

The Democratic Sentinel

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CRUSHED BY FRANCE.

DAHOMEY'S CRUEL POWER IS AT LAST ENDED.

A King Whose Deeds Rival Those of the Historic Nero—Women Trained as Warriors and Murderers—The Executioner's Post Is One of Honor.

In Darkest Africa, FRANCE has succeeded in giving the bloodthirsty king of Dahomey a dose of his own medicine that will forever dispose of his power and his kingdom. Unlike the English, who are ever ready to make war on a small fry of every description, France hesitated a long time before engaging in the present conflict with King Behanzin, and only after its representatives at Porto Novo had suffered innumerable insults from the Dahomeyans, and after the home government decided to go to war. In June the French Chamber of Deputies voted \$700,000 for the equipment of a force sufficiently large to give this black bully a thrashing which would inspire respect for France and impress him with his own insignificance. Accordingly the European and other governments were notified that the slave coast was under blockade to prevent the importation of supplies and ammunition. It might be stated here that France without doubt will call upon the German Government to explain some serious infringements on the laws governing neutral powers. The French claim that King Behanzin, besides the 2,000 rifles allowed him by treaty, has almost an equal number of Winchester and

other repeating rifles that have been furnished him by German traders. It is known that he has a large supply of ammunition and that he landed in Dahomey from two German ships. The "unpleasantness," says the Chicago Herald, was caused by King Behanzin's stupid conceit and overestimation of his power. He is a splendid illustration of the old saw, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." He is fairly well educated for a savage, having spent his earlier years in Paris and there been taught to read and speak French. Since his return to his native jungle his vanity has assumed wonderful proportions. He imagined himself able to dictate his own terms to France and utterly disregarded his former agreements to respect the French protectorate at Porto Novo. When the representative of France sent messengers to Abomey to expostulate with him, asking that he desist from sending his amazons on their slave-capturing raids into French territory, he had the audacity to cut off the heads of the messengers and return them in a basket by a Dahomeyan warrior, together with an insulting letter in which the French governor was told that Behanzin of Dahomey would sweep the French forces and their followers into the sea should he so choose, and, furthermore, that the raids would be continued at his pleasure. It was this note, which was sent to Paris, that caused France to make up its mind that it was time to assert its supremacy and teach this insolent petty tyrant a lesson which he would never forget.

Where It Is a Pleasure to Kill and Torture. The inhabitants of Dahomey are certainly unique enough in their manners and customs to warrant the profound interest of the anthropologist, but the chief interest the world takes in them now is confined to the hope that they will not be allowed much longer to practice the awful enormities for which they have become famous. To kill and torture is to them the keenest pleasure. The office of executioner is a post of honor to which only the richest of the land dare aspire, and, as a matter of course, the wealthier the executioner the better the opportunity for satisfying his brutal instincts. There is no doubt whatever that France will soon bring the Dahomey negroes to the kingdom of Dahomey, whether it be now or in the early future, but the chances are that France may yet have some very serious obstacles to overcome. With all their brutish instincts the Dahomey negroes are far above the ordinary intelligence of the common African black. He will fight until he falls and so will his sisters, for the amazons, or women warriors of Dahomey, are world-famed. Besides being warriors, the inhabitants of this kingdom are the best disciplined of the African tribes and proudly proclaim themselves "veterans of the world," thus from having had innumerable conflicts with France, England and other nations. As their king insists on success in battle or death to the survivors in case of defeat, the Dahomey warriors never confess defeat, but fight while they have breath left in them. Shortly

before the commencement of this war several French civilians were captured by the Dahomeyans and, strange to relate, given their liberty. These former captives picked up a great deal of information concerning the habits and customs of this warlike tribe. The most singular institution of Dahomey is the female army, or amazons, as they are called. It is somewhat uncertain when they were first introduced as warriors, but it is thought that the

amazon cutting an enemy into mince meat or holding aloft a couple of bleeding heads. The Neykleh-hentoh or razor-women form the important part of each division; these are female leopards, as they are called, are especially trained to mutilate and decapitate their victims, and are armed with huge curiously shaped knives keen as razors. The one bringing the most heads to the king receives the greatest praise. Each of the razor-women is attended by a recruit, who carries a large oddly shaped pouch, or namented with human hair and teeth. Into this bag the amazon throws the heads reeking with blood. A Frenchman relates that after a recent battle, when the amazon troop of razor-women passed in review before the king they deposited the bloody heads in a pile before him and that the number of these frightful trophies must have been over 300. As each amazon passed the throne she gave a fiendish yell and flung her ghastly tribute on the pile of human flesh while the king smiled his approval. The amazons have always sustained their reputation for bravery. They know no such thing as fear. From their early childhood they are subjected to the most frightful hardships, and in their drill have to endure tests of physical endurance to which the strongest men would succumb. They are starved, beaten and abused in every possible way, and systematically trained to disregard all torture and pain, no matter how severe. It is but natural that they have developed into the very incarnation of fiendish cruelty.

There is no known spot on earth where human sacrifice flourishes to such frightful extent as it does in Dahomey. Missionaries are of use in this dark spot of Africa, and they are in a mess-

ure to blame for the detestation with which the inhabitants regard them. Referring to a particularly obnoxious missionary named Bernaskos, the King of Dahomey said to a messenger sent to interfere for the many people set aside for sacrifice: "You say that your people abhor the thought of men being sacrificed; that their religion teaches them that this is a crime. Now, we have a God man at Whydah, and does he set an example to my people such as I would wish them to follow? Does he

not drink till he talks foolishness? Does he not make my people drunk? Away! I want none of your God people." King Behanzin has revived the customs of human sacrifice with all the insatiable bloodthirstiness of his grandfather, Getete. A Frenchman says that a few months ago he was led through the Ness temple, where he counted over twenty men suspended by their ankles and knees to the crossbeam of a huge gallows; all were stark naked and had

been mutilated in a horrible manner out of respect to the memory of the king's victims. One morning while he was in captivity four wretches were killed because the king had had a bad dream. The Frenchman was present at the butchery so that he might be impressed with the king's power. The four men

were led out before the king, who sat in a chair of state embellished with skulls and jaw bones from former sacrifices. A body of amazons drew up behind the victim, the executioner was a perfect giant in stature. Armed with a large, crooked knife made for such occasions, he had a large, wooden trough placed near him; this he pushed with his foot before the first victim, then, bending the man forward, he deliberately cut his throat, letting the blood run into the wooden dish. He then swung the knife and with a mighty blow completely severed an arm. This performance was repeated with three of the victims. The fourth must have suffered terribly. He was struck four times without severing the vertebrae knife. The butcher then put the bloody cuff in his mouth, and seizing the ears of the wretched being, wrenched the head from side to side, trying to sever it off, finally having dislocated it, deliberately slashed away the flesh that still connected the head with the trunk. A large inclosure called the sun is the place where the headless corpses of the victims are dragged; there were hundreds of human skeletons bleaching in the sun and an equal number of freshly slaughtered victims. Such is life in Dahomey.

Many of the laws of the country are mere caprices of the king. Here are some specimens: No one is allowed to build a hut more than four tiers high. No one is allowed to marry without first submitting his intended to the king, who, if he pleases, keeps her for himself and enlists her in the amazonian guard. No Dahomean woman is allowed to leave the country. No subject must wear shoes or ride in a hammock. No one is allowed to sit in a chair in public. No goods landed at Whydah can be reshipped. Such are a few of the laws regulating the welfare of Dahomey. The whole civilized world will certainly be thankful to France for wiping out of existence both the king and his amazons.

EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. These, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; that dare misspend it are desperate. It takes a man with a big heart and a good-sized bank account to appreciate the beauty of a fall opening in dress goods. If cases of drunkenness were argued before a full court there would be no convictions.—Texas Siftings.

BU'DING A PASSENGER CAR. A Detailed Description of How the Work Is Accomplished. Thirty-five thousand passenger cars are now in use on the 175,000 miles of railroad in the United States and Territories, and these cars have cost over two hundred million dollars. A passenger car costs \$5,000 to \$8,000. An outline of the manner in which such cars are built cannot but be of interest, as this class of car construction constitutes an important industry here. When an order is received for a given number of cars it is accompanied by carefully prepared drawings of every detail and by specifications which even enumerate the quantity and quality of screws, nails, bolts, castings, trimmings, etc., which are to be used. Those unfamiliar with this class of work would be astonished at the elaborate nature of the drawings, many of them of full size, with all dimensions marked on them so that no mistakes may occur. The specifications aim to contain a clear statement of all the materials to be used, their quantity, quality and sizes; and the manner in which they are to be treated and built into the proposed cars, is also very carefully described; even the paint and varnishes are specified, as well as the number of coats of each, and the length of time each coat is to be given to dry. Thus it will be seen that a car is first carefully constructed in the mind of the designer and all details put upon paper, which serve as a guide to those having the construction in hand. When an order for cars is placed, bills of the materials required are made in each department and patterns for the iron and wood work are made, to guide the foremen in laying out their portions of the work. As speedily as possible departments are furnished with the raw or finished materials called for on their bills of materials with which to make their portions of the car. As an illustration, the wood machine shop gets out from the rough lumber the exact number of pieces of wood of every kind and form called for, and the blacksmith shop gets out the forgings required, the bolt department makes the exact number of bolts of various kinds needed, and the brass foundry fills its order for the necessary trimmings, which trimmings, when so specified, are taken in hand by the electro-plating department and plated with nickel, silver or gold, as called for. The glass department cuts the glass, etches it, and silvers it when required, and makes and furnishes all the mirrors. When everything is ready the prepared materials are delivered as needed at the compartments where the cars are to be erected. First, the bottom materials, such as sills, floor-joists, flooring, draft-timbers, and transoms arrive and are taken in hand by the bottom-builders. At the completion of the bottom of a car, which comprises the work of the bottom-builders, it is turned over to the body-builders, who put up the frame work and complete the body of the car, their work consisting of applying posts, bracing, filling, belt railing, paneling, carlining, etc. The car is now taken by the roofers, who apply the roof-board, moldings, etc., and then the trimmers put on the metal covering. After a careful inspection the car is taken by the outside painters, and is entered at the same time by the inside finishers, who put in and finish the nice inside wood-work, which is of the best kinds of lumber, such as oak, ash, cherry, mahogany, or vermillion. The piping for heating and for lighting is set in before the seats are placed in position. The inside finish, which conceals the electric wires which may be called for in the specifications. Cars are lighted by oil, gas or electricity. If by gas, it is carried in condensed form in tanks underneath the car, and is conducted to lamps by suitable piping. Electric lights are derived from storage batteries, and from dynamo run in a baggage car, by steam from the engine.

When the inside wood work is all in place, and some of this finish comprises exquisite carving, the inside painters go over the entire interior wood work, making the car ready for the trimmers, who place the bronze or plated trimmings upon doors, sash, blinds and walls. The upholstering, draperies, seat-coverings, carpets, etc., which have all been previously prepared, are now put in, and when the finishing touches are added by the equipment department the car is ready for delivery to its purchaser, to whom it is sometimes sent by special messenger. Parties for whom cars are building generally keep an inspector at the shops to see that all work and materials are in accordance with plans and specifications. All work in the construction department is carefully subdivided, many different gangs of men having their allotted tasks, which they perform with the swiftness and dexterity. Most of this passenger car work is paid for by piece wages. These cars have the capacity for turning out twelve new passenger cars a week.—Pullman Journal.

WHAT SWALLOWED JONAH? Perhaps It Was a White Shark Instead of a Whale. There is no argument valid upon a premise of inherent impossibility. It is used to be concluded beyond question that there were no black swans, because it is impossible to conceive a black swan. But one harmless and innocuous black swan from the antipodes put to rest the ingenious thinkers to rout. Hume argued from his conception of a true induction that the major premise must include all possible cases. This he thought conclusive against a great deal of popular belief. But what test have we of the possibility of it? It is harder to believe that we have explored and classified the whole field of knowledge, than that a ravenous fish—with no higher and no lower thought in its meager brain than a plentiful dinner—should have swallowed and then disgorged a man. Besides, we are not without evidence that such piscine conduct is at least possible. Jonah was sailing in the Mediterranean—right along its whole length—from Joppa, in Palestine, to Tarshish, in Spain; and it is in this very sea that even at the present day a huge fish, the white shark, is found. And not only this, but the bones of a much larger species now extinct. For the word used in the Bible is a gen-

eral term for a large fish, and it includes in various writers sharks, tunnies, whales, dolphins, and seals. This white shark attains such a size that it has been known to weigh four tons and a half. One that was exhibited last century over Europe weighed nearly two tons, and very nearly re-enacted the part of Jonah's fish. A British war vessel was sailing in the Mediterranean when a man fell overboard. A huge shark instantly rose and the unlucky seaman disappeared within its mouth. The captain fired a gun at it from the deck, and as the shot struck upon its back it cast the man out again and he was rescued by his companions. They forthwith harpooned the fish, dried him, and presented him to his intended victim. In the beginning of this century a shark was taken at Surinam, and in it was discovered the body of a woman excepting the head. Instances are recorded upon good authority of specimens being found in the same sea; one with a sea calf in its stomach as big as an ox, another with a whole horse, and another with two tunnies and a man. That a man could live there for a considerable time seems by no means impossible.

CATTLE BRANDS. Queer Hieroglyphics Which Adorn the Stock on the Western Prairies. The prairies have a series of trademarks as general and valuable as those that decorate queensware, pottery, and editions of luxe. The emblems are conceived with much care, and a violation of the rights they involve means death to the deprecator. They do not appear on paper, nor are they modeled in earthenware or metal. They are traced in living flesh by red-hot irons, and are read by cowboys and ranch owners, from the uplands of Wyoming to the river valleys of Texas. Yet few east of the Missouri River have ever seen a sample of the designs or realize the completeness of their system. The identification of cattle upon the great Western plains, where tens of thousands of long-horned beasts roam throughout the year, unenclosed and unherded, would present a serious aspect were it not for branding. Only by that means is it possible, in a country where stock-raising is carried on so extensively that fencing the ranges is almost out of the question, for owners to keep any knowledge of their possessions. No more rigid system of identification exists anywhere, and the owner of a steer is almost as certain of his property when the animal has strayed a hundred miles away as if the home-ranch corral inclosed him. It is not uncommon for a Western Kansas cattleman to receive notice from a friend in Nebraska or Wyoming, saying that one of his cattle has strayed from home, and is in his vicinity, the friend having looked upon the animal's brand in the herd book.

A PATHETIC EPISODE. How Two Brothers Died on a Western Railroad. "I have seen a great many men killed," said Burke McMahon, at the Southern. "I was with old Pap Thomas at Chickamauga when his corps stood like a rock for the flower of the Confederacy to beat and break upon, and with Grant when he hurled his columns at the impregnable heights of Vicksburg. I have seen commanding officers torn to pieces with a shell and beardless boys dead on the battle-field with their mother's picture pressed to their cold lips, but I never had anything affect me like the death of a couple of young railroad men in Texas seven or eight years ago. "I was riding on the engine of a fast passenger train, and at Waco the engineer got orders to look out for a brakeman who was missing from the freight we were following. He was supposed to have fallen between the cars of his train. My brother is breaking on that train. I wonder if it can be him?" said the fireman. "I'll keep up steam while you stand on the pilot and watch out," replied the engineer. The fireman took his post in front and we pulled out. We had just got well under way when the fireman gave the signal to stop. The engineer applied the brakes. They failed to respond, and we were on a "down grade" and could not stop. The missing brakeman was lying on the track, badly mangled, but conscious. "He raised his hand and frantically signaled the train, but the great iron machine went plunging down upon him at a rate of twenty miles an hour. The fireman cast one despairing look at the engineer, then sprang in front of the pilot and buried his wounded brother off the track. But he was not quick enough to save himself. The engine caught him and crushed both legs off at the hips. As we picked him up he said, with a quiet smile: 'It's no use, boys; I'm done for. But I saved Ned.' We laid them down in the baggage car side by side. Ned put out a feeble hand and clasped that of his brother. 'I've got my time, old fellow,' he said. 'Here, too, Ned; we'll make the run to the next world together,' was the response, and, holding each other by the hand, they died without another word.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS plays the violin. As it is his only dissipation and he has it in a mild form, it is hoped that it will not be counted against the good old man.

THE SINKING OF A SHIP.

How the Tortoise-shell Went Down When the Saale Struck Her.

A young woman who was on the North German-Lloyd steamer Saale when she cut down the Norwegian bark-Tortoise-shell on the evening of Aug. 4, off the banks of Newfoundland, in writing to relatives in New York, has this to say of the accident: "We were all at dinner when there came a thud and the ship stopped. We had been moving very slowly, and the shock stopped us, but not with enough of a jerk to spill the water in the glasses or tip anything over. A number of people screamed and began running around. Somebody looked out of a port hole, and then told me to come on deck and see the other vessel sink. "It was a magnificent sight. The vessel had all sails set. When we reached the upper deck all the men had been rescued, so we could appreciate the sight. The beautiful thing acted as if living. It leaped first to one side and then to the other, rocking like a creature in pain, and then slowly righted itself, and, trembling like an aspen, began to slip out of sight. "There was not a sound on the Saale except the 'hush-hush-hush' of a little escaping steam. Slowly, and yet, oh, so swiftly, the vessel sank into the water, which was blue as sapphires and dimpled as if smiling. The shipwrecked sailors removed their caps and saluted, then remained uncovered until the last bit of masts and rigging had disappeared, and not a ripple on the surface of the water betrayed their loss. "It was only four and a half minutes from the time of the collision until the last thread of sail had disappeared, yet it seemed very long. It brought tears to the eyes of men as well as women to see that beautiful ship slip out of sight as it did. "But after it was all over, and the Saale began to move again, the greater number of us went back to the saloon and demolished the Gefronen. All lives were saved—except that of a dog—so why mourn. Of course if the Tortoise-shell had hit us amidstships the great probability is that everybody on both vessels would have died. But then, the Tortoise-shell didn't hit us amidstships, and nobody died.—New York Sun.

Life in China. The singular conditions of life at Amoy, the metropolis of the great Chinese province of Fukien, have been the theme of an interesting report of the United States Consul at that city, Mr. Bedloe. Amoy, which is a city of about a million people, and the center of a densely populated region, is perhaps the cheapest place in the world. Workmen live and support large families on fifteen cents a day, and are said to be as happy as workmen anywhere. The daily fare of an Amoy workman and his cost to him are about as follows: One and a half pounds of rice, costing three cents; one ounce of meat, one ounce of fish, two ounces of shell-fish, one cent; one vegetable, one cent; fuel, salt and oil, one cent; total, six cents. This is much better fare than many European laborers enjoy. In what little time the Amoy workman can find from his toil, he flies kites, plays shuttlecock, and indulges in mild practical jokes on his friends. He goes to bed early, and worries about nothing. The wife and children of the Chinese family gather driftwood, edible sea-moss, shell-fish, mushrooms and dead branches. Some of the things they pick up they barter for rice and vegetables. Sometimes a woman and her children provide in this way all the food of the family. Small boys earn a few copper coins by marching in religious processions, at funerals, wakes, exorcisms, weddings and other ceremonies. At eight years of age a boy begins his life-calling, which usually is the same as his father's. Indeed, children in China begin to work as soon as they can walk. A boy or girl four years old will carry the baby "piggy-back" half an hour at a time, and mind it from dawn to dusk. The house is usually an independent structure, small, and containing two rooms—a living-room and a bedroom. The windows are small, high and nearly blocked up with wooden, iron or stone bars. The rent of a house of four or five rooms averages five cents a day. One of the saddest things about child life in China is the early encouragement of gambling on the part of the boys. On every street in the daytime and early evening may be seen groups of children around a peddler, gambling for cake, fruit, or a small amount of money. Gambling is the great curse of the Chinese people, robbing the workmen of their savings and corrupting the politics of the country. In spite of their hard work and their few indulgences, Chinese children manage to be happy on the whole, as children will be the world over.—Youth's Companion.

THE BARINGS are in a cheerful frame of mind because their liabilities, that erstwhile threatened to be burdensome, have been reduced to \$5,045,000. In their serenity the man who worries over the difficulty of wrestling from adjacent circumstances enough to pay rent ought to find a gleam of comfort.

A PARIS correspondent, who has been testing the Pasteur anti-cholera virus, gloats over the presence in his body of thousands of cholera microbes taken from the dead bodies of cholera victims in Saigon, Asia. He is welcome to them all.

A PERFUMER who has been testing California roses finds that they make almost as good a perfume as the cleanings of petroleum refineries and coal bins. This may not sound like high praise for California roses, but it is.

CHILI's promptness in paying the indemnity will doubtless secure her a letter of recommendation from Uncle Sam any time she feels like embarking in the accident insurance business.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Some Sharp Sayings. THE manure motto is, cash on the nail.—Binghamton Leader. CADMUS was the first postman. He brought letters to Greece.—Boston Transcript. A man with plenty of fat mort-gages lives on the lien of the land.—Dallas News. It isn't the flighty poet who is responsible for all the fugitive verses.—Boston Courier. "She's a very upright young lady," "Yes, but she's bent on matrimony." Philadelphia Record.

If any young man wants to find out what the wild wives are saying let him go to sea.—Plymouth. A big man groans most when he gets sick because there is more of him to suffer.—Aitchison Globe. "Time is money," remarked Blobs as he deposited his watch in a jack-pot.—Philadelphia Record. MANY a wise man has picked up a good suggestion where some fool dropped it.—Galveston News. This country might bestow on one of its cowboy versifiers the title of poet-laureat.—Washington Star.

AFTER all, the best amateur actor is the one who pretends to enjoy a piano recital.—Elmira Gazette. "WELL, I'll be kicked," as the foot ball said when it heard that the college had opened.—Buffalo Express. WHEN one buys an electrical publication he wants to be sure that it is the current issue.—Rochester Post. "ANYTHING new on foot?" "Yes." "What is it?" "Our baby. He's just learned to walk."—Lawrence-American. WHEN a man is doing well he imagines that he could better if he could move and pay more rent.—Aitchison Globe. "Is he quick-tempered?" "Quick-tempered?" Why, his temper breaks three records every day.—Buffalo Express. SOME restaurant table-cloths are like a country fair; they display a little of everything.—Binghamton Republican.

How soon the millennium would come if the good things people intend to do to-morrow were only done to-day.—Ram's Horn. WHEN a man finally does give up and cries, he looks so much like a drunken man that he gets no sympathy.—Aitchison Globe. WHEN a man can't find his shirt button of a Sunday morning his wife is apt to have trouble with his choler.—Binghamton Republican. BRIDE No. 2—"No other woman ever wore this ring, did she, darling?" Widower—"No woman on earth ever had it on."—Jeweler's Weekly. "I SEE villain in your face," said a judge to a prisoner. "May it please your Honor," said the latter, "that is a personal reflection."—Tid-Bits. "I ONLY got a nominal fee in that case," said Brief. "So the plaintiff said. He said your charges were phenomenal."—Black and White. GOOD minister—Do you like to go to church, my boy? Good boy—Yes, sir, but I'd like it better if they didn't sing such tired tunes.—Good News. "NAMED your boy John after yourself, Mr. Barrows?" "No, Mrs. Tomson. We have named him James after a prolonged family row."—Harper's Bazar. "It is dreadful, Maria, that you always will have the last word." "Please, ma'am, how am I to know that you have nothing more to say?"—German paper. VISITOR—"Is this an old home-stead or a modern imitation of antiquity?" Tenant—"Oh, it's new—brand new. The roof leaks in forty places."—New York Weekly. MRS. HOGAN—"Fwat seem to be the matter wit' Danny?" Mrs. Grogan—"He's a sufferin' from fwat the story books call unrequited love, poor boy."—Indianapolis Journal. It doesn't make out a case against Uncle Sam of wanting politeness that in the war of the revolution he didn't say to England, "Excuse the liberty I take."—Philadelphia Times. WENT THE WHOLE BILL—"What's this card in your pocket, John?" asked his wife. "What? Oh, before I went to lunch that was a bill of fare. Now it's my table of contents."—Life's Calendar. "THERE goes Prof. Fogglethorpe. He's one of the most consistent men of the day." "Indeed?" "Yes; for instance, when he wants to brood he goes and sits in the chicken house."—Philadelphia Record. NEIGHBOR—"And so you have a little baby at your house?" Is it a boy or a girl? Little Boy—"Mamma thinks it's a boy, but I guess it'll turn out a girl. It's always cryin' 'bout nothin'."—Pittsburg Press. They had been discussing the pronunciation of "oleomargarine," and finally agreed to leave it to the waiter, but he hedged. "Sure," said he, "I have to pronounce it butter or lose my job."—Indianapolis Journal. "So our old school friend is practicing law," said the man who was visiting his native town. "Yep." "Is he a criminal lawyer?" "Well, I don't know as you could call him that. He's managed to keep from gettin' arrested so far."—Washington Star. LOST HIS IDEAS. Ralph Waldo Emerson, having risen one night, unintentionally aroused his wife, who inquired: "Are you sick, Waldo?" "Oh, no, my dear," was his reply, "but I've got an idea. What's the matter with these matches? I can't make them ignite. Let it go, now," sighed the philosopher, "my idea is gone." The next morning, upon arising, Mrs. Emerson found all the teeth in her comb broken out. This is supposed to have happened in the days (or nights) when matches came in cards.

AMAZONS GOING TO BATTLE.

How Women Soldiers Are Made.

The recruiting of the amazonian army is simple. The king issues a decree summoning every subject to present his daughters, above a certain age, at court upon an appointed day. Then he selects the most promising of the "best families" and creates them officers, while the lower orders are made soldiers. The children of slave parents become the slaves of the amazons within the palace, and the remainder are returned to their parents. Of the selected many are given to deserving soldiers as wives, and every three years a similar conscription of the daughters of the land is made, while all the children of amazonian women are amazons from birth. The amazons are divided into three brigades, known as the king's company, the right and left wings. Each of these has a peculiar head-dress by which the different brigades are distinguished. The king's brigade, sometimes called the fanti company or center, wear their hair shaved a la turban and bound with narrow fillets, with alligators of colored cloth sewn on them. The right wing have their heads shaven, leaving only a solitary tuft or two, while the left wing wear their hair loose, which gives them a peculiarly savage aspect. Each of the three brigades is divided into four classes—the agbaraya, veterans of the army, the bravest and strongest of the corps, only called into action on important occasions like the present. They wear blue tunics with white cross-belts, and their fillets are of curious shape. Their standards are of the most ferocious description, representing an

amazon cutting an enemy into mince meat or holding aloft a couple of bleeding heads. The Neykleh-hentoh or razor-women form the important part of each division; these are female leopards, as they are called, are especially trained to mutilate and decapitate their victims, and are armed with huge curiously shaped knives keen as razors. The one bringing the most heads to the king receives the greatest praise. Each of the razor-women is attended by a recruit, who carries a large oddly shaped pouch, or namented with human hair and teeth. Into this bag the amazon throws the heads reeking with blood. A Frenchman relates that after a recent battle, when the amazon troop of razor-women passed in review before the king they deposited the bloody heads in a pile before him and that the number of these frightful trophies must have been over 300. As each amazon passed the throne she gave a fiendish yell and flung her ghastly tribute on the pile of human flesh while the king smiled his approval. The amazons have always sustained their reputation for bravery. They know no such thing as fear. From their early childhood they are subjected to the most frightful hardships, and in their drill have to endure tests of physical endurance to which the strongest men would succumb. They are starved, beaten and abused in every possible way, and systematically trained to disregard all torture and pain, no matter how severe. It is but natural that they have developed into the very incarnation of fiendish cruelty.

There is no known spot on earth where human sacrifice flourishes to such frightful extent as it does in Dahomey. Missionaries are of use in this dark spot of Africa, and they are in a mess-

ure to blame for the detestation with which the inhabitants regard them. Referring to a particularly obnoxious missionary named Bernaskos, the King of Dahomey said to a messenger sent to interfere for the many people set aside for sacrifice: "You say that your people abhor the thought of men being sacrificed; that their religion teaches them that this is a crime. Now, we have a God man at Whydah, and does he set an example to my people such as I would wish them to follow? Does he

not drink till he talks foolishness? Does he not make my people drunk? Away! I want none of your God people." King Behanzin has revived the customs of human sacrifice with all the insatiable bloodthirstiness of his grandfather, Getete. A Frenchman says that a few months ago he was led through the Ness temple, where he counted over twenty men suspended by their ankles and knees to the crossbeam of a huge gallows; all were stark naked and had been mutilated in a horrible manner out of respect to the memory of the king's victims. One morning while he was in captivity four wretches were killed because the king had had a bad dream. The Frenchman was present at the butchery so that he might be impressed with the king's power. The four men were led out before the king, who sat in a chair of state embellished with skulls and jaw bones from former sacrifices. A body of amazons drew up behind the victim, the executioner was a perfect giant in stature. Armed with a large, crooked knife made for such occasions, he had a large, wooden trough placed near him; this he pushed with his foot before the first victim, then, bending the man forward, he deliberately cut his throat, letting the blood run into the wooden dish. He then swung the knife and with a mighty blow completely severed an arm. This performance was repeated with three of the victims. The fourth must have suffered terribly. He was struck four times without severing the vertebrae knife. The butcher then put the bloody cuff in his mouth, and seizing the ears of the wretched being, wrenched the head from side to side, trying to sever it off, finally having dislocated it, deliberately slashed away the flesh that still connected the head with the trunk. A large inclosure called the sun is the place where the headless corpses of the victims are dragged; there were hundreds of human skeletons bleaching in the sun and an equal number of freshly slaughtered victims. Such is life in Dahomey.

Many of the laws of the country are mere caprices of the king. Here are some specimens: No one is allowed to build a hut more than four tiers high. No one is allowed to marry without first submitting his intended to the king, who, if he pleases, keeps her for himself and enlists her in the amazonian guard. No Dahomean woman is allowed to leave the country. No subject must wear shoes or ride in a hammock. No one is allowed to sit in a chair in public. No goods landed at Whydah can be reshipped. Such are a few of the laws regulating the welfare of Dahomey. The whole civilized world will certainly be thankful to France for wiping out of existence both the king and his amazons.

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