

A LITTLE HEROINE.

Who Refused to Sing the Song Marching Through Georgia.

GIVEN A ROUSING WELCOME

In Augusta, Georgia, by the Old Confederate Veterans, Whose Honored Guest the Little Lady Was.

The Confederate Veterans at Augusta last week went wild over Miss Laura Talbott Galt, of Louisville, Ky., the little girl who refused to sing "Marching Through Georgia" when ordered to do so by her teacher last year. She has been invited to Augusta by the Veterans and arrived in the city on Monday afternoon of last week. The Augusta Chronicle says long before the hour for the arrival of the train hundreds of men, women and children began to gather at the Union depot, anxious to be the first to catch a glimpse of the little heroine and welcome her to the city.

Shortly before the scheduled hour for the arrival of the train Camp 435 met at the monument on Broad street, in full uniform, and marched to the depot in a body, headed by the Robinsons' band. A carriage drawn by four white horses, and driven by Capt. New Heggie in person, was on hand to drive the young lady to the Albion. When the news reached the depot that the train was pulling through the yard into the station, the old Veterans fell in line, the band struck up "My Old Kentucky Home," and when the great engine of the train pushed under the shed a mighty shout, and a rebel shout at that, went up, the crowd surging wildly to the train. For a moment confusion reigned supreme.

A committee, composed of Captain William Dunbar and Samuel Wilson, had gone up the road to meet the train before it reached the city. When they appeared at the door of the Pullman, leading a beautiful young child, dressed in gray and wearing a jaunty gray cap, a mighty shout rent the air and the band struck up "Dixie." Again there was pandemonium. Miss Galt was visibly affected by the demonstration. Hundreds of hands were stretched forward to grasp hers, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she could make her way down the steps of the car. Slowly the party had to work its way through the massed people, few able to catch a glimpse of the little heroine, owing to the crush.

SALUTED THE VETERANS.

When Miss Galt stepped in front of the line of old soldiers and gracefully doffed her little Confederate cap, a third mighty shout went up and despite the cries of the officers the men broke ranks and rushed about Miss Galt, wild with enthusiasm, all anxious to be the first to shake her by the hand. By this time the little lady had gained her composure, and amid renewed enthusiasm smiled her greeting to the right and left as she walked to the head of the column. From the lined up Confederate soldiers to the grand entrance of the depot Miss Galt received ovation after ovation, the people, old and young, were drawn up in line to see her. It is said that she sat in the carriage and that gentlemen surged about it, anxious to shake her hand and welcome her to the city.

A procession was immediately formed, led by the Carnival band, Camp 435 following, and Miss Galt's carriage bringing up the rear. The line of march was out Campbell street to Broad and down Broad to the main entrance of the Albion. All along the line the little lady was accorded an ovation. A large crowd of people were massed in front of the hotel entrance, pushing and crowding their necks to catch a glimpse of her as she passed in the hotel lobby. About the carriage Camp 435 and other visiting camps were drawn up in line. As Miss Galt arose to leave the carriage she turned and gallantly doffed her cap to the heroes of the sixties. A mighty shout went up and the band began to play "Dixie." Miss Galt is a mere child, fifteen years of age, but she holds a place dear in the hearts of the Veterans of Augusta and the South. She is exceedingly pretty.

On the trip to Augusta Miss Galt is accompanied by her mother, who is also an attractive woman. Mrs. Galt wore a happy smile, and no wonder, as her little daughter so graciously extended the ovations that were being received at almost every step. It is safe to say that the young child from another state ever received a warmer welcome or with a more enthusiastic demonstration, by the people of Augusta. It is an incident of life of which any one might feel justly proud. Miss Galt will remember her trip to Augusta in the years to come, and in the Providence of God, long after the last of the heroes of the Confederacy have stepped from the scene of action and reunions are no more.

IS ONLY A SAMPLE.

But yesterday's demonstration is but a sample of the honors that have been accorded to Miss Galt since her memorable act in refusing to sing or hear "Marching Through Georgia." All over the South Veterans' camps have visited honors on Miss Galt, and her visits to reunions have been in the nature of ovations. Prominent among those doing her honor is Camp 435 of Augusta. She has been elected an honorary member of the camp, presented with a gold badge of the Confederate Survivors' association, and memorialized in resolutions, and the last honor conferred was the presentation of a visit to the Georgia reunion in this city as the guest of the camp. While in the city she will be accorded every honor possible for the old soldiers to confer. Throughout yesterday afternoon and last night Miss Galt and Mrs. Galt were kept busy receiving ladies and gentlemen who called at the hotel to welcome them. Among the visitors were hundreds of veterans from all over the state. For all Miss Galt had a smile and a loving word. Already she is established as a favorite.

ABOUT THE INCIDENT.

A word in reference to the incident that made Miss Galt famous will not be amiss. From Louisville correspondence the following information is secured in reference to her refusal to join in or even hear the singing of the "Yankee" song when ordered by her teacher in the Louisville public school three years ago, which she was attending: "Laura Talbott Galt, a thirteen-year-old school girl, has created a sensation in Louisville and set the town talking by her refusal to sing or hear 'Marching Through Georgia,' but to refuse to hear it sung by her classmates. As a result of her breach of discipline her passage to the high school is endangered. The matter has been taken up by friends, and will be aired at the next meeting of the board of school trustees. Confederate Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy have been aroused, and already the agitation has resulted in the possibility of reopening the fight against the teaching of Civil War history in the public schools, because of the alleged unfairness of the so-called popular history.

NEGROES IN CONFERENCE.

Booker Washington as Usual Gives the Leaders Good Advice.

At Washington on Tuesday of last week Booker T. Washington spoke at the conference of negro leaders on the race problem. Despite the fact that the special problems of the city negro and rape and lynching were before the conference for discussion, he carefully avoided them, devoting his time to general advice to the conference. "I feel," he said, "if I had listened more and talked less than I have done, I should have accomplished more in the work I have tried to do." He referred to the need for harmony among organizations and repeated that the National Sociological society had a work to do which no other organization could perform.

Continuing, he said: "I am glad we are getting to the point where we can come together without regard to denomination, even to party, to discuss these problems. There are two things that I want to say to you. I hope you will bear in mind that the great body of your people live in the south. There are 8,000,000 in the south and they will be there for years. If you will help us you will keep in touch with us who are striving to better the conditions there. There are those of us who expect to remain right in the south and if our people suffer to suffer with them. In the discussions of this conference condemnations of wrong should have a large part, but a very large part should be given to bringing out something constructive. There are wrongs to be sure. Some of us live in sections where we hear them and at them for breakfast, dinner and supper. But along with condemnation there is a demand for something constructive. What can you actually project or what relief can you bring?"

Before leaving the floor Prof. Washington was asked by the Rev. Henry Johnson of Baltimore if he saw any tendency toward the adoption of his own constructive theories, to which the leader replied: "My own feeling is that we must do our duty in the light of human progress and if we find immediate results or not we should trust to God to help us out."

J. W. Lyons, the negro leader and register of the treasury, also spoke, advising the conference to ferret out the crimes which had brought about the numerous lynchings in order to show the wrong done the race.

A MURDEROUS MINER

Shoots Into Crowd of People Coming Out of Theatre.

At Wallace, Idaho, two persons were killed and two wounded in a shooting affray at the entrance of a theatre house on Tuesday night week. The shooting took place just as the theatregoers were leaving the theatre. The dead: Dr. W. F. Fims, shot through head. William Cuff, miner, shot three times.

The wounded: Chief of Police McGovern, shot through hand. Opera House Policeman Rose, shot in leg. The trouble across over Cuff insisting on smoking a cigar in the gallery. House Policeman Rose ordered him to stop, but he refused. The policeman took the cigar away from Cuff, after a struggle. Cuff left the theatre "rowing defiance." He returned with a revolver and waited until the performance was over. Rose was the first to leave the opera house. As he stepped outside, Cuff began firing. The first shot missed and Rose returned the fire. Dr. Fims, who was escorting a lady, followed Rose out and as he did so, a bullet presumably from Cuff's revolver, struck him in the head, killing him instantly. Other policemen appeared and a general fusillade followed. The panic stricken theatregoers rushed back into the foyer, men and women being trampled upon in the mad rush to get away. Cuff continued firing, wounding Chief of Police McGovern and Special Officer Rose. Cuff then started to escape but was intercepted at a side exit by Policeman Quinn, who kept up a running fire, three bullets taking effect. Cuff fell unconscious and died in 15 minutes. A number of people were injured in the stampede. Cuff was a miner and served in the Philippines with an Ohio regiment. Dr. Fims is a well known surgeon of Wallace and leaves a family.

Neighborly and Otherwise.

In a country near Atlanta when the stock law was adopted two adjoining farmers fought against each other in the election. The stock law crowd was and shortly after the no-law farmer's cattle got into the pro-law fellow's crop. They were seized until the owner came for them and asked the damages.

"Well," said the stock law farmer, "I am a law-abiding citizen and as there were 14 head of your stock in my crop the bill is \$7."

The bill was paid, but shortly after about 20 head of the pro-law man's cattle got into the other man's field. Pro-law went over to recover his cattle and took his wallet along.

"What are the damages?" he asked. "Nothing at all," said the no-law man.

"Because I'm neighbor and—not a law-abiding citizen."

The Prize-Winning Crank. The opening of congress brought with it the usual number of cranks that infest the capitol, but the prize winner was Hon. George A. Lear who was there with the claim that he had been elected to congress by 1,000,000 majority. He sent a letter of notification to the clerk of the house to this effect and he was duly gathered in by the capitol police.

Fighting the Tobacco Trust. Over 300 tobacco growers, representing the white Burley districts of Ohio and Kentucky, held a secret meeting in New York on Thursday for the purpose of arranging details of a loan of \$10,000,000 offered by the New York Security Warehouse company to handle the crop so as to wrest the control of the product from the tobacco trust.

A Valuable Dollar. A silver dollar coined in 1804 was sold at Denver, Col., on Friday by R. G. Parvin of Denver to H. G. of Portland, Ore., for \$2,000. The coin was bought by J. W. Dexter of Denver in 1855 for \$1,000. Since then a sale has been made at \$1,200, which was the record until today.

KILLED BY HAZERS.

A Medical Student Was Killed by Savage Imitation in Baltimore.

LAI'D NUDE ON BIG ICE CAKE.

A Relative of the Slain Youth Tells of the Treatment the Victim Received and Calls it Foul Murder.

Martin Loew, twenty-seven years old, a dental student at the University of Maryland Medical College, who died on Sunday from the effects of brutal hazing by fellow students at a Greek letter society initiation, was a New Yorker. He had been a student at the Maryland College for three years, and was to have graduated in June, 1904. The New York American says Dr. Leopold Hirschmann, of No. 61 East Eighty-sixth street, New York, a cousin of young Loew, was bitter in his denunciations of the treatment his relative received.

"A fellow student of Martin came all the way from Baltimore and gave me full details of the case," said Dr. Hirschmann. "He said that a week ago last Saturday Martin received notice that he was admitted into Phi Psi Chi fraternity and was wanted immediately at Mechanics' Hall, No. 100 North Poca street. He hurried to the hall and was met by twenty-five members of the 'frat.'"

"He was told to undress, and after doing so was blindfolded and taken into a room, where he was laid upon a cake of ice.

"He was then carried upstairs to the balcony and thrown over the rail, a drop of twenty-five feet. On the floor beneath stood a number of students holding a sheet. 'When Martin fell into this he was tossed up and down until he was unconscious. After being revived he was beaten until his body was a mass of bruises. 'That night he was in such a wretched condition that his room mate stayed up all night with him. Whiskey and quinine were given to him during the night, and in the morning Martin said that he felt relieved.

AFTER SECOND DEGREE—DEATH. "The following Saturday Martin took the 'Second Degree,' while his cousin, Eph Stone, took the 'First Degree.' Before starting for the hall he said that he was afraid. Little is known of what happened at this meeting.

"The following morning my cousin was found dead and his chum was in a serious condition. 'The latter has given out contradictory statements and the true facts of the case may ever remain a mystery. 'I was a medical student and knew all about hazing, but this case is actual murder. He was a strong, athletic young man, of the best habits, and neither drank nor smoked. The guilty ones should be sent to the gallows. They are murderers."

FOR A RAZORLESS SHAVE.

A Harmless Mixture That Will Do It Better Than a Razor.

Dr. Wolfram E. Dreyfus, chief chemist of the New York Department of public Charities, has compounded a little mixture which, if rubbed over the face, will shave you as quickly and as well as the finest Sheffield razor. This is the wonder-working compound: Barri sulphidi, 25 parts. Saponis pulvis, 5 parts. Talci farinae, 35 parts. Tritici farinae, 35 parts. Benzaldehydi, quarter solution.

It appears in the new hospital formulary which Dr. Dreyfus issued recently. This formulary contains 387 formulas and is the most extensive ever used by a hospital. Dr. Dreyfus has been working for a long time on this "pulsis depilatorius," or shaving powder, and after many experiments he says that he has found something that is satisfactory and harmless.

The several ingredients mentioned above when mixed together make a power. For the new scientific razorless shave you take one teaspoonful of the powder and mix it with three teaspoonfuls of water, making a paste which you apply to the face with a brush from your otherwise discarded shaving outfit. After four or five minutes moisten the lather with a sponge and in five minutes more you can wash the mixture off, leaving a breadless, glassless face.

As Dr. Dreyfus explained it, this new shaving mixture didn't seem so wonderful after all. The essential ingredient is barium sulphide, which is contained in all depilatory mixtures and is also used extensively in tanning. A solution in which the barium sulphide is the chief ingredient is rubbed over the hide and the hair can easily be scraped off immediately after. Barium sulphide, however, is very powerful, and the trouble with all depilatory powders, even those which are used as an adjunct to surgical operations, is that they are injurious to the skin. Dr. Dreyfus therefore looked around for something that would render the powerful sulphide harmless.

The ingredients which he found would have that effect, and which are set down in the formula given above, have strange and impressive names, but they are really our every day friends. Saponis pulvis is plain powdered soap which makes a lather Talci farinae is talcum powder, and Tritici farinae is wheat flour, both of which are cosmetic in their effects. Benzaldehydi is practically an artificial almond oil, the pleasant odor of which neutralizes that of the barium sulphide, which is not so pleasant.

A dash of this over the face, a ten-minute wait, a wash, and there you are, looking as clean and feeling much better than if you had submitted to one of the old-fashioned razor operations with "Witch hazel or bay rum Siro" accompaniments. The new hair grows much more slowly, but otherwise the effect is the same as that of a razor shave, except the cost of the new process which is hardly worth considering.

Learning the Ropes.

The State says the speaker's lobby in Washington has been furnished with three elegant Persian rugs that cost \$2,000 apiece, and several new members hesitated to walk upon them until they saw pages throwing cigarette stumps on them. There is nothing like learning the ropes.

Can't Thou Forget?

Const thou forget, beloved, our first awakening From out the shadowy caves of doubts and dreams. To know Love's perfect sunlight round us breaking. Bathing our beings in his glorious gleams— Canst thou forget?

A sky of rose and blue was o'er us glowing. As we spoke and loved, and heaving breath of joy; Then met our soul's tides, thene together flowing. Then kissed our thought-waves, mingling on their shores. Canst thou forget? Canst thou forget when first thy loving fingers Laid gently back the locks upon my brow? Ah, to my woman's thought that touch still lingers. And softly glides along my forehead now. Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget when ever twilight tender, Mid dew and sweets, beheld our slow steps rove, And when the nights, which come in stary splendor, Seemed dim and pallid to our heaven of love. Canst thou forget? Canst thou forget the childlike knee-outpouring Of her whose fond faith knew no faltering fears. The lashes dropped to veil her eyes adoring. Her speaking silence and her blissful tears. Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget the last mournful meeting. The trembling form clasped to thy anguished breast; The long against thine own now wildly beating. Now fluttering faint, grief-wrung, and fear-oppressed lips. Canst thou forget? Canst thou forget, though all love's spell be broken, The wild farewell which rent our souls apart? And school girls' faces, and a hottest token. The severed tress, which lay upon thy heart— Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget, beloved, 'one—come there never. The heart of sweetest visions to thy rest? Brings she not back the fond hopes fled forever. While one last name thrills through thy sleeping breast? Canst thou forget?

A GRAND MONUMENT.

President Davis Tribute to the Women of the South.

The Augusta Chronicle says, at a dinner the other night in that city the conversation naturally drifted to the coming reunion, and things relative to the Confederacy. For once the older members of the party monopolized the conversation. For once the younger ones were content to be mere listeners.

"One thing is certain," said the judge, as he put down his sherry glass, "if I had anything to do with the state jury commission I would see to it that in every school throughout the state there was a copy of 'The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy. It's a wonderful book, sir," he said addressing himself to the Major, "a wonderful book. Not only is it full of historical data, to show that the Southern states had rightfully the power to withdraw from a union into which they had, as sovereign communities, voluntarily entered, but it proves beyond a doubt, sir, misapprehensions created by industriously circulated misrepresentations as to the acts and purposes of the people, as well as the general government of the Confederate states. And it is as full of beautiful thoughts as any one I ever read."

"Talk about a monument to the women of the Confederacy," he continued taking in the ladies of the party with a wave of his hand, "you may rear a shaft of costly marble, you may build a college rich with the grace of ancient architecture, but you will never get anything more beautiful as a tribute of love to the women of the Confederacy, than the dedication of Mr. Davis' book."

"Did you ever hear it? No? Well, listen! He says: To The Women of the Confederacy, Whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers softened the last hours of those who died far from the object of their tender love; whose domestic labors Contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field; Whose zealous faith in our cause Shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war, Whose fortitude Sustained them, under all the privations to which they were subjected; Whose annual tribute Expresses their enduring grief, love and reverence for our sacred dead. And Whose patriotism Will teach their children To emulate the deeds of our revolution— These pages are dedicated by their Countryman, Jefferson Davis."

They Must Go.

At Gainesville, Ga., last week an indignation meeting, attended by 200 of the best citizens of the city, was held in the city hall for the purpose of adopting plans to suppress the sale of whiskey and the operation of objectionable resorts in the city. A law was passed and the meeting adjourned and 100 prominent citizens volunteered to serve on a committee to wait upon the persons operating the blind tigers and other places and informing them that they would be given only three days in which to get out of the city and the county. Rev. J. W. Wynne, pastor of the First Baptist church, was named as spokesman of the committee.

A Negro's Sound Logic.

Brown Rodger, colored, was hanged at Union on Friday for the murder of Rodger Fant, white. The deed was committed on April 5 of this year. Deceased had two more hours to live but he declared himself ready. He walked upon the trap at 12 o'clock and five minutes were consumed in tying the knot and reading the death sentence. At 12.21 he was declared dead by Dr. J. M. Lawson, the county physician. Rodger was visited Friday by Rev. A. G. Wardlaw, Rev. Crosswell McGee and others. He told them he was ready to go. He also said if he was hung all those who have been let off on self-defense ought to be brought up and hung.

Wireless Plays Queer Pranks.

Mrs. Langtry saw Sig. Marconi for the first time the other evening, says the Chicago Tribune, and the incident caused her to tell her own peculiar experiences with wireless telegram. "I had dined with a friend the night before I left London," she said, "and when we passed a vessel I telegraphed by the new method, 'The ocean does not part us.' 'Ten days later I had a telegram back from my friend with a request to explain what I meant. It read: 'The ocean has no pants on.'"

Two Years of Teddy.

Having overthrown civil service reform, resurrected the negro question, sown profound distrust among the property interests of the East and given the people administration spiced with scandal, our officious little President has taken a whack at international law and challenged Columbia to battle. Congress will have to sit down on the little man.

AN OUTRAGE.

Dispensary Constables Arrested and Put in Jail at the Instance of a Dive Keeper, Because They Refused to Allow Him to Shoot Them When They Raided His Blind Tiger Den in Charleston.

Not content with the indictment of the five dispensary constables in the court of common pleas a few days ago on the charge of assaulting him in his place of business in the city of Charleston last August, R. D. Wieters, who ran a blind tiger in Charleston, carried his case into the United States court Saturday, securing an order from Judge Simonon for the arrest of State Constables Bateman, Hay, Gideon, Grady and May. Two of the constables were arrested by the United States Marshal, and in default of \$8,000 bond each were sent to jail. It is probable that three others will be arrested on a similar proceeding, and the action of the prosecutors has created quite a sensation.

CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

The Columbia State says "all the trouble arises from a silly myth which the constables had with law-breakers by the name of Wieters, men who claim that they are not naturalized citizens, and have brought suit for damages in the federal court and have also instituted criminal proceedings in the same court. Action of a criminal nature has been brought in the state courts and the grand jury has returned a true bill on each of the several counts.

"Governor Heyward was annoyed last week because in the case of Mr. William Lykes against Chico's driver the indictment was thrown out by the grand jury while on the other hand Chico's bills under several counts were brought in against the constables, who had the fight with the Wieters people. The first action brought by the constables was a civil suit for \$10,000 damages against the constables, and in addition they have been arrested by the United States marshal and are now in jail in Charleston in default of \$5,000 bond each.

WAS AN OUTRAGE.

"The case of Mr. Lykes was considered an outrage. He was run down by one of Chico's drivers and received injuries which came near costing him his life. Mr. Lykes is a farmer in Richland county, and is known as most honest of men. He would not use his pistol in attempting to stop Chico's driver, and for this was commended by the governor. Orders have been issued by the governor and by Mr. Hammett that they would tolerate no fighting on the part of the constables, and the Wieters affair is the first violation of that order. However, Gov. Heyward must think the provocation great, for he has not yet discharged the men who are in trouble.

"Mr. Hammett was in Charleston Saturday and hurried back to Columbia to consult with the governor and the attorney general, thinking that of more importance than to try to get bond for the arrested men. Mr. Hammett's report of the facts in the case gave the governor quite a surprise, for the best men had been instructed to be cautious and prudent. This is the first serious unpleasantness since the governor came into office."

GOV. HEYWARD TALKS OUT.

In speaking of the matter Saturday night Gov. Heyward said: "I found the law upon the books and under my oath of office it is my duty to enforce it. Charleston is treated like any other part of the state. The only way to endeavor to enforce the law in Charleston is to order the chief to raid suspected places, for the jurists refuse to find true bills. At the present term of court the grand jury threw out the bill against a negro driver in Chico's employ, who was charged with assault in driving over one of the constables acting in the discharge of his duties. Mr. Lykes was seriously injured, and it was feared at one time that he would die.

WILL ENFORCE THE LAW.

"It is exasperating that the plaintiff in this case—a man whose place of business is understood to be a blind tiger frequently—should consider himself immune from the laws of this state, and when called upon to observe the laws, institutes in the federal courts civil proceedings against the officers of the law. Wieters' criminal damages on the ground that he is not a citizen of the United States, but owes his allegiance to a foreign power, and by virtue of such action has the officers thrown into jail to await release by giving bond for \$5,000 each. Such action shall not deter me in the effort to enforce the dispensary law in the enforcement of this law, Charleston must be treated like any other part of the State."

The matter has been referred to the office of the attorney general to take steps to secure the release of the constables. Mr. Guter and the governor discussed the matter at length last night.

Killed His Brother.

A special to The State says just outside of the corporate limits of Greenville a sad accident took place on Tuesday, Nov. 10, resulting in the death of a young negro, the son of Dink Walker, a respectable man who lives on Geo. B. Thurston's place. A negro came to Walker's with a shotgun and sat it down against a stump in the field, where two of Walker's sons were at work. One of them picked up the gun and raised it to his shoulder, aiming as if to shoot, when his brother passed in front of the gun just as it was accidentally fired. The load entered his head and blew off one side of it. The boy that was killed is 18 years old and the one who fired the gun is 14 years old. The white friends of the family express much regret at the unfortunate occurrence.

Warned by a Dead Man.

The Salisbury, N. C., Sun relates the following: Mr. J. S. Marable, who died on Monday night related several years before his death a remarkable experience. He was conversing with his physician, Dr. W. W. McKenzie, to whom he stated that he had been warned of his death. "Some weeks ago," said Mr. Marable, "when I was walking home I became so weak that I was compelled to sit upon a rock to rest. While resting Tom Sparnell (Mr. Sparnell has been dead for several months) came to me and said, 'Well old fellow, your time is about up and you had better get ready to die. I knew Tom Sparnell was dead, but I could see and hear him distinctly.'"

FACE ROCKS OF NATURE.

Specimen Profiles in the California Mountains. All outdoors is a puzzle picture, like those made for sharpening children's wits.

Clouds pile themselves into fantastic shapes and cast weird shadows on the ground. Trees and shrubs, rocks as things of animal kind, and mounds of sand formed so foreign to their substance that it seems as if only the hand of a master artist could have made them so.

There are many people in the world like Wordsworth's Peter Bell. A primrose by the river's brim A yellow primrose was to him, And it was nothing more. To Peter Bell a rock's a rock, a tree's a tree, a cloud's a cloud, and it is nothing more. However, we are not all Peter Bells, and if we go to Mount Tamalpais we find some astonishing modellings by nature. Of these the Stanchard of Mill Valley seem like stunted shrubs, the bow-tie of Tamalpais railway a narrow ribbon and the Golden Gate but a shiny streak, sits the Velled Prophets of Tamalpais. Immutably, inscrutable, sphinx-like, the faces of the seracs is turned ever toward San Francisco, and only the winds from the ocean may gather from her lips the secrets of the future.

A few minutes' walk from the tavern of Tamalpais on the trail that circles the crest of the mountain brings one to the Old Lady that guards the path where it narrows on a rocky, sheer-walled ledge. The profile is perfect.

But Tamalpais has not the only collection of nature sculpture in California. There is the George Washington rock, about thirty-five miles northwest of Los Angeles, in the Santa Susana Mountains. A chiseled monument could hardly bear truer likeness to George Washington than does this rock.

With Squaw Rock comes a romance. A chief's daughter loved a white hunter. He died. She returned to her father's wigwam. The chief turned her out and she found a resting place in Russian River. When the Indian women went next day to the river for water they saw engraved on the rock where the river's spirit was sharp the features of the chief's daughter. The Great Spirit had fashioned a marker for her grave.

But nature is versatile. Her rock pictures are not all alike. The caves of La Jolla claim a style of art, unique, distinctive. Looking out from within out of these great caves the entrance forms a perfect silhouette of a woman, tall, stately, in trailing robes. Unlike the people of the mountain, this figure does not play at hide and seek. Perhaps she is the image of constancy, this White Lady of La Jolla.—Sunset Magazine.

Indian Medicine Man.

Ernest Thompson-Seton was talking about the Indian medicine man the other day. "Did you ever notice," said he, "that the Indian doctor's prime remedies are to eat the prime remedies of the most advanced medical science. They are massage and the vapor bath. The early explorers all ridiculed these two features of the medicine man's treatment as much as they did any of the rest; but enlightened physicians have adopted them now. Of course, the medical men practiced all sorts of fraud and deception. But they were shrewd judges of character, and that was the reason of their holding the positions they did. Here is an example of it:

"Running Deer and Lame Dog had a quarrel. It was smoothed over and forgotten. A year afterward Running Deer was found dead one morning in his tepee. The medicine man retired and remained invisible for two days. Then he called a jury. "When all were seated in order, he said, 'I have fasted and had visions, and knowledge has been granted to me. You see this knife. There are three spots of blood on this side the blade, three on the other side. I wipe off the blood; this side is clean, this side is clean. I put the knife behind me, so, in the council fire. Each man shall stand in turn. When the blood spots come back on the blade, that man will be the guilty one. "Storm Cloud, stand up. No blood comes on the blade. Storm Cloud, sit down; you are not guilty. "Blue Buffalo, stand up. No blood comes on the blade. Blue Buffalo, sit down; you are not guilty. "Lame Dog, stand up. See, the blood comes back on the blade. Lame Dog is guilty."

"Confronted by this supernatural proof of his guilt, Lame Dog broke down and confessed, and was thus brought to justice through shrewd judgment and a simple trick of sleight of hand."

Uncle Russell Sage.

The wasteful "bills" and "bears" of Wall Street, who generally live fast and exhaust their capital of cash and vitality in self-indulgence, are fond of jeering at "Uncle Russell" and calling him "miser" and other opprobrious names. The "accommodator" he detests them when in "deal" fails to excite their gratitude, especially since they know he always gets back his money with good interest, while they often lose theirs. They are hardly just. If they but imitated their "uncle's" moderation they might hope perhaps to live and prosper as long as he. Whatever may be said of Mr. Sage's strong grip on the dollar, the figure of his last birthday clearly demonstrates the excellence of some points of his character.—Baltimore Sun.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

The Republicans Messing With the Race Problem in Congress.

The Washington correspondent of The State says widespread comment was aroused at the capitol Friday by the action of Representative Dick of Ohio introducing a resolution providing for a congressional inquiry into the alleged disfranchisement of voters in the south and for the reduction of congressional representations of those States wherein such conditions are found. The "accommodator" he detests them when in "deal" fails to excite their gratitude, especially since they know he always gets back his money with good interest, while they often lose theirs. They are hardly just. If they but imitated their "uncle's" moderation they might hope perhaps to live and prosper as long as he. Whatever may be said of Mr. Sage's strong grip on the dollar, the figure of his last birthday clearly demonstrates the excellence of some points of his character.—Baltimore Sun.

Diogenes with his lantern could not have found a good excuse for dull tools.

Perserverance is not a bad substitute for a teacher in acquiring skill.

FARM ANIMAL DISEASES.

Prevention Is Far Better Than The Trouble of Cure.

DISEASES OF THE SWINE

Healthful Food, Drink, Shelter and Surroundings—Keep Animals Vigorous and Thrifty—Look Out Carefully for Digestion—Benefits of Cleanliness.

We should endeavor to prevent the appearance of disease, rather than cure it after it has come. Sanitation, not medication, is what will reduce disease among farm animals to the minimum. Disease is by far the more common among swine than among man, annually above ten per cent of our swine die of disease. Yet there are men who have raised swine extensively for fifteen to twenty years with little disease among them as among the best-kept horses or cattle. These men have reared pure bred swine, and some of them are in the region where corn is largely fed. It cannot, therefore, be said that so much disease among swine is due to in-breeding, or wholly to the large feeding of corn. There is no reason why swine should be more subject to disease than other farm animals. The fact that they are, is because they are treated differently.

Their quarters are allowed to become more filthy; they are given drink that other animals would not be expected to use; and their feed is thrown in the manure and their own manure; and their shelters are of the poorest description and devoid of all means of ventilation. The men who have raised swine with little disease, have given their swine pure food, a variety of clean, wholesome drink, comfortable well-ventilated shelters and clean, dry quarters.

It must not, however, be inferred that there is among other farm animals no more disease than there should be. If more care were taken to provide sheep, cattle and horses with only healthful food, drink, shelter and surroundings, it is safe to say that there would be much less disease among them. The investigations of European veterinarians, and of Dr. Law, Grant and others in this country, have shown that bovine tuberculosis is most prevalent among cows kept in damp, foul, unventilated stables, or upon wet land where the air and food are contaminated. In other words, sanitation and hygiene are opposed to bovine tuberculosis. For in this disease an exception. Sanitary measures are the best preventive of every disease afflicting our farm animals.