

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.

AFRICAN FETICHISM SOFTENED BY CONTACT WITH CIVILIZATION.

Charm Worn for Protection Against the Evil One—The Belief in Witches and "Conjur Niggers"—Signs Portending Death—Various Ludicrous Notions.

The contact of the African with a mighty civilization modified and softened his fetichism, and today his superstition is of a different order. He is a firm believer in a personal evil one, and accepts him with all time honored respect...

Old negro nurses teach their charges that the tangles which after a night's sleep are to appear in the hair are knots tied by witches, and everybody in the southern states is familiar with the darkies' belief that witches ride horses and mules in the land of night, exhausting their strength.

To ward off the approach of any of the evil one's silver dimes and five cent pieces with a hole in them, strung on a cord and suspended from the neck, are unvalued charms, and ends of bones strung together, and blessed by a Voodoo priestess, constitute a charm, which is a marvelous foil against the evil one.

In southern Louisiana there are large numbers of negroes who believe that certain other negroes have commenced with Satan, receiving from him a liberal endowment of his diabolic powers. These are known as "conjur niggers," who can "houn" you. To incur the ill will of one of them is a grievous misfortune.

As every negro, even the most debased, is a creature of superstition, and speaks with confidence of his place in heaven, where he will "set at his own table ez de white folks," it is not strange that he revels in signs portending death. His heaven, like the Mussulman's, is one of sensual delights, and corpses and funerals are to him a great joy.

Then he relapsed into absolute silence and would not look at Col. Wade until Washington was reached.—Washington Post.

The Bill Was Passed. An ex-member of the Virginia state senate told me the other day of an incident in his legislative career which I do not remember ever having seen in print before. A. L. Fride-more, not many years ago a member of the house of representatives from the Ninth Virginia district, was before he came to Washington a member of the Virginia senate.

Col. "Dick" Wintersmith, of Kentucky, is probably the best story teller in Washington today. If he doesn't always confine himself strictly to the truth, nobody will find fault with him, for he tells his little anecdotes with such a serious mien as to carry conviction to the minds of those of his listeners who do not know him so well as some of his friends do.

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STORIES ABOUT MEN.

Something of a Liar, but Not for Forty Cents.

A number of members from the house of representatives have stolen away at various times and for short periods from their congressional duties. Most of them have enjoyed themselves, but none to a greater extent than did Wade, of Missouri; Lind, of Minnesota, and Sawyer, of New York.

The train was started with a pinelbar and proceeded at a very deliberate gait. Occasionally the conductor would get off and gather a few peaches, with which he would treat the passengers.

"Do you charge preachers full fare on this road?" "No, sir," was the conductor's reply. "We only charge them half rates. Are you a preacher?" he asked, looking squarely at the colonel's Methodist countenance.

The conductor threw his thumb back over his shoulder in the direction of Col. Wade, and looked as though he thought all the time that the colonel was garbling the facts in the case.

In the meantime the three dimes, the nickel and five pennies reposed calmly in the judge's fat palm. He regarded them in silence for a moment, and then handed them back to the official, saying: "I am a good deal of a liar, but I will not lie for 40 cents."

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Nat Goodwin is pretty slick and can get out of a scrape as clean as any man living. A gentleman in New York, writing to a friend here, made some comparative allusion to Chicago and the eastern metropolis.

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Here is a story about the son of the late bishop of Illinois. Mr. Whitehouse had some business in New York with a large law firm, wherein a son of Rufus Choate is a partner. It was Mr. Choate to whom White-house addressed himself.

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A LAZY GIRL'S WISH.

You ask, if I could be That which I would be. What from all nature's sisterhood, Would I change place with— Would I circle in space with The stars, as a star? or, from yonder wood,

Pour my soul singing As upward winging, I sought the blue, 'till home for a bird? No, a bird is too busy. And a star might get dizzy. So, I'd be neither—now, don't say a word!

Pray, do you suppose that Lovely red rose that Nods and beckons and beams on me Ever gets weary? That ever a tear she Sheds but for joy that she can be?

And that great daisy, So white and gay, That stands with her sisters there in the sun— Has she a care, a Burden to bear, a Trouble in life? O no! not one.

I've read the story O the King in his glory Who "was not arrayed like one of these;" 'Twas So-mo-as; still he Couldn't equal a lily— Red-bell'd lily that floats in the breeze.

So, if I could choose me, With none to refuse me, The lot I'd like best of all on the earth, 'Twould be that of the flowers Who all through the hours Have nothing to do from the hour of their birth.

There are no traces On their late faces Mischance, sorrow, of grief or sin; They only duty On earth is beauty— They toil not, neither do they spin.

—Wife Araba.

HEAT AND VENTILATION.

A Simple Way of Keeping the Air in Rooms Moist in Winter.

People who use their brains habitually, teachers, writers, artists, must keep warm as the saving of their abilities. They must have fires early, and use foot-warmers day and night, and dress like Esquimaux if necessary.

The people of East Killingly, in the adjoining county, think that a pretty funny thing occurred in that neighborhood not long ago. Mr. Joel Thomas, who is the hired man of an East Killingly farm, has a reputation for mistaking himself into every dilemma that can find no other unfortunate person to fool with.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

A Confidence Man Strikes a Merchant Who Had "Been There Before."

He walked hurriedly into a Maiden Lane jeweler's store, and said: "Will you let me use your telephone?" "Certainly."

"Hello, Central! Say, give me 607 B. Brooklyn. Hello! Is that you, dear? Well, say, I forgot my gold watch this morning; left it under the pillow. I've got to take a train right away, and haven't time to go home, so I wish you'd bring it over and leave it here for me. I'll borrow a silver watch in the meantime. That's all, Central."

"Thank you," he said, turning to the clerk. "I suppose you heard what I said to my wife. Now, if you can let me have a silver watch until I get back I will consider it a great favor. My wife will leave my gold one as security."

Parrots as Parlor Pets. Parrots were more common drawing room pets a century ago than they are now. No fashionable belle's boudoir was complete without one. Belinda had a presentiment of her coming misfortunes when "Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind."

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Girls Written Up.

A public school teacher of Milwaukee has in her note book the following composition on "Girls," written by a boy: "Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behaviour. They make fun of boys, and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every night and say: 'Oh, ain't the moon lovely!' This is one thing I have not told, and that is they always now their lessons better boys."—Chicago Herald.



Wealthy but Economical Father—Do you know, my son, what strict economy would do for you? Robert—I know what it has done for me, father, and I respect you for it.—Life.

Senator Jones' Great Luck.

The senator Jones of Nevada has always been ready to take great chances. He believes sincerely in the outside help that comes from no one knows where to shape circumstances around the path of a lucky man so that success is certain.

"We set out one day to go up a great canyon which was near my headquarters. There was no road to it; it was a most fatiguing route for any one to travel over; it was as difficult, owing to the necessary climbing up and down, to travel six miles in this canyon as it would have been twenty-five upon the open highway.

One morning a few weeks ago Joel went to the barn to yoke a pair of very large untamed steers. The yoke was large and cumbersome and the boys were big, but he got the wooden loop over one steer's head and pinned him. With the next steer he had a wrestle, slipping about in the treacherous yard in his effort to hold the animal by one horn and carry the heavy yoke end with his free arm.

JOEL AND THE STEER.

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A CHEAP INCUBATOR.

One Whose General Description Indicates That It Is a Good Thing.

I notice the request for a cheap incubator. The following I have used successfully, and as I never saw one like it I conclude there is no patent. To make an incubator to hold about one hundred eggs, the egg-drawer should be about two feet by three feet.

A BIT OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

The varying emotions springing from a snow white gown of brocade given with a force and power that were out of and worn over a tucker of the old lace, evincing skillful expression of subdued passion and hanging sleeves of brocade puffed up so as not to conceal the apparent faults of elocution and antique girdle of turquoise and brilliant medallions joined by a rare refinement of speech and motion which convey a gown of dead leaf brown cloth, slit up the sides and open in front over an earnestness which is never subordinate to the robe of black satin, which is a mass of jet ornaments from throat to hem, displaying a much higher order of dramatic ability than she evinced last season.

Selfish Man.

Cultured Dame—Just like a man! You grab the paper as soon as it arrives, keep it all to yourself, and then blame me for not being informed on matters of public interest. Husband—Well, my dear, I'll read the paper aloud, if you wish. Let me see—(Another Ocean Horror.)

Another Way.

Walter Besant says that one should write poetry in order to acquire command of language. Editors achieve the same result by reading it.—Time.

TYPE-SETTING MACHINE.

The Ingenious Invention of a Well-Known American Stenographer.

James E. Munson, a stenographer, gave an exhibition not long ago of an automatic type-setting machine. Mr. Munson's apparatus is a complete novelty, inasmuch as it runs the type into the galley fully justified and corrected, some thing never before accomplished by a type-setting machine.

When he has finished justifying the strip it is run through another machine at a high rate of speed and the perforated characters are brought so close together that four inches of paper represent one line in a printed column. The strip is then put into the type-setting machine proper. This is an electric motor, with a sharp-pointed armature connected with magnets representing the characters on the paper.

An important feature in connection with the invention is that verbatim reports can be made upon any number of perforated slips at a time, and a slip supplied to each newspaper having one of the machines. Furthermore, the slips can be run through an automatic telegraph machine in Washington and fac-similes forwarded to any point in the country directly to the newspapers, thus saving delay in handling matter by the ordinary Morse telegraph and in composition.

The machine is not yet perfect, but Mr. Munson believes it soon will be in practical operation.

HATS IN THE COMMONS.

The Important Part They Play in the Legislative Life of England.

A strict etiquette governs the wearing of hats in the Commons. An honorable member, who, ignorant or forgetful of the forms of the House, attempted to walk to his seat when covered, would be met with loud cries of "order," and although an absent-minded member sometimes does so he has never been known to repeat it. He must only wear his hat when seated. Directly he rises he must doff it, though he may only wish to speak to a member behind him or to get a paper from the table.

OF COURSE, A MEMBER NEVER SPEAKS IN HIS HAT, EXCEPT ON ONE OCCASION, WHICH WE SHALL NOTICE PRESENTLY.

He generally places it carefully on the seat he has just vacated. If he is going to make a long speech and his throat requires lubrication, his hat is the receptacle for a glass of water, which is replenished from time to time by an attentive friend. Members are generally collected enough to remember, when they sit down, to be careful to remove their hats from the bench.

WE HAVE INTIMATED THAT THERE IS ONE OCCASION ON WHICH A MEMBER CAN, OR RATHER, ACCORDING TO THE RULES MUST, ADDRESS THE HOUSE WITH HIS HAT ON.

This happens when the House has been cleared for a division, and when a member desires to raise a point of order. To mark the fact that the debate has been closed and the interruption is purely incidental, the member must speak sitting, and with his hat on.

IN ADDITION TO THE USES OF HATS IN THE HOUSE TO WHICH WE HAVE REFERRED, THERE IS ANOTHER AND A VERY COMMON ONE.

No member being allowed to claim as a right the possession of any seat (the tenure by which they are held being priority of occupation) except in certain cases allowed as a matter of courtesy, the practice has arisen of members leaving their hats on the seats they desire to occupy during the sitting.—Washington Star.

CAREFUL NOT TO COVER ANY OF THE HOLES IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SAWDUST BOX.

On this box place the egg drawer and on the egg drawer the heater with the zinc side down. Place a shaving between the egg drawer and the heater to give the egg drawer room to slide out and in easily.

Now go to the tinshop and get eight half-inch tubes, 16 inches long and eight 7 inches long; also an elbow, 2 inches in diameter, one end 8 and the other 12 inches long. Put the short tubes in the lower sawdust box and the long ones in the holes in the top of the heater, so that the lower end will come down to within an inch of the zinc bottom.

Do not put the eggs in until you can keep a uniform heat of 100 degrees to 104 degrees. Keep your thermometer in the egg drawer and sprinkle your eggs every day with tepid water. Turn the eggs twice each day.

I have sometimes made a door to cover front, but an old piece of carpet hung over the front will do. Hatch about 80 per cent. of my eggs.—Walter A. Rutledge, in Toledo Blade.