

LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD

Called the Hurricane Tree in the Capital of the Bahamas Islands.

In Nassau, the capital city of the Bahamas islands, they say "the tree in the public square"—not the trees. Now, the public square of Nassau is quite as large as that of most cities of the size, but there is only one tree in it, and that tree literally fills the square and spreads its shade over all the public buildings in the neighborhood. For it is the largest tree in the world at its base, although it is hardly taller than a three-story house. It is variously known as a ceiba, or a silk cotton tree, but the people of the low islands of the West Indies call it the hurricane tree. For no matter how hard the wind blows it cannot disturb the mighty buttressed trunk of the ceiba. In the hurricane of last spring all the palms and many of the other trees of Nassau were overturned, but the great hurricane tree, although it lost all its leaves, did not lose so much as a branch. Its trunk throws out great curving, wing-like branches, some of them 20 feet wide and nearly as high. These extend into the ground on all sides and brace the tree against all attack, while the great branches spread a thick shade overhead. In the tropic sunshine of midsummer, hundreds, even thousands, of people may gather in the cool of its shadow. No one knows how old the great tree is, but it must have been growing hundreds, if not thousands, of years. A very old picture in the library at Nassau shows the tree as big as it is at present, and even the oldest negro in the island cannot remember when it was a bit smaller.

JUSTICE IN CALHOUN COUNTY.

What Happened to a Game Warden Who Prosecuted Fish Dynamiters.

George Cunningham, of Calhoun county, who was in Chicago the other day with five stock, told a story of the arrest of some Calhoun citizens for capturing fish by the use of dynamite. The fish were in a lake or slough on private property, and hundreds of pounds were secured by the explosion. The game and fish warden of the district was notified by some one "engaged in his own business," according to George, and the dynamiters were arrested and taken before a justice of the peace at Hardin. After hearing the pros and cons of the case the justice turned to the warden and said:

"These gentlemen are discharged, and you will pay the costs of this suit or be committed to jail. Calhoun county belongs to Calhoun people. We have always fished wherever we wanted to, and in any darned way we wanted to, and we are goin' to keep on doin' as we please on our own property."

"Oh, I know what you are goin' to say: 'There is a state law ag'in blowin' fish out of the river.' This wasn't no river; and, besides, Calhoun county hed her own laws long before this blamed blowin'-up law was passed. Ask Jim Ward or Buck Hinrichsen, our ex-congressman, if that ain't so."

"You pay the costs and go back to Alton. We ain't got nobody in jail now, and the sheriff is gettin' mighty lonely, and I'd just as lieff you wouldn't pay as not."

The warden paid the costs and took an appeal.

A DIPLOMAT'S PUG.

Marquis of Salisbury and Other Personages Wrought Up About It.

One almost forgets how long ago it is since the muzzling order was first issued, but shortly after the inception of that order a housemaid "attached" to a foreign legation took a pug dog, also "attached" to the same legation, out for a walk, says Chambers' Journal. She was stopped by a constable, who asked her why the dog was not wearing a muzzle.

The housemaid replied that the dog did not possess a muzzle because it was a diplomatic dog. The constable responded that the dog was a pug, and that he was not a fool. The constable took the name and address of the housemaid.

A few days later a summons arrived at the legation. The housemaid did not present herself at the court, and the magistrate imposed a fine on her.

At last the foreign minister went to the marquis of Salisbury about the matter. The result was that all the officials connected with the case were reprimanded, and a "note" was addressed from Lord Salisbury to all the legations in London, in which note Lord Salisbury said he had the honor to call attention to a certain order entitled the "muzzling order," by which it was enacted with all dogs, when taken into public places, should wear a muzzle over the head.

Drunkenness a Century Ago.

In reviewing "The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley," the London Spectator comments on the light in which drunkenness was regarded at the beginning of the century. There was a chirstening of twins, and rejoicing among the neighbors, tenants and laborers. "All the guests," says Maria, "were as drunk as I ever had the pleasure of seeing anyone."

Among the laborers, however, "that extent of intoxication was not reached which causes men to be swine." Lady Shelleys, who received this account of the festivities, replies: "I would have given a great deal to be present; there is nothing I love so much as such sort of festivities, where one has the satis faction of knowing that one makes one's friends happy as well as drunk."

In London, she declares, "when you give a ball you affront many people, give a few, make many drunk, and yourself miserable."

ABOUT THE WILY BOER.

According to This Writer to Purlain Seems to Be Second Nature to Him.

I spent quite two years going about from farm to farm with wagon loads of miscellaneous goods, bartering them for ostrich feathers, ivory, hides, wool, live stock or whatever I could get, says George Lucy in the North American. I scarcely ever exposed samples of my goods at any farm without attempting to make to purloin articles that could readily be concealed. All took part in this old and young, male and female; and constant watch had to be kept. I once detected a young girl, the daughter of a Boer who was then and long afterward a prominent member of the Free State volksraad, trying to secure a case of ordinary size will reproduce it line for line, says Truth.

Since the days of printing, probably no author has waited longer for a publisher than did Gov. Bradford, or furnished more legible, precise and accurate copy when the allotted time came. Twenty-five years were devoted by him to writing this history, which, although well known at the time, and used and quoted from by several historians, mysteriously disappeared at the time of the American revolution, and was believed to be as irrecoverable as the lost books of Livy. In 1846, however, Bishop Wilberforce, of Oxford, made quotations from a manuscript said by him to be in the library of the lord bishop of London, at Fulham place. These were recognized some years later by an American scholar as probably of Bradford's authorship, and subsequent investigation identified the manuscript, which was for the first time printed in 1856, more than two centuries after it was written.

A Boer whose name is well known to the world, many years ago, when acting as president of a land commission for apportioning out farms in the Leydenberg district, "did" my partner out of 30,000 acres of land by bare-faced a piece of knavery as could be conceived.

AN AMERICAN BOY.

Corporal Tobin Who Was the Third One to Reach the Top of Spion Kop.

The ubiquitous American has come to the front again. According to the Illustrated Mail of London Corporal Tobin, an American boy, was the first soldier to reach the summit of Spion Kop. Lieut. Preston Brown, of the Second infantry, now stationed at Fort Thomas, says that there was a young private of the name of Hugh Tobin in the Fifth artillery while he was a member of that organization, and he has reasons to believe that the young American who distinguished himself at Spion Kop is the identical person. Lieut. Brown remembers Tobin as a bright lad and a good soldier. The following extract from a letter written from the seat of war to the Mail was accompanied by a photograph of the hero. "The first position taken by our troops during the assault upon Spion Kop was won by the F squadron of South African light horse, and the first man to gain the summit of the hill was Corporal Tobin, an American. When he reached the crest some distance in front of his comrades he found the enemy had already fled, and, turning, shouted to the men climbing the ascent: 'Come on, there is no one here.' Almost immediately the advance swept the brow of the hill, which was then occupied by them until subsequently relieved by the men of the queen."

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LONG-DELAYED PUBLICATION.

Gov. Bradford Devoted Twenty-Five Years to Writing His History.

Gov. Bradford's famous "History of Plymouth Plantation," sometimes erroneously styled "The Log of the Mayflower," which is now proudly sheltered by Boston's gilded dome, is, despite its age and wanderings, clear and as legible as print, and, with much of it so fine that no type of ordinary size will reproduce it line for line, says Truth.

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"Mr. Coate is a busy man," said the clerk.

"So am I," responded the reporter.

"Let me take in your card."

"Never mind the card. He knows me."

Without further parley he opened the door and confronted Mr. Coate, who was talking with a visitor.

"Good-morning, Mr. Coate," said the reporter, cheerily. "I am a reporter."

Mr. Coate looked at the intruder curiously. "Take a chair, sir," he said, quietly.

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