MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUNGLING GIRLS.

A story of bungling and cruelty at a bull fight comes from Bordeaux. The fight, in which the part of the toreadors and matadors was performed by Spanish girls, was witnessed by a large crowd. There were six girls engaged, and they all exhibited great pluck and daring in throwing the banderilos and in evading the bulls, but when it came to giving the death-stroke they were unequal to the occasion. Five bulls were slaughtered, and three of the poor brutes were subjected to terrible suffering, owing to the lack of strength and sureness of aim of the girl handling the sword.

SO HE DID.

McJigger — I attended Mrs. Blank's lecture on liquid air last night. She poured mercury into a paper mold shaped like a hammer, immersed the whole in the liquid air, and the mercury came out so solid that she easily drove a nail through a board with it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

One by one the great African sovereigns have succumbed to the advance of Europeans, their warriors going down before the repeating rifles and machine guns which have so enormously multiplied the power of white men against bow and spear fighters. Samory, who was captured by the French in the great western bulge of Africa some eighteen months ago, was the last of the purely negro monarchs to challenge the supremacy of the European, but though he held his own for eighteen years, he did so by adopting European arms and methods. His predecessors, Cetewayo, Lobengula, Koffi and Behanzin, adhered to native methods or adopted only the organization of the white man, and so fighting in close order with primitive weapons, were the more easily mown down by Maxims and magazine rifles. But the European proved too strong for Samory at last, as he had for the others, and though the great chieftain had supplied his army not only with modern weapons, but with black drill-masters trained in European forces, he succumbed to of Zobehr, Pasha, the Jaalin Arab, alone of the great native sovereigns.

And last week the governor of the French Congo telegraphed his government that the end had come for Rabeh also, that the great sovereignty which he had set up in the Central Soudan had been overthrown, and that the ex-slave and late monarch, whose life reads like a romance, was fleeing with a few followers to the north. For Rabeh was once a slave of Zobehr Pasha, the Jaalin Arab, who from a slave rider became the Egyptian governor of the Bahr-el-Ghazel, and later was summoned to Cairo and held captive, dying there, we believe, only a few years ago. When Zobehr's son Suleiman, in retaliation, took up arms against Egypt, Rebeh fought with him, and when the former surrendered, the ex-slave with a small following fled southward into the interior, and began by force of arms to carve out a place for himself. News from that remote region filters slowly to the outer world, but it is known that in 1893 he left the country to the northeast of Lake Tchad, and pushed south through Wadai and Baghirmi to Bornu, at the south of the lake, setting up his capital at Dikwa, and from thence extending his sovereignty.

How far his authority was recognized is not definitely known, but it appears certain that he was the dominant power in the basin of Lake Tchad, that he controlled armies varying from ten to thirty thousand men, and that in 1896 he thought himself so strong that he set out to conquer Kano, at the risk of collision with the British Niger Company. As, like Samory, he was a slave-raider and robber sovereign, and had established himself on the path from the French Congo to Lake Tchad, it was inevitable that he should come into conflict with France, and as inevitable that he should in the end be defeated. In a battle at Kouna, in which half the small French expedition attacking him was killed or wounded, the forces of Rabeh, numbering twelve thousand, were routed with heavy slaughter, Rabeh himself being wounded and forced to flee, almost alone, before the fight was ended. With his overthrow the last great negro sovereignty disappears, and unless a military leader and following should arise among the drilled Soudanese, it is improbable that Europe will be opposed by another.

Born Equal, but Not Free.

"Here is a curious error," said the schoolboy as he laid down his "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and turned to the encyclopedia. The author uses the expression, 'All men are born free and equal.'"

"Well, what is the matter with that?" inquired the schoolboy's uncle.

"Why, the quotation should be, 'All men are born equal.' There is no 'free' in it."

"Do you mean to tell me that Jefferson did not write 'free and equal' in the Declaration?"

"That's what he didn't."

"I'll bet you"—

"Don't do it, uncle. Remember, you have a family to support, and they will need all your money. The word 'free' does not occur there. See?" And he placed the big book before his misguided relative.

"Oh, I know better! I will get a copy of the constitution in one of my old books. I have heard that quoted so often I know what I am talking about."

"You have heard it quoted wrong every time you heard the 'free' in it."

After they had found the good and reliable old book and all the rest of the authorities the uncle ungraciously gave up. But he hated to do so. It seems impossible to correct that wrong impression. The boy was right. Yet people will go on indefinitely making a "free" and inaccurate quotation.—Chicago Post.

Pretty Strong Proof.

"Well," said Deacon Stubbles, "they say your son Josh is gittin to be quite a man up to the city."

"Yes," Squire Sprogle assented, "it pears like he was. I didn't take no stock in the reports till yistady. Thought Josh was jist a-tootin his own horn. Always did like to talk about hisself a good deal, you know."

"Yes, Josh was never no hand to set around and wait for folks to find out about his good p'ints. But what happened yistady to make you think there was really somethin in the talk about gittin to be a great man? Was his photograph printed in some paper?"

"No, 'twan't that, but a reporter come down here to ast if Josh didn't used to be all fired lazy, or always runnin away from school, or if he wasn't a queer sort of a child that wanted to be away by hisself and not have nothin to do with other children. When they begin to try to find out whether a feller was any of them kinds of a boy, you kin make up your mind that he's gittin to be pretty considerable of a chap."—Chicago News.

On the Farm.

SHELTERING ANIMALS.

The relative value of stall-fed or outdoor-fed farm animals in winter is undoubtedly well understood by those who have experimented with both methods. Shelter in inclement weather is good for cattle, sheep, poultry and all farm creatures. They should not be exposed to storms or severe weather either in summer or winter. Otherwise it is essential to their good health that they have plenty of outdoor exercise and fresh air There are two extremes in this as in other cases. A stall-fed animal kept closely confined all winter is not nearly as strong and healthy as the animal fed outdoors in pleasant weather, and in sheds or barns in cold and inclement weather. When eating, cows in particular should be sheltered from very cold or bad weather. They can digest their food much better when their system is not called upon to exercise special functions to keep up a high supply of heat. Dairy cows fed out in the cold will differ as much in their milk flow as possible from those fed in warm, pleasant barns or sheds. Probably the dairy cows need more pampering than any of our other farm animals, and they can be kept housed all winter to the material profit of the owner. But beef cattle do not require this, nor should they have it. They should have shelter from the cold at nights and in inclement weather, and a quiet shed to stand in when eating their food in similar rough weather; but otherwise they should be kept out of doors. The beef cow is laying on fat all the time, and this fat enables her to stand weather that the dairy cow could not. The drain upon the dairy cow in winter is such as to keep her from laying on fat, and any sudden chill or cold will quickly check the flow of milk. The two animals need very different treatment.

Sheep are like the beef cattle, and are even hardier with their thick layers of wool. They can stand weather that would make the fat steer flinch. Nevertheless, the sheep require far more shelter than is frequently accorded them. Especially do they need sheds in which they can stay while feeding in inclement weather. It is a general fact, however, that many sheep growers do not even provide feeding sheds for their sheep in winter. This is not only a shame and a crime against the animals which feed and clothe us, but it is a direct source of waste to the short sighted owner. It is a small expense to provide feeding sheds for the sheep, where on very cold and stormy days the animals will collect and stay. On pleasant days give them their feed outside.

PROLONGING LIFE OF MACHINERY.

Most farming tools are used during only a fraction of the year. Diversified farming requires a great variety of tools and agricultural implements, The average farmer lays these aside in a hurry, and generally neglects to oil the polished parts of plows, spades, sickles, etc., and when he again wants to use them he finds to his annoyance and cost that they do not work well, are sometimes out of order, and perhaps need slight repairs. Valuable time must then be spent to put the machinery in proper working condition. A few hours spent on rainy, fall or spring days, or in the winter when outside work cannot be carried on, might have saved him time which in the busy season means many dollars. A great percentage of agricultural implements rot or rust out instead of wearing out. Money used in building sheds under which wagons, mowers, binders, sleders and the like may be sheltered is well spent, and soon proves to be a paying investment.

But little skill is required to keep ordinary farming machinery in excellent condition. Few farmers are so fortunate as to be blessed with a mechanical turn of mind, but every one can, by the expenditure of a small amount of time and a little care, prolong the life of machinery for many years. The manufacturers of agricultural implements generally use a poor quality of paint on the articles they turn out, and the wooden parts are soon exposed. Farmers should paint their tools and machinery with paint of their own mixing, using linseed oil, and white lead instead of purchasing the ready-mixed paints which often have benzine or turpentine in them. Paint, to stand the weather, should be put on when the temperature is not too high, for when the weather is hot and dry the oil quickly soaks into the wood, leaving the pigment on the outside to crack and scale off. The first coat must be thin and well-worked in with the brush. A sufficient length of time must elapse before the second coat is applied, for if the first coat is not thoroughly dried, the paint will be of little avail.

FRUIT GROWERS MUST BE PROGRESSIVE.

The fruit grower of to-day must have the ability to adapt himself to new methods, new fruits and new markets. By use of cold storage and rapid transit the finest fruit from every land can be found in any large market, both in and out of season for while the fruits of one hemisphere are first waking from their winter's sleep, on the other the summer sun has done its work and the ripened fruits are on their way to distant markets. With the world as a market, competition is keen, and only the best fruits in the best condition will pay. Furthermore, it generally costs much less per ton to produce large, first-class fruit than the poorest, meanest specimens that are ever offered. Small fruit exhausts the tree more rapidly than large fruit. It will thus readily be seen that improved varieties which produce uniformly large, fine fruit are the more economical manufacturers of fruit, and also that the product is more salable.

The tree which needs a good deal of pruning to keep it in proper form and vigorous health should be replaced by one that has a better habit of growth, for every ton of wood taken unnecessarily from an orchard represents at least as much weight of fruit. Many varieties have two or three superior qualities, but woefully lack in many others. The fruit grower of to-day is simply the manufacturer and should have the latest and best improvements. Of course there never can be one variety which will be best for all purposes, but it is perfectly possible to produce varieties which for their own special use can be relied upon to produce full crops of the best fruit without fail. All this can be done by careful selection and breeding.

The Answer Was Easy.

When King Oscar was at Paris some years ago, he was about seeing the sights incognito. Among other places he dropped in at the official exposition of Sevres porcelain. Here the product of every year was arranged chronologically and with great care. Of some kinds there were full sets, but of blue celeste there were but three pieces, and the custodian informed the king that it was impossible to obtain more and that they were of immense value.

"What!" said the king. "Have you only these three plates of blue celeste?"

"That is all."

"Well, then," said his majesty, "I have many more than you."

"You!" said the custodian in amazement. "Who are you?"

"The king of Sweden!"

"May I inquire, your majesty, how many pieces of this exquisite porcelain you have?"

"Hear thou, Nils," said the king, turning to his first marshal, Count Rosen, who accompanied him. "How many have we?"

"Two hundred and fourteen pieces, your majesty."

"Heavens!" cried the astonished custodian. "How can it be possible that you have preserved them all this time?"

"Oh, that's very easily accounted for!" said the king. "You see, in Sweden we don't have any revolutions!"—Philadelphia Post.

She Washed Her Hair.

If you observed closely a certain pretty bridesmaid at a certain wedding on a certain day last week, you may have noticed that her hair under the fetching hat had a strange look, an oddly disheveled appearance, but I don't believe you ever guessed how narrowly that bridal procession missed being one maid short. The young woman we are speaking of has uncommonly pretty hair, and in order that it might be fluffy and silky and soft for the wedding she washed it the day before. It is her custom to drop a handful of borax into the water with which she shampoos her tresses, and on this occasion she dropped in a handful of soft, white powder that proved to be not borax, but, horrible dictu—powdered alum.

If you've seen the crystal baskets your mother used to make by immersing strings in alum water, you may have some idea of how the hair looked. It was like a mass of spun glass threads, and it broke off if you looked at it. A hairdresser was sent for and vaseline and sweet oil, and goodness only knows what else were called into use. The bridesmaid's hair was finally rescued after a fashion, but it wasn't a thing of beauty at the wedding, and it will be weeks before it is what it was before the accident.

Deceitful, but Brave.

He had been out late. When he reached his residence, the clock was chiming 5. Heavy, weary, disgusted, he opened the front door with some difficulty and softly toiled up the stairs, entering the bedchamber with elaborate caution.

Thank goodness, she was asleep!

He dropped into a chair, and, without taking off his coat or hat, began to remove his shoes. One he placed with great care upon the floor, but, alas, as he took off the other it slipped out of his hand and fell with a loud noise.

"Wifey" awoke on the instant.

She looked at him and then at the sunlight that streamed through the blinds.

"Why, George, what are you getting up so early for?"

Talk about reprieves!

"Why, my dear," replied George, with the clearest enunciation of which he was capable, "I found I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd get up and go out and take a walk."

And out the poor wretch went, dragging himself round wearily for an hour upon the verge of tears and torpor.

He Returned the Compliment.

A young man and a young woman are leaning over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.

"I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me, my last thought will be of you."

"I'll be true to you," she sobs. "I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."

They parted. Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.

"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"

"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."—Exchange.

Must Have Been Blind.

Here is rather a good story, which has also the merit of being true. A large firm in Aberdeen recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query, "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone:

"Man, a' ye blin'? I've been noddin me heid aff fer t' last hauf 'oor!"—London Mail.

A Wonderful Drummer.

Probably the most remarkable drummer who ever lived was Jean Henri, the famous tambour major of the Emperor Napoleon. One of his feats was to play on 15 different toned drums at the same time in so soft and harmonious a manner that instead of the deafening uproar that might have been expected the effect was that of a novel and complete instrument. In playing he passed from one drum to the other with such wonderful quickness that the eyes of the spectators could hardly follow the movement of his hands and body.

He Was Kind, but She Was Clever.

She is a clever woman, a past master in the art of strategy. So agree all who rode down town on the street car the other morning.

She got on a south bound Clark street limits train at Belden avenue. Every seat was taken, and almost every strap had a man or woman suspended from it. She looked about hesitatingly for an instant, but every man was wonderfully interested in his paper. Then she took hold of a strap almost in front of a young man, a very young man, who was blushing guiltily as he pretended to read.

While the young man blushed and the woman thus hung her handkerchief fluttered, accidentally by all appearances, to the floor. The young man looked up just then and saw the white bit of cambric. The feeling of chivalry which he evidently was trying to stifle would not be stifled longer.

He arose and stooped for the handkerchief. This was the woman's opportunity. While his back was turned she gently slipped into his seat. When he turned about and saw what had occurred, he almost collapsed. But the woman did not. She took her handkerchief out of his hand, smiling innocently.

"Thank you," she said sweetly. "You are very kind."—Chicago Journal.

Might Destroy All Life.

In a signed article in The Electrical Review Nicola Tesla describes some of his experiments in the line of electrical currents of high voltage and gives details of the coil which he used. "The discharges of such a coil," he adds, "when of an electromotive force of a few millions of volts, excite powerful affinities in the atmospheric nitrogen, causing it to combine readily with the oxygen and other elements, particularly in the presence of aqueous vapor.

"So energetic are these actions and so strangely do such powerful discharges behave that I have often experienced a fear that the atmosphere might be ignited, a terrible possibility, which Sir William Crookes, with his piercing intellect, has already considered. Who knows but such a calamity is possible? And who can tell with certitude that periodical cessations of organic life on the globe might not be caused by ignition of the air and destruction of its life sustaining qualities, accidentally or as a consequence of some accumulative change? A lump of coal will lie for centuries unaffected in contact with oxygen, but, the combustion once started, the process continues as long as there are elements to combine."

How He Used His Pistol.

"If you ever have to use a pistol," said a man of experience, "the chances are you'll find yourself in endless trouble with the courts. When I was living out in Texas I adopted a scheme that worked like a charm. I went armed, like everybody else, but I always kept one blank cartridge under the hammer of my revolver, for use as a bluff.

"One day a professional bully made a dead set at me, and when I saw that a fracas was unavoidable I whipped out the gun and blazed away square in his face. The suddenness of the thing scared him nearly to death, and he tore down the railroad track and fell into a cattle guard, thinking he was killed. Another time a fellow threatened to carve me on sight. I met him coming into a store and instantly opened fire. He skipped out nimbly and couldn't be found for three days. Those blank cartridges saved my bacon and my reputation, and, best of all, saved me the untold tribulation of defending myself in a murder trial. After that I was regarded as the gamest citizen in town, and the bad men gave me a wide berth. Of course I always had five good bullets in reserve in case the bluff failed to work, but, I'm thankful to say, I never had to use 'em."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Name Tombigbee.

Mr. Charles Gibson of Eufaula, I. T., says that Tombigbee river is often written about and is in history, and not one in a thousand knows why it is called Tombigbee. Years ago there was such a thing as a white man coming among the North American Indians. It was the case with the naming of this river. There was a lone white man among the Choctaw Indians. He was a friendly white man, not a boomer nor a land grabber, nor was he a hobo.

He was a workingman and farmed a little, built houses or huts for the natives, and here comes in the history of not only the naming of the river, but when the North American Indians began to bury their dead this white man could make a coffin and persuaded the wild men to bury their dead under the sod. This good man lived on the banks of the river. The Choctaws did not know his name, but called him the coffin maker, which in Choctaw is stombe igbee. From this the white man has changed the above Choctaw words to Tombigbee river.—.

Too Much of a Jar.

A little group of professional men were talking of dentists the other day when the stout man of the party related a humorous incident that occurred some time ago. It happened in a dentist's office in Kansas City.

A typical cow puncher came in and wanted a tooth treated. He was a big fellow with an immense soft hat, and when he deposited himself in the operating chair everything creaked.

"Mind you don't hurt me," he said in a menacing tone, and then the dentist got to work.

After boring into the tooth a moment he paused.

"Now," he said, "don't stir. If you do, this tool may slip and your nerve will get a nasty jar."

All went well for a few moments and the big fellow threw his head back.

There was a yell, a scramble, a falling chair, and then a brawny fist flew out, and a dazed and bleeding dentist picked himself from the floor on the opposite side of the room.

"You blamed idiot," he mumbled with his hand on his jaw. "I told you not to move!"

"Thet don't make a mite o' difference!" roared the cow puncher. "No man kin hurt me like thet an live!"

And, seizing his big hat, he plunged heavily down the stairs, anathematizing the whole dentist fraternity at every step.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Contrary Person.

"Old Bill Gudgett, he was that contrary," said the oldest inhabitant, "that when spring come he pertended he felt like workin!"—Indianapolis Journal.

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