

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

L. M. GRIST'S SONS, Publishers.

A Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural, and Commercial Interests of the People.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1903.

NO. 34.

The Truant and the Shark

By P. Y. BLACK
Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association

"Hi! I'd like to see me!"
The small boys looked at Master Wat with admiring eyes.
"You chaps can go and be taught by a burgher if you like, but not me."
"Won't your father lick you, Wat?"
"Shut up! He's got no father, and his mother never licks him."
Wat walked off, with his nose in the air, and just around the corner he ran squarely into the schoolmaster who was to take the place temporarily of the regular teacher, who had broken his leg. Wat snuffed impudently and would have walked past, but Jan de Jough put out a hand to stop him—put it out with diffidence, hesitatingly, almost as an inferior might do.
"It is time for school, Master Thoms," said he.
"I am not going to school today."
"And tomorrow?"
"Not tomorrow."
"May I know why?"
"Wat looked to one side and another, rather abashed, and then insolently at the young schoolmaster.
"White men," said he, "should not be taught by black men."
He ran away and did not see the flush of anger and sorrow that reddened De Jough's olive cheeks. The schoolmaster looked after him for a second and then slowly proceeded to open the school.

This happened in Natal, where are many men of different races—English, Dutch descendants, Portuguese, Malays, descendants of the coolies brought in old times from the East Indies as plantation workers, and Kafirs. So there are many social ranks and grades. Wat was an English boy, brought out to the colony when a baby, and as the English rank highest in the country and never would think of mingling intimately with the other races, Wat, being only twelve years old, had a rather exaggerated idea of his own and his people's worth.
Jan de Jough was not a black man, though his skin was dark, like most Italians. He was the descendant of Dutch and Portuguese ancestors, who long ago had owned the country before the Englishmen took it as the spoil of war, just as America today has come into possession of the Philippines.
Mr. de Jough was downhearted. Most of the boys were of English parentage, and if Wat, their leader, rebelled he foresaw a falling off in attendance and the consequent loss of his first position, his first stepping stone. He was right. The boys, small as they were, were impudent and unruly, and Jan dismissed the school despondently.

Meantime Wat, for sufficient reason, did not go straight home. He doubted his reception by his mother might not be altogether cordial and appreciative. It was hot, as it usually is on the coast of the Indian ocean. One advantage the heat brings to the boys is that one can go swimming any day almost all the year round. Wat, wandering along by the surf, soon felt the sun oppressive, and when he came to a cove which he and his chums knew well as a swimming place where the surf did not break too violently he naturally came to the conclusion that a bath would be a good thing to break the lonely monotony of the morning. He was, like most boys in warm countries, a first rate swimmer, and he had no hesitation in plunging into the huge Indian ocean even when quite alone.
He left his clothes on the beach near some rocks without fear of pilfering wanderers, for the cove was some distance from the town and a spot where few ever wandered. He ran in with a dash, paused to catch an incoming breaker just at the right moment before it broke, dived beneath its crest, swam vigorously under water for a minute and came up puffing and blowing on the glorious swell of the waves, with the sun glowing down upon him in warm hurried approval.

Wat turned on his back and let himself be rocked luxuriously. One moment he would be lifted up so that he could look far out to sea or inland at the vast extent of greenery, and the next he was down in a great hollow, with nothing before his eyes but the cloudless blue above and the glassy waters reaching up at his sides like precipitous mountains.
"Poo!-oo!-oo!" cried the boy. "This is better than a stuffy schoolroom, with a low burgher making you study the idiotic history of the country. He had a cheek to think he could teach English boys. I wish he was here, and I'd teach him to swim. Wouldn't I duck him? Oh, no! Certainly not!"
He was like a fish. He reveled and played in the sea like one of its own inhabitants. A home bred boy of a colder climate, used to one or two months' swimming in the summer holidays, would not have believed a twelve-year-old youngster could be so much at ease on the breast of the faithless ocean. Wat struck out to deeper water with a bold, swift side stroke and soon was standing, monarch of all he surveyed, on a great black rock which broke the force of the waves as they strove to dash, with headlong strength, into the quiet cove.

As he stood there, with joyous eyes, facing the ocean defiantly, and his face's eyes have done for centuries and do today, sudden interest increased their wide brightness. A quarter mile out from the beach of the little bay, but only half that distance from the rock on which he stood, lay on a reef the dark timbers of a recent wreck.

Wat remembered hearing of a little bark rushing on the reef in a gale a month ago, but school and cricket had prevented his going out to the cove until now. At once he was filled with the desire to explore, and without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the deeper outside waters and swam for the bulk. It did not take him long to cover the 200 or 300 yards to the wreck. When the vessel was wrecked, monster waves, driven in by a landward gale, had broken over the reef, but now the sea about the dead ship was comparatively quiet, and on the lee side Wat had no difficulty in climbing aboard.

Here were new and exhilarating delights of the rarest sort. To explore strange corners, to stand waist deep—now the tide was out—in the skipper's own cabin and, poking about with fingers and toes, unearthing strange things, worthless now, but interesting; to peep and pry with an excited heart in the hope that he might light upon a wonderful find—perhaps treasure overlooked, perhaps—At the thought of perhaps seeing something ghastly, although he knew all the crew had been saved. Wat suddenly felt lonely and afraid. He ran quickly up on the broken deck. He was startled to note how long by the sun his walk and his swim and his explorations had taken. Now he felt hungry, and he knew it must be long past time at his mother's house. Tiffin? He looked again at the sun and the shadows of the rocks upon the sea and calculated correctly that it must be 2 o'clock and school would be coming out in an hour.

Wat ran to jump overboard. His foot was on the broken rail, and his hands were raised to dive. In an instant he would have been in the water, when he staggered back, white as flour, shaking at the nearness of his escape. Slowly, with lazy complacency, with hardly a flick of his great tail, there swam beneath the boy most leisurely a great shark. It moved about close to the surface, its dorsal fin sometimes above the water, like a sail, and its cold, cruel, vicious, hungry eyes stared up at the truant. Wat sank down, sick and faint.

He had been foolish, worse than foolish. Time and again he had been warned, with the other boys, about the



Wat looked cautiously overboard.

sharks, which, though they do not actually infest these waters, are by no means rare. The cove was comparatively safe, but beyond it there was always danger. It was the old story of the wolf. "Shark!" had been cried so often to young Wat that he paid little attention to it. Now he was trapped.
After a time Wat got up and looked cautiously overboard. The shark was not there, but when he ran to the other side it was there. The monster knew his meal was safely cornered. Round and round he swam, lazily and unconcernedly enjoying the warmth of the sun near the surface. Wat was unable to withdraw his eyes from it. It fascinated him as a snake does a monkey. Now and then the fish would roll over on its back, and then Wat would hide his eyes, shuddering at the sight of that hideous mouth and those gleaming teeth. Once, when the shark had been on guard for an hour or more, it paused at the seaward end of the wreck and then swam slowly outward. Hope sprang in the boy's heart, and he slipped quietly to the other end, intending to glide noiselessly into the water and strike out for shore. If he had done so, he might have got safely away while the shark continued to swim about, thinking its prey was still there, but Wat had not the great courage to risk it. He hesitated, and in another two or three minutes it was too late. The brute came back, and Wat fancied as it resumed its methodical watch that it looked up at him mockingly.

The truant grew hysterical with fear and horror. He was quite able to realize his position. If he swam shoreward, he would meet a certain, cruel death, perhaps the most horrible of deaths. But the cove and the bulk lay far below the sea road, and between that road and the ocean were great masses of trees and jungle which shut out the sea from land passengers. Not once in a week perhaps might any one seek that secluded spot, while ships passed far, far out. Thus there was little chance of speedy help and an all-moment inevitable end by starvation and exposure, for, although the days are often warm, the nights in Natal are often cold, and Wat was naked to all the chill winds of the sea.
When his hysteria grew uncontrollable, his moans and tears gave place to loud sobs, but still the placid sentry of the bulk swam round and round. The sobs at length ceased, and in their stead came loud cries which soon were

shrill resounding shrieks. But the shark swam round and round till the truant was crazed, driven almost to madness by that relentless watch.

At length toward evening, when the sun was sinking fast, one piercing scream from Wat was answered from the beach of the little bay—answered by a long, full toned "Hello!" Wat ran up and down, jumping and throwing his arms in the air, shouting "Help! Shark! Help! Shark!" with all his strength and all his might. To the highest rock a figure ascended, the sun shining fully upon it, and Wat recognized the humble student, the poor schoolteacher, Jan de Jough, whom he had so grossly insulted in the morning.

The boy's heart sank.
"I called him a black man," he thought, "and he isn't, and I tried to break up the school. He'll go away and leave me to die, and nobody will ever know."
"A big shark is swimming around the wreck," yelled Wat, "and I can't get away from it! Oh, Mr. de Jough, forgive me and save me!"

The schoolmaster did not reply for a moment. He was startled. There was no small boat nearer than the harbor, three hours away. There and back would be six hours at the very least, and by that time it would be cold and dark, and Wat might get so crazed with cold and terror and loneliness—might grow delirious, in fact—that he would jump overboard to swim ashore, when his fate would be awful. These things the master thought of in a moment, thought of something else for a moment, just the value of his own life, thought for not a single moment of that boy's attempt to raise a mutiny in the school, and the next moment he was stripped to the skin.

"Cheer up, Wat, my boy!" he shouted, as if Wat was a good comrade instead of an insolent pupil. "Keep a good heart. I'm coming."
He was coming! Wat could not reply. How could Mr. de Jough pass off if he could not pass in? He looked and saw the master on his knees praying, and Wat knelt also.

When De Jough rose up, he had a long bladed open clasp-knife in his mouth and immediately dived into the water. The shark felt the vibration caused by that plunge and darted a little way in, at once on the alert. Wat, still kneeling, watched with clasped hands and anxious eyes. The head of the master appeared, his strong arms striking out resolutely. A few yards he came, when the monster detected him and made a rush. For a moment Jan de Jough paused, then suddenly dived, and the next instant the shark leaped clear of the water and, sinking again, left behind it on the surface a great red stain. De Jough came up. Wat saw the enraged shark's fin near the surface, saw the gleam of its white belly as it turned on its back so that its hideous mouth could bite, saw Jan dive once more and then saw the great fish roll over in a mess of blood and slowly sink. Jan had killed the shark in its own element. Wat leaped then, with a glad shout of thanks, and in a short time was safe on shore.

"I thank you," he cried, clinging to the student's side, "and, Mr. de Jough, I was an awful cad to say that this morning. Lick me as much as you please, and I won't cry out. You can kill me if you like. I'm ashamed of myself."
De Jough only pressed his hand and smiled.

"We'll try to forget all that, Wat," said he. "But, though I am not a black man and couldn't help it if I were, yet it was a black man who saved you from the shark."
"How?"
"Because a Kaffir on the coast, a famous diver, taught me that trick, with-out which I could not have saved you. So, you see, Wat, it is unwise to sneer at any person of any race, black, brown or white, for it is more than likely that person may be able, knowing what you don't know, to be of service to you."

Wat bowed his head, abashed.
"Mr. de Jough," he said after awhile, "I'm coming to school tomorrow, and—were the boys rude?"
"A little."
"Well," said Master Wat, "they won't be any more. They know me, and I like you, Mr. de Jough."
THE END.

THE CANDIDATES WITH THE HOE.—Up in Lee county the farmers have a most unique organization, the purpose of which is to make the candidates pay in hard labor for the support of pledges they receive. At a mass meeting of the farmers recently held in that county the following remarkable resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we purchase a supply of hoes to be used by the candidates in this campaign; and be it

Resolved, That when a district candidate appears on a farm we are to require him to hoe two rounds of 400 yards each; and be it

Resolved, That all county candidates be required to hoe 10 rounds of 400 yards each; and be it further

Resolved, That state candidates who canvass in buggies be given a double dose of work in the manner above outlined.

By this method the Lee county farmers hope to make up for the valuable time they lose each campaign year in talking to candidates, and if the plan is generally adopted over the state it will doubtless detract in a large measure from the strenuousness of the contests.—Jackson, Miss., special to Atlanta Constitution.

Running lessens the blood supply in the legs.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SULTAN MULAY'S HUNT FOR FUN.

An English Visitor Tells of Morocco's Ruler.
"Come to Marakesh and see the Sultan. He's the best fellow you ever met, but it's a tough contract to keep him amused. For goodness' sake, think of something fresh in the amusement line."
That was the message I got while in Morocco in 1900 from an English friend of mine who was then holding the position of official entertainer to Mulay Abdul Aziz, sultan of Morocco. As I knew my former school chum for a conjurer, a mind reader, a hypnotist, a photographer and a jolly good fellow in a half dozen other different ways, I wondered at his plaint.
The more I thought over it the more I marvelled, and so, at last, I made up my mind to give up my plans and accept the invitation. And that is how I learned of Sultan Mulay's hard hunt for fun.

I arrived at Marakesh one sultry afternoon. Hardly had my friend greeted me, when he rushed me off to see the sultan, who had expressed a desire to see the stranger as soon as he had entered the palace.

We found his majesty in the middle of an immense courtyard in the palace. He was learning to ride the bicycle under the instruction of Kaid Harry MacLean, a Scottish soldier of fortune, who commands his army. He had just received a large consignment of cycles from the principal makers in London and Paris and he had made up his mind to master the machine even if he smashed every one in Morocco.

Now, the courtyard was more like a dry river bed than anything else. From rider to end there were hardly ten yards of smooth ground. Where there were no boulders there were deep ruts; and where there were neither boulders nor ruts, there were small heaps of bricks.

His majesty had smashed three fine machines when we arrived, and was himself considerably battered. After civilities had been exchanged with all the fine, old-fashioned Moorish courtiers, nothing would content him except all of us riding.
"There are plenty of machines," he said, cheerfully. "There are over a hundred, and we will smash them all if you like."
Of course, in Morocco, the sultan is He-Who-Must-Be-Obeded, so we mounted our machines and did our best. I am a pretty fair cyclist, but I came a cropper over a big rock before I had ridden thirty yards. Soon my machine was hopelessly smashed and I had to take another.

The same mishaps befell the sultan, Kaid MacLean and the court entertainer, and I am safe in saying that in the hour the sultan kept us awhirl we succeeded in hopelessly wrecking a dozen bicycles.

At the end of that time the sultan thought the sport was not sufficiently exciting, so he suggested that we vary it by riding into one another and seeing who got hurt most. Even that palled on him presently, and he sent for some of his ministers and a couple of venerable gray-bearded ulemas, and made them cycle, too, despite their piteous protests.

As they had never seen cycles in their lives before, they were better hands at smashing them than any of us, and before that afternoon was over the courtyard was strewn with what had once been the finest machines in the market. Altogether we must have smashed nearly fifty cycles.

After we had rubbed ourselves with liniment and changed our tattered clothing, the sultan invited us to inspect his new billiard table, which had just arrived from England. We duly admired it, felt the cushions and rolled the balls about and then the sultan put us in a quandary by asking:

"Well, who is going to teach me how to play?"
As it happened none of us was a billiard player. I had handled a cue once or twice, but knew practically nothing of the game. My friend, the court magician, knew less. We were wondering what the sultan would say about our ignorance when Kaid MacLean gallantly stepped into the breach.

"I used to play when I was a boy," he said, "but haven't handled a cue for forty years. However, here's the table, and we must do something with it. I'll try to teach you majesty."

After we had cured the sultan of his desire to swing the cue around his head like a club and hit the ball with the but end, the game proceeded. It lasted about three hours, and then the sultan gave it up in disgust. He had torn the cloth into ribbons, broken his cue and only scored eleven. Sir Harry had made less than twenty.

That was the end of billiards so long as I was at Marakesh. The sultan voted it too tame.
Next day the sultan, who told me that I had won him for a friend because I knew how to ride a wheel, took me to see his private zoo in the palace grounds. I was rash enough to admire a fine herd of wild boars.

"We'll have them out and chase them about the ground," he exclaimed delightedly, overjoyed to have found a new amusement to divert the English stranger.

I hardly saw the beauty of the sport. The boars had magnificent white tusks and wicked little eyes. I thought they looked much better behind the bars, but the sultan, having got the idea, was determined to carry it out. He sent for ponies and spears. Half a dozen of us mounted and the boars were let loose.

We did the same to the rest of the herd, and soon the place was like half a dozen Spanish bullfights rolled into one. Fortunately I had played polo, and so knew how to dodge on horseback. My conjuring friend was a bad rider, and the boars would have rolled him over and over again if the sultan had not gone to his rescue.

His majesty was in the thick of the scrimmage all the time, darting over the grounds like a streak of lightning and showing fine pluck. Luckily, nobody was hurt during the afternoon of picketing, but there were some narrow escapes.

A few evenings later we had a pyrotechnic display. The sultan had not seen fireworks before, and of course, they tickled him like a child. But Sir Kaid MacLean had a better scheme to propose.

"Let us have the boars out again," he said, "and chase them with lighted squibs."
The sultan was overjoyed. If MacLean had not already been commander-in-chief of the army I believe he would have rewarded him with that rank on the spot. The ponies were ordered out, the boars let loose and we mounted and lighted our squibs.

It was the wildest, queerest, and most indescribable scene I ever witnessed. Imagine us, yelling like maniacs, riding at a breakneck gallop over the boulders and ruts, whirling our fireworks over our heads, and chasing those boars around and around the courtyard.

It was a miracle we were not all killed. The only person hurt was the sultan. He held a squib by the wrong end and lighted it in the middle. Naturally, he burned his fingers, and began to think that the game was not such a nice one after all.

Not a day passed without some new amusement. As for the cares of state and the government of the country, nobody seemed to worry in the least about them. Certainly the sultan did not, at that time.

Large quantities of mechanical and scientific novelties had been ordered from Europe—Abdul Aziz was just a big child, with unlimited money to spend on toys. One day he tried an automobile and nearly blew himself up. Then he soon smashed it, as he smashed everything. The photograph sent him into ecstasies, but he was not thoroughly happy until he pulled it to pieces to see where the voices came from.

My friend used to amaze the unopinionated Moors by his conjuring tricks, his ventriloquism, and his hypnotic séances. They thought it was the black magic, but the sultan was not taken in. He has a shrewd mind, of a sceptical turn. He made my friend show him how to do the tricks, and before long he became pretty good at parlor magic himself.

Photography interested the sultan intensely. He had a magnificent assortment of cameras, and soon learned how to use them, although in doing so he broke one of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion, which forbids the representation in any form of any living person or thing. He liked being photographed, but it had to be done on the quiet, to avoid raising a storm among the fanatical Moors.

One day he was photographed in a curious way. It was a solemn feast day. The populace assembled by thousands outside the palace, and the sultan, who, as head of the Melekite sect of the Sunnite Mohammedans, is pope as well as king, in Morocco, had to go out and bless them.

Against the law he permitted us to be present and witness the ceremony from behind a screen which hid us from the people. As the sultan blessed them, my friend, the conjurer, took a snapshot of him with a tiny kodak which he had hidden beneath his coat, with the lens exposed through one of the buttonholes. If he had been detected he would probably have been roughly handled by the fanatical mob, and the sultan could hardly have saved him.

Among the numberless toys imported from Europe were several fine rifles and revolvers. These the sultan understood, for he had been trained to arms from his youth, like all the Moors. I have never seen a finer shot. He has nerves of iron, and an unerring eye.

One day he told my friend, the conjurer, that he would shoot an egg off the top of his head without hurting him. My friend naturally suggested that he should make the experiment with some body else. At that the sultan good-naturedly called up one of his officers and did the trick again and again.

Then he made the officer, much against his will, shoot the egg off his ruler's august head, which the man did successfully.

Mulay Abdul Aziz struck me as being in every way a capital fellow, a thorough sportsman, and an excellent type of the Mohammedan gentleman. He is generous to a fault, brave as a lion, gifted with a good deal of native shrewdness, and eager to learn the ways of the great world beyond the borders of his own country. He was perpetual questioning us about European ways, European institutions, and European inventions.

America he seemed to have hardly heard of. He regarded England as the greatest power in the world, France as the second, and Spain as the third. These are the powers with which he comes most in contact. He had heard vaguely that Spain had been beaten in war by America, but when I described to him the thoroughness of the defeat, he was quite surprised.
The Moors are an intensely fanatical people, and they objected strongly to the sultan's dabbling with European inventions, which they regarded as new-fangled devices of the evil one. This sentiment was growing when I was in Morocco, and was one of the things that led to the recent revolt. The sultan is anxious to travel and

learn from Europeans how to govern his country in a just and progressive manner. Those Europeans who know him best say that he has in him the making of a great monarch, as soon as his play time is over.

But just now he is a young man of 25, full of the joy of life, eager to see everything and do everything, and anxious to make up for the time lost while he was kept secluded in the harem, for the first six years after his father's death, by a Bismarckian Grand Vizier, since dead. He is never happy unless he is doing something fresh and exciting, and he contains in his head as much devilment as a score of lusty American college students. And to satisfy this longing for fun, Sultan Mulay Abdul Aziz has a treasury containing millions—and there is no inquisitive finance committee to audit accounts—William Thorp, in New York Sun.

THE REPORTER'S IMPORTANCE.

The World Does Not Realize Its Dependence Upon the Newspapers.
The vast power and responsibility of the newspaper reporter have never been more strikingly shown than in the recent career of "Capt. Bellairs." This man, who is charged by two prominent newspapers, one of which employed him for a time, with being a former convict and professional scamp, was in Cuba chief among the men who made history by sending the news in the Philippines, as agent of the Associated Press, he was for two years practically the sole informant of the American people upon the results of the momentous experiment of governing little brown men "outside of the constitution," and by sending and coloring all the news from the islands he no doubt contributed more toward making public opinion on the Philippine question than any other man—except Mr. McKinley, the president of the United States.

Modern progress in the utilization of journalism by great statesmen who generally denounce it has made the "authorized statement," the semi-authorized statement and the mere "feeler," printed in the public press, do in Europe most of the work of diplomacy and home politics; in this country it has evolved a new scheme for appealing direct to public opinion which has been well illustrated in President Roosevelt's trip.

The reporters who have attended Mr. Roosevelt to the happy-hunting grounds have not really reported his speeches at all, though millions of people have so supposed. Every editor of a New York newspaper having the Associated Press service had upon his desk, before the president left Washington, all the important speeches that he has since made. They were all prepared at the White House, carefully printed in good type, closely revised and put in proper numerical order.

It was of course stipulated that no newspaper should use any of these speeches until "released" by the news of its delivery; and no editor would have dreamed of violating this condition. In a word, the speeches were not speeches at all, but compositions, carefully written, carefully revised and doubtless carefully read by cabinet members and political leaders, and criticised by them as to matters of which they had special knowledge.

The audience of 1,000, 2,000 or 4,000 people who actually hear one of these addresses is insignificant compared with that audience of millions who read it by the help of the press. Nor has any king or premier or president in time past ever had the advantage of such means of prompt appeal to his nation and to the world as is afforded by the modern press through the reporter, whose duties are so important that statesmen everywhere seek means of becoming reporters themselves.—New York World.

TOXIN AND ANTITOXIN.—Pasteur, the great French savant, founder of the sciences of bacteriology and preventive medicine, proved in the first place that the epidemic diseases are due to minute living organisms, plants and animals and that for each definite disease there is a specific micro-organism. This was the great fundamental fact. Later it became evident that these microscopic parasites cause disease by certain chemical poisons which they produce, called toxins. In many cases the micro-organism, if grown in culture tubes outside the body, will produce the same toxins. After being separated from the living germs which produced them these substances will produce all the symptoms of the disease when injected into an animal body. The body at the beginning of an attack of fever is not, however, passive. Its cells react against the poisons introduced and a struggle ensues, the end of which is life or death, the fighting being purposeful and definite. The body cells secrete a specific chemical body which has the power of neutralizing or rendering harmless the particular toxin introduced. This antitoxin to the poisonous toxin we call the antitoxin. When a man recovers from an attack of smallpox it is because his antitoxins have proved too strong for the toxins of the disease, and his after immunity, it seems probable, is due to the persistence within his body of the antitoxins once produced.—C. E. A. Winslow in Atlantic.

REVISED VERSION.—"Never put off till tomorrow the things you can do today," remarked the man with the chronic quotation habit.

"That axiom's moth-eaten," rejoined the up-to-date specimen of bustling humanity. "What the matter with doing them yesterday and resting today?"—Chicago News.

Men laugh at feminine folly, but it fools them just the same.

EVERY FARM HOUSE ON MAP.

Detail of Rural Mail Delivery Experiment.
Within two years a man standing in Indianapolis will be able to put his finger on every farm house in Indiana—that is, on the map, says the Indianapolis News.

This is one of the details of the rural mail delivery experiment that the government is working out in Indiana. If in this state, where the experiment is tried first, it is found to be practicable to locate every farm house and keep a constant record of its changes in location and the building of new houses, it will only be a few years when a person will be able to put his finger on any farm house in the country. The work now being quietly done in an upper room of the Majestic building, is the beginning of one of the most interesting records the government has ever made.

The announcement is made from Washington that every farm house in Indiana is to be reached by rural mail delivery carriers within two years, which means that the work of locating every house in the state will be completed in that time.

Since April 1, seventeen Indiana counties have been supplied with rural mail service. In fourteen of these the work of making a complete record of the rural districts has been completed. Every farm house and the population of the country districts have been set forth in carefully prepared maps, which located all roads and indicate their character—whether dirt or gravel, good or bad. These beautiful maps are rolled up and filed away in the office of Superintendent F. B. Hathbone, of the Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan district, located in the Majestic building.

So complete is this information, by counties, that the 41,997 farm houses in fourteen of the seventeen counties have been located down to their very acre. It is found that the rural population of these 41,997 homes is 216,565 persons. Information can be had concerning ages and sex. The following is part of the information compiled of these counties:

The measurements of roads, both gravel and dirt, in counties whose records of this kind have been thus far left vacant are being made now. The statistics for the maps of Gibson, Posey and Delaware counties, whose complete county service was instituted by experts from Washington, are now being compiled in Indianapolis, and they will be complete in a short time.

It is not known yet how valuable these complete records will be. There are many ways in which the maps, when completed for the entire state, can be used with very great effect in promoting business, and they will be very valuable for the information of the public, if the government decides to give the information by a reproduction of the maps.

IMMUNE TO BEE POISON.

Apiarists Get So They Don't Much Mind Being Stung.
That a person who has been often stung by bees becomes in time immune to the poison of the sting is asserted by Dr. H. F. Parker. He reports that when he first began to keep bees he was frequently stung, and that each sting was attended with acute pain; but that as time went on the pain and swelling became less. In the following year, while transferring a hive of bees, he had an experience which he thus relates:

"Sting followed sting in succession, in legs, arms, fingers, neck and face. I imagined what a picture I would present—closed eyes and swollen hands and feet. I worked on, and so did the bees. I could feel the needle-like thrust, but then it did not seem to pain as much, and at last I finished the task. With aching head, slight nausea and vertigo slowly coming on I left my task with a sigh of relief for what was accomplished and filled with wonderment as to what my personal appearance would be.

"Imagine my astonishment to find merely slightly raised red spots, like little pimples, with the red sting in the centre, as the result of each and every sting. I must have had something like forty of them on various parts of my body. My clothes were full of them; but, they being so thick, did not allow the sting to penetrate. The dizziness, nausea, and headache left me and Richard was himself again."

"When I again visited my bees I did not dread the stinging properties any longer, at least, not as much as so formerly, and then, and ever since, I have found that when a bee does sting me the pain is only sharp for an instant and there is an absence of the after-swelling.

"I have since been stung many more times than I was at that time, and yet none of the symptoms above referred to have been reproduced. Am I not, therefore, immune to the poison of the honey bee, at least to a certain extent?"

"All authorities on bee culture state the fact, as a crumb of comfort to novices in beekeeping, that the poison of a bee will produce less and less effect upon their systems. 'Old beekeepers,' it is said, 'like Mithridates, appear almost to thrive on the poison itself.' Hulsh speaks of 'seeing the bald head of Bonner, a celebrated practical apiarist, covered with stings, which seemed to produce upon him no unpleasant effect.' Rev. Mr. Kleine advises beginners to allow themselves to be stung frequently, assuring them that 'in two seasons their system will become accustomed to the poison.'"

"In conclusion, let me state that I firmly believe that the beekeeper becomes inoculated with the poison of the bee, and usually becomes proof, or at least immune, against it, in no more than a few weeks. The fact that vaccination is a preventive against small pox."—Indianapolis Journal.