

## VEGETABLES IN HISTORY.

Even the Bostonian Bean Was Holy in Egypt.

An epicure will feast on a dish of asparagus and perhaps think meanwhile that he is enjoying a delicacy which is strictly a product of the present century. But history shows us that the plant was grown in all its perfection 200 years before the birth of Christ. According to Herodotus, lettuce was in use even earlier than asparagus, for it was cultivated as early as 50 B.C. Not only was it grown, but it was so grown as to be had at all times of the year, and even blanched to make it white and tender. What better does the gardener of today?

The cucumber is one of the vegetables named in early Bible history, though some claim that melons were really meant. Both the cucumber and the melon are named, not only in different places but the Israelites complained of the lack of "the cucumbers and the melons" when they were with Moses in the wilderness. As to the melon, the date of its first cultivation is lost in antiquity, but Pliny records its use, and as he died in A.D. 70, it probably is as old as the cucumber.

Beets are on record as a highly prized vegetable over 2,000 years ago, and received much notice from early writers on such subjects.

Carrots seem to have come to us from a time that is immemorial, while history proves that turnips were in use as a garden vegetable before the Christian era.

No one seems to have been able to trace the origin of either the pumpkin or the squash, but we read that pumpkin pies were made over 300 years ago, after this recipe. Cut a hole in the side, take out the seeds and filaments, stuff with a mixture of apples and spices, and then bake till done.

A book was written on "The radish" before the Christian era. The ancient Greeks used to offer turnips, beets and radishes in their obligations to Apollo. The first they offered in dishes of lead, the second in silver, but the third was offered in "vessels of beaten gold."

Parsnips we find mentioned by Pliny as being brought to Rome from the banks of the Rhine, at the command of Emperor Tiberius, for use on his table.

Beans have a history, both long and curious. Pliny says of them: "The pod is to be eaten with the seed," evidently speaking of what we know as "string beans."

The Egyptians used the bean as a common article of food till their religious ideas concerning it caused them to desist. They believe the bean to be created of the same elements as man, and, like man, possessed of a soul which was subject to the laws of transmigration. The Egyptian priests were not allowed to either eat or look at the bean—a fact which Aristotle explains by saying that the bean was used as a common means of testing, and the prohibition was laid on the priests to prevent them from in any way meddling with the political affairs of the day. The Roman priests also had their superstitions concerning this vegetable, believing that the blossoms were marked with infernal letters referring to the dark spots on the wings of the blossoms.

Herodotus writes that in his time (450 B.C.) there was on the great pyramid an inscription telling of the 16,000 talents which had been expended for onion, leeks and garlic with which to feed the builders of the pyramid. One may also find the Israelites complaining of the loss of these vegetables, as well as their "cucumbers and melons," when in the wilderness.—Chicago News.

## PHOTOGRAPH OF CAPE HORN.

First Reproduction of a Famous Place Has Just Been Made.

Ever since Cape Horn's existence has been known, efforts have been made to get a picture of it. Artists have gone down there, and some have been fortunate enough to secure a few rough sketches, but an actual reproduction of the spot did not exist until a few days ago. This was when a negative made by Capt. Rivers, of the ship A. J. Ropes, was developed.

The southernmost point of South America is, for a piece of barren land, the best known in all the world. Every body who can read knows of Cape Horn, and for some mysterious reason takes an interest in it. Of course the great writers of sea stories have done their share to make the spot famous, but there seems to be some reason deeper than all this. Why should it not be an easy matter to make a picture of Cape Horn? There are a dozen reasons outside of the photographic ones, and they alone are enough to deter the camera operator from attempting it.

In the first place, it is not always possible to see Cape Horn, even though the ship is only a few miles away. Storms nearly always prevail at that end of the world, and the atmosphere is likely to be hazy. When the water is comparatively calm there is likely to be a fog. During the seasons of the heavy, dry winds and clear weather no ship would dare venture within sight of the Horn. At other times the light is likely to be poor, and so make a picture impossible. And then, when all conditions are favorable, the chances are there will be no camera aboard the ship that happens to be there at the opportune time.

Photographically, the principal difficulty would be lack of light and contrast. Under ordinary conditions a plate exposed on Cape Horn would reveal very little, if, indeed, it gave as much as an outline. The changes are that the water in the foreground would show, and the distance appear only as a line of fog.—San Francisco Call.

## Animals with False Eyelids.

Cats and several other animals have false eyelid, which can be drawn over the eyeball either to cleanse it or to protect it from too strong light.—Chicago Tribune.

When needing a contract with public money, Cordillera, of San Francisco, told me, "I want you to write me a check for \$100,000." I asked him,

## 'SQUIRE AND STOREKEEPER.'

He Adjourns for Time to Wait on His Customers.

"I had a funny lawsuit up in a back county in Ohio not long ago," said a traveling man who has to look after the debts his firm. "It was a suit out a note given for a mowing machine, and the old farmer was resisting on account of a verbal guarantee that had been given by the local agents. But that has little to do with the story."

"I secured a young lawyer and drove to the township where the squire lived. He was in his store."

"Where do you hold court, squire?" asked my lawyer.

"Right hyer as good as any place less I have a big suit; then I git the schoolhouse of a Saturday. Are ye ready?"

"As everybody was present, the squire said: 'Fire away.'

"Just as we had made a start a tow-headed girl came in and stood beside the counter."

"Whatche want, Mandy?" he said.

"Soap," she replied.

"Jis, wait awhile," he said, "an' I'll wait on ye."

"Then a big, lank farmer came in and ambled back to where we were holding court."

"Whatche want, Ab?"

"The ol' woman wants another yard tuh the calicer. But she ain't no hurry. Guess I'll listen ter the trial."

"Another customer or two dropped in and the questions were in the same vein until there were eight or ten waiting for the trial to end."

"Hol' on a minit," said the squire: "wait till I call Bet an' let her wait on the custermers."

"Bet didn't answer the loud shrieks and as the old man came in he said:

"Gintulin, the court'll hav to adjour for awhile so as I kin git these hyer people outen the way."

"I was mad at the delay, and did not hesitate to express myself in words more forceful than graceful, and, to my cost, as I afterward found out. The squire heard me and came back from the customers and said:

"Young feller, are ye in a hurry?"

"I told him time was worth a good deal of money to me and that I would like to get through that day."

"Wal," said he, "ther ain't enny use in hurryin' this yer court. I'm pretty busy myself to-day, an' I jus think we'd better adjourn till the day after to-morrow."

"We protested, but to no purpose. We had to drive back to town, and I had to wait for two days before the case could be heard. As we drove back my lawyer said:

"We've got no chance before him now. He's a bull-headed old chap and mad because we tried to hurry him up."

"It turned out that way, and it not only took all day to hear the case, but the squire never gave us half a show. After this, when I have a case before a country squire, I'll help him keep store and make him think he's the greatest court living."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## BEST TO BE PREPARED.

The Mountaineer's Wife Wanted to Be Ready for Any Emergency.

The best looking married woman in that particular locality of the Cumberland mountains was Bill Magee's wife, and it was the constant wonder of the entire section why so much sweetness had wasted itself on such an ornery and doles desert as Bill. In line with this was another wonder why Bill's wife, Susan Martin, hadn't married Jim Ferguson, as everybody thought she should have done. But that had all happened a year before I came into the mountains, and it gave me no concern whatever. Like any gentleman of taste, I admired Mrs. Magee and felt especially happy when, as it happened sometimes, the clerks in the company's store were busy and I could wait upon her. It was thus one day that as she entered the store I hopped around behind the counter like a youngster of 20.

"What can I do for you to-day, ma'am?" I said, with a fine bow.

"Got any mournin' goodys?" she inquired with mournful hauteur.

"Anybody dead?" I asked, forgetting that it wasn't my business to be asking questions.

"No," she hesitated, "they ain't egzactly yet, but I thought I might as well be sorrier lookin' round."

"What do you want to see particularly?" I inquired, very curious to know what she was after.

"I reckon I might as well see the whole shootin' match, fer ef I want part I'll be wantin' all that is."

I threw down two or three pieces of mourning stuff and piled black ribbon and all the other habiliments of woe in the shop down alongside.

"Them's right nice," she said, after taking a good look at the display, "but I ain't quite ready to take anything yet."

You see it's this-a-way, colonel. Last night Bill and Jim had words caze Jim helped me 'cross the footlog comin' from meeth, and this mornin' Bill he took his gun and went huntin' fer Jim. You know Jim and you know Bill, colonel, and of they run across each other you know what's goin' to happen? That's a chance they won't meet up with each other, and I reckon I'd better wait."

"Probably it might be better," I ventured.

"I reckon it would," she concluded, moving slowly toward the door, "but you kin kinder hold back a drat pattern fer three or four days, can't you?"

When I heard from there last he was Mrs. Jim Ferguson—Washington Star.

See Much for Her.

"Is your husband a follower of Isaac Walton, ma'am?"

"No, sah. He's a follower of dat orner Peleg Johnson, de lazed coon in Blacktown."

"I mean he's a picatorallant?"

"Say, man, you better go ax um. You'll find um down in de galden diggin' times."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## MULES IN COAL MINES.

Underground Life Seems to Suit Them.

Say: That They Become Blind.

A dispatch to the Sun a few days ago from the anthracite coal regions says that the mice mule must go owing to the introduction of a compressed air motor, suggested an inquiry into the underground life of a mule: "The writer the other day took a trip 1,800 feet into the depths of West Brookside colliery in Schuylkill county to see how mules lived there. The strange noises that startle the visitor in the mine have no effect on the patient mule. In his stall, surrounded by solid, hard coal, black as night, the mule stands quietly, and munches his portion of oats and hay. Indeed, there are no flies on him. No matter how intense the summer heat may be on the surface, or how thick insects may be in the broad light of day, the mine mule wears out his shoes in stamping to rid his limbs of the pests."

Fifty mules were in the stable of West Brookside colliery, occupying a place in an old gangway. There was a plank floor for each mule, with running water, and plenty of provender, but it was all in surroundings black as night. Some of them had not seen the light of day for five years. Many became blind from the coal dust or from being struck by flying particles of coal. After they have been in a mine for six months or more the mules become at home in their inky surroundings. No matter how far they are from the stable at meal hours, they can find their way in the dark, bewildering chambers and passageways, and get home as quickly as anyone else. If a rope or a chain breaks at the mine cars, the knowing mule has the sagacity to run out of danger with great celerity, just as if he had been injured before, and didn't want to be hurt again.

Some of the mules have been on duty for ten years, and are still in good condition and see well, showing that life underground does not disagree with them. The temperature the year through is more even than on the surface, and extreme cold weather is not known in the bowels of the earth. Death and flood only cause mules to be hoisted. If one dies his body is taken out and buried. If the mine is flooded the mules are hurried to the shaft and hoisted up. When they see the light of day they keep up a continuous blinking and shaking of the head until they become reconciled to the new conditions.

Mules have not many ailments, but cold draughts of air in the mine chambers sometimes lay them up. Unforeseen accidents also lame them. The stable lads and the drivers are kind to the beasts and their treatment for below ground is likely better than mules generally receive above ground. The average life of the mule in the mines is about eight years.—N. Y. Sun.

## CAUGHT A WALKING FISH.

Had No Gills, But Had Four Legs and Knew How to Use Them.

Frank Davey, the photographer, is the possessor of a very strange fish, which, after having exhibited to a number of friends while still alive, he put into alcohol to keep. The fish is known to some people here, but is quite rare. Its home is in the deep water, and if the story told by the Chinaman who procured it, namely, that the catch was made in comparatively shallow water just outside of the harbor, is to be depended on, the occurrence is indeed unusual.

It is about three inches in length, and when alive was of a bright yellow hue, with spots of black here and there. Its mouth is quite large, and the part of the body nearest is correspondingly large. Its tapers off to a small tail. But the peculiar part is that there are no gills or what are popularly known as such. Where these should be the skin just as it is all over the body. At a distance of about half an inch and protruding from the belly near the central part are what might be called arms or legs. They are joined and have some very fine claws. These, together with another pair further anterior, the fish, when alive, used to walk about on the bottom of the jar in which it was contained.

It would show fight instantly when approached, and gave every sign of being endowed with the spirit of the evil one, bristling up its fins, snapping its sharp teeth, elevating a sharp, knife-like appendage on the top of its nose, and sending two currents of water from holes or false gills just back of the large, arm-like appendages mentioned above.

When the fish was killed and placed in alcohol the bright yellow disappeared entirely, and left in its place a whitish color.—Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

## Nature's Engraving Stone.

For many years the greatest source of fine-grained stone used in lithography has been the quarries at Solingen, Germany. These possess a particular interest, because in them have been discovered remains of exceedingly strange and prehistoric animals, such as some of the flying reptiles that once dwelt in Europe, but have now disappeared from the earth. The science of geology has gained much from these fossils, which flattened and compressed, and leaving their impressions in the rock, might be likened to engravings from nature's own hand, whereby she has handed down to us pictures of a world whose antiquity extends far beyond the limits of human memory or human history. Recently it has been stated that the Solingen quarries are approaching exhaustion, and that a new source of lithographic stone is needed. It is gratifying to know that our own country may supply the want, excellent stone of the kind required being found in Tennessee. In the meantime, in Germany, the possibility of substituting aluminum for Solingen stone is being discussed.—Yonk's Companion.

Photographically, the principal difficulty would be lack of light and contrast.

Under ordinary conditions a plate exposed on Cape Horn would reveal very little, if, indeed, it gave as much as an outline.

The changes are that the water in the foreground would show, and the distance appear only as a line of fog.—San Francisco Call.

## Animals with False Eyelids.

Cats and several other animals have false eyelid, which can be drawn over the eyeball either to cleanse it or to protect it from too strong light.—Chicago Tribune.

When needing a contract with pub-

lic money, Cordillera, of San Francisco, told me, "I want you to write me a check for \$100,000." I asked him,

"All that we can do as regards oth-

er worlds, and the most we can do in this, is to discover what is.

## Bulletin Financier.

Jundi, 9 décembre 1897.

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

Jundi 10 déc. 1897. \$10,497,581 00 \$1,097,328 00

Mardi temps la 10 déc. 1897. \$11,731,077 00 \$1,152,235 00

Vendredi temps la 13 déc. 1897. \$11,731,077 00 \$1,152,235 00

Samedi temps la 14 déc. 1897. \$11,731,077 00 \$1,152,235 00

Dimanche temps la 15 déc. 1897. \$11,731,077 00 \$1,152,235 00

Lundi temps la 16 déc. 1897. \$11,731,077 00 \$1,152,235 00

Mardi temps la 17 déc. 1897. \$11,731,077 00 \$1,152,235 00

Mercredi temps la 18 déc. 1897. \$11,731,077 00 \$1,152,235 00

Jeudi temps la 19 déc. 1897. \$11,731,077 00 \$1,152,235 00

Vendredi temps la 20 déc. 1897. \$11,731,077 00 \$1,152,235 00

Samedi temps la 21 déc. 1897. \$11,731,