

THE BOER AND HIS RIFLE

Differences Between the Weapon Used Now and That of Twenty Years Ago.

In the war of 1870-80 the Boers displayed deadly accuracy with the rifle, but their weapon then was very different from the arm used lately at Dundee.

It was a hammerless arm of about nine pounds weight, with a 30-inch half-octagon barrel and a shotgun butt stock.

The rifle of 1870-80 was a single motion, it was changed into a fine pinhead sight covered with a ring to keep it from being knocked off.

It was very much interested in the Boer rifle and their weapons," said Archibald Forbes, who was with Sir Evelyn Wood's column in South Africa in 1879-80.

They shot their antelope and other game from the saddle, not apparently caring to get near to their quarry than 600 or 700 yards.

Then they understand the currents of air, their effect upon the drift of a bullet, and can judge distance as accurately as it could be measured by a skilled engineer.

It is easy enough to see how the Boer became so expert with the rifle. History of one hundred and more years ago in the southwest and the west of this country is repeating itself on the South African veldts.

Every old state of the American union except Louisiana was won from its red owners by the pioneer and his deadly rifle. For 240 years the Hollanders and his descendants have fought wild beasts and wild men for the country they wanted.

CORNISH MINERS.

Men Who Work Far Below the Depths of the Sea Encounter Many Dangers.

One of the most memorable sights in Cornwall is an ascent of miners witnessed from one of the platforms of the man engine.

To the rhythmic beat of that strange machine, one by one the ochreous figures rise from the abyss, step off and on, singing as they file past.

That men who work far below the depths of the sea, in hourly danger from food and fire-damp and dynamite, should have highly developed religious feeling is not to be wondered at.

The story of Verran is known all over Cornwall. He and his mate were working far below the surface, putting in a blast. Suddenly it was noticed that a "hole" was about to explode prematurely.

In that narrow drift, only one of the two men could be saved. Verran, without a moment's hesitation, sent his comrade to the surface and flung himself upon his knees in prayer, expecting never used under 700 or 800 yards.

The explosion wrecked the drift. Hinge rocks were flung up and down, entirely around the kneeling miner. They made an arch over his figure, protecting him from the flying and falling debris.

Who is with you? the rescuers asked, eagerly. In solemn, muffled tones the answer came back: "Nobody here but God and myself."

At intervals Osborne was heard to say this, and nothing more. "Praise the Lord!" Gradually his voice became fainter, and when the rescuers reached him, they found his body crushed almost to shapelessness.

It is worth going to the depths of the earth to find such beautiful acceptance of death. But the moment will come to every mortal when he must realize the young miner's words: "Nobody here but God and myself." Well for him if he has tested beforehand the worth of an Almighty companion, whom he can reverent as patron and lean upon as a friend.—Youth's Companion.

ARIZONA SQUIRES' COURTS.

Pay Little Attention to Law or Justice—Some Illustrative Instances.

The most wonderful and fearful jurisprudence in the world, perhaps, is that of the squires' courts in Arizona. These courts are not generally presided over by men who have made a close study of the law, and some of their decisions would cause the blind goddess of justice to weep in very shame.

A justice who was new to the business of law proved himself equal to the emergency recently in Williams, Ariz. It was a case where a prisoner, brought before him charged with insanity. Several witnesses were examined, and it was conclusively proved that he was insane, having refused to drink when invited, and by other similar actions having convinced those who knew him that he had gone entirely wrong.

After a brief examination of the witnesses the justice leaned back in his chair, and with a look of profound wisdom on his face delivered himself of a decision as follows: "Young man, it has been proved that you have done sundry things, which said things have led me and the rest of us to believe that you are wrong in the garret; therefore, I, with all the judicial power vested in me, do hereby fine you \$25 and costs. You may go now, but don't let this happen again."

Another instance that fittingly illustrates the fellow feeling of the average juror occurred not long ago. A tough citizen, who had been absorbing a decoction of liquid that would scorch the armor plate of the Oregon, concluded that the town was getting too tame. He picked up a rifle that was standing behind one of the bars he had been patronizing freely and went out into the street. A colored woman chanced to be passing that way, and he proceeded to empty the contents of the rifle into her body; then calmly returned the rifle to the barkeeper and went to sleep.

He was arrested and tried before a jury in the district court. The jury discovered that the man was troubled with "alcoholic insanity," and he was promptly acquitted and turned loose. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

One Girl's Tale of Woe.

Plainly the fates were against her. "Alas!" she sighed, "it is impossible for me to be up to date." "How-so?" they asked. "I cannot spell my name with a 'y,'" she answered. "There is Maybelle and Ethyl and Elynn and Mayme and Harriette and Kayte and all the rest of our right in style, while I alone must remain old-fashioned. Why, oh, why was I named Maude?" Then she buried her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly.—Chicago Post.

PITH AND POINT.

A man can accomplish things at 20 that he would be ashamed to attempt at 40.—Chicago Daily News.

"My laundress must ride a wheel." "What do you mean?" "She's such a scorcher."—Harvard Lampoon.

It really doesn't matter whether a woman thinks we are handsome if she can only feel we are handsome to her so.—Elliott's Magazine.

"Oh, George, elephants have dropped in price from \$10,000 each to \$1,500." "Now, Clara, I warn you, if you buy one you needn't expect me to board it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Servant—"A gentleman at the door wants to know if Mr. Brown lives here." Mr. Brown—"Tell him no; that Mr. Brown boards here. Mrs. Brown is probably the person he wishes to see."—Boston Transcript.

Snobson (to inhabitant of out-of-way seaside resort)—"What sort of people do you get down here in the summer?" Inhabitant—"Oh, all sorts, sir. There be fine people 'n' common people, an' some just half and half like yourself, sir."—Punch.

Mrs. Youngpop—"Dear, we must get one of those burglar alarms." Mr. Youngpop—"What for?" Mrs. Youngpop—"What do you suppose? You know if anyone tries to break into the house, it will go off." Mr. Youngpop—"Yes, and wake the baby. Not much!"—Philadelphia Press.

An Atechion woman whose ambition in life is to hold her tongue, locks herself up alone in her room whenever she is troubled about anything. In this way she cheats the sympathetic friend who coaxes her to "tell all your troubles to me, dear child," and saves herself the humiliation of telling too much.—Atechion Globe.

ROMANS AND THEIR FISH.

Aristocratic Ponds That Cost Fortunes to Build and Keep in Good Order.

Fish was in great demand at Rome, and incredible sums might be made by fish ponds or wasted on them. The humble fish pond of the people, supplied with rain water and replenished with fish taken out of rivers or lakes, brought in large returns. The aristocratic fish pond, furnished by Neptune and constructed with elaborate art, was more apt to empty pockets than to fill them. It cost a fortune to build it, to stock it and to feed the fish. One possessor of such a fish nursery made nearly £200 a year by it, but it cost the whole profit to keep it up. They were expensive toys rather than serious investments. Varro once saw a sacred tank in Lydia containing fish which came to the edge at the sound of a flute, and which no one was allowed to touch; the fish of the Roman noble are, he says, nearly as sacred. Hortensius, who had spent a mint of money on his salt water fish tanks at Baules, was found out in buying all the fish for his table at Pozzuoli. He fed his fishes himself and was much more anxious lest they should be hungry "than I am about my asses, which bring me in a good profit," Varro scornfully remarks. Half the fishermen of the place were employed in catching small fish to give to the big ones, and salted fish was provided when the sea was too rough for the boats to go out. Hortensius would make you a present of a team of mules sooner than of a single one of his mullets. Lucullus gave carte blanche to his architect to ruin him if he could manage, by means of subterranean passages, to contrive a sort of tide in his tanks at Baule, so as to let the water cool in summer, when fishes in confinement suffer much from the heat at the Naples aquarium, a beautiful and wonderful place, surpassing the dreams even of a Roman fish maniac.

Varro speaks of some one who was more anxious about his sick fishes than about his sick slaves, but the story of the Roman "who fettered his lampreys on his slaves" belongs to after times. Like other stories which are told for the benefit of youth, it lacks exactitude. This seems to have been the truth: A millionaire freedman of the name of Pollio Vedius was entertaining Augustus at supper when a slave broke a crystal goblet; Pollio, enraged, ordered him to be thrown to the fishes; the slave appealed to the emperor, who asked his host to pardon him, but Pollio refused. Augustus then pardoned the man himself, and had all Pollio's crystal goblets broken and the fish pond filled up.—Contemporary.

Russia's Imperial Library.

Russia's Imperial Library dates back to the year 1700, and has to-day about 1,155,000 works in it, as well as over 26,000 manuscripts. This cannot be considered bad for a "benighted country." And it is noteworthy that every facility is given for the use of these by the people of St. Petersburg, who use the library in no small measure. The czar and zarina take much interest in its increase and progress, and often give their advice and help in connection with it.—Albany Argus.

Destroying Railroads.

A small contingent of Boers has rearing the uselessness of merely tearing up a section of railway and throwing the rails into a stream—the usual Boer method of destroying a line. What they now do is to heat the center of a section to a white heat and carry the rail by its two cool ends to the nearest tree or telegraph pole, round which they twist it in such a way that it is absolutely impossible to use it again for railway purposes.—N. Y. Sun.

Doubtful Compliment.

Hostess—Oh, Mr. Borum, I'm so glad you have come! Borum (flattered)—Are you, really? "Indeed I am. If you hadn't, there would have been 13 at table."—Chicago Evening News.

Bulletin Financier.

Mardi, 4 avril 1900.

COMPTOIR D'ÉCHANGES (CLEARING HOUSE) DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

MARCHE MONETAIRE.

NEW-YORK.

CHANGÉ.

LES BOURSES DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS.

ADJUDICATIONS.

ACTIONS ET BONS.

VALUÉS OFFICIELS.

Bulletin Commercial.

Mardi, 4 avril 1900.

MARCHE DE LA NILE-ORLEANS.

COTON.

MARCHÉS DIVERS.

MARCHE DE NEW-YORK.

MARCHE DE LIVERPOOL.

MARCHE DE HAVRE.

SUCRE ET MELASSE.

TONNELLERIE.

RIZ.

FARINES.

GRAINS ET FOURRAGES.

CHEVAUX ET MOLETS.

PROVISIONS.

AU BOARD OF TRADE.

WHEAT.

GRAINE DE COTON.

FRUITS ET NOIX.

PRODUITS DE LA CAMPAGNE.

MARCHANDISES DIVERSES.

CHARBON.

MARCHE AUX BESTIAUX.

ANNONCES JUDICIAIRES.

VENTE PAR LICITATION.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

COUR CIVILE DE DISTRICT.

GROCIERIES.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

VENTE D'UNE GRANDE PROPRIÉTÉ.

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L'ABELLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS. Entrée répandue en Louisiane et dans tous les Etats du Sud. Sa publicité offre donc un commode avantage exceptionnel. Prix de l'abonnement pour l'année: Edition quotidienne, \$12 00; Edition hebdomadaire \$3 00; Edition du Dimanche, \$2 00.

Les recettes pour les chevaux et mulets sont avec bonnet, avec demande modérée et s'il y a lieu.

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