

MARYLAND FOLKLORE

Interesting stories drawn from the folklore of Maryland, particularly that of the western part of the state, were told one night lately by members of the Folklore society at their meeting in the room of Johns Hopkins University. Mr. Crum, who is a native student of Johns Hopkins University under Prof. Newcomb, in the department of mathematics, contributed a paper on "Witch Stories and Conjuring." Some of the superstitions he told of were as follows: "A Hunting Charm—Whenever you kill a bear, deer or turkey, fix a number of bullet patches in the fresh blood of the animal. You must on no account give any of these patches away. When you are out hunting again for the same kind of game load as follows: Take a bloody patch, well greased, place your bullet on it, then cross your arms, and as you push the bullet home repeat: "Father, Son and Holy Ghost." You will certainly bring home game of the same kind as that whose blood was on the patch. Do not keep the patches near your bed or in your sleeping room. The spirits make a noise in the box where the patches are and will not let you sleep. The sound is like a watch ticking, but it gets louder and louder, until you cannot sleep. "Witch Killing—If horses are so badly bewitched that one dies the following will deprive the witch of her power. Take the dead horse out into a field and burn the carcass beside a tree. First cut a cross in the tree, then drive a nail in at the cross. Now take your rifle which must be loaded with a silver bullet, choose a position so that the fire is between you and the tree and shoot over the fire at the nail. When you hit the nail the witch will lose her power, and you cannot miss with the silver bullet. "To Sell One's Self to the Devil—Go to the crossroads at midnight alone and play on the banjo. If you really want to sell yourself to black dogs will appear and will dance as you play. Then you promise something fearful. Anyone who thus sold himself was said to be able to outplay and outdance any competitors. "A Method for a Girl to Try Her Fortune—Put an egg to the fire and sit an hour. The wind will howl and the dogs bark and the man you are to marry will come in and turn the egg around. If the egg bursts you will die (or, possibly, my informant adds, you will never marry)."—Baltimore Sun.

WHAT FOOLS WE MORTALS BE

Dimpleton Got Too Confiding and Made Himself Out a Villain. "There, my dear, that's for you." Mrs. Dimpleton took the five yellow \$20 gold pieces in her hand, and, as they clinked together with that soft, musical sound which no harmony is sweeter, her eyes filled with tears as she lovingly looked up at her husband. "Dear," she said, tremulously, "how good this is of you. This has taken such a load from my mind." Dimpleton looked at her questioning. "Well, what is it, dear?" he said, encouragingly. "To tell the truth," said Mrs. Dimpleton. "I ran up a little bill that I kept from you, and—well, this will pay it. And now I feel so guilty. I've deceived you, dear." "Never mind," replied Dimpleton, kindly. "This will fix it up all right. I'm sure you didn't mean to deceive me." But Mrs. Dimpleton's heart had been touched by the unexpected gift, and her woman's conscience did not let her off so easy. "To think," she sobbed, "that I should have done such a thing. I am a wretch!" Dimpleton was but human, and the sight of a woman's tears was too much for him. Besides, he was in one of those generous moods so fatal in the long run to married men. "My dear," he said, gently, "don't feel bad about a little thing like that. We are none of us perfect. Why, there have been times when I have deceived you." "I don't believe it," sighed his wife. Dimpleton's mood rose within him to the proportions of a spring freshet. "But I have," he persisted. "I can assure you that I am not a whit better than you, and I'm probably worse. Yes, worse. Take my smoking, for example. I've always led you to believe that I smoked only two cigars a day, when in reality I smoke 15, and have for years. And then the other night, when I told you I had been at the office, I hadn't been. I was at the theater with an old classmate. Not only that, dear, but think of it! I have been playing poker with the boys every Saturday night since we have been married, and you haven't known a word about it." Mrs. Dimpleton rose from her chair, drew herself up to her full height and started for the door. "Why, what's the matter?" said Dimpleton. "The matter!" exclaimed his wife, scornfully. "You villain! To think I've trusted you all these years. Why, I'll never have another particle of respect for you the longest day I live!"—Brooklyn Life.

BRITAIN'S INDIAN ARMY.

Something About the Troops Now Being Drawn Upon for the South African War. The ever-increasing prodigality with which England is drafting upon her military resources, both at home and abroad, makes it pertinent to recall to mind that British India and her vast population of nearly 400,000,000 are practically kept in check by only 70,000 British troops. These troops usually serve ten years in India, and are transferred from one military station to another every two years. "Tommy Atkins," at least when in India, is very precious in the sight of the British government. As he stands in his uniform a disciplined soldier in the prime of health and strength, he is said to have cost a paternal government the sum of \$2,000 American money, and he is valued accordingly. His daily rations are carefully examined by medical experts, and his one quart of ale and one ounce of rum are served out to him with the greatest regularity. When the exigencies of the service permit he is sent in the "hot season" to the mountains, where he works on the roads and gets a laborer's allowance besides his pay. When on the plains everything is done that possibly can be accomplished by his officers to make his life pleasant, and if he behaves himself a good-conduct stripe is added to his coat sleeve and a penny a day (two cents of our money) to his income. When he gets drunk he goes to the cells for a week, or is given a five days' drill. In due time he returns to England and enjoys a pension—that is, if he does not fall victim to the climate. The biggest outdoor attractions at the Indian military stations are the cemeteries, the one at Peshawar alone containing the graves of 3,500 British soldiers. The full strength of Great Britain's Indian army, in round numbers, approximates 300,000 men, of whom 230,000 are native and 70,000 British soldiers. In addition to this military force there are about 20,000 enrolled European volunteers, and a native police officered by white men, nearly 200,000 strong. The army proper is divided into three main forces, known as the Bengal, the Bombay and the Madras divisions, all of which are under the command-in-chief of India. A native Sepoy regiment usually consists of 800 men, and is commanded by seven English officers, namely, a commandant, two wing commanders and four wing officers. There are also 16 commissioned native officers, eight of whom are subadars, or captains, and eight jemadars, or lieutenants. The non-commissioned officers are eight in number, all natives, 40 of whom rank as havildars, or sergeants, and the remaining 40 as naiks, or corporals. In the cavalry the captain is styled risaldar; the lieutenant, risaldar. The chief native officer of the infantry regiment is the subadar (major). Every regiment is divided into ten companies, each of which is usually made up of a different nationality, such as Goorkhas, Sikhs, Dogras, Pathans, Punjabis, etc. It is owing to this precaution that a combination of forces for the purpose of mutiny becomes almost impossible. The Goorkhas and Sikhs, whose loyalty is rated the highest, are in some localities permitted to constitute entire regiments by themselves. The pay of the Sepoy or native soldier, is \$3.50 per month, with a gradual increase after three years' good conduct service. The pension system is particularly liberal and is really the magnet which draws the native recruit. It is so skillfully arranged that there can be no jobbery, and twice a year the pension officers visit the great centers of population to pay the pensions. When a Sepoy soldier falls in action his wives—and there four of them—are all pensioned, as well as their young children. As regards the artillery branch of the Indian army, white men only are employed, both as commissioned officers and in the ranks, and the guns of all forts are entirely manned by Britons. As to the fighting qualities of these Sepoy soldiers, the Goorkha ranks first, in fact many English experts believe that the Goorkha, who is a native of Nepal, is the best soldier in the world. Sturdily built, of an average height of five feet three inches, the Goorkha is equally good in a hand-to-hand contest with the bayonet or at long range with the rifle. The Sikh ranks second as a soldier of the native contingent. He comes from the Punjab, averages six feet in height, and is supple, sinewy and athletic as the stereotyped red Indian. The Sikhs and Goorkhas are ancient enemies, and did their best to exterminate each other in the Sutlej war of 1846. The Pathan probably stands third in the native list as a warrior, but does not class with the other two tribes named above in the matter of endurance, and there is always a doubt about his loyalty. A unique native regiment in the employ of the British is that known as the guides, which is composed of a motley race of freebooters, who for many years were the terror of northern India. This old principle of setting a thief to catch a thief has worked excellently, and the guides have the reputation of being the fiercest fighters of the entire Sepoy army. If corroboration were required of the martial qualities of the native Indian soldiery, the Nepanese war of 1814, and the siege of Kalunga in particular, will afford any needed illustration. At Kalunga 600 Goorkhas were entrenched in a stockade and succeeded in repulsing five fierce assaults of the British. It was only when this brave band had lost 530 of their number that they hoisted the flag of truce, and the loss they inflicted on the British amounted to 31 officers and 710 men.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Bulletin Financier.

Table with financial data including exchange rates, gold prices, and market news. Includes sections for 'MARCHÉ MONÉTAIRE', 'MARCHÉ DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS', and 'FUTURES DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS'.

Bulletin Commercial.

Table with commercial data including cotton prices, sugar prices, and market news. Includes sections for 'MARCHÉ DE LA NITE-ORLÉANS SUR PLACER' and 'MARCHÉ DE LIVERPOOL'.

PROVISIONS.

Table with prices for various commodities such as flour, sugar, and oil. Includes sections for 'MARCHÉ AUX BESTIAUX' and 'MARCHÉ DE LA CAMPAGNE'.

ANNONCES JUDICIAIRES.

Legal notices and court proceedings. Includes sections for 'CONTINUATION DE LA VENTE DE TABLEAUX', 'CONTINUATION DE VENTE A 12 MOIS DE CRÉDIT', and 'SUCCESION DE LAWSON HAMILTON'.