

## PINHEAD REPUBLICS.

MOST OF THEM IN EUROPE OR ON ISLANDS OF THE SEA.

The Smallest Is: Area Is Little More Than a Square Mile, and the Smallest Is Population Numbers Fifty-five Souls—Simple Forms of Government.

When a person speaks of small republics, he is supposed to mean those of South America and Europe, which are marked on every map and described in every cyclopedia printed since they have become republics. The fact is, the world is spotted with small republics that are never heard of, some so small that they seem more like needle points than pinheads. A few of them are known to the most learned teachers of geography, but the majority of them would set the most of these teachers a task which would require more than a single day's research. These little republics are found on islands so diminutive that they are marked only on navigators' charts and again between and in the center of kingdoms. In area they run from less than a square mile up to about 100. In population they run from 55 people up to but little more than thirty hundreds. They are all republics in that they are governed by the people, but their plans of government show a great many novelties.

To Tavorara may be accorded the distinction of being the smallest republic in point of population on the face of the globe. It is situated on an island about five miles long by five-eighths of a mile in width 13 miles off the northeast coast of Sardinia. Its population numbers about 55 people. The principal occupation of the inhabitants is fishing, the land being tilled only enough to supply the needs of the islanders. The possession and absolute sovereignty of the island of Tavorara was formally granted by King Charles Albert of Sardinia to the Bartolomeo family in 1836, and for more than half a century Paul I, king of Tavorara, reigned over it in peace.

On the 30th of May, 1883, King Paul died of heart disease, sitting in his chair, like the Emperor Vespasian, vainly endeavoring to write a will. His last words were a request that none of his relatives should succeed him on the throne of the island and that its inhabitants be allowed to govern themselves. None of the relatives ever filed a claim, and on March 27, 1886, the islanders held a mass meeting and decided to establish a republic. The matter was a simple one for them. A constitution was drawn up, which gives, by the way, equal suffrage to women and also provides for the election of a president every six years. The president receives no salary and is advised by a council of six, the members of which are elected by the people. There is no pay and no perquisites attached to any of the offices. The independence of Tavorara was formally recognized by Italy in 1887, but there is nothing on the records which shows any other country having taken notice of it.

If we were judging the countries by their area, then to Goust must be awarded the honors. But while its area is not one-third as great as that of Tavorara its population is over twice as much, the total number of inhabitants being about 150. Goust is situated on the flat top of a mountain in the Lower Pyrenees and occupies an area of but a fraction over a mile. The republic has existed since 1048 and is recognized as an independent state by both France and Spain. The government is vested in a council, consisting of 12 members, who serve seven years.

This council elects from its number one who discharges the duties of chief executive. He acts as tax collector, assessor, judge, etc., but from all his acts there is an appeal to the bishop of Laruns in the valley below. Other than these there are no officers, not even a clergyman. Neither is there a cemetery or any public institution whatever. The pass which leads to the adjacent Spanish parish of Laruns is so steep that the carrying of heavy burdens is an impossibility. The inhabitants of this tiny mountain republic have built a chute, therefore, down which they slide heavy articles and the bodies of their dead to the cemetery far below. Indeed the good inhabitants of Goust are baptized, married and buried in the nearby Ossen valley. Since the seventeenth century the population has varied but little, ambition and a desire to see the world calling the more venturesome from this republic in the clouds. The inhabitants are long lived and robust, are shepherds and weavers of cloth and seem entirely contented with their lot having little ambition either for riches or power. Their language is a quaint mixture of French and Catalanian Spanish.

Another republic of dwarf proportions is that of Franceville, an island in the New Hebrides group, situated east of Australia and a short distance north of New Caledonia. It contains an area of some 86 miles, and its population consists of about 40 whites and 500 natives. The island was formerly a colony of France, but its independence was guaranteed it in 1879. Its government consists of a president and advisory council of eight, chosen by the people. The president, who is at present a Mr. R. D. Polk, a native of this country, is appointed a judge, from whose decisions there is no appeal. Equal suffrage is extended to all. White or black, male or female, may vote, but only the white male may hold office. The island republic is in a prosperous condition and carries on a good trade with France.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Voices of Nations.—The Tartars are supposed to have, as a nation, the most powerful voices in the world. The Germans possess the lowest voices of any civilized people. The voices of both Japanese and Chinese are of a very low order and feeble compared and are probably weaker than any other nation. Taken as a whole, Europeans have stronger, clearer and better voices than the inhabitants of the other continents.—London Tit-Bits.

## UNKNOWN WISER.

I used to watch her girlish head Bend over work; the sunlight stole To touch her wayward hair and spread A soft encircling aureole.  
She looked so slight, so innocent! I thought at twenty-one or so, With all sufficient self content, I knew so much she did not know.  
For men grow old in knowing, taught By evil things as well as good, My life was in the world, I thought, And here in gentle solitude.  
But now, at twenty-four, there lies Such wisdom won of joy and pain, Deep shining in her quiet eyes, As I may never more attain.  
I might not learn it, if I would, This strange sweet thing she understands, It came to her with motherhood And the touch of baby hands.  
—Charles B. Goring in Ladies Home Journal.

## A RISE IN TROUSERS.

I was about to leave my office to go out to breakfast when the office boy brought me a leaf torn from the block which is always to be found in the anteroom of newspapers offices and upon which was written, "Louis Demare."

I knew the man well. We were fellow townsmen and had come up to Paris together. Fortune had frowned upon him. I would like to say that I was out, but the fellow knew what he was doing, coming at such an hour. He would only have to wait on the sidewalk until hunger should drive me out. I resigned myself to admitting him.

"Show him in, Martin," said I to the boy. "As the gentleman has probably come to borrow, here is some money. If I ring and ask you to lend me some, give this to me and say that it is all you have."

"You're dead right to be by with him," answered the boy. "He looks as if he was on his uppers, and his pants is terrors."

Demare came briskly into the office. "Well, old boy," he said before I had time to open my lips. "I have come to borrow. But this is an exceptional case. I am not going to say that I have not had a good meal for a week, nor that I need 50 francs to pay a debt of honor, nor 50 francs to pay for a carriage ride for two. I want just 10 francs, for I need precisely that amount. Just one and twenty francs. I have enough to match that and pay for my breakfast in the bargain," and he really showed me three 20 franc pieces. "This 10 francs I will return to you this evening before dinner time. As my demand may seem a little extravagant, I will help you out by promising that if I do not bring the money back before 7 tonight you may instruct your boys to kick me off the premises if I ever show myself here again. Shall I sign that agreement? You know that I would not for the world cut off the source of so many benefits by not keeping my word. I regret that I cannot tell you exactly what disposition I am to make of your loan. I can only tell you that I am to use it in a commercial enterprise that is a daisy—you hear, a jim dandy!"

The fellow made me laugh in spite of myself. I was completely disarmed. I gave him his 10 francs, and I truly believe I should have invited him to breakfast with me if he had not been so meanly dressed. But with such trousers it was an impossibility.

Promptly at 7 o'clock the boy announced, with a show of respect:

"Mr. Demare."

"Faithful to my agreement," said he gayly. "Here is your yellow boy. As I know you are busy, I will go, but not without thanking you most heartily."

"Was your 'jim dandy' a success?" I inquired.

"Decidedly," said he, showing me a handful of money.

"Allow me to compliment you," I said. "You must have been playing the races."

"I am not foolish enough for that," he replied.

I noticed he wore new trousers, which must have cost him \$4 or \$5. That explained the increased respect of the office boy. Surely the fellow had not wasted his day.

The next day he brought me an article on some of our city institutions. It was interesting, and I accepted it. When he went out, I noticed that he wore new trousers and different ones from those he had worn the day before.

Two days later he called for the pay for his article. He came up to shake hands with me on going away. Mechanically I glanced at his trousers—he had on a third pair, and they were perfectly new.

I met him often in the succeeding days in the office and outside, and on every occasion he wore a fresh pair of trousers. Curiously enough, he always wore the same coat, which was shabby in the extreme.

I gradually contracted the habit of looking at men's trousers. After a vague examination, lasting for several successive days, of the nether garments of all the employees about the office from the proofreaders down to the janitors, I discovered to my stupefaction that none of these persons of slender incomes wore the same pair of trousers two days in succession. Some of them even changed twice a day.

I became convinced that I was the victim of a special hallucination, and I resolved carefully to conceal my malady, as it would have rendered me extremely ridiculous. Still I felt that it would affect me greatly, as it would induce melancholy and become a monomania.

Still the trousers filed before my eyes. They were of all colors and of all shapes. Some fitted their wearers, others wore a little too small or a little too large. They were evidently ready-made goods, but what an enormous quantity of trousers my diseased imagination seemed to have seen!

I seriously thought of making my will; but, persuaded of my infirmity, I knew it would be worthless and would only lead to exposure. With the greatest secrecy I consulted a specialist—not a specialist in trousers, but in mental disorders. He showed no surprise at this form of mental disorder, talked of neo-

pathemia, overwork and so on, and charged me \$100.

I began to feel that my days were numbered. Every one remarked the change in my health. One of the contributors brought me a curious article, it being a history of trousers, past and present. I threw the article into the wastebasket and came near breaking with the unlikeliest author.

Just as I was about to arrange my business for a long vacation, having decided to make a sea voyage and travel in foreign lands, where my nightmare would not appear to haunt me—the highlands of Scotland, for instance, or in central Africa—the office boy—he wore a fresh pair of trousers—brought Demare into my presence with the most profound deference without even announcing him.

At the first glance I saw that he wore a "hitherto unpublished" pair of trousers. Of course I expected that, but what I considered as a sudden aggravation of my malady was that he wore a new coat. If coats were going to mix themselves with trousers in my poor sick brain, there was nothing left for me but to arrange the details of my funeral.

With a haggard face, I pointed to a chair.

"Old man," said he, "knowing that you take an interest in me, I have come to tell you good news. I am engaged permanently as financial editor of The Gazette. So we are coworkers. Congratulations!"

I murmured some feeble words of felicitation.

"I owe you some explanation of my prosperity in the last few months," he added. "You remember the day I borrowed the 10 francs from you and returned it the same evening? I told you at the time it was for a daisy financial stroke. Now that my self interest does not compel me to keep the professional secret, I will tell you all. It is a pretty byplay in metropolitan life. No, my boy, I have not assassinated any old woman who was lumbered with a rent roll. I have not been adopted by an elderly heiress. I have sold no political secret nor pillaged an embassy. I have simply been a dealer in trousers."

At the last word I bounded to my feet. There was my nightmare again. "Calm yourself," said he, "and listen."

"The day before I made the demand upon your purse I happened to be present at the first day's sale of an auction of an immense stock of new goods from a bankrupt custom-made clothing concern. The programme for the succeeding days was the sale of 10,000 pairs of trousers. There were few at the sale, the necessity of taking the goods by lots, on account of the great quantity, shutting out workmen and the class of persons who wear such garments. I remarked that the trousers in lots of 10 cost about 2 francs each."

"By dire experience I know that the pawnbroker lends upward of 5 francs on a pair of trousers in good condition. The thing to do was plain enough to be seen. With your 10 francs I bid off a lot of 10. Soon after I hastened to the pawnshop, where I offered three pairs. I encountered an obstacle the first thing. They do not lend on unworn garments. I argued my case with such eloquence, representing that I had worn the trousers, but that I was very careful of my clothes, that I gained my point. Of course I could prove that I was not a tailor seeking to dispose of my stock. I took two other lots of 10 at intervals during the day, keeping the tenth pair for myself. I received over a dollar apiece for them. So you see it was a pretty good day's transaction."

"The next day I bid off two lots, and profiting by my experience I passed the day and part of the night in wearing the trousers, putting on one pair after another. I can assure you it was back breaking. I then conceived the idea of having others wear them for me, and timidly at first, but soon boldly enough, I lent the garments day by day to your boys, to your clerks and to many others, asking nothing in return but discretion. I told them that I needed to have actual proof of their quality, as they were made in great numbers in my shop for shipment to South America. As my business increased I perfected my method. I employed agents to dispose of the trousers. I bought as many as 50 some days."

"All went well so long as the source of my property remained undiscovered. One day I seemed danger. One of my agents found out by the mark on the buttons where the goods came from, and he bought a lot of 10. I did not hesitate a moment."

"I hunted up the receivers of the stock. I told them that there were 5,000 pairs of trousers un sold; that the 7,000 pairs already sold (I had bought 5,000) had overstocked the buyer, and hence the present price could not hold. It would be wiser to sell them all at once. In conclusion, I offered them 5,000 francs for the lot of 5,000. The deal was closed, and so all attempts at competition were effectually prevented. At the same time I laid myself liable to the law which punishes monopolies."

"Now it is all over with. The pawnshops, glutted with trousers, rebelled and threatened my agents with arrest. Eight thousand of my garments rest on their shelves, so I did not complain. In the end I was obliged to carry my business into the provinces. Each pair of trousers has brought me on an average a net of \$1; total, \$8,000. I will lend it to you if you want to borrow."

"Now that it is not necessary for me to affect poverty, I have bought me a coat and some other furnishings. I still have left about 100 pairs of trousers. I shall give some in charity, and I have already fitted out your entire establishment. You must notice how I am respected around here."

"Now, old man, I shall be most happy to send you a pair made to fit you perfectly of the richest fabric. You have only to say the word."

It is needless to add that my cure was instantaneous and complete.—Translated For San Francisco Argonaut From the French of M. Chantepie.

## A SLIPPING SHOE.

The Minister Who Had Come Through Determined to Change His Shoes.

With a view to finding out what was afoot in the toughest regions in like the reporter went to headquarters and asked one of Byrnes' oldest and most trusted detectives to tell him some of his experiences in taking alarming parties about in the region east of the Bowery. "It's a good while now since I've done any of that business," said the detective, "and there's very few that we take around Cherry hill and its alleys. It's too tough for ladies and for most men. One of the last parties that I took through there was three young men who were going to do missionary work. They were ministers, and they wanted to see what life was like where it's least worth living, so I took them down to Double alley. That's a 19 foot wide street about 200 feet long and hedged in by eight story tenements. It runs off Cherry street, and it furnishes more crime and violence to the square inch than any other place in New York, with the possible exception of Single alley, which is near by."

"Of course we attracted attention there. Theurchins yelled at us, the loafers scowled at us, and unkempt hags stuck their heads out of windows overhead and made unpleasant comments. We paid no attention. One can't afford to be squeamish in Double alley. The young ministers, however, began to look rather uncomfortable, and I reckoned they were getting scared and wished they'd staid at home. That wasn't their kind, though, as I found out pretty quickly. When we got pretty near to the end of the place, we heard a terrific howling and yelling in one of the houses. There were cries of 'Murder' and 'Help!' mingled with curses and groans. It was a characteristic Cherry Hill mixed salow from all indications. In a minute out staggered a drunken woman, her forehead bleeding profusely from a gash made by some sharp instrument. Close after her came a big, burly tough-looking man brandishing a bottle. He reached the woman and brought the bottle down on her head with terrific force, stretching her to the pavement. Then he began kicking her. I started for him, but one of the young men was before me. He hit the tough-looking man just once, and that was enough. The man went down like a log."

"Then there was the devil to pay. Half a dozen big ruffians poured out of the doorway and made for the minister. He knocked the first one off his feet, but the second ran in and grappled with him. By this time I and the other two were taking a hand in it. There was nothing sacred about those fellows then. I afterward found out that they had all been football players in college. They fought like devils, and with the odds against us we cleaned out the gang in about half a minute. A couple of police came running in, and three of the ruffians were arrested. The woman went to the hospital, where it was found that she was only slightly injured. Skulls are thick in Double alley. Our party was a little the worse for wear. My hat was lost in the scuffle. One of the ministers had his coat torn half off, another lost his spectacles and the temporary use of one eye, while the chap that had waded in first was wiping the blood from his face and nursing a sprained thumb. When he said good night to me, he remarked:

"This experience has been a lesson to me. I was going to China as a missionary, but if I can judge by what I've seen tonight there is plenty of room for mission work right here in this city, and I think I'll stay here. That man has been doing good work among the poor of this city since then, mind. China has lost a good missionary and a man of nerve."—New York World.

The Provincialism of New York. In spite of the commercial character of the people of New York city, in spite of the small army of commercial travelers whose address is New York, it is still true that the great body of the people know next to nothing of the rest of the country. The west knows the east; the east does not know the west. This is true because the west came from the east in the first place and because thousands of westerners visit the east, while only hundreds or tens of easterners visit the west. The struggle for existence in New York city is so severe that the body of the people have not the time, if they had the inclination, to acquire general information. Life with them is intense and swift, but it runs in a very narrow channel after all. In a very real sense the people are provincial. They ask the visitor from Kansas City if he knows their friends in St. Paul. They ask the visitor from Denver whether he enjoys any religious privileges in that city of churches. Many of them not only know nothing of all America beyond a few streets of the metropolis, but they actually take pride in not wanting to know anything.—I. W. Gleed in Forum.

Don't Flirt.

The man or woman who will indulge in the practice of "flirting" with an outside party is not worth going out with or being taken out. It is a species of bad form that nothing can excuse, and though there are many who think it cute to make eyes and return signs made by strangers, feeling that such attention is a bit of personal homage, the outside world judges differently, and one exhibition of that sort should be enough to wean the respect of either man or woman, no matter how devoted they might heretofore have been.—Chicago Tribune.

Metecological.

The young man came rushing into the house of his best girl as the rain came pouring down.

"Wow," exclaimed the small brother, meeting him at the door, "sister don't know what she is talking about."

"Why, what did she say?"

"She said the other day when you was here that you didn't know enough to come in out of the wet."—Detroit Free Press.



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