

SOME FILIPINO CUSTOMS

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY DAILY IN THE HOMES AFTER NIGHTFALL

Their Manner of Eating is Not Very Pleasant to Witness—The Native Markets Are an Interesting Sight—Luxuriant Hair of the Native Women.

The most impressive ceremony of the Filipinos is daily enacted at nightfall, says the Washington Star. I noticed it first in the ancient, dirty town of Cavite. The bell tolls in the ancient cathedral, warning the inhabitants that the night is on. Pedestrians generally halt, remove their hats and say their prayers aloud. From every open door the mumbling is heard. This is kept up until the bell ceases.

The writer was a frequent visitor to a Filipino family of the better class in Cavite. The family consisted of a mother and her three daughters. I was present on several occasions when the above ceremony was in progress. After the bell stops tolling they would all stop praying and immediately proceed to their mother, the eldest first, and each in turn, saluting her, "Buenos noches" (good night), kissing her hand, which each would carry to the forehead. They then kissed their mother's cheeks, then turn to their American visitors with the salute, but omitting the kiss. The Filipinos in general have violent tempers.

The Filipinos, like the Chinese, are rice eaters, and it forms the principal dish at all meals. They eat with their fingers, which is not very pleasing to witness. They all have knives and forks in the house, which they produce when visitors are present. Like the Chinese, they are also fond of fatty foods. I have on a number of occasions witnessed young ladies eating large pieces of fat that caused me to have fears for my own stomach, and I would be compelled to turn my head away.

I am of the belief that the longer an American studies the Filipino character the more complex it becomes. For thirteen months I studied them under many conditions, and when I left the islands I was under the impression that I knew but very little of the Filipino and his ways when not under observation. They do not understand themselves and do not care to, apparently. In the city of Manila many native jargons are spoken, and they cannot understand each other. Every province has its jargon, and were it not for their limited knowledge of Spanish they would be unable to carry on a conversation.

They resemble very much our Western Indian tribes, which have their tribal language or jargon, and were it not for the Chinook language, originated and introduced by the old Hudson Bay Company, our noble red men would be at a loss for conversation when members of different tribes meet here in Washington.

Nine out of ten children have revolting sores on their bodies, generally on their legs, which leads one to believe that leprosy and other blood diseases are common among the natives. I understand the authorities have set aside an island for lepers, similar to the one in the Hawaiian group. The main trouble will be in apprehending the lepers, as there must be several thousand in the vicinity of Manila. Under Spanish rule there was a large leper hospital in Manila, where probably a thousand of these unfortunates were confined. The day the Americans captured the city the officials of this asylum became demoralized and abandoned the institution. By the time the matter was brought to the notice of the American authorities the place was deserted, the lepers having scattered all over the city. Many of them were found begging in the streets. A large number of them were never captured.

The most interesting sights of Manila I found to be the native markets. I would rise about 5 in the morning, and after a cold shower bath would start for a brisk walk through the native section of Binondo, which includes the largest market in the city. During my sojourn in the city I took probably a hundred of these rambles alone and never met an American, with the exception of a soldier, occasionally on guard.

This market was destroyed by the great fires started by the insurgents in February, 1893. Just as soon as the heat permitted the dealers opened up for business among the ruins, making a startling picture. The products of the markets are not tempting to Americans, who do not patronize them except for fruits, eggs, chickens and one or two vegetables common to America. They have their fish alive in tubs, but I would not advise anybody to buy them, as their flesh has a sickening taste. This is due to the water being always warm.

In these markets the Chinamen conduct dry goods stalls. I wondered why there was always a half dozen Chinese to each of these, and upon inquiry they told me they were compelled to band together to prevent robbery by the natives.

An incident came to my notice one morning at the market which assured me that the Chinese precautions were necessary. Several young toughs had taken some mangoes out of a Chinaman's basket and had refused either to pay his price or return them. I could not understand their language, but I could tell from their excited pitch that a row was imminent. The Filipinos started to leave with their booty, when the Chinaman blew a shrill blast from a whistle. It did not seem a second before a dozen Chinamen rushed out from a side street, all bare headed. The leader was one of the largest Chinamen I have ever seen. Receiving a hasty explanation from the dealer, they made a rush for the Filipinos, who produced their ill-got-

ten fruit with alacrity. After several minutes of excited jabbering, during which no blow was struck, the Filipinos were allowed to go and the Chinese disappeared from sight again.

The Filipinos try to be very clean in their person and clothing. I believe that they all take at least one bath a week, although I could not see how they derived much benefit, as they used only cold water and seldom any soap. The dirty Pasig River is lined every morning with bathers of both sexes. The laundry women are also out in force, and it is a sight to see them beat the clothes into cleanliness. They use a flat club as remorselessly on a fine shirt as they would on a pair of overalls. All clothes look alike to them. For nearly a year we were at the mercy of these clothes finishers, but now the city has several steam laundries which do first-class work.

The Filipino women are noted for their luxuriant hair. I would not call it beautiful, being too coarse. They soak a certain bark in a small bowl and salurate their hair with the solution. They told me they owed their beautiful tresses to this preparation. If this bark does contain such wonderful properties I would like to see the American ladies of Manila investigate the matter for the benefit of their sisters at home.

The writer was on the beach near Manila when Admiral Dewey was selling Fort Malate, previous to the assault by the troops. I was astonished at the lack of interest taken by the natives. We were wild with excitement, but the natives looked unconcerned. There were several thousands of them living in the vicinity, but very few were interested enough to walk a few yards to the beach. Many of them had their backs turned from the river.

I regard the Filipinos a very moral people when it is considered what a hard road they have had to travel. A faithless wife is seldom heard of, and I was told such faithfulness was punishable by death. They have some sort of secret society which acts on such cases.

Marriages with Americans is not countenanced by the Filipinos, and the few who have taken the step have been ostracized by their people. The first American soldier to take unto himself a native wife was a hospital corps man, stationed at Cavite. He or she made an unwise selection, as the alliance proved to be a total failure and they soon separated.

Styles do not worry the native belles, as their costumes have the same out-to-day that was in vogue 100 years ago. I rather like their style of dress, which I do not believe will last many years under American rule, as Manila now contains several hundred well-dressed ladies from America, and the natives will become dissatisfied with their flowing garments and copy after their white sisters.

The Spanish ladies of Manila always appeared to me to be over-dressed and very awkward in their carriage when walking, which they rarely indulged in, however. Their favorite pastime is carriage riding or the Luneta after sundown. They always go bareheaded or with a lace mantilla over their raven locks. They greet the occupants of the passing carriage with a proud and haughty stare.

The native women are the most graceful walkers that I have ever seen. They carry their heads as proud as any queen. This grace is inherited and practiced from babyhood. It is an interesting sight to see a mother going to church accompanied by several little girls, all dressed alike, and walking in the same step and with the same graceful carriage. They wear no tight shoes and many none at all. This peculiar gait has been largely acquired by carrying weights on their heads, at which they are exceptionally adept. They can carry immense loads upon their heads. It is a very common sight of Manila to see a native milk woman rushing down the street with a beer bottle full of milk balanced on her head.

The Marquis de Mores.

The Marquis de Mores was a strange man, who came into the West as a fantastic shadow out of another world, and tried to fashion the big, raw country after the pattern of things he knew. It was his ambition to found a great American house in the Bad Lands. He was slain, as he slew his man in the Bad Lands from ambush, while leading a French military expedition in Tunis something more than four years ago. His widow now advances the claim that he was the victim of a conspiracy on the part of certain French Government officials. He is still remembered in the Bad Lands, where his green mansion stands lonely and weather-stained on the bleak, slant side of a treeless butte, and his abattoir, wind-haunted and falling to decay, marks the low bank of the Little Missouri. The acres of unprolific soil over which he held a lordly sway still bear his name, and cattlemen smile grimly and point out here and there fragments of the wire fences he built. —Everybody's Magazine.

A Foreigner's Ignorance.

The American tourist is often amused at some of the mistakes made by foreigners in pointing out and describing landmarks in the lower bay. On one transatlantic liner a big German, who had exhibited during the voyage knowledge of many subjects, pointed to the big white lighthouse on Sandy Hook and said to an interesting group of friends: "That is the famous tomb of General Grant, close to the sea he loved so well. The site was selected with the battling sea on one side and the peaceful bay on the other because it was so typical of the two sides of his great life. I tell you the Americans are sentimental." —New York Mail and Express.

CHIMNEY TO ABATE NOISANCE.

Difficulties in Construction Overcome in Bayonne, N. J.

Indirectly, the smoke nuisance from the Jersey shore, has caused to be erected, in Bayonne, N. J., what is said to be the tallest chimney in the world. Its construction is a result of Congressional inquiry into ways and means of relieving Staten Island of what has long been a blot on its natural beauty, and if this specially built chimney proves a successful solution of the smoke problem it is possible that more of its kind will be erected along the Kill von Kull.

This chimney rises over the smelters of the Orford Copper Works. It is built of brick, and is 365 feet high, thirty-eight feet in diameter at the bottom, tapering to ten feet at the top. The wall at the ground is eight feet thick. To support this immense weight was a problem, as the soil of the site was found to be made ground of little more than oyster-shell stability. The foundation was finally secured by the use of driven piling, each pile supporting from ten to twelve tons, in addition to the wind pressure, which, blowing at the rate of 100 miles an hour, means a horizontal weight of 100 pounds against every square foot of exposed surface.

The gases in the smoke, to be carried off from the smelters, was another difficulty to be overcome, since these gases, coming into contact with the hydrogen of the air, form sulphuric acid, and sulphuric acid will attack iron or any brick containing iron in its composition. The brick used, therefore, had to be manufactured out of absolutely pure clay, and to add strength to the chimney's construction the bricks were baked in the form of perforated, four-inch cubes.

"These perforations," explained a representative of the Custodis Alphonso Chimney Company, "allow the bricks, when building the chimney, to force the mortar into each brick one-half an inch from its upper and lower side, increasing the space of adhesion one-third over the ordinary smooth, flat brick. The perforation also leaves an air space inside of the brick, between the two surfaces of mortar, and air, being a good non-conductor of either heat or cold, helps to maintain an even temperature which is necessary to carry off heavy gases."

The construction of the lengthy pile of brick took less than six months, while the actual building time was about eighteen weeks. The use of outside scaffolding was eliminated, principally because of the cost of so much timber. By means of an elevator shaft inside the chimney, which was built as the wall went up, working space and a hoisting contrivance were combined in one. The work is now finished, and a large American flag is flying from the top, which can be plainly seen for miles from the upper bay and the level stretches of New Jersey.

The big chimney will be hitched by means of flues to all the smelters about its base. Its cost was in the neighborhood of \$52,000. —New York Post.

Bound to Find Fault.

A Court street car picked up a lame man at Harrison street the other day, and in less than a minute it became evident that the new passenger intended to make a kick about something or other. He was just turning around to face the conductor when that individual moved up three seats ahead and said:

"Sir, I do not own any stock in this road."

"No?" was the reply.

"And I am not the manager."

"No?"

"Nor a division superintendent nor the official starter. I am not to blame for open cars, closed cars, fast time or slow time."

"Who said you were?" growled the passenger.

"I simply conduct this one car to the best of my poor ability, and I can't even jaw the motorman."

"Well, what are you telling me all this for?"

"Why, sir, I rather expected you'd raise a kick of some sort, and I didn't want to be blamed for what was not my fault."

"Oh, I see. No, I didn't intend to find one word of fault with anything or anybody, but being you've called my attention to it let me say that I believe you'd look a darn sight better with your ears lopped off and your nose turned up at the end." —Brooklyn Citizen.

Pigeon Flying and Cycling Scorching.

A peculiar side light was thrown upon the methods adopted in homing circles at the Northwest Petty Sessions recently. Three men were summoned for furiously riding bicycles at Comberbach, and it transpired that they were scorching along the road to the postoffice with the object of "wiring" the arrival of their birds. The men, who pleaded that the homing societies only allowed them three minutes per mile riding time, which was equivalent to twenty miles an hour, promised to abandon the practice and revert to foot running, and were fined five shillings each. —London Globe.

Death Followed Quickly.

Foxall is a reckless young man. He stopped a friend in the street, and, in a rash moment, said: "Look here, Wiseman! There was an argument among us yesterday as to the way the word 'restaurant' should be pronounced. Some of the fellows held that 'rest-a-rong' was correct, while others were ready to bet their fortunes that 'rest-a-ron' was the proper pronunciation. Which do you say is right?" "H'm! Well—or—those who pronounce it 'rest-a-rong' are right, and—or—the rest are wrong," said Wiseman, whose inquest is fixed for today. —London Answers.

GREAT VALUE OF TREES

A FACTOR IN LIFE BEYOND THE COMMERCIAL ONE.

Trees Accomplish a Vast Amount of Work in a Day—Their Struggle for Self-Preservation and the Perpetuation of Their Species.

"Most people have formed the habit of talking about shade trees, fruit trees and lumber as if shade, fruit and building materials were all for which the trees were good. Of course the artistic eye looks at them for beauty, the entomologist as harbors for insects and the botanist for herbarium specimens, but the true value of the tree thinks of it in its wide value to all living things in the universe.

Though trees lack the power of volition and have no nervous system in the ordinary sense of the word, they are highly organized forms of life. They accomplish a vast amount of actual work in a day and earn their living as surely as you and I do. Their work is the world's work of the unselfish kind. They struggle for self-preservation and the perpetuation of their species; they return to the soil and to the atmosphere materials loaned them for food; they are altruistic in providing an abundance of fruit for the use of others, they furnish grateful shade to man and beast, are the refuge of birds and insects and add to the beauty of nature.

Think of the linden tree on the hillside! In autumn it sets all its winged nuts upon the breeze. Blown down the hillside, a few are buried under the dry leaves and the soft coverlet of winter's snows. In March the sunshine seeks them out. Moisture has softened the tough shell of the nut. The tiny embryo within throbs at the touch of warmth, turns, lifts a hand, and, creeping through a break in the shell, buries itself in the ground. It is the instinctive baby hand grasping a protecting mother, and the kindly stepmother of the infant tree is Mother Earth. This first tiny hand is the hold-fast root. Next comes one waved aloft to greet the sunshine. This tender growth throws aside the out-grown nut shell and develops cell by cell into trunk, branch, twig and leaf of the linden tree. Sunshine, warmth and moisture help it along, but the ambitious little tree knows how to look out for itself as well.

Utilitarians consider the trunk the important part of a tree. The trunk is a wise makeshift of nature which towers aloft and tries to lift the vital organs of the tree—the leaves—out of harm's way and into purer air and brighter sunshine. Beneath the ground the strong roots and rootlets have hundreds of eager, thirsty mouths which take nourishment from the earth. Water and mineral matter are carried upward by the process of capillary attraction to the leaves in the crown and the branches for digestion and assimilation. A leafless tree stands little chance of living. Trees denuded of their leaves by caterpillars and other mischievous things are deprived of their stomachs and lungs at once.

Every leaf on a tree is unceasingly industrious day and night. Examine the linden leaf—or, in fact, any leaf will do, the truth applies to all—and notice how its surface is spread to catch the sunshine. The under side of the leaf has a different appearance. The tissue is tenderer and a network of breathing pores. A section placed under the objective of the microscope reveals tiny cells filled with a greenish liquid called chlorophyll, which plays an important part in the domestic economy of the tree. When undigested food from the ground has been carried to the leaves the chlorophyll seizes it, and under the influence of sunlight changes its nourishment. The chlorophyll also breaks up the carbon dioxide with which it comes into contact, and, liberating the oxygen, sends it out into the atmosphere.

Digested food materials are carried from the leaves to all parts of the tree and aid in its growth. Leaves, as the lungs, are necessary in the process of breathing. Like animals, the tree needs oxygen and breathes much after the manner of a human being. Not only is the life-giving air taken into the lungs, or leaves, but it is inhaled through tiny openings in the bark, just as man and animals transpire through the skin. These tiny breathing holes are called lenticels and may be seen plainly on the bark of cherry, and many other kinds of trees. As the tree drinks water it sweats and exhales water vapor along with oxygen cast off from the carbon dioxide.

Tons and tons of moisture is evaporated from wooded areas. This is another beneficial act. Water vapor in the atmosphere is essential to agriculture. Trees transpire through cracks and fissures in the bark, where the lenticels are hidden from sight. This is especially true in old trees. From time to time scientists have computed the leaf area of trees and the results have been astonishing. An ordinary linden leaf has a surface of ten square inches. Multiply this by the number of leaves on a branch and calculate the leafage area of the tree. This entire surface is liberating oxygen and water vapor day and night.

In the arid sections of the West the people are beginning to see that forestry and irrigation are the factors which will count for their prosperity. About 1,000,000 square miles, or more than one-third of the United States, is forest land. The destruction of forests has been so extravagant that the Government has taken the matter in hand and decided on thirty-eight reservations, where the forests will be under intelligent supervision. There has been some misunderstanding in regard to these reserves. Although the intention is to preserve the forest and encourage the growth of young

trees, at the same time the land available for settlement will be increased. As forests conserve the rainfall and influence the humidity of the atmosphere, newly planted forests will wedge in between farms on the reservations and farms penetrate the clearings in old forests. Sheepherders and settlers must be taught intelligent forestry and tree wisdom spread broadcast over the land before the tree receives the reverential respect due to it. —L. M. McC., in Chicago Post.

California Crowding Castle.

Among other incidents of "the American invasion" of European markets the carrying of California fruits to London and Paris in successful competition with what would seem to be the naturally superior facilities of Spanish fruit-growers is not the least astonishing.

Paris is not quite 500 miles distant from Valencia, the great fruit-shipping port of Alphonso's fruity kingdom. Yet, says a Valencia paper, "California oranges, peaches, apples and pears reach Paris, after traversing 6000 miles, in a more attractive and appetizing condition than ours." It goes on to say:

"We can compete with America only by employing her methods—improved cultivation, harvesting and packing, cold storage and rapid, safe transportation. Castle was once called the granary of Europe, yet we have lived to see foreign wheat, after paying heavy transportation taxes, protective duties and an adverse premium of thirty-five per cent. in exchange, competing with our home-grown cereals. Shall we live to see American oranges competing with ours on the Valencia market itself?"

And so it goes all along the line. American ingenuity and "hustle" are compelling the steelmakers of Britain and the fruit-growers of Spain alike to admit that they must imitate us to save their trade. —New York World.

Strange Reunion of Brothers.

A remarkable reunion has been effected between two brothers in Henry County, Indiana, after a separation of nearly half a century, during which time each thought the other dead.

Barton and Jabez Guyer lived with their parents in North Carolina. In 1852 Barton left home to make his way in the world. He went to Texas, thence to Mexico, finally returning to Texas, where he located. He wrote his brother repeatedly, but received no reply to his letters and gave him up for dead.

Jabez never received any information from Barton. He lost all trace of him, and likewise mourned him as dead. Barton enlisted in the Confederate army, and served until peace was declared. Jabez later on moved with his family to Henry County, Ind. Recently a relative of the family learned, through a conversation with a traveling salesman, of a man named Barton Guyer in Harrisburg, Texas. A correspondence developed the fact that he was the long-lost brother. Barton came on to meet his brother. —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Death to the Fly.

'Tis sad but true that picturesque means of discouraging flies, such as window boxes of curtain flowers, fancy wire screens, etc., are not as effectual as one could wish on a hot summer day. Mignonette is supposed to be disliked by the pests, but it does not keep them out of rooms where it is placed, and wire screens are usually more trouble than the flies themselves and "strain" the air to vanishing point. Some people advise eucalyptus plants in all the rooms, others washing the windows, etc., with a strong solution of sassafras or quassia; while all picture frames, etc., which flies haunt, should be well washed in onion water, but, though at times palliatives, these are not perfect cures. An old-fashioned but effective destroyer is said to be a teaspoonful each of cream and brown sugar well blended with half a teaspoonful of freshly-ground black pepper and left about the room on plates. —New York Commercial Advertiser.

Pacific Turns Red and Fresh.

Following the earthquake shocks that visited the Pacific coast the other day, a peculiar phenomenon has developed in the waters of the Pacific. Within a distance of sixty-five miles along the Los Angeles County shore line the salty waters, heretofore clear and of the usual greenish color, have become a terra-cotta red.

This color line extends off shore for several miles and is so distasteful to the fish family that they have gone far into the ocean to seek clear waters. At night this colored sea water gives off a phosphorescent light, and as the long lines of waves roll, toss and strike the beaches they cast a reflection that enables one to read average print.

At certain points along the beach the water has turned sweet. The theory is advanced that the earthquake opened a fissure off the coast that forces fresh water and colored matter to the surface. —New York Sun.

What is a Newspaper?

It is a library. It is an encyclopedia, a poem, a history, a dictionary, a time table, a romance, a guide, a political resume, a ground-plan of the civilized world, a low-price mullum in parvo, says the Newman (Ga.) Advertiser.

It is a sermon, a song, a circus, an obituary, a shipwreck, a symphony in cold lead; a medley of life and death, and a grand aggregation of man's glory and his shame.

It is, in short, a bird's-eye view of all the magnanimity and meanness, the joys and sorrows, births and deaths, the pride and poverty, of the world.

SPIES IN PRISON.

Valuable Information From a Felon's Confidence.

It might be thought that when the police have arrested a criminal and obtained for him a suitable term of imprisonment their interest in him lapses for at least so long as he is safely incarcerated. But such is not always the case. Sometimes the police arrest and get convicted a man who might be able to give them most valuable information concerning other crimes and criminals; and there is no time at which a felon is more frank than when in prison, and no person to whom he so readily confides his deeds in the past and plans for the future as a fellow-felon.

In France every advantage is taken of this, and detectives are sent to prison—becoming for the time common jailbirds—for the express purpose of meeting criminals and obtaining their confidence. It is also done, less frequently, in this country, and from time to time the police secure in this way most valuable information which could not be obtained by any other means.

Scotland Yard, London, has a staff of detectives who form one of the most mysterious bodies of officials in the world, so mysterious that not one person in a thousand knows more about them than that they exist. They are employed in cases where absolute secrecy is required. They never make arrests, they never give evidence in any court—in short, they never do anything which would imply that they have the remotest connection with the police. Yet they execute most important duties. So close is the secret kept that none of the ordinary staff know by sight or name any of this mysterious body of detectives. They are totally unknown to each other; indeed, the probability is that the only person who is acquainted with them and could say how many there are is the head of the Criminal Investigation Department.

It is these men who, among hundreds of other difficult and dangerous duties, have from time to time become jailbirds and worm themselves into the confidence of criminals whom the police believe could render very valuable information. For a famous thief-catcher to attempt to disguise himself in prison-dress and insinuate his way into the trust of thieves would, it is manifest, be the sheerest stupidity; prison dress is about as bad a disguise as anyone could possibly assume, and clever rogues make it one of their first tasks to learn the personality of every Scotland Yard detective.

But the jailbird who at labor years to say something to someone else than the members of the prison staff, and blabs out that he wants a pal for a job he means to work when he gets out or some other equally interesting item of information, may, for all he knows or suspects, be whispering in the ear of a Government spy who is living like a felon simply on the chance of eliciting the information then being freely accorded him.

Detectives often have put before them clues and other matters the source of which they cannot conceive, and not a little of it is supplied to their chief by innocent men who wear prison-dress and eat prison fare because it is a part of their duty.

Ignorance of the Newly Rich.

We still need a training school to teach the very rich how to use the trappings of their wealth. In front of a famous store in Fifth avenue there stood recently a luxurious carriage with a coachman and a footman on the box. Both servants, but particularly the footman, were models. The owner of the turnout came out of the shop, walked to the carriage, and opened the door for herself. The footman never moved. She gave an order to the coachman; still the footman sat like one of the Pharaohs, except that he kept his arms crossed, which they did not do even when laid out to be mummies. Finally the woman stepped into the carriage, shutting the door for herself, and the equipage whirled away without any sign of life having been given by the man beside the coachman. The explanation was that the owner of the carriage, who had recently attained to riches and also New York, heard that it was the proper thing to have two men on the box; so she had them, and kept them there! She probably classed the second man with the crest on the carriage door, as an ornament of a certain significance, but no practical use. —New York Post.

Extension of Chautauqua Work.

The Chautauqua movement is steadily extending its influence and scope of work. One of the most remarkable of the reading circles is located in the prison of Stillwater, Minn., where, for the past ten years, it has exerted a notable influence among the convicts in the regeneration of life and character. Active circles have also been carrying on the work for years in the Argentine Republic, Chile and the Hawaiian Islands. Jamaica in the West Indies, Yokohama, Japan and India report large new circles. Chautauqua readers are also pursuing the courses in Mexico, Venezuela, Portugal, England, France, Germany, Finland, Alaska, Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines and other foreign islands and countries. Last summer over 120 Chautauqua assemblies were held in thirty-four different States and Territories, the attendance at which aggregated a million of people. —Guntion's Magazine.

A Snake Chase With Fox Hounds.

Willis Adams's fox hounds chased a black snake on Skaggs Creek, over a mile and captured it. The hunters were disgusted when they came up with the hounds to find a dead snake instead of a fox. —Mt. Vernon (Ky.) Signal.