

AN HISTORIC ISLAND.

Martinique, the Birthplace of the Empress Josephine.

A Picturesque Community and Some of Its Principal Attractions—A Fountain That Spouts Live Fishes.

Martinique is a garden of romantic beauty, extending from the edge of the pretty harbor to the foothills of the mountains, and looks like a fragment of France gone astray, says a writer in the Waverly Magazine. Every building is of venerable stone, antique in structure, large and roomy, and windowed by deep jalousies. The heavy tile roofs overhang the eaves like the eyebrows of man, and are covered with silvery mosses and trailing vines.

The streets are nearly all paved with Belgian blocks, and sparkling water rushes down the middle of each in the gutter, toward which the pavement slopes.

Everybody lives out of doors. The harbor is skirted by a wide boulevard, shaded by palm trees and furnished with iron seats, where the populace gather in the evening and chatter like magpies. During the day the women sit in the gardens and at night sleep in hammocks under the verandas, except in the rainy season, when they keep their houses. There is no glass in the windows and not a chimney in the place. All the cooking is done in charcoal stores, or upon shelves of stone like a blacksmith's forge.

There are some fine churches, and one old cathedral that is worth a visit. The people are mostly Catholics, but there is a large colony of Jews engaged in banking and trade.

The town of Port de France, which was known as Port Royal during the time of the empire, is the seat of the government, where the lieutenant governor lives and commands a garrison of three hundred or four hundred colored soldiers. It is about twenty miles from St. Pierre and has ten thousand inhabitants, but the latter place is the commercial capital and the fashionable residence.

The blacks and whites live together as brothers and sisters of the common family, often intermarrying. Many of the colored families are wealthy and aristocratic and send their children abroad to be educated.

The upper classes wear the latest French fashions and live with considerable comfort, but the colored women of the common class, as elsewhere in the tropics, are clad in a single garment of cotton, without any particular design of concealing or exposing their anatomy. They load themselves with a large amount of jewelry of peculiar designs, and on Sunday and feast days get themselves up in a most elaborate and outlandish manner, men and women both rivaling the plumage of the birds in the myriad colors they assume. There are no poor, no almshouses, no asylum for the indigent.

The women of Martinique carry their babies in a peculiar manner by placing them astride of the left hip, and strapping them there by wide strips of cloth. Martinique has a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, of whom twelve thousand are white, thirty thousand of mixed blood, and the remainder colored.

The island is covered with fields of sugar cane, mostly cultivated by the women, while the men do the heavier labor in the sugar mills and in the harbor. There are no carriages or carts, but the women and donkeys are the common carriers.

There is a good opera house where performances are often given by local talent and once in awhile an opera or a play by a company from France.

One of the most beautiful parks in the world is known as the Place Bertin, where there is a magnificent fountain of bronze, a most graceful water nymph fourteen feet high, bearing upon her head a basket, from the rim of which jets of water flow.

In August this fountain exhibits what to strangers is a most amazing phenomenon, spouting myriads of little fishes about as large as whitebait with bodies as transparent as crystal. These are called tithe and come from the mountain streams with which the fountain is fed. In the month of August they come from the sea and are caught by the pipes that feed the fountain. The people expecting them come down with baskets, scoop them up, and taking them home, fry them in oil; they make delicious morsels.

Martinique was the birthplace of Empress Josephine, whose family still live near Fort de France, and their old home, a little one-story house, is still to be seen.

Will Versus Circumstances.
A writer in the New England Farmer makes the following interesting comments concerning the power of will over circumstances. Last summer I chanced to find an old school-book which probably had never been opened since its owner, a girl student, died forty years ago. The book was filled with loose sheets of paper, covered with handwriting, uniform and beautiful. There were drawings of plants and their separate leaves and flowers; there were carefully-written notes of lectures, copies of poems which were fresh then, but have now become standard selections. Some difficult mathematical problems were also worked out, and the whole was the work of an earnest student. My conclusion was, as I recently laid aside the book, that will is stronger than circumstances. The high-school girl of to-day, bright as she is, cannot show better work than this New England farmer's daughter, of what our girls would term "long ago."

A Rabbit in Ice.
A professor of the Paris Academy des Sciences has been making experiments, which have resulted in convincing him that the rabbit is of all living things the most capable of withstanding a very low temperature. Inclosed all night in a block of ice a rabbit was found next day getting on very comfortably and evidently not aware of anything very peculiar in its surroundings.

A DEADLY TRAP.

Catching a Thief with a Pocket-Lined Thief-Trap.

They were discussing the best way to bring a prisoner from the place of his arrest to headquarters at the central office not long ago, says the New York Times, and the collar, cuff, and arm-grips were instanced as manual expedients, and handcuffs, nippers and pocket bludgeon thought as mechanical aids.

"I know," said a detective who had been to Europe and passed some time in the society of London detectives, "how a pickpocket was once arrested without his captor seeing his prisoner's face before he got to the lockup, and without anyone putting a hand on him. It happened this way: A detective who was often detailed to gatherings, weddings, the houses of parliament, Westminster abbey, and other public places, often ran across a wiry little man who he discovered had no business where he was seen, and did nothing for a living.

"Coincidental with the man's visits to crowded places were complaints of larcenies of articles that were carried in the pockets of tails of coats, and especially silk handkerchiefs. The detectives suspected the little wiry man, but he evidently had more than one confederate to pass what was stolen so as to be 'clean,' for the officer who was watching him, and who was nettled at reproach from his superiors for his negligence in not discovering the pickpocket, had him arrested twice by other officers and 'shaken down' without finding any stolen goods in his possession.

"Strange officers were used to make the arrests in order that the suspected man might not become familiar with the principal detective's face, as he determined to get him 'by hook or by crook.' Now I don't mean this for a pun, but it came out that way. The detective belonged to one of the many fishing clubs that abound in London, and was familiar with tackle.

"Procuring four dozen unsmelled hooks of the size and strength used here for blackfish, some flax thread and a needle, he passed an afternoon in turning the tail-pockets of an old-fashioned frock coat into a thief-trap. The hooks were ringed and with the needle were sewed bent out just inside the pocket, permitting a hand to enter, but preventing its withdrawal. He knew of a book sale that would be largely attended at the east end of the Strand and made up carefully for it, so that when he left home he was a pleasant-faced old gobe-mouche.

"At the book sale he took care to be as vacuous and unmindful of his surroundings as possible, but noted the presence of the suspect and waited calmly for a bite. It came. There was a tug at his coat and a bitter oath, and he knew that his man's hand was seized by the hooks, and that he would not venture to risk the agony that tearing away forcibly would inflict. So he said quietly: 'If you follow me our surgeon will relieve you,' and attempted to walk to Scotland Yard, half a mile away, the trapped thief following with his hand in the detective's pocket.

"But such a large crowd gathered that the detective had to take a cab and he landed the man safely in the detective's office. He was held by four of the hooks and the barbs had to be cut off before they were extracted. The thief confessed and went to prison for a short term, but the Scotland Yard authorities frowned on the detective's method and prohibited any further experiments of the sort for fear the newspapers would 'denounce the expedient as cruel. But a deadlier trap could not be baited for a 'clyfiker.'"

JAPANESE PIPES.

Smoking Has Been Reduced to a Fine Art in the Island Empire.

To be quite Japanese, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine, we will begin by taking from our girdle the little brass pipes and silken tobacco bags, filling the kiburu and inhaling one or two fragrant whiffs of the delicate Japanese tobacco. In their use of the nicotian herb, as in many other things, the Japanese display a supreme refinement.

The rudest coolie, the coarsest farm laborer, equally with the lady of rank, the pretty geisha and the minister of state, are content with this tiny pipe, which does not hold enough to make even Queen Mab sneeze.

They stuff a little rolled pill of the fine-cut leaf into a bowl smaller than the smallest acorn cup, thrust it in the glowing charcoal and inhale deep into the lungs just one fragrant whiff of the blue smoke, which they expel by mouth and nostrils.

Then they shake out the little burning plug into the bamboo receptacle and load up again for a second ip uku, valuing only the first sweet purity of the lighted luxury and always wondering how we can smoke a great pipeful to the "bitter end" or suck for half an hour at a huge Havana puro. "Kiseru no shita ni foku arimasu!" they say—"at the bottom of a pipe there lives poison."

Much fancy and fashion are displayed in the appearances of the pipe. Ladies carry them in little, long, embroidered silk cases, with silken pouches attached, fastened by an ivory, bronze, silver or jeweled clasp. Men wear stuck in their girdles a pipe-sheath of carved ivory, bone or bamboo, and the pipe itself may be a small, commonplace article of reed and brass or an exquisite object in bronze, silver or gold, worked up with lovely ornament in lacquer or enamel.

ABOUT OUR SUN AND MOON.

A NEW theory in relation to the moon has lately been advanced, to the effect that the lights and shadows of the moon are incompatible with the theory of its spheroidal shape.

A GERMAN capitalist has offered a reward of \$25,000 to any astronomer who can satisfactorily prove to him that the sun, the moon, or any one of the stars is inhabited, or that it contains any solid matter whatever.

THE brightness of the moon is not so very much greater than the brightness of the same area of sky. The total light of the full moon can be compared with the total light of the sun, though it is a very difficult problem, and the result will be that the sun is as bright as 250,000 full moons.

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THE LEBANON EXPRESS.

Notice of Administration.

Notice is hereby given, that, by order of the county court of Linn county, Oregon, the undersigned has been duly appointed and now is the duly qualified and acting administrator of the estate of Nancy Marks, deceased. All parties having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same, properly verified, within six months from the 12th day of July 1895, the date of the first publication hereof, to the undersigned at the office of Sam'l M. Garland, Lebanon, Oregon.

JOHN H. MARKS, Administrator.
SAM'L M. GARLAND, Atty. for Admr. Estate of Nancy Marks, deceased.

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