HAULING ON THE DESERT.

Oldtime Methods of Transportation in the Southwest.

The history of desert transportation from the beginning of time has been the history of success and failure, principally failure, says the Los Angeles Tribune. Few efforts within the realm of commercial life have been attended with so many complications and distressing situations as the question of desert traffic.

Exclusive of the railroad, four specific methods of transportaton have been employed —Arabian camels, traction engines, mules and burros, and within the last year and a half the automobile has come into use to some extent. The steam traction engine passed reverently over into the valley of sublime antiquity years ago; the jolting, rambling camel, with the axiomatic patience, also long since paused by the roadside with his heavy burden and fell asleep, and the burro and mule only remain to tell the story of the long ago.

After 200 years of faithful service, however, the wise men of Washington, during the administration of Pierce, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, said one to another: "We must have camels for our desert work; the mule and burro are all right; they have stood by us when every one else had taken to the tall timber, but the time has come when we must have the trusty camel." So in the early 60s "High Jolly," a Grecian camel driver arrived in California with half a hundred Bactrian and Arabian camels direct from Smyrna. Great was the rejoicing.

Fort Wilmington on the Pacific, Fort Yuma and Firt Mojave on the Colorado river were now to be brought into such close communication as to promote sociability on the part of the commanding officers. Fort Mojave, lying north of the Needles was 500 miles away by way of Yuma, and over one of the driest, sandiest deserts that ever invited a traveller out into its bewildering depths; but bah, the Syrian driver with the red cap said: "What is that when a camel can go six or seven days without water and remain perfectly happy each day on a few mesquite beans and a handful of carob pods." All of that was indeed true. The humped beast would also close his nostrils as High Henry represented when the desert sand blew as only desert sand can blow.

Great indeed, were the expectations of the commanding officers, especially at Fort Wilmington and Fort Mojave, and there was likewise a hope born of anticipation at Washington. So far the plan had worked immense, but like the majority of plans woven in the brain of ambitious man, it had its weakness and its little vulnerable points that lay hidden away from the rosy surface. The camels, it was observed, after the first trip to Fort Mojave, were not as rugged as they had formerly been among the sand of far away Smyrna. Instead of making three miles an hour under their heavy burden they failed to average more than one and one-half or two. True, they paid no more attention to the blazing heat and the burning sand than an Indian does to social etiquette at a massacre, but there was that something in the climate that caused a partial cessation of progress. The slow record, was discouraging to the commanding officers, but still the great circus moved on like a mighty phalanx on the deserted sands.

At last the feet of the trusty beasts began to grow sore. It was found that the hard sand on some parts of the desert soon affected the heavy pads of their feet, gradually cutting them into small threads. After a thorough trial of six or eight months the government abandoned the experiment and the camels were turned loose along the Colorado river. While the herd is almost extinct, there are a few long-haired shaggy specimens yet remaining along the Sonora and Arizona borders, existing in a wild state, and whose appearance frequently stampedes horses and cattle to an alarming extent.

After the decline of the camel as a means of transport, the burro and mule again returned to favor. Then came the heavy borax wagons with their 20 and 12 mule regimental lines.

Soon great ponderous wagons propelled by an army of mules began to outlive their usefulness, at least in the minds of the enterprising men engaged in desert traffic, and in obedience to a general demand for a faster and more economical method of transit the steam traction engine, with its enormous bulk, huge iron tires and tremendous horse power, was introduced on the scene. Not the small traction engines that we have been accustomed to see hauling thrasher machines over the country roads, but a gigantic iron structure weighing 20,000 to 30,000 pounds and resembling much the appearance of a railroad locomotive.

Hints to Accountants.

Add it just once more.

It pays to take a balance of balances.

Have you any systematic way of checking? Check as you post; it's easier and quicker.

Divide it by two and look for a debit on the credit side or for a credit on the debit side.

Look for the exact amount of your error, you possibly overlooked it in posting.

Better think about it at the time; some think about it at the end of the month.

THE WATERMARK ON PAPER.

Value Often Demonstrated in Detection of Forgeries.

Watermarks have proved themselves invaluable for safeguarding against the forgery of banknotes, bills, stamps, etc., though the difficulty experienced by the Bank of England in evolving a mark defying imitation was very great and was accompanied by the execution of forgeries innumerable.

Many a will has been set aside owing to false dates in watermarks, for, thanks to watermarks, we are under no uncertainty respecting the date of the existence of the paper. Ireland's celebrated Shakespearian forgeries were, however, perpetrated with skilful recognition of the watermark difficulty. At first, says the London Globe, he was unacquainted with any watermark of Elizabethan times, so he carefully selected markless sheets for his commencing efforts

Driven to the production of MS., he set to work purchasing old volumes for their fly leaves, and hearing that the "jug" was the prevalent watermark of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he selected such as had the "jug" on, being careful to mingle with them a certain number of blank leaves, in order that the production on a sudden of so many identical watermarks might not arouse suspicion.

Two of the earliest watermarks consist of a circle surmounted by a cross, signifying the cross planted on earth, and an open hand surmounted by a star or cross, representing the pastoral benediction of a priest. "Post" paper takes its name from the post horn, which mark was in use as early as 1370 It sometimes appears on a shield, and in the seventeenth century is surmounted by a ducal coronet, in which form it is still met with on our ordinary note paper

The first English paper maker was John Tate, who founded a mill at Hertford at the close of the fifteenth century Tate made a fine thin paper, having a watermark an eight pointed star within a double circle. White coarse paper was made by Sir John Spellman, a German, at Dartford, in 1580, and here the first English paper mills on a large scale were erected Till 1690, however, when William II passed an act to encourage the home manufacture of white paper, all the best paper for writing and printing was imported from Holland and France.

A story goes that the most curious of all watermarks, a fool's cap, which is derived from the Italian "foglio-cappo," at folio sized sheet, was ordered by the Rump parliament to be substituted for the royal arms in the paper used for the journals of the house of commons.

As a matter of fact, no paper so marked found its way into England before 1659, and the story probably owes its origin to the topical allusion which the Royalists contrived to perpetuate in the case of papers introduced from Holland during the Cromwellian regime. For example, in 1649 a large hat, to denote the broad brimmed beaver worn by the Puritans, in 1651, four crowns, and in 1657, a regal crown all symbols likely to be obnoxious to the ruling powers were exhibited on many papers

Carlyle's Scotland Home.

A recent visitor to Craigenputtock, Carlyle's home in Scotland, where he lived for some years after his marriage, says of it: "Time has wrought little change in the house, and it stands almost exactly as it was when it sheltered Carlyle—a gray, gaunt two-storied whinstone house, built obviously with every regard for solidity and durability, and with the most complete disregard for aesthetic considerations. Round it huddles a group of whitewashed out houses—the barn, the byre, the stable, the penthouse, and the other offices of a hill farm. Behind it is a clump of fir trees, just planted in Carlyle's time, but now grown to funereal maturity. The situation is dreary and lonely and solitary in the extreme. It stands a gray oasis in a desert of undulating brown moorland, through the sullen, tenacious soil of which sluggish hillstreams wind their way tortuously and laboriously toward the Solway firth. The nearest human habitation is a mile away. Dumfries, the nearest town of any size, is distant sixteen miles. Mrs. Carlyle, with feminine exaggeration, averred that in still weather she could hear the sheep nibbling half a mile away."

The Indian and the Guns.

Gail Hamilton said if there never were to be any railroads it would have been an impertinence in Columbus to have discovered America. The Indian's knowledge of the location of the rivers and lakes and of the positions of the portages, and his readiness, under the right sort of persuasion, to put his knowledge at the service of explorers, missionaries, and settlers "stood off" this stigma from Columbus before the railways came. Indians guided Capt. John Smith, Champlain, and La Salle through the wilderness. Indian trails blazed pathways for the pioneers through forests and over mountains. Sometimes these trails were utilized by the railway builders. At the Louisiana purchase exposition at St. Louis and at the Lewis and Clark fair at Portland were monuments to the heroic Shoshone girl, Saccajawea, who piloted Lewis and Clark across the Rocky Mountains and through the wilderness on each side of that range in their exploration to the Pacific a century ago.

LARGEST WOMAN'S CLUB.

On the West African Coast and Has Eleven Thousand Members.

The largest woman's club in the world is in Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa. It is called the "Bandu" and has 11,000 members. Before ever a woman's club was organized in the United States, says the Chicago Tribune, the Bundu had obtained entire and absolute control over the females of the tribe, established the code of morals, and was in practical control of the education of the children It established and enforced the segregation of the sexes during the educational period, compelled the men of the tribe to obey their rules concerning marriage and divorce, and gained almost an equal voice in the tribal government

Their madam president, although they do not call her that, acts as the Bundu devil, and attired in her robe of offices exercises her power over spirits, good and evil.

A couple of years ago one of the leaders of clubdom in Chicago suggested that children should not be raised in the home at all, but should be placed in a sort of asylum where they would be assured of scientific feeding, care, education and protection, trained in the domestic arts and sciences, and taught their responsibilities toward their fellow

Her ideas created quite a sensation, yet she was proposing exactly the thing that the Bundu voted upon perhaps 200 years ago and has done ever since

The mother who is a member of the Bundu keeps her young children at home during the time that her care is essential to their well being. After that time they are sent away

If they are boys they are sent into the "Poro bush," an encampment in one of the beautiful dells in the forest There the boys are under the charge of the ancient and wise men of the tribe, and there they are trained in hunting, fighting, dancing, singing, cooking The Poro bush is the man's college of Sierra Leone

If the child is a girl she is sent into the Bundu bush, a hidden and secret encampment in the forest where the old women and strong young women, slaves or paid workers, care for them, and educate them in the domestic arts

No man may approach the Bundu bush except on pain of death, so the female seminary of the Bundu goes unmolested, no man daring to approach The parents of the children must pay for the care and training and feeding of their children

Occasionally there is a public exhibition of the girls from the Bundu bush, a sort of commencement day exercise The girls are handsome if rather barbaric looking The dancing costume consists of short white cotton skirts, draped with palm leaves, and from the edges of the skirt are suspended thin pieces of iron that jangle musically as the girls dance

They not only dance cleverly in ballet formations, but they execute difficult pas seuls in creditable and graceful manner The women of the tribe, members of the club only, often show great enthusiasm over the grace of some exceptional dancer and show their appreciation by rushing forward and embracing her After the dances the girls are led back to their secret retreat

The clubwomen of Sierra Leone are resourceful They have made possible the education of all girls of good families, even when the families are not able to pay the expenses of sending their girls away to the college or convent in the bush. In such cases the parents arrange the girl's betrothal to some wealthy young man, or to a child whose parents are wealthy, and the betrothed pays the expenses, claiming her when her education is complete.

Do We Love Shakespeare?

It would seem, indeed, from the condition of Shakespeare on our stage that we all got enough of him in school, says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly. A big noise is made on the occasion of a big priced production by a big advertised star, that the full house refutes the charge that Americans do not love Shakespeare. It does no such thing. It refutes nothing but the supposition that Americans love anything so much as bigness. To take the monetary success of occasional and extraordinary performances, appealing to our liking for the unusual and the demonstrative, as indicative of love, suggests that we no longer know what love is. Love of Shakespeare on the stage would mean the success of frequent ordinary performances in every town large enough for a high school and theater. Such, for instance, as the love of Wagner in Germany. Or, again, of Shakespeare. For it is not only in her own dramatist, but in ours as well, that Germany can teach us what art-love is. The appreciation of Shakespeare is far more general and genuine there than here. The continuousness of his success, despite the frequency and mediocrity of the performances, despite the lack of all bigness and eclat, shows that it is Shakespeare that is loved. But then, what could one expect? The Germans do not, like us, get enough of him in school.

Thirteenth Century Cooking.

In the castle of Canaples Mme. de Crequy's uncle, who resided there, "would not allow a spit to be used in his kitchen, and said it was an invention only fit for the middle classes and financiers. The joints were roasted after the fashion of the thirteenth century, by means of a wheel which was turned by a large dog placed inside it. The unfortunate animal generally ended by going mad."

WEAR BORROWED JEWELS.

Lovelier Sex Make Great Display at Storekeeper's Risk.

"Artificiality is the most marked character trait in many women of distinction in higher society," remarked a New York jeweler, recently

A fashionably dressed woman had just left the store, taking away with her seven articles of feminine adornment valued in the aggregate at close to $1,000.

"It is really disgusting sometimes," continued the man "The woman who just left is a good customer, yet at times I wonder if her and kind would not do us a service by giving us their absence rather than their trade They spend their husband's money, whenever the opportunity is given them, but on the other hand they give us plenty of trouble for nothing and often place us in a position where we are compelled to take big risks

"Often women will come into the store and ask to be shown a line of diamond rings, pearl necklaces, or a stomacher of precious stones. With great discrimination and a true instinct directing them to select the most valuable of the collection, they pick out certain gems and lay them aside. When they have finished their inspection they will ask that we allow them to take the goods home. Usually the excuse is 'I would like to have my husband's approval'

Poor old husband. Often he pays for this vanity, but alas for us, it is oftener he does not A woman will carry home this valuable package and the same night, or the next, wear the entire outlay to some social function She appears resplendent in her new jewels and excites the envy of many another woman The next day the goods are returned and the woman will say her husband does not like anything in the collection, or else he is just too mean for anything he says he can't spare the money just now I'm so much obliged' The last five words is about all we get for the 24 or 48 hours' use the woman has had of our goods We put the goods back in the vault, and in the meantime perhaps could have sold it to another customer had it been in the store

"These women are usually wives of wealthy or well-to-do business men Frequently these women have thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry, but they seem to think other women become familiar with their collections, and only an apparent addition to it will cause envy and covetousness Sometimes it seems that the chief end of woman is to make another woman envious Occasionally the woman will bring back only part of what she takes away She has persuaded her husband to purchase for her a ring or two, or a necklace, or a backcomb set with diamonds or emeralds In these instances we are repaid for our trouble and risk, but such cases are rare

Covers Chest With Jewels.

A Piccadilly firm of jewelers, after two years' work, completed one of the most splendid pieces of jewelry in existence It was made to the order of a wealthy Turk, and is worth every cent of $150,000 No fewer than 8,000 brilliants and hundreds of pearls, emeralds and rubies have been used in composing this dazzling work of art, which takes the form of a "plastron," spreading over the chest of the wearer from collar to belt It is 2 feet 4 inches long.

The details of this wonderful bauble are most elaborate The center is formed of a Turkish crescent in enormous pearls, the device being as large as a pie-plate. A text from the Koran is inscribed in rubies within the crescent, and the Sultan's autograph in emeralds appear above. Suspended by ropes of gems is a square medallion, some 4 inches by 3, bearing the Turkish flag in rubies, standing on an emerald mound, with a background of diamonds.

A miniature photograph of the owner, framed in diamonds, hangs below; and lowest of all there is a pearl the size of an acorn. Surrounding all these designs there is a background of butterflies and flowers in brilliants, and the whole is fastened round the neck by a circle of diamonds.

The Turkish grandee provided the pearls, which are the size of hazel nuts, and a single wonderful diamond from his own treasure chest.

The owner of all this gorgeousness may, if he likes, dazzle all beholders with the entire mass of gems blazing on his chest, or he may wear any of the pieces separately.

King Edwards's remark, when he was shown the magnificent jewel at Buckingham Palace, was that he was glad he was not obliged to wear anything so gorgeous or so heavy. At the same time, he was gratified that such a masterpiece had been turned out by an English firm of jewelers.

Legends of Old Newgate.

The number of persons confined in the caverns at one time occasionally exceeded 100, and not a few noted convicts served terms of imprisonment there. Many are the legends that cluster about the crumbling walls, and every turn in the underground passages suggests some story of one or another of the convicts who have been confined in their dark recesses. As he leads the way from point to point the guide delights to recall these tales, and before you leave the place you feel that you have added to your circle of acquaintance a number of more than doubtful characters. Among them are the negro Jake; Dublin, the Incorrigible; Henry Wooster, the daring Tory; "Priest" Parker, and "Old Guinea," with many others of less note.—New England Magazine.

MILLIONS ARE MADE YEARLY.

New Ideas Evolved in Manufacture of Umbrellas.

Up to a few years ago, it is said, only seven patents on umbrellas had been issued in the United States in 100 years, this despite the fact, says the American Inventor, that the annual production of umbrellas in this country is close to 15,000,000.

The ribs and stem of an umbrella are generally made in factories having a speciality of these items and are sent thence to the real manufacturer Here, first the man whose work it is to assemble the parts inserts a bit of wire into the small holes at the end of the ribs, draws them together about the main rod, and puts on the ferrule.

In cutting the cloth 75 thicknesses or thereabouts are arranged upon a splitting table, at which skilled operators work In another room are a number of girls who operate hemming machines A thousand yards of hemmed goods is but a day's work for one of these girls The machines at which they work have a speed of some 3,000 revolutions a minute.

After hemming the cloth is cut into triangular pieces, with a knife as before, but with a pattern laid upon the cloth The next operation is the sewing of the triangular pieces together by machinery

The covers and the frames are now ready to be brought together. In all there are 21 places where the cover is to be attached to the frame in the average umbrella

The handle is next glued on and the umbrella is ready for pressing and inspection By far the greater number of umbrellas to-day are equipped with wooden handles A large variety of materials may be used, however, such as horn, china, bone, agate, pearl, ivory, silver and gold Gold and silver quite naturally enter into the construction of the more expensive grades of umbrellas, some of which, in price, have been known to bring as high as $150 or $200 A wooden handle may likewise be expensive, depending upon the quality of the wood used Ebony, petrified wood, fir, oak and elder are as well known to the umbrella man

The umbrella has been developing rapidly during the last few years We pick up even a cheap one nowadays, press a button and the top spreads itself like an eagle ready to its flight We are going away and an ordinary umbrella is too long to put in our grip We find among our assortment of umbrellas and parasols one that is meant for just such an emergency and which, in a most accommodating manner, folds up to suit the size of our travelling bag Other new ones lock with a key Some spread their shade over eight or nine feet of territory, and manufacturers aver that these are but a few of the improvements which we may expect.

Who Are Creoles?

What is the correct meaning of the term Creole? Of course you know, or at least you think you know It is a term of peculiarly American significance and is in such common use among us that everybody knows what it means to them, but the trouble is that it does not mean the same to everybody. A party of young men were disputing in regard to the exact meaning of the word "creole" and a newspaper man was called upon to give his definition of it He did so and found afterward that quite a diversity of opinion existed among those present but a majority seemed to agree that the term did not apply particularly to persons of color It would seem that there should be a common understanding of the correct meaning of the term in such common use. Here is the definition according to Webster Creole n. (Fr. Creole, from Sp Criollo, meaning properly created.) 1. One born in America or the West Indies of European ancestors. 2 One born within or near the tropics Note—"The term creole negro is employed in the English West Indies to distinguish the negroes born there from the Africans imported during the time of the slave trade. The application of the term to the colored people has led to an idea common in some parts of the United States, though wholly unfounded, that it implies an admixture greater or less of African blood."—R. Hildreth. The same according to Worcester: Creole n. (It. Creole; Sp. Criollo; Fr. Creole). A native of Spanish America or the West Indies, born of European parents or descended from European ancestors, as distinguished from a resident inhabitant born in Europe, as well from the offspring of mixed blood, as the Mulatto, born of a negro mother, and the Mestizo, born of an Indian mother. N.B—"The Spanish and Portuguese apply the term to the blacks born in their colonies, never to whites." N.B—The word creole means a native of a West Indian colony, whether he be black, white, or of the colored population.—Carmichael. A reference note in Webster says that the Spanish word "criollo," from which the French got the word "creole," is a contraction of the word "cridiallo" the diminutive of "criado," meaning created. Thus it will be seen that of the two words, French creole and Spanish criollo, the true English equivalent is creature.—Pensacola News.

The "message stick" is a sort of flag of truce used by the natives of Western Australia, when travelling beyond the boundaries of their own tribe.

Between 12 and 15 churches a day, or between 4,000 and 5,000 a year, are built in this country.

PASSING OF COTTONWOODS.

Only Giant Trees Along Missouri On Government Reservations.

The giant cottonwood trees which once stood as great white limbed sentinels along the Missouri River throughout all that section have come to be a thing of the past, says the Leavenworth Times Such is the report made by one of the owners of the steamer Moline, which was doing contract work along the stream, and looking for big cottonwood trunks to be used as piling in river construction work

He found that the only large trees of this sort along either bank of the Missouri River, for fifty miles either way from Leavenworth, were in the government reservation of 1,000 acres on the Missouri bank of the river just opposite Fort Leavenworth

When the first settlements began to grow up along the river in Kansas and western Missouri the banks were primeval forests of willow and sycamore and walnut, with many oaks, but, greatest of all, the giant cottonwood trees Many of these old trees were more than 100 feet tall, with trunks that not infrequently measured five and six feet in diameter

They seemed at once the boon and bugbear of the man who cleared his lot and put up his cabin, the one because of the immense amount of labor it took to bring one to the ground, and the other because of the fine, lasting building lumber which each yielded Many of the first residences and business houses in Leavenworth were constructed mainly of planks and beams sawed from these great cottonwood logs. In many of the old houses the cottonwood lumber can be found to this day, thousands of feet of it have gone into the construction of the new Federal prison, but now the supply is practically exhausted

The government got its part which went into the prison from its 1,000 acres reservation, and it is in this patch of wood that the only even partial impression of what the big cottonwood forests once were can be obtained Even in this stretch of the woods the larger trees have all been cut out but the government wisely husbands its timbers, allowing the younger trees growing room and keeping them secure from the vandal and the professional woodsman.

Houses of the Children.

"Les Maisons des Enfants," as they are called, have recently been established in Paris, but they are looked upon as the beginning of an immense movement to house, not only the larger families of the poorer classes, but also those of hundreds of thousands of the middle classes whose business calls for the presence in the heart of the city of the head of the family, says the Review of Reviews.

Before the "Houses of the Children" came into being such parents might spend day after day wearily wearily walking the streets in search of family accommodation and almost going down on their knees in vain to janitors and landlords, whom nothing could induce to admit a family of children into their "exclusive" and high-priced apartment houses

Needless to say, this association, and several others recently formed or now forming, backed by philanthropic capital and with the same end in view, do not care for any particular return upon their money, so that future citizens be housed in light and airy rooms and their comfort catered to by the architect, landlord and concierge.

Branch societies are putting up apartment houses, also for very large families up to ten and twelve children, with gardens as playgrounds for the little ones. The sites chosen however, will naturally be a little out of Paris in places where the price of land is not altogether prohibitive.

But the fact remains that France is so alive to the "depopulation peril" that some of her foremost citizens are building "Houses of the Children" and positively advertising for tenants with large families only.

The rents, as usual, will barely pay the expenses of management; and in the new piles now being erected there will be the same generous provision of air and sunshine, with gardens filled with flowers, trees and spacious lawns, so that the little ones may be brought up in close communion with nature.

It is highly instructive to call upon certain households in these blocks. One man and his wife were just sitting down to dejeuner with their seven bright-eyed, healthy children. The father earned only [illegible] a week—the salary of a girl stenographer in New York—and yet on this Monsieur S. contrives to feed his family well, clothe them respectably, give them all a good education and pay his rent with exemplary punctuality.

Cleaning an Old Clock.

Have any of our readers a clock they value that seems to be near the end of its career of usefulness? Does it skip a beat now and then, and when it begins to strike seem to be in pain? Let me tell you what to do. Take a bit of cotton batting the size of a hen's egg, dip it in kerosene and place it on the floor of the clock, in the corner, shut the door of the clock and wait three or four days. Your clock will be like a new one—skip no more, it will strike as of old, and as you look inside you will find the cotton batting black with dust. The fumes of the oil loosen the particles of dust, and they fall, thus cleaning the clock. I have tried it with success.—National Magazine.