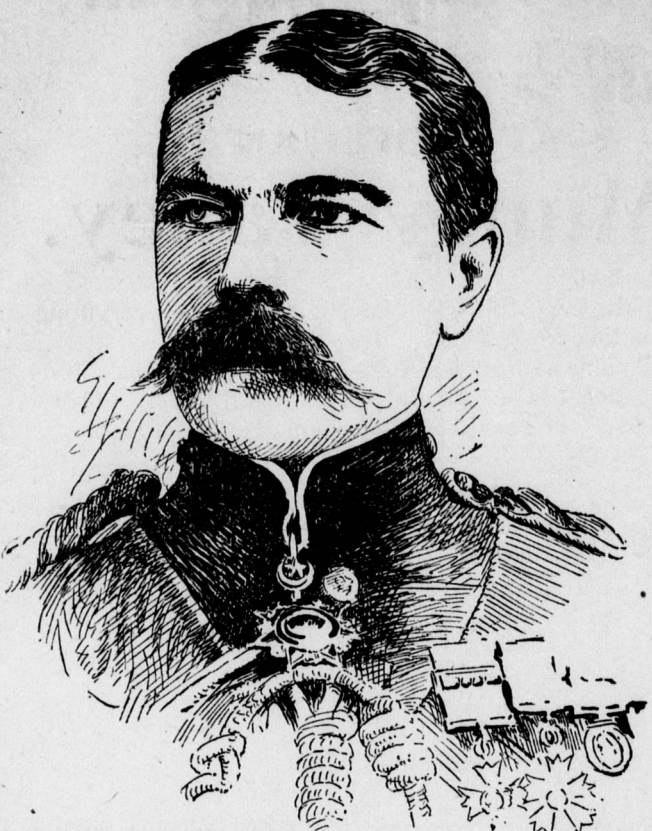


LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.



The conqueror of the Khalifa is now in Cape Town as Chief of Staff to General Roberts and it is he whom the British people expect to retrieve all the disasters that their armies have met under the other leaders. He will map out an entirely new campaign. He is considered one of the most brilliant military men in the world to-day.

ACADIA, THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Scenes in Southern Louisiana Where the Rich Rice Fields Lie.

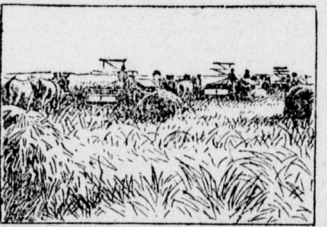
BAYOU NEZ PIQUE, Acadia, La.—In Southern Louisiana you may sit under an "umbrella tree," look at green roses and eat white blackberries. You may watch the chameleon turn scarlet, blue, green, brown or gray, or hear the mocking bird pour forth its wild melody from the roof of a veranda, or see a flight of white cranes descend, like great snowflakes, on a distant ricefield.

This subtropical land, with its trees ghostly with Spanish moss, its bayous ablaze with scarlet leafage, out of whose fire of color leaps the Louisiana red bird; its pale green prairies, its intense sunlight, orange sunsets, swift twilight and brilliant moonlight, is weird and enchanting.

It looks as if it had been borrowed from a fairy book and did not belong to geography at all.

It is midwinter, yet the dooryards of Acadia, St. Landry and Calcasieu parishes are ablom with roses. Christmas trees of live oak or holly or mistletoe, still bright in the little farmhouses, were dressed on Christmas Day with fresh flowers gathered out of doors.

The umbrella tree is common. Every farmer has half a dozen to



HARVESTING RICE IN SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA.

find. It is easy to borrow the use of one on a rainy tree, and as it is chained to the ground by its roots no one ever forgets to return it. Its branches radiate from the trunk like umbrella stays. Its foliage forms a waterproof covering like an umbrella top. Its trunk is the handle. It will keep one entirely dry in a subtropical storm. In summer it affords perfect shade from the sun. A tramp once explained his wanderings through Louisiana by saying that he was a traveling tinker, mending umbrella trees.

The green rose, the only one I have ever seen, is not as large as the red rose, nor does it display its petals as fully, but it is distinctly a rose. If some Northern floriculturist would develop the green rose further it



PUMPING PLANT FOR RICE IRRIGATING CANAL.

might become a prized and unique bloom in the beautiful sisterhood of flowers. Boutonniers and bouquets of green roses might become a feature of St. Patrick's Day in New York.

White blackberries are much esteemed in Acadia and Calcasieu, because they are superior in flavor to the black kind. Some regard them as a concession of nature to the color prejudice. They differ from the black blackberries mainly in complexion.

In Louisiana is what popularly is known as the "dishcloth plant." It produces a green pod, which yields, when opened, a large piece of cellular vegetable tissue, often used in kitchens as a "dishcloth."

The native horses and cattle in this part of the State formerly lived on sweet potatoes, grass and hay. When Northern farmers came here to settle



THRASHING RICE IN SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA.

they found that the Creole ponies would not eat corn or oats. Both remained untouched in their feed boxes. In some cases the native horses had to be starved for days before they would touch either.

A Northern farmer threw an ear of corn among a herd of wild cattle. They came up to it, looked at it, sniffed it and walked away again. Not a steer would eat it. The colonists from the North inferred that to the horses and cattle of these parishes corn and oats were an acquired taste.

The bread fruit of Louisiana is the sweet potato. It will grow anywhere in any kind of soil. The varieties of sweet potatoes are almost innumerable. They yield from 200 to 500 bushels to the acre, and usually sell for fifty cents a barrel or twenty cents a bushel, though in seasons of scarcity they are thirty and even forty cents a bushel. They are the daily food of the farmers, and are fed to horses, cattle, swine and poultry. The Louisiana sweet potatoes are wholesome, but lack the fine flavor of those raised in Virginia. Irish potatoes are regarded here as a luxury, and the people have them on Sundays and holidays.

It is supposed generally in the North that Louisiana is a swamp country, a network of morass and bayou, and that there is little ground in its

Here the land is upheaved in innumerable little mountains, which rise sixty or seventy feet above the surrounding landscape. The highest peak in the State is in this wild district, and it towers 150 feet above the Gulf of Mexico.

The hill country might make the mountaineers of the Alps or the Andes smile, but it is as serious a fact in this State as are the Highlands in Scotland or the Catskill Mountains in New York. This mountainous country is the lumber belt. It is full of sawmills, and turns out vast quantities of handsome yellow pine lumber for the Northern market.

In the southwestern part of the State lies the Acadian country. It is a land of beautiful prairies and of magnificent yellow pine forests that in the distance look blue. This is the upland of Louisiana, the foothills of the little Switzerland to the north. It is the rice belt and cattle country of the State.

In Acadia the prairies are small, being ten or twelve miles long and five or six miles wide. They are girded round by yellow pine forests, through which run bayous. It is a fertile parish, but not as pretty to the eye as Calcasieu. The Calcasieu prairie is the largest in the State—about fifty miles long and from five to forty miles wide. The parish itself, which is also the largest in the Commonwealth, comprises 4000 square miles, and is about two-thirds the size of Connecticut.

Here the land is firm and solid. In digging wells the farmers have to go deeper to find water than they do in Wisconsin. The land, which is now fifty to sixty feet above the Gulf of Mexico, was once its bed, and con-



PUERTO RICO'S WONDERFUL LACE TREE—WHIP, WITH LASH TWISTED FROM THE FIBRE OF ITS OWN STICK—LACE ROSETTE FROM THE SAME FIBRE.

tains a great deal of sand. The roads are sometimes dry within twelve hours after a semi-tropical rain. There is so little mud, except in proximity to rice marshes, that one may ride a bicycle along a highway covered with water.

This is the upland, and yet it is the rice country. The explanation is simple. From a foot to two feet under the soil lies a bed of clay which is impervious to water. Wherever land



lies in a shallow saucer shape, so that its edges are slightly higher than its interior, the falling rain will fill it to the rim and form a marsh, because the water cannot percolate through the underlying bed of clay and escape. In Louisiana you will find the low grounds hard and dry and marshes on the ridges.

The alluvial land which lies in the Mississippi bottom seems to be plantations part of the time and part of the time Mississippi River. Swamps are not unknown there.

"We are having a Louisiana blizzard," said a Northern settler in Calcasieu parish. "The thermometer has fallen to seventy degrees above zero."

The children in the country go to school barefoot all winter. In a country schoolhouse, on a sharp midwinter day, there was only one child who wore shoes. All the children had shoes at home, but they did not care to wear them.

The well-to-do French farmer, with land by the league and cattle by the hundreds, with money buried in the ground or hidden in hollow trees or deposited in the bank, goes barefoot the year round, except when he visits the parish town. His winter dress is a straw hat, a calico shirt and a pair of blue cotton trousers. He goes without collar, cravat and shoes. His feet are as insensible to cold as are the hands of a Northern man who never wears gloves. It is a common sight in Acadia, on a winter's day, to see a man from the North, in a heavy ulster, talking to a barefooted French farmer in his shirtsleeves.

Her Ordeal.

"Mildred," said her mother, "I don't believe that young man cares for you at all. In my opinion he comes here to see you merely because he has no place else to go."

"Oh, mamma," the girl replied, "you are mistaken—you wrong him. I have proof that he loves me."

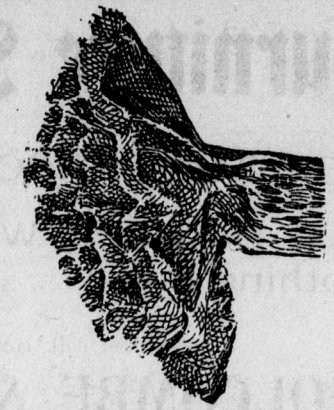
"What is it? Has he asked you to marry him?"

"No, but I accidentally said I had saw'd the other evening, and he immediately afterward said something about 'having come,' just to make me feel that he was somewhat shy on grammar. You needn't tell me that anything less than love—deep, soulful, everlasting love—would induce a man to do that."—Chicago Times.

THE CURIOUS LACE TREE.

One of the Many Marvels of Our Little Puerto Rico.

Some exquisite lamp shades, napkins and centre pieces have come from our dear little Puerto Rico this winter. They are made from the inner part of



LACE ROSETTE AT END OF STICK, SHOWING THE NATURE OF THE FIBRE.

the lace tree; to be more explicit, from a lace-like fibre, which grows beneath the bark. The outside of this curious tree very much resembles the white and mottled mistletoe boughs one sees exposed for sale during the holidays, but the inside of the younger limbs and branches is a mass of the lace fibre, sometimes pure white in color and again yellow, tending to brown. Though the lace tree is apparently a very hard wood, the interior fibre may be unwrapped in sheets,

which the Puerto Rican ladies convert into drawn work or embroider in bright colors.

Whips are made of the branches, a part of the branch being left for the stock and the fibre lace drawn out to form a topknot rosette. A long lash is plaited at the other end.

The manufactured lace fibre is very expensive, but nothing can be more beautiful than the effect of light through the lamp shades. The coconut palm grows sheets of fibre on the outside, so that it looks as if it is tied up in old mats, but the lace tree grows its delicate textile fibres inside, with vast improvements in texture and color.

The women of Puerto Rico do beautiful decorative work with this natural lace, the net of the fibre being so fine that it lends itself to the most delicate designs. It is dyed the brightest hues and made into flowers, which are applied to the lamp shades of the same or arranged in shapes of brilliant moths and butterflies. The large firefly of the tropics is exquisitely simulated. On the centrepieces for table adornment, the Spanish rose is frequently imitated. This rose is white in the morning, pink at noon and a deep crimson at night, hence there are three roses to go with the centrepieces and these are daintily attached by means of minute fibres to correspond with the hour of the day. Each color of the rose has a meaning. The white rose signifies that the daughters of the house are too young to think of marriage; the pink rose that they are society debutantes, and the red rose that they are married.

Tommy as a Humorist.

"Tommy Atkins is a regular humorist at times," the subaltern continued with a grin. "Did you ever hear the story of the court-martial in the Hussars? No? Well, you must know that, just as in the ordinary trial, a prisoner may object to the presence of a jurymen whom he thinks has already some prejudice or grudge against him, so at a court-martial he is always asked if he is satisfied with the officers selected to try him. Well, this particular Tommy, when the president asked him the regular question, looked at the officers sitting solemnly before him and answered: 'Certainly; I object to the 'ole blooming lot of 'er.' I believe that they were so astonished at this startling reply that they had to put off the trial till they could make out what was the right thing to do under the circumstances.'—St. James's Gazette Correspondence.

The Balaclava Cap.

In England just now women are busy knitting comforts for the British soldiers in South Africa—sleeping helmets, tam-o'-shanters, cardigan jackets, cuffs, scarfs, mittens, socks and



chest and back protectors. The Balaclava cap is the favorite object with these patriotic knitters. It is sold o' nights in South Africa, and some o' the soldiers find the Balaclavas very useful.

GOOD WATER FROM TREES.

Why Woodsmen in the South Always Carry an Auger in Their Kit.

In many sections of the forest lands of the south during the dry seasons a man may walk for miles without finding a stream of water or a spring by which to quench his thirst. If, however, he is an experienced hunter and woodsman, he will not have to drink water from the stagnant pools in order to keep life in his body.

Queer as it may seem, an experienced man can hunt for days through such dry tracts and yet experience no inconvenience on account of the lack of water. Nature has provided a means which is only known to the initiated. Every old huntsman carries with him, when going on a long hunt, a small auger, by which he can secure a refreshing drink and water to cook with at any moment.

A cottonwood tree or a willow is the well which the wily huntsman taps. He examines each tree until he finds one that has what a woodsman calls a "vein." It is simply an attenuated protuberance. By boring into this "vein" a stream of clear water will flow out. It is not sap, but clear, pure water. The huntsmen say that the water is better than the average to be had from the ordinary wells. There is no sweetish taste about it, but it has a strong flavor of sulphur, and is slightly carbonated.

The reason for this phenomenon cannot easily be explained, but that a supply of water can be contained in a tree is not so surprising. The fact of its flowing is the wonderful feature, showing that it must be under pressure, or, in other words, that there is more at the source of the supply. When it is considered that the trees furnish the water in the dry season, and that the ground is literally baked, it is the more remarkable, especially when the roots of the trees do not extend to any great depth into the ground.

Owing to the fact that water can be obtained by tapping cottonwood and willow trees, very peculiar testimony was recently heard in a case in the federal court here. About 20 years ago, at a certain point on the Mississippi river, one of the islands which was formed by the channel forking and surrounding a large tract of land was deserted by the stream on the Tennessee side. Years afterward this land was claimed by the man who owned property in Tennessee adjoining the former island. His claim was that the island had been washed away, and that the present land was formed by accretion.

The former owner, to prove that the land had been washed away, sawed off the top of a cottonwood stump that was on the island and showed that it contained 56 circles, or rings, beginning at the heart. His statement was that a ring was formed in the tree every year, hence the tree was a sapling 55 years ago, and was consequently growing there 36 years before the island became a part of Tennessee.

In order to prove that a ring was formed every year he testified that while hunting, about 20 miles from that place in 1865, he had tapped a cottonwood tree for water, and had put a plug in the hole afterward to keep the water from wasting. His theory was that the tree in its growth would have covered up the plug and that the number of rings from this plug to the bark of the tree would be, in the year 1899, 34, showing that a ring had been formed for every one of the 34 years it had been imbedded in the wood.

The tree was found and sawed up. The plug was discovered, and was distant from the outside of the tree exactly 34 rings.

Although such testimony would not be doubted by a woodsman, it was not received as evidence by the court.

The Strange Things We Hear.

The car was very crowded. Just beside the woman sat a very pretty girl and hanging to a strap was a very nice young man, and since everything was in such close quarters, the woman had no choice but to play the part of eavesdropper. And this is what she heard:

"How is everything out in Rocky Heights now?" asked the young man.

"It's so dull," answered the young woman. "You've no idea how dull it is. I've been wanting to come into town to visit Susie, but they won't let me."

"Why not?" asked the man.

"I don't know," she said. "Goodness knows they're anxious enough to get me married off. I should think they'd be only too glad to have me come."

"Would you marry?" The young man seemed partial to questions.

"Would I marry?" she repeated. "Yes, indeed I would."

"But why don't you?" came another question.

"Because nobody asks me. I will marry just the first man who wants me," she said innocently.

"Well, will you have me?" he said. "Silence for a moment, and concealed anxiety on the part of the listener."

"Will you have me? I'll come out with the ring tonight," he said.

"Do you know what my father and mother would say?" she said suddenly.

"No, what?"

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The Increasing Value of Diamonds.

The war in South Africa, it is learned, has been the cause of the great rise in the price of diamonds. For the last few years these precious stones have become more and more valuable, till the war has accentuated their price to such a degree that the gems are not only things of beauty, but a good investment as well.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Runseller's Song—One of Gough's Perorations—A Climax by Which the Famous Temperance Lecturer Thrilled His Hearers—A Powerful Illustration.

Do you see yonder farmer just planting his field? He does all the work, friends, but I get the yield. He's drinking the fruits of his lands and his kine. If I wait a few years his whole farm will be mine.

Chorus.
He's working for me. He's working for me. My wife and my children he feeds, don't you see? Both houses and lands he is earning for me. He's working for me; yes, working for me.

Do you hear that mechanic complain of his fate? Cursing trusts and monopolies early and late? Yet though wages are low and prices are dear, He still can find money to buy him his beer.

Chorus.
My wife and my daughters wear satins, while he is buying me horses and carriages—see? Then see that poor washwoman, wrinkled and gray; She works, and her husband soon drinks all her pay. He once worked himself; then I used to get more, But a half loaf is better than none, to be sure.

Chorus.
My wife and daughters have jewels, but she is washing to help pay my servants for me.

Then there's that policeman with uniform gay. He's paid by the town, but the work—well, now say, Were it not for my business he'd soon lose his job, There'd be few to "pull in" for this blue-coated "bob."

Chorus!
I make the men drunk and he "pulls them," you see. Not a man on the "force" but is "solid" with me.

A Reminiscence of John B. Gough.
Many and many a day ago, on the then frontier line of the Valley of the Minnesota, in the at that time beautiful village of Maukato, word went out that Gough had been engaged by the local lyceum bureau to lecture on temperance. Gough came. He was received by a committee of men who had fought Indians, swam rivers, spoiled the virgin forests, opened new soil undared poverty, suffered hunger and never surrendered their belief in the right. They escorted him to the opera house and stage.

His speech was slow at first, gestures few, illustrations not many. The village toppers were out in force, and some more recent men for whom women were praying to give over the habit of drink. He told something of his own life, of the misery brought by drink, of the laws of self-denial and self-sacrifice. He was intense at all times, and this intensity bore down upon the listeners until he had made them one with himself. Even the small village boy inclined to cat calls and gurgling whistles was silent, and there came through the sepulchral hall no sound but the raw cry of the winter wind from outside.

He made some slight comment on the condition of a drunkard's family—the woe which came upon them, the loss of self-respect. He described the degradation of spirit which rested with the habitual triaker and how if that spirit was not destroyed more signing of the pledge would not redeem. He pleaded for exercise of will power, more potent in affecting reform than all the drugs and medicines in the world. This was but developing the minds of his hearers for a climax.

Suddenly he swung one arm high in the air and shouted: "A drunkard and his fall to the depths of everlasting hell is like the man who climbs to the top of St. Peter's in Rome. He is on the very summit of the great dome, the blue sky above and the world far beneath. He looks down from his perch, and having nothing to grasp, to hold to, grows dizzy."

"Everything is whirling now before him. His senses leave him. He is swooning. His feet slip. He is off of the dome. He is in the air. He is falling—
"Down!
"Down!
"Down!
"To the earth beneath and the ruin of himself."
"Thus descends the drunkard—
"Down! Down! Down!
"To the fires of hell and the ruin of his soul!"

The whole exclamation was accompanied with such a high and mighty and body as to bring the faithful descent, immediately to the eye of the mind.
A shudder ran over the audience. The sobs of women were heard. Men felt uncomfortable. Men and women are living today who testify the power of that illustration, uttered by him long since cold.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Terrible Drink Story.

Day by day instances are made public of the disasters due to drink. The wonder is that the working classes, who are the greatest sufferers from the demon, do not rise and demand the total cessation of the manufacture and sale of alcohol as a beverage. In London a man and his wife went to bid farewell to a British Army Reservist who was sailing for South Africa. They became intoxicated, the woman was knocked down by an omnibus and taken to a hospital. But she had a dread of hospitals her husband would not let her remain, being too drunk to realize the seriousness of her condition. When he awoke in the morning he found his wife dead by his side. Equally pitiful stories are heard daily by magistrates and coroners, but half the havoc wrought by drink is ever published.—Christian Budget.

Prosecution of "Brandy Drops" Sellers.

The sale of "brandy drops" by candy-dealers to school children has now become such a flagrant evil in Jersey City, N. J., that School Superintendent Henry Snyder, Dr. John D. McGill, who is President of the Police Board, and Assistant Prosecutor Van Winkle joined in a plan for the suppression of the sales by prosecution of the sellers under the law prohibiting the sale of liquor to minors.

The Crusade in Brief.

The Society of Total Abstinents, just formed in Vienna, is the first ever established in Austria.

A large American insurance company announces that it will provide a special policy at a lower rate for abstainers.

Scotland has beaten England in the number of teetotal chief magistrates elected this year. The protests of thirty-three towns are total abstainers.

Nearly one-third of the towns and townships of Ohio are now without legalized saloons, largely as the result of the efforts of the Anti-Saloon League.