

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS - VENDREDI 10 DECEMBRE 1897

FOREIGN GOSPI.

Russia's czarina, being now the mother of two children, has lost her girlish look and is growing stout, which pleases the Russians.

Sidi Ali Bey of Tunis, now 80 years of age, is about to abdicate in favor of his son, and to go to Nice to live, according to *Le Figaro*. He has ruled under French protection for 15 years.

"Chevalier de la Salle," an oratorio of American discovery, the music by M. Fredric Le Rey, was recently performed for the first time in a Diepp church. French critics praise it highly.

To prevent their nonunion workmen from running the gauntlet of the striking engineers, the Yarrowes have chartered a steamer for their accommodation and moored it off their shipyard at Poplar.

-Tommaso Vallauri, professor of Latin at the University of Turin and an Italian senator, died recently at the age of 92 years. He edited Plautus and other classics, wrote histories of Latin and Italian literature and several books on Italian history.

Miss Perceval, the last survivor of 12 children of Spencer Perceval, who was assassinated while prime minister in 1809, has just passed her 92nd birthday in full possession of her faculties. Six of her brothers and sisters lived to be over 80 years of age.

Among the new plays in verse promised by the Comédie-Française for next season are "Le Martyre," by Jean Richépin; "Tristan et Yseult," by Armand Silvestre, and "Struensee," by Paul Meurice. A five-act prose play called "Catherine," by Henri Lavedan, is also announced.

Children of life peers, who have hitherto been in a sort of social limbo in England, have had their place in court etiquette fixed by a recent order of the queen. They will be styled "Honorable," and will rank immediately after the younger children of barons and before baronets.

GREAT DOVE STEW.

California Club Feasts on Two Thousand Birds.

Think of 2,000 doves in an immense stew!

The mere thought is enough to set one's appetite on edge, and the reality discounts the far-famed four-and-twenty blackbirds that have passed into song and story as ministering to the appetite of the king.

Dove stew in an epicurean degree is only possible in California, and nowhere in the state are the mournful warblers so plump of form and luscious of flavor as they are in the vast wheat-growing section that has Marysville as its center. If the Sutter and Yuba Gun club had done nothing else to merit distinction it has made a name for itself by its happy conception of instituting this Lucullan feast as the feature of its annual administration reporta bountifully \$40 and \$50 per man.

Conditions—Complaint.

Acte de vente par le trésorier de l'affaire d'acquéreur, par dev. Charles D. Upton, notaire.

Un décret de 10 pour cent sera requis au moment de l'adjudication.

28 nov.-28—déc 5 12 19 26 29

ENGINES THAT ARE HOODOOED.

Strange Stories Told by the Men in the Illinois Central Shops.

Every engine that comes for repairs to the great shops of the Illinois Central at Burnside has a story of interest to tell. Sometimes the engine is an old "lunker" that looks as if it might have served as ballast for Noah's ark, and its record of injuries may be the commonplace relation of a pig on the track and a bumping over ties to the damage of frame and rivets. Again it may be the shapeless remains of what once pulled the finest vestibule express on the road, and its story may be muted, but not the less graphically, told on the footboard by the stain that was once the blood of the brave engineer or firman.

"Few engines as well, as few engineers serve very long on the road without going through an accident," said a man who has worked his way through various positions to one of the most responsible posts in the great shop. "Some of the engines come here as wrecks many number of times. I guess there is no fabrication about the stories one hears of hoodooed engines. There are a few on every road. They cause more losses of pay and position among the engineers than all the rest of the rolling stock, including the hand cars. They seem infested with evil spirits. They will start backward or forward when there is nobody near the throttle, or so I have heard reputable engineers swear with tears in their eyes. Of course, the company doesn't believe it, and the engineer, if he has not already lost an arm or a leg, loses a few weeks' pay or his position in consequence of something which he could not help. These hoodooed engines cut strange capers when they break loose. If they can't manage to knock the underpinning out from a viaduct or bridge they will turn three or four somersaults into a creek, instead of smashing things in an ordinary way. They generally damage themselves very little, and we have to keep patching them up and sending them out time and again. If they would only destroy themselves all the engineers would be glad.

"Other engines only come to the shop once, but then they come to stay. I remember one engine that had gone to remarkable long time without a smashup of any kind. It was run by one of the oldest engineers on the road. He was about 65 years old and had spent most of his life as an engineer, yet he had never been in a wreck. One day, just before he pulled out, he said to the boys that it would be his last run, as he was going to retire from the road the next day and spend the remainder of his life in peace and comfort. He spoke truly in part, for it was his last run. He was going 50 miles an hour when he met a freight coming head on. The engineer was instantly killed and there was not much more than enough of that engine left to make a good sized fish sinker. It was the first accident and the last run for both the engine and its driver."

Chicago Times-Herald.

BICYCLES AND SAVINGS.

Bank Deposits as Affected by the Purchase of Wheels.

I met the president of a prosperous savings bank in one of the minor cities of the middle west on a railroad train recently, and we fell to talking about the ever-increasing popularity of the bicycle.

"Everyone understands, of course," he said, "that the use of the wheel has come to be well-nigh universal, and that millions on the back of millions of dollars must be invested in the silent steeds, but you can hardly realize to what extent they are used unless you are placed in a position-somewhat like mine. In a small town like the one in which I live, the savings bank men may easily become personally acquainted with practically every depositor, and I make it a point to take full advantage of that circumstance. Consequently I am often advised concerning the financial affairs of our depositors, which, though intrinsically small, are of vast importance to them. This makes it all right for me to question depositors now and then about their savings.

"Early last spring I noticed that a number of mechanics who had long been in the habit of making regular deposits and who I supposed had steadily employed became decidedly irregular in their visits to the bank. Others stopped depositing altogether, and still others, who continued to deposit regularly, put in less each time than formerly.

Naturally, I began to make inquiries, and more than three-quarters of those I spoke to confessed that their surplus money was being used to meet installment payments on bicycles, instead of finding its way to the savings banks.

I suppose our bank deposits must have fallen off some thousands of dollars from this cause, though I haven't taken the trouble to make a careful estimate.

In the whole country installment payments for bicycles must have decreased the total savings-banks' receipts by very large amounts, though, of course, there have probably been compensatory deposits from workmen in bicycle shops in towns where such establishments are located."—Detroit Cor. Boston Commercial.

His Bluff Called.

When the young man called to ask for the old man's daughter, the latter naturally thought it was necessary to put up a good bluff, that being the usual method of procedure. Consequently he looked solemn, coughed once or twice as a sort of preliminary, communed with himself a minute or two, coughed again and asked:

"Can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"If I couldn't," returned the young man, "I ought to be ashamed of myself."

The old man's bluff was called.—Chicago Post.

Evidently Not.

Eugenie—You say the same thing to every girl you meet."

Dashery—And yet you say I'm ugly.—San Francisco Examiner.

CATCHING SNAKES IN INDIA.

Queer But Effective Method of Capturing Great Serpents.

Menagers are always in need of snakes, and as India abounds in these reptiles, perhaps to a greater extent than any other country in the world, to India go the managers, when their stocks begin to run low. Snake hunting in India, unless one understands the trade, is a perilous business, for a larger percentage of the Indian serpents are poisonous than in any other part of the globe, and even a Hindu has no desire to die of snake bite, nor within the crushing folds of a constrictor. Besides, however, the demands from the menagers, the Indian government pays a bounty on snake heads, so there is a double incentive to Indian snake hunters, and when there are sufficient orders on hand from the menagers, a hunt is organized on a grand scale.

Preparations are made by ascertaining from the natives a promising snake district, which is usually a tract of jungle with a thick bamboo or grass undergrowth. In such lands snakes are found by thousands, and after a promising patch is discovered, a beginning is made by clearing or burning the undergrowth from a strip entirely encircling the snake farm, then a broad expanse of perhaps an acre is cleared on one side, and there is located the snake trap, a netting extended for 200 or 300 yards on each side of the cleared tract, its ends gradually contracting to lead the reptiles into a cul de sac, from which there is no escape. Several hundred natives are assembled, and on a day when the wind is from the right quarter they surround the district selected, and, at a given signal, set fire to the jungle. After the fire has fairly started the natives are called behind the netting, as there is no need of their services on the other sides, for every snake tenant of the brush flees in the same direction toward the fatal netting.

Behind stand rows of men, armed with clubs and sticks, ready to give their snakes a lively reception. As the fire approaches the netting the snakes come in crowds, by hundreds, sometimes by thousands. At the wings the men are concentrated with their clubs ready to kill those attempting to escape, and as the main body of the reptiles approaches the netting, the wings are pushed forward toward each other, the stakes supporting the netting are driven firmly into the ground and the snakes are inclosed. But snakes can climb almost as well as monkeys, and the men at the wings are kept busy killing those that endeavor to escape over the ropes. At the cul de sac the netting extends above as well as on the sides, and the larger portion of the reptiles are finally concentrated within this enclosure, for the snakes are of all sizes, some of the venomous reptiles of India not being more than six or eight inches in length, and, as their movements are very quick, the barefooted beaters are kept dodging about in a manner at once grotesque and amusing, their anxiety to escape the small serpents that go through the netting like a flash being even greater than their eagerness to kill as many snakes as possible and thus receive a larger share of the government bounty. No snake is permitted to escape, and after all the smaller reptiles which can work their way through the meshes of the net have been killed, attention is turned to the larger which remain.

In various parts of the netting there are loops which can be untied and then fastened, and after the slaughter of the little snakes has been finished the work of capturing the most promising specimens begins. The superintendent points at an anaconda that will bring a price of 1,000 rupees, and the men who are placed in the netting are sent to the wings to catch it. The engine is driven firmly into the ground and the snakes are inclosed. But snakes can climb almost as well as monkeys, and the men at the wings are kept busy killing those that endeavor to escape over the ropes. At the cul de sac the netting extends above as well as on the sides, and the larger portion of the reptiles are finally concentrated within this enclosure, for the snakes are of all sizes, some of the venomous reptiles of India not being more than six or eight inches in length, and, as their movements are very quick, the barefooted beaters are kept dodging about in a manner at once grotesque and amusing, their anxiety to escape the small serpents that go through the netting like a flash being even greater than their eagerness to kill as many snakes as possible and thus receive a larger share of the government bounty. No snake is permitted to escape, and after all the smaller reptiles which can work their way through the meshes of the net have been killed, attention is turned to the larger which remain.

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