

**FEMALE WOMAN.**

**Old Rocky Pays His "Double-Boasted" Compliments.**

Elder Newberry Under the "Rod of Chastisement" - The Awkwardness of Woman with Her Mouth - One Poor Boy's Hard Luck.

Woman is a monstrous curious thing. She is most in generally always pritty.

In my own day and generation I have seen the time when anything from a check sunbonnet or a bunch of calico, to a little piece of red ribbon tied in a bow knot, looked plus beautiful to me. And them that ain't to say pritty are more than probable to be good and sweet, or a great blessing and comfort to the old folks, or something along that line. But when a woman does take the bit in her teeth, as it were, and pitch out and try her level blamedit to be mean, she can be the goneyest most meanest thing that ever breathed the native air and cumbered the soil of this great country.

"According to the Scripture," Durin his last visitation amongst us - the night before he left on his return back to the old settlement - Ben Chris Weaver spoke forth and told me a whole long rigamarole in regard to Elder Newberry and the scandalous hard times he has been havin at home this past summer.

"You remember what the Word says, Rufe - the Lord chastiseth them He loveth," Ben Chris went on. "Well, the more I see of Elder Newberry and his wife the more I think about that Scripture and the great gobs of truth in it. If there ever was a good, honorable-minded man - a meek and lowly follower of the cross anywhere in all the regions around Panther Creek, I do verily believe that Elder Newberry is his name. The rod of chastisement was over the elder three years ago when he took up a fool notion to git married for the second time. It was over him when he made his arrangements to mix clothes with the Widder Summers, and the Lord has been layin it on thick and fast and furious henceforwards ever since.

"Understand, now, Rufe, it is none of my infernal business how heavy and frequent the fatherly hand of chastisement is laid on Elder Newberry, or what scandalous hard times the elder has there at home with his home folks. For a common thing I don't go around and mix and muddle myself with no such a messment. And I wouldn't be talkin with you right now touchin the elder's troubles and tribulations only from the fact that his old lady she broke out in a public place this last summer, and for a little more she would have busted up the big protracted meetin over at Ebenezer church.

"The elder, you must recollect, is one of the mainest pillars of the church and stands way up at the head of his class. "I don't know - I don't reckon anybody knows for certain - what in the round created world the old lady means, but she has tried her level darndest to pester his natural life outen the elder. Some people say she lows to make the road so hot and dusty till the elder will either give up the fight and die, or pack up a few duels and run away from home and leave everything to her - which you know, Rufe, he is right tolerable well fixed in regards to this world's goods. And by gracious, for a little while over at Ebenezer that day it did look to me like the rantankerous old female thing was elected. The elder keeled over in a dead faint on the first rattle out of the box, and everybody thought he was comin across with his last load of poles.

**Under the Rod.**

"There ain't no tellin, Rufe, what the elder's wife had done in the main time before she brought on that scandalous big rippet and confusion over at Ebenezer. But at any rates it would seem like she had took the job of wearin the elder from his Bible and the church. As for her, she don't take no stock in the church one way or another, and she don't even make out like she has got any religion. I have seen some men, Rufe, that could sorter somehow worry along through life without the comforts and blessings of religion. But when I see a woman which, to hear her tell it, she don't need anything like that, I am bound to think that the devil is still doin business at the old stand.

"Now, it seems as if the elder, in his gentle, contrite way, had stood up as best he could under the heavy chastisement to the extent that he didn't even read his Testament only in the dead hours of night or on the sly. But somebody had to draw the line somewhere, and when the old lady give it out that Sunday mornin that the Newberry family didn't have no business chasin around after the preachers and the protracted meetins, the elder he raised his bristles and spoke forth. By the blessings of God he would put on his long-tail coat and go over to old Ebenezer church in spite of the wet weather and high water - if it give the eternal jim-jams to the whole entire female creation. And, by gracious, he mounted his nag and went.

**Striped with Many Stripes.**

"In orderment to be plum fair and square with everybody, Rufe, you must keep in mind that the elder was all sorts of a fool about the time he took and married his second wife. And durin one of his bad crazy spells it would seem like he had bought the old lady a fine silk dress, and a tremendous fancy hat to match with it - which they tell me the layout cost 'im a little better than \$20. My notion is that in playin the fool so promiscuous with his second wife before she was even bridlewise, the elder was bringin

down the rod of chastisement and raisin blue stripes on his own back as it were.

"Anyhow, when the elder rid off towards Ebenezer church that Sunday mornin the partner of his old age had the devil in her more bigger than a mule. She put right in, she did, and climbed up into her best Sunday clothes, and powdered and primped herself clean out of sight. Then she mounted a mule and lit out for Ebenezer. But when she got down there on this side of Murder Creek she met up with a crazy nigger woman by the name of Long Liza. The old lady got down and dismounted and made Long Liza retire with her to the swamp. And right there they pulled off and swapped clothes from top to bottom. It was all over within ten or fifteen minutes. Long Liza she went switchin on up the road with all of Misses Newberry's silks and satins and laces and ribbons and other finery hangin on her lean and lanky frame, whilst the old lady, rigged out in Long Liza's few dirty rags, mounted her mule and more and pulled out for Ebenezer.

"There was a tremendous large crowd out that day. The preacher had took his text and was workin up into a weavin way, when lo and behold Misses Newberry swished in with a great swash. Everybody thought on first flush that it was Long Liza - pore thing - in one of her bad crazy spells. But bless gracious she waltzed right through the mainest part of the congregation, switched around to the amen corner and backed herself into a seat side by side with Elder Newberry. About that time the elder and everybody saw what was what and who was who. In the confusionment which followed the congregation forgot where it was and all about the sermon, the preacher had to take out and quit, and as I said before the elder he fainted on the spot and fell over in it. It then took all the brethren, with two hours of hard work and three buckets of cold water, to fetch the elder out of that dead trance. To the main time the old lady she had went out and mounted her mule and rid on back home. And late that evening when a wagon drove up at the Newberry place with two or three of the brethren, and the elder sick unto death as they thought, lo and behold there she was hiked up out on the front porch as big as life, settin cross legged with a few of Long Liza's clothes on, and smokin a pipe to heat six bits."

**Awkward with Her Tongue.**

But you talk about woman - she is likewise also sometimes powerful handy and awkward with her mouth. Joe Shaver, after a long lingerin spell of the slow fever, took and died one day last week. He was the oldest son of the Widder Shaver - which she has only got one son left, and his name is Billy. Joe was the mainest man on the place - tall and strong and handsome - bright and stirrin in business - the prop and stay and comfort of his old mother - whilst Billy is one of these little cotton-headed, hatchet-faced boys - 18 years old, but no bigger than a minnit. He has got such a pale, puny, gal-like appearance about him till blamed if it don't make me feel sorry about something to look at him.

That night after Joe died a crowd of young people went over there to hold a settin up in respect to the last mortal remains. The widder she was all bowed down in the dust and ashes of her grief and desolation, and cried and talked and took on powerful. "It is one of the most strangest things to me in all creation," says she, between her sighs and sobs and tears, "why the good Lord would call Joe and take him away from his pore old mother - he was so smart and stirrin, and such a comfort to me."

"Now," says she, "if it had but only been Billy -" which, you understand Billy was right there in the room - "if it had only been Billy, it wouldn't of made so very much difference."

The poor, troubled old soul was in cold, dead earnest, and plum honest in what she said, but she didn't know how it would sound to the general crowd. I don't reckon she knows till yet what made some of the young people laugh right there in the very presence of death, whilst Billy sneaked off and went to bed.

**One Poor Boy's Luck.**

That brings to mind the time when Joe Nick Stringer let his big, ugly, awkward mouth pull him into a right bad confusionment with Miss Mamie Lou Pickens.

Once upon a time me and Joe Nick we went way down there in the river country to a break down dance. For a common thing Joe Nick would hang out around the edges till the other boys had their fun and got ready to go home. But somehow we had managed to get him in the house that night - right in there amongst the girls, where they was so thick till you couldn't hardly stir 'em with a hot poker. And as the music and the dance went on and everybody else was havin such a heavin good time, Joe Nick braced up sufficient to take a hand in the proceedings. He didn't know a livin soul in the house but me and three or four other boys. But when they called the next set he pranced right up to Miss Mamie Lou and ask her if she would dance with him. She felt back a little, but then she saw how it was and went on the floor with him. Whilst they were waitin for the music to start and nobody else was talkin, Joe Nick spoke up in his loud, manly voice to Miss Mamie Lou and said, says he:

"You must excuse me, miss, for askin you to dance with me when I didn't know you and you didn't know me. I wouldn't of ask you if I could of got anybody else."

Well, bless gracious, Miss Mamie Lou she got mad - which nobody couldn't blame her for that - and wouldn't dance nary single lick with him. Joe Nick fooled and fumbled around for a few minnits and then went out and rid off towards home, cusin his luck with every breath.

RUFUS SANDERS.

**ARP ON DROUGHTS.**

**Philosopher Takes Time, Too, to Talk About Grandchildren.**

Politics Get a Word Also - Sage of Hartow Moralizes on the Financial Question and Says Repudiation Makes Him Tired.

Cobe was right. Cobe said we would have rain about the time the drought broke up. Cobe is a man of opinions. I asked him one day how his nabor, Mrs. Jenkins, was, and he said: "She is powerful sick - she is, shore. If she lives till morning I shall have some hopes for her, but if she don't I believe she will die." The long drought has broken at last, and we are all gratefule, even if we are not happy. Hard times are on us and a hard winter just ahead of us, but old folks can look back and say it is not as bad as war. I thought that this full moon in conjunction with the equinox would bring us rain, but I wasn't counting on quite so much conjunction in family affairs. The autumnal equinox brought a telegram from Florida announcing the birth of another grandson, Ralph, Jr., and before I could answer the dispatch here came the little girls over the hill - all out of breath and wild with excitement - "Mamma has got another little boy, whoopee! the sweetest little boy. Oh, my, ain't you glad, grandma?" Why of course we are glad. When four girls come right straight along in a row it's time for a boy - a boy to grow up and wait on them and defend them and protect them. Two grandsons brought by the same equinoctial gal. Just think of it and ponder. And the old cow has found a heifer calf, besides - a little fawn-eyed Jersey. What's in the wind? And so this little chap over the hill answered the Florida telegram and said: "William Aubrey, Jr., sends greetings to Ralph Smith, Jr., and says hello!" How do you like it? Your little cousin? And so it goes, multiplying and replenishing according to Scripture. Two more for parents to love and cherish and work for and pray for and hope for. Two more to fight the battle of life and have some school boy fights, too, I reckon. Two more to have joy and sorrow mixed, and to bring grief or gladness to their parents. Well, it's a hard time to have an increase in the family, for nowadays even an infant is right smart expense, but Cobe says "everything is adopted and there never was a 'possum born into the world but what there was a 'simmon tree close by." So let them come. "Hang out your banners on the outer wall, for the cry is 'still they come!'"

We are getting old, my wife and I, but we can welcome a few more grandchildren. I would like to live on a few years for their sake and chide them when they do wrong and praise them when they do right. Sometimes my chiding hurts their mother's feelings, but I don't care. Mothers spoil the boys and fathers the girls, and so it takes a hard old man like me to express my sentiments regardless of feeling. Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little. Some time ago I threatened to spank a little grandchild to make her behave, and she looked astonished and indignant as she replied: "Mamma say me too 'tittle to 'pank." And she was, but the threat did her good. When school days come it takes a power of watching to keep the children straight. They not only leave their lessons, but soon cater on to all the slang and bad words and devilment that other children know. In fact a fond mother who has the worst boys in town told me her greatest trial was the association that her children had with the bad children in the public school. Poor woman - mistaken mother. It would be dangerous to hint to her that her boys were the talk of the town. I remember that about 30 years ago an exacting fraction teacher thumped one of our boys on the head with a book and called me a numbskull. I didn't hurt him much, but it hurt his mother, and she hasn't got over it yet. I don't know what made her the maddest, the "numbskull" or the liek. That is one good thing about the public school system - the teacher is not afraid of the parents, and it is one bad thing, for if he is a partial teacher or a fractious man he ought to be afraid.

A few more weeks of politics, and then we will have peace, at least for a season. How many lies have been told no man knoweth, but they are all recorded, and St. Peter keeps the books. I read the New York Journal and the Constitution every day, and when I get through I know that Bryan will be elected. Then I read - unwillingly - the World, and my faith weakens and my props are knocked down under until the next day. And so it goes. I elect Bryan and Sewall every morning and unselect them after dinner, and it's hurting my digestion. But I'm mad with these gold debaters who keep preaching honest money and talking about repudiation. Dogon 'em, confound 'em! They have depreciated my little property 50 per cent. already. I borrowed \$500 on a town lot three years ago when it was worth \$1,000 easy, and now I can't get half that sum for it. It has shrunk from an acre to half an acre. It won't pay my debt, and I can't hardly get the money to pay the semi-annual interest. That's a fact. Everything is shrunk but debts and grandchildren. Now, just put me back where I was - pour it back in the jug, and stop all this talk about repudiation and honest money. Do the money lenders want the earth? This strife is between the borrowers and the lenders - the poor and the rich - and all we ask is a restoration of the currency - an equalization of values. Repudiation, indeed! Money represents values, and the debtor class will gladly surrender as much property as the debt calls for, if the property is valued at what it was when the debt was made. After the war notes that were given during the war were sealed according to the law passed by the legislature. They were reduced to a specie basis. A \$500

note could be paid with \$100 or with \$50 or with \$10, according to its date. That was right, and it was not repudiation, either. And now if a man or set of men conspire to take away from me one-half the value of my property, let him scale his debt to meet it. Let them place me where they found me. That's justice. It makes me tired to see these bankers and money lenders swell up and talk about repudiation. It's all a one-sided business. "You take the buzzard and I'll take the turkey, or I'll take the turkey and you take the buzzard." They say turkey to me once. But all's well that ends well. - Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

**SMOKELESS POWDER.**

Large Orders Placed for it by the Navy Department.

Smokeless powder promises to revolutionize naval warfare. After several years' experimenting, the authorities of the war and navy departments claim to have found a formula which, they declare, will give this government the strongest and best powder known to the military powers of the world. With a smokeless powder, fleet commanders will be enabled to maneuver in sight of one another, execute dangerous tactical movements and be kept at all times under perfect control by the admiral commanding, through the system of flag signals. The entire fleet drill book will probably be overhauled and allowance made for the ease with which signals can be used in battle. In a few weeks the navy will purchase upward of 1,000,000 pounds of the new powder for the vessels in service, and this will be followed later by still larger orders until there is a good stock on hand for all emergencies. At present the factory at Newport cannot furnish the powder as fast as the ships require it, so that it will become necessary for the department to send its formula to some private powder manufactory in order to facilitate deliveries and increase the supply.

The last war shows that during some of the great fleet evolutions in the south ships frequently ran afoul of one another through their inability to navigate properly when obscured in smoke, and that many a mistake was made because the signals could not be seen from the flagship. There were instances, also, when one vessel fired on a ship of her own squadron, believing her to be a ship of the enemy.

With the new powder 20 vessels might engage with an equal number, but every ship would be able to read the orders of the admiral accurately. The same number of vessels in an engagement where the present black, slow-burning powder was used would develop a smoke cloud which, in five minutes after the action began, would practically shut out of sight each vessel from the other. The confusion on board when the men are not able to see those at the next gun is said also to have led to mistakes resulting in some instances in the loss of the vessel.

The adoption of the new powder by the army will necessitate alterations in the tactics applying to operations in the field of battle. The infantryman who fires with this powder at once obtains the advantage of having a clear field of fire.

But, on the other hand, he is unprovided with cover, either natural or artificial, there will be no protecting cloud of smoke to conceal him, and should the enemy have found cover, he, on his side, is more vulnerable than when the smoke showed his position. The supposition that troops can be exposed to fire without knowing whence it comes is more or less fanciful, in the opinion of Gen. Miles and the best military tacticians in Washington.

It is admitted that with the suppression of smoke the advance against a position will no doubt be somewhat more difficult than formerly, but the danger will not be greater until within 500 or 600 yards of the enemy. Beyond this point, when distances can be judged with less difficulty, when the errors of aiming are small, and where the trajectory of the bullets of the new army gun will be altogether dangerous, it will make little difference, the experts say, whether smokeless or non-smokeless powder is used. - Military Gazette.

**German Rule in Alsace.**

The Elmsasser Journal relates an almost incredible story of the Prussian "Bureaumatismus" with which the German officials rule the provinces regained by the war of 1870-1. A schoolmaster of Schittigheim in Alsace was seized with cramp while bathing and would have been drowned had not one of his colleagues sprung into the water and at the risk of his own life saved the life of his comrade. In almost any other part of Europe the brave rescuer would have been rewarded with a medal. In Alsace he was rewarded by a prosecution for bathing at a prohibited spot, condemned to pay a fine and two marks fifty pennings costs. This goes far to confirm the saying of a French critic: "The Germans would rule Alsace and Lorraine better if they had a little less strength and a little more wit." - Westminster Gazette.

**Twins Settled Their Differences.**

Mr. and Mrs. Milkegan, of La Grange, Ind., were hopelessly divided on the question of politics. Mr. Milkegan is a republican and his wife is a democrat. There is no telling what might have happened had it not been for the appearance on the scene of an accommodating pair of twins. It was decided to name one of the little chaps William McKinley and the other William Jennings Bryan and this proved a happy solution of the difficulty. How many thousands of married couples have been kept together by children!

**Gold in Coal Ashes.**

The ashes of coal from the mines of the Transvaal coal trust and other companies in South Africa have been analyzed recently, and found to contain nine pennyweights of gold to the ton.

-No woman smiles as sweetly on her husband as she smiles on her lover.

**PULL FOR THE SHORE.**

**Sam Jones Speaks of Life's Ideals and Struggles.**

Five Elements That Enter Into the Making of a Successful Character - Hope, Faith, Energy, Courage and Endurance Named.

Every life that is not aimless and ambitionless has its ideals and its struggles. Little boys and little girls have their ideals and their struggles. Young manhood and young womanhood feed upon their ideals, and are developed by their struggles. Middle age finds us still with ideals unreached and struggles unabated. Old age finds us far from the goal, and struggles still perpetuated.

A man without ideals and aims is either an idiot or a vagrant. I believe tramps look forward to something. Footsore, dust-covered, hungry and weary, they are struggling toward something and somewhere. What a strange medley humanity is! How all are struggling day by day! Some with lighter burdens than others, some moving quietly along, some going at the gait that kills. St. Paul said he had learned in whatsoever state he was therewith to be content. But this is not the age of contentment. I scarcely know a contented man in the world today. Ambition in the political, financial, commercial, industrial or social world, claims the aim and energy of every man who is worthy to live. The little boy has an ambition to be a man. The little girl waits and struggles as she climbs towards long dresses, long hair and womanhood. The young man has his ambition to marry the girl of his love. The young lady sits discontentedly and impatiently, and waits for the man of her choice. When the two are united and become one, then the struggle begins in a little cottage home, with an ideal reaching towards a mansion. From poverty to comforts, from comforts to luxury, from luxury to prodigality, we see them climb. So with the little merchant with but a lapful of goods. His ideal is to be like the merchant prince, A. T. Stewart - to excel all his competitors. He works and watches and waits, struggling towards his ideal. The little lawyer whose practice scarcely earns him meat and bread looks forward to the day when a Choate or an Erskine or a Marshall will be overshadowed by his professional career. The little circuit rider preaching to the country people who gather to hear him looks forward to the day when he will outstrip a Parker, or a Spurgeon, or a Phillips Brooks in pulpit power. The little farmer, with his 40 acres and little stiff-eared mule, looks forward to the day when the broad acres of a fertile farm shall yield him ample revenue. The brakeman on every railroad, perchance, looks forward to the day when he will be president of the road.

It is these ambitions and hope that underlies them that tide humanity along in its struggles. Really no man is fit to be a brakeman on a railroad whose ambition is less than that which looks forward to the presidency of the road. No man is fit for a merchant whose ambition does not reach upward to the limit. No man is fit to preach who does not look forward to the day when he will be a preacher indeed. No man is fit to be licensed to practice law if he aims to be less than a Choate or a Marshall. No farmer is fit to plow if he has not before him the ideal which would make the biggest and best farmer in his state. As the old adage goes, a man never hits higher than he aims. We don't fall upward, and he who succumbs to gravity must hit the gut. God made it so, and God made us as we are in this respect. The little boy whose ambition is to be a man, and when manhood is reached his ideal is higher than angels go - that is, the man on whom wings do grow, and he will fly instead of walking.

In pulling from the landing, it is hope that sees the star, or in other words, it is hope that sees the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, which guides the most unerring toward the goal. But for this element, or whatever we may define hope to be, men would go down under their first failure and sink to rise no more. But it is true that:

The wretch condemned with life to part Still, still on hope relies, And every pang that rends the heart Bids expectation rise.

Energy is the motive power playing upon the machinery like steam against the piston heads which propel the driving wheels of a locomotive. Energy is like electricity. We cannot measure its power or locate its origin. Energy will make a feeble body strong. It develops the muscles; it fosters endurance; it defies obstacles. The relentless old Atlantic ocean, with its ebbs and flows, its waves and whirlpools, is but a picture of struggling humanity with hope and energy on deck.

Another element which nerves human character and defies opposition is faith - faith that turns possibilities into realities, that converts failures into successes. Faith laughs at impossibilities and cries: It shall be done! Faith in the sunshine and in the showers that they will come is the inspiration of the farmer boy. Faith in the truth he preaches makes the preacher omnipotent. Faith in your cause and in your own ability to do the work furnishes the genius that makes the task easy. Truly it is written, he who dailies is a dastard and he who doubts is damned. If a man doesn't believe he can do it he had better turn to one side and give the right of way to the man who does believe he can do it. If a man believes there is power in steam, in the possibility of his belief ten thousand locomotives appear before him pulling their freighted loads a mile a minute. If a man believes in God and truth and right, God and truth and right to him are more than ten thousand engines pulling their freighted tons. Twice armed is he whose cause is just.

Courage is another element that helps us make the landing. "Cowards die many times before their death, but the valiant never taste of death but once," said Shakespeare. "Death shall overtake the cowardly-hearted," said Homer. "The spirit of a man sustains his infirmity," said Solomon. Courage in a man is what mettle is in a blade. It will help a man to cut his way through wood and stone and adamant. If you would be brave you must be right, "for the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion." To dread and fear is to court defeat.

Endurance is another element that helps us to pull for the landing. To endure hardness as good soldiers of the cross is Bible counsel given to men. Energy is a hammer to strike. Fortitude converts a man into an anvil and he takes the lick that any hammer can give. He who suffers uncomplainingly but heroically the ills of life and does not grow sour and morose is made of the stuff that fights well and conquers surely.

All of these elements entered into the men more or less who have succeeded in the past, and they furnish the stuff that will succeed in this world and succeed in all worlds. He who lacks these elements will be forced to board with his father-in-law or seek refuge in the home of his widowed mother. He must play the tramp or the dude, vagabond or vagrant. But these elements correlated in a man's life have made Websters and Clays and Grants and Lees and Lincolns and Cleverlands. They have made the men who have made the history of this country, and largely those who are the saints in light owe their crowns in a better world to forces like these.

The boy and the girl, the man and the woman pulling for the landing must have hope and faith and energy and courage and endurance. St. Paul had all. Martin Luther had many of them. Spurgeon and Whitfield and Moody had them. The good and the great must embody these elements before they are either good or great in character. Determine what your purposes and aims in life are and determine that those purposes and aims are high; then bend your energy and make the landing in good shape. It will be said to you hereafter: Well done, thou good and faithful servant; you shall wear the crown with honor that you have won so worthily.

SAM P. JONES.

**SUDAN CAMP LIFE.**

The Plague of Insects and Heavy Dust Storms.

Our camp here is not a very pleasant place just now, writes an English officer in Egypt to the London News. Despite every effort of the authorities, it is necessarily becoming rather foul, and we suffer not a little from the veritable plague of flies that make our days uncomfortable from the first glimpse of dawn until dark, when they leave the field to swarms of ephemeral, sand flies and midges. It is natural enough that this should be, for nearly every day more dervishes and their horses or camels are discovered lying unburied among the rocks in unsuspected places, at no great distance from us. The heavy duststorms that cause us perhaps more discomfort than any other circumstance of the campaign blow to us across the rocks strewn with these pitiful relics, and literally reek of the loathsomeness with which the dust is permeated. As may well be imagined, we are all looking forward eagerly to the rapid rise of the river, and the time - still some way distant, for the rise is late this year - when the rolling red flood, with a current of from six to (in many places) ten miles an hour, shall sweep many impurities before it, and cleanse the air on either bank. However, the health of the white men is marvelously good. This is no doubt in some considerable measure due to the fact that nearly all the Englishmen here are officers, and, therefore, have, even during this period of stagnation, heavy and responsible work to go through.

Work on the railway formation is proceeding merrily and making excellent progress. Hitherto it was considered that the black soldiers were not good at fatigue work, or at any rate were greatly the inferiors of the Egyptians, whose physique is infinitely more powerful. But Maj. Lewis, from whose brigade the Soudanese battalions for railway work here were drawn, put his men on their mettle by telling them it was said of them that they could not work so well as the Egyptians, and that he had refused to believe the calumny. This cajolery had such good effect that the Soudanese accomplished wonders, making one day a mile of embankment in three hours.

It is good to watch the black battalions at their work on the formation level. As at all other times, they display the utmost cheerfulness and good humor. They wear very little clothing, but the most varied and extravagant headgear. A rim of mat basket worn round the head, whose woolly crown remains exposed to the sun, is rather fashionable among them, and one big nud Dinka I have noticed who had managed to fasten somehow to his wool a great bunch of cock's feathers. This fellow, who was evidently a great swell, was also very musical. All the while he pled his task he sang a song whose refrain of "Alal, alal, alal, alal," was taken up with great vigor by all the workers in the neighborhood. But, indeed, they all sing while they work, in bands, I suppose, of fellow tribesmen; they pass their full baskets of earth from hand to hand to one chorus, empty them to another, and hurl them back to the diggers to be refilled with a sort of shrill chuckle that haunts the tympanum for days. No one of their weird chants is unmusical, but the combination of the varied tribal songs of 600 to 700 Soudanese makes so bewildering and earsplitting a cacophonous medley as must be heard to be realized.

In the sixteenth year of Charles II., 1663, debts of more than £ 100, contracted in gaming, were not collectible by law.