The Bryan Eagle.

BRYAN, - - - TEXAS

It is about time to make England understand that this hemisphere is not a grab-bag for her.

We are unable to recall the name of the man Mr. Pingree defeated, but he certainly made a thorough job of the undertaking.

The Atlanta exposition is now free of debt. It is wonderful the way the new south has waked up and proceeded to do business.

The road to poverty is easy to find, but hard to travel. The road to riches is hard to find, but easy to travel if you know how to advertise yourself on the way.

It is said that a smile of cynical triumph spread over New York society on learning that the latest heiress to wed an Englishman married one who has no title.

If the general government does not look sharp the municipal authorities along the lakes will have that treaty with England abrogated before it has an opportunity to act.

It almost seems as if there must be some power back of the Sultan when he decorates his murderers. It does not appear credible that he himself would hasten the Turkey carving.

The rottenness of the Turkish empire from center to circumference is attested by every available authority except the sultan, and his opposing testimony only tends to strengthen the conviction that the others are entirely right.

Some months ago a firm in Alabama telegraphed to a Chicago firm to buy 5,000 bushels of wheat for them. The telegram plainly read 50,000 bushels, and that is what the Chicago firm purchased. Before the error was noticed, however, the price in wheat dropped, and there was a loss of $1,000 on the deal, which the Chicago firm had to pay. It sued the telegraph company for the amount and this week lost the case because the claim was not filed within the sixty days limit. An extra cipher frequently causes great trouble.

At the Ohio State university a test was made during the fall of last year, the result of which was as follows: An ordinary wagon, with a new three-inch tire, was loaded with 4,480 pounds, the dynamometer being used to measure the draft. On a hard dirt road the draft was 254 pounds; on a grass field it was 468 pounds; on newly plowed l[illegible] was 771 pounds. The draft pow[illegible] horse of 1,000 pounds is 150 poun[illegible] therefore two horses could dr[illegible] load easily on a grass sod. With[illegible] row tire, half as much is a full l[illegible] a two-horse team, showing a [illegible] advantage for the wide tires, i[illegible] tion to which they become rolle[illegible] smooth and level the road, and s[illegible] it better the more it is used, ins[illegible] cutting it into ruts, as is well [illegible] the narrow tires do on soft road[illegible]

Immigration is, without doubt, on the increase, though the total for the calendar year will be smaller than it has been in the years when the current of the population movement hitherward was at its height. For the month of September the number of immigrants was over 11,600 in excess of that for September, 1894, while for the nine months the total was nearly 58,000 in excess of that for the corresponding period of last year. If the proportion of increase which has so far obtained should continue during the year, the augmentation for the twelve months would be somewhere in the neighborhood of 77,000. The increase in the volume of immigration would seem to be a reflection of the improvement of material conditions in the United States which has been going on for a year or more.

A good deal of mystery pertains to the water level of the great lakes between the United States and Canada. They constitute altogether an enormous fresh water ocean embracing 77,450 square miles. This is an immense reservoir, and it does not seem likely that the withdrawal of 300,000 cubic feet per minute by the proposed Chicago drainage canal would materially affect it. In a rain of six inches which recently fell over these lakes, the amount of water added to them was 1,079,640,176,000 cubic feet. It would take seven years for the Chicago canal to withdraw this amount of water. There are, however, periodical rises and falls in all the lakes which have never been accounted for. An old boatman on the St. Lawrence river says that these rises and falls of the river occur in periods of seven years, the water steadily rising seven years, and then falling as steadily for the same length of time. At present the St. Lawrence is at its lowest ebb. Next year it will begin to rise, and by 1902 it will be as high as it ever is.

The jury at Flint, Mich., that was obliged to remain out all night did not propose to do it for nothing. They requested the sheriff to send in a bushel of red apples, a peck of oranges, a cask of cider, a few sandwiches, a box of chewing gum and a box of cigars. They evidently thought they would remain out for a week.

The rumor that Sarah Bernhardt will come to America at once to study Mme. Anson's histrionic methods with a view to getting pointers for the improvement of her own art is generally disbelieved.

CHILDREN OF JAPAN.

MOST AMUSING LITTLE BEINGS IN THE WORLD.

They Eat a Great Deal of Fish—The Peddlers of Candies and Sweets Do a Good Business—Juniors at Play—They Dress in Robes.

(Japanese Correspondence.)

THE LITTLE children of Japan are without doubt the most amusing and most charming little beings in the whole world. Their sweetness, good temper and pretty ways are proverbial. They are never angry, cry but seldom, and seem to be ignorant of the very meanings of the words dispute, quarrel or fight, but are sweet natured, amiable and gay. The life of a Japanese baby before it can use its feet is not a very happy one, for it practically spends the first two years of its life tied to some one else's back, its happiness during that period depending very largely on that some one else's inclination to continually "move on." Its little legs are tied tight to the other person's back, and a string passed under its little arms and round the neck of its carrier; thus its arms and head

THE EMPEROR'S SON.

are allowed free play. As the poor mite's chief amusement is sleeping and it has no pillow or other support, the little head hangs first on one side and then on the other, unless, indeed, it falls straight back, and you wonder every time you see it why its neck does not break. But it does not, and after sleeping thus for a time, baby will suddenly wake up and begin looking around in a contented, happy manner. Of course they cry sometimes, but it is generally because they are hungry, or the string has become too tight, or the other person has stood still too long. [illegible] have so [illegible] is tied [illegible] any [illegible] in a [illegible] chil- [illegible] con- [illegible] mono, [illegible] open [illegible] but is [illegible] by a [illegible] knot- [illegible] their [illegible] nothing underneath, neither shirt nor chemise, skirt nor trousers; not even stockings or shoes. Most often their feet are bare, but a few wear a species of Japanese wooden shoes or sandals of straw. The kimonos worn by the children are made of rich silk, often in very brilliant colors, and most magnificently embroidered with strange Japanese characters and signs which we cannot understand, or else with birds, flowers, or human figures in a thousand colors. In summer, when it is very warm, the children under seven or eight years of age put aside the kimono and wear for their only apparel a handkerchief about the waist. In winter, when snow or rain is falling, they put on overcoats made of long pieces of straw, which are absolutely impenetrable, and at the same time very light in weight.

One very strange custom is that the hair of the children is never allowed to grow long. As soon as they come into the world, their heads are shaved, although often a little tuft of hair shaped like a crown is left on the top, or else the head is shaved entirely but for two little patches of hair, one on either side, which give to the little wearer an air than which nothing could be more droll. After they are about five or six years old, the hair of the boys is allowed to grow a little, and because it has been shaved so often it is wiry and like a brush with very stiff bristles. At about the same age the hair of the little girls is allowed to grow long, and is dressed in a most complicated manner and ornamented with fancy pins of all colors, with birds, etc. The work of arranging the hair is so difficult that it is done only once a week, and that they may not disarrange the structure when in bed and sleeping, little Japanese girls are not allowed to use pillows like ours. In fact, truth be told, no one there has a bed. They lie on the ground, on mats. The pillows of the little girls and of the women are a species of wooden bench moderately high, which they place under their necks, and which prevent their heads touching the floor.

I was very much amazed, on my arrival in Japan, to see before almost every house an immense mast, much taller than the roof, from the top of which floated one or several huge fishes, red or green, and made of cloth, which the wind inflated furiously. Very soon I learned that these fishes indicated the number of boys possessed by each family—a son to each fish. The Japanese, being great fishermen and fish fanciers, admire certain species very much—for instance, the carp, which always swims up stream, a sign of courage and perseverance, and which has become there the emblem of the boys, whom they wish to see possessed of these qualities. In spite of their well-known politeness, the Japanese put nothing at the end of the mast when they have only girls in the family. Shame! cry shame, young ladies, for the unappreciative ones who do not yet perceive the value and the charm of your sex!

Since we are speaking of fishes, let me tell you that little Japanese children eat a great deal of fish, and eat it entirely raw. The fishes are kept alive in either sea water or river water, in the kitchen, and immediately on sitting down for the meal they are cut in small pieces, and without salt, pepper or seasoning of any kind, are eaten with the aid of two little sticks, called chopsticks; for in Japan forks and knives are unknown. At first thought the idea of eating raw fish is very repulsive, but, after all, do we not eat oysters and clams raw? Yes, and what is more, alive.

Often in Japan are seen strolling peddlers who wander about carrying over one shoulder a long pole, from both ends of which hang whole stores of candy and sweets. As soon as the children see one of these venders, they run after him in joyous bands and relieve him of his load as completely as their small pocket fortune will permit. Then, too, there are in Japan many bazaars where toys are sold—swords, guns, pistols, drums, trumpets, horses, menageries. All the games shown here are to be found there, and many more beside. The dolls resemble the little Japanese themselves very much, and are very pretty. At Tokio, the capital, there is one quarter, consisting of three or four streets, which contains nothing but bazaars for the sale of children's toys. It is the paradise of little Japanese children, and nothing in the world can give them greater pleasure than a promenade through the streets bordered with gay shops resplendent with thousands and thousands of beautiful playthings

A GIRL OF FIFTEEN.

Christmas and New Year's Day are unknown as holidays, but once each year there is a great children's festival. On that day the bazaar quarter is magnificently illuminated, and the little children gather there and are laden down by their parents with all the toys their little arms can carry.

I have often seen Japanese children playing in the parks or in the streets and have witnessed very funny races, the strongest boys carrying on their shoulders little boys who played at coachman, and so they ran. I have also seen teams of boys harnessed together, one in front with two behind holding him by his waist, while on the heads of all three was perched a fourth who guided them as best he could. But it is not easy to run so, and these teams often come to grief, but the Japanese are so supple and so nimble that they are very seldom hurt. They are great gymnasts. In the schools more than an hour each day is spent in exercise of the body. The schools for little girls and young ladies are somewhat different. Naturally they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, history and English, but fully half the time is given to manual labor, such as sewing, cooking and the art of painting and embroidery. All the schools are free, but the work of the pupils is sold under the direction of the management, and they work from eight to ten hours a day.

The little Japanese boys love to imitate the Americans. I have seen whole bands of little fellows amusing themselves whistling, and whistling American airs. Four of them had formed a quartet one day, and with energy enough to split their cheeks were whistling "Marching Through Georgia."

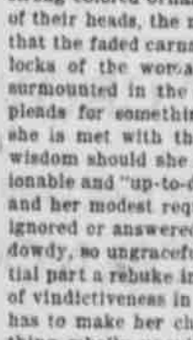
Having heard Americans call their dogs by saying "come here," they have supposed that it was a name, and many of them have given it to their dogs or their cats, or birds, which they have called "Comeer."

A TEN-YEAR-OLD JAPANESE GIRL.

A WOMAN OF SIXTY.

AT THIS AGE FASHION FAILS TO PROVIDE FOR HER.

All Goes Well Enough Until the Fifties Are Reached and Passed—Then Dressmakers Refuse to Modify Current Cuts.



UP TO SIXTY A well preserved woman can manage pretty well, says Mrs. Lynn Linton in the London Queen. She is still in the running, though at the tail of the race; and she makes herself ridiculous if she tries to keep up with the leaders. But, unless she be distressingly stout—when she is not well preserved—she is catered for by the manufacturers of woven goods, and she has her share in the prettiness of fashion and the charms of society. Her troubles begin when she is past 60, and the first miseries of old age are making themselves felt. Then she is forced to acknowledge that society is closing its ranks against her, and that her place is narrowing daily. She is gradually falling out of the running altogether; and, like the stragglers of an army, is left to solitude and desolation by the wayside. No fashions are made with reference to her; and milliners and dressmakers refuse to modify the current cut for her convenience or well being. When young, fresh faces bedeck themselves like fuzzy-wuzzys on the warpath, and pile a very mountain of strong colored ornamentation on the top of their heads, the milliner insists on it that the faded carnations and iron gray locks of the woman past 60 shall be surmounted in the same style. If she pleads for something less outrageous she is met with the smile of superior wisdom should she go to a really fashionable and "up-to-date" establishment; and her modest request is either loftily ignored or answered by a concoction so dowdy, so ungraceful, as to be in essential part a rebuke in ribbons and an act of vindictiveness in lace and straw. She has to make her choice between something wholly unsuitable to her age or something wholly unbecoming to her face and figure. Again, another sorrow in the life of 60 odd and over. Past 60 as often as not develops a leaning toward bronchitis and a tendency to gout, rheumatism, and sciatica, which healthy youth neither knows nor can comprehend. Healthy youth wants the windows open in all weathers. It can sit in a cross draft and luxuriate in the freshness thereby created. It goes out in the evening with the wind blowing from the north to the east, and its curly locks are grandly independent of covering, while a slight little mantle is all it condescends to cast about its comely shoulders. Healthy youth declares it "suffocates" when the windows are shut, but past 60 knows that it will be down with bronchitis if they are left open. Hence it requests them to be closed, and healthy youth flounces, revolts, complains, is indignant. "This sweet, mild air give cold!—this delicious breeze dangerous!—what nonsense! and what selfishness to want them shut when everyone else wants them open!" Poor past 60 feels like an outcast branded with the scorn of all who are still below that fatal line. But what is to be done? It must dine and have its food like healthy youth or vigorous maturity, and a smart attack of bronchitis is too big a fine to pay for peace or popularity. Hence it has to ask for those closed windows, which dig its grave in public estimation, and cause it to be qualified with epithets like "horrid," "tiresome," "ill-natured," "detestable."

ORIGIN OF PNEUMATIC TIRES.

An Irish Doctor Invented Them to Preserve His Son's Health.

Very few of the hundreds of thousands of cyclists who now enjoy the pastime of an up-to-date safety shod with pneumatic tires have an idea from what a crude contrivance those same air cushions on wheels have been evolved. Pneumatic tires were invented in 1889 by J. P. Dunlop, a horse doctor of Belfast, Ireland. He had a son who rode a tricycle and who, by his indulgence, had developed a nervous trouble. The veterinary concluded that the boy's disorder was due solely to the jolting of the wheels, and, planning to do away with the objections, so that the lad might continue his exercise, he hit upon the idea of putting air cushions on the wheels. With only such material as he had at hand for use in doctoring equine invalids, he set to work. Using a broomstick as a mandrel, he wrapped it spirally with linen bandages. Next he took some rubber sheets and solutioned them around the linen. The ends also he fastened with rubber solution. He inserted a valve a little better than a plug and putting it on the wheels started his son away on the first pneumatic tires. It was quickly found that the rough and ready style of fabric would not hold air, and so an inner sheath of pure rubber was tried. The valve was vulcanized to this inner tube in such a way that in the event of any trouble with the valve an entirely new air sheath was the only remedy. Flat rims were in use at the time and the tires were fastened to the rim by a strip of muslin which came out with the free edges from the under side of the tires. These ends were wrapped around the rim and vulcanized to it. The linen completely covered the rim, effectually concealing its material. Tires such as these were used for a couple of years. They weighed from twelve to fifteen pounds a pair, and a puncture in one of them was about as serious a matter as a broken frame is at the present time.

FOR FUTURE CAMPAIGNS.

Effective Way for Women to Keep Personalities Out of Politics.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?"

It was Mrs. Mary Ellen Ricketts who spoke. She held in her hand the card of Mrs. Samantha Jenkinson, which had just been laid on her desk by the office girl, for the card was followed almost instantly by the entrance of the person whose name it bore.

There was really no necessity for the use of the card, either, for the two had frequently met.

Mrs. Ricketts was the candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket, while Mrs. Jenkinson was the Democratic nominee. Under the circumstances it was natural for her to be surprised at receiving a call from her opponent.

"I came to see you on a small matter of business," replied the visitor.

"Pray proceed."

"I have learned from good authority that your managers are bent upon a campaign of personalities, and that they intend to give to the press certain slanderous gossip about me intended to injure my candidacy."

The speaker paused, and Mrs. Ricketts said interrogatively:

"Well?"

"Well," echoed Mrs. Jenkinson, "we must keep personalities out of the campaign."

"We must, must we?"

"We must."

Mrs. Ricketts sneered.

Mrs. Jenkinson waxed wroth.

"Look here, Mary Ellen Ricketts," she exclaimed, "don't you dare to turn up your snub nose at me, now."

"Samantha Jenkinson," retorted Mrs. Ricketts, "my nose is not a snub, and don't you dare to presume to dictate what my managers shall or shall not do in this campaign."

"We'll see about that. Mary Ellen Ricketts, you were engaged to my husband in your younger days, a good many years ago."

"I'm not nearly as old as you, I'd have you know."

"You are!"

"I'm not, you insulting thing!"

"You are!"

"I'm not!"

"We will pass that point, but I want to say that when I married my husband all your love-letters were still in his possession, and I have them now."

"You spiteful thing!"

"Many a good laugh I've had over them. What a perfect goose you were!"

"I just hate you, so there!"

"And I merely wish to add that on the very first publication of a personality about me in your newspaper organ I shall print in the Daily Bugle every single one of your mushy, lackadaisical epistles. Do you understand?"

The two women glared at each other a half minute, and then Mrs. Samantha Jenkinson withdrew, leaving Mrs. Mary Ellen Ricketts deep in thought.

The campaign was conducted without any personalities.—Harper's Bazar.

THREE GREAT ACTRESSES.

They Are Sarah Bernhardt, Helena Modjeska and Eleonora Duse.

There are perhaps only three living actresses now in active life to whom the title "great" would be applied by common consent. These are Sarah Bernhardt, Helena Modjeska and Eleonora Duse. Janauschek, alas! although still upon the stage, belongs to the past, while Ellen Terry, with all her dainty skill and radiant charm, has not yet reached those heights to which genius alone can aspire. Each of them excels in ways peculiar to herself. Bernhardt, after carrying off all the laurels offered in the artificial and declamatory school of French tragedy, has devoted her maturest powers to the illustration of the most violent passions conceivable by morbid imagination. Her achievements in this direction have been extraordinary, and her dramatic genius cannot be disputed, but some of her latest triumphs have been won in defiance of most of the laws of nature and many of the rules of true art. Modjeska, if less potent in the interpretation of the fiercest emotions than her French rival, need fear no comparison with her in poetic tragedy; while in the field of poetic comedy she is unrivaled. Her performance of Juliet, Rosalind and Ophelia are almost ideally beautiful. Eleonora Duse, whose fame has blazed up with meteoric suddenness, is pre-eminent above all actresses of her time for versatility, that rare gift of impersonation still rarer among women than among men, which can conceal the real beneath the assumed identity without resorting to the common expedients of theatrical disguise. The phrase that such or such a part was assumed by this or that actor is heard every day. It is a convenient, conventional and meaningless expression. In the case of Duse it is used correctly and signifies just what has happened.

About the American Wheelwoman.

Ella Hepworth Dixon, an English writer, informs the English readers of the Ladies' Pictorial that in bicycling "the American ladies would appear to affect a particularly manly costume with tight breeches and flyaway coat. For what the American young woman pleases to do she does, and there is no one—at least of the other sex—who is audacious enough to say her nay. He may grumble and sniff in his offices and clubs, but the American father and husband is too well brought up to permit himself an opinion at home on anything which concerns his womankind."

Sung Her Life Song.

"Didn't you think that the soprano sung 'The Mistakes of My Life Have Been Many' with a good deal of feeling this morning?"

"There is no reason why she shouldn't; she's been married three times."—Truth.

IT BROKE HIS HEART.

James McCaughan Could Not Survive His Friend's Faithlessness.

James McCaughan was buried recently in Parkville, L. I., where he lived many years. He was one of the most familiar figures in the hardware business in New York, and his death has left a gap which will be noticed sorrowfully by many hardware men who liked him, with his breezy way and joviality. "Jim McCaughan, mayor of Parkville," as the hardware men called him, had almost a monopoly of the trucking business for the hardware men. He began fifty-two years ago and gave such reliable service that finally he had a prosperous business. He became rich, but remained the same jolly old man, and went from office to office every day with a jolly shout of welcome, a new joke or a funny story. Even the most staid men became so accustomed to his visits that they would have missed him had he failed to appear. He was as open-handed as he was jolly. Many clerks found him a friend in need. His generosity and his truthfulness, for he swore by his friends, were proverbial among those who knew him well. A short time ago a man whom he trusted and respected for years proved faithless. He borrowed $5,000 and failed to repay it. When the old man found that his trust had been misplaced he seemed to break down all at once. He grew older visibly. They used to say to him, "Cheer up, you have a pile of money, you don't mind a loss like that," but he said that it was not the money, but the knowledge that a man whom he had liked so well had proved faithless. "I tell you, boys," he said a few days ago, "the sting has broken my heart. It's going to kill me. I don't care whether it does or not." He became ill last week and died Wednesday. The business men who knew him and knew the circumstances say he died from a broken heart. He served in the late war, and amusing stories are told of his pranks. Among other things, when on picket duty once, he industriously "borrowed" loaves of bread that were being baked for the officers and carried them to the hungry privates.

THE COLONEL WAS MEAN.

For a Big Man He Played a Small Game with His Car Tickets.

From the Chicago Tribune: Col. Blank was a big, pompous man, as it behooves one to be who aspires to a military title without the drawbacks of a military life. He was always calling people's attention to his marked facial resemblance to James G. Blaine, "the greatest man, sir, this century and this country have produced." And people—ill-natured people, that is—thought the colonel had a vivid imagination. There was a prodigality about his physique that one somehow expected to see repeated in the colonel's character. And to hear the colonel hold forth from the end of the boarding house table over which he presided, the unsophisticated boarder would never have doubted that such a reasonable expectation would be realized on closer acquaintance. What, then, was this unsophisticated one's surprise to hear the doughty colonel, evidently in a high good humor with himself, say one day: "Well, I earned my fare downtown today." That the colonel would stoop to earn a nickle was remarkable; that he should boast of it was incredible. "You see," proceeded the man of military aspirations, "I went down in the carette. Getting in at Schiller street the carette was empty, and I went way up to the front and bought six tickets for a quarter. One I dropped in the box. Then as the car filled up I was exceedingly useful to those who sat farther down, passing their fares up and depositing them. An exceedingly polite man they all thought me. And so I am, so I am. But instead of dropping their nickles in the box I dropped my tickets in until I had used up my five tickets and confiscated five nickles. I had regained my quarter and paid my fare. After that I was not so polite. I let people drop their nickles into the chute which the company provides for that purpose. Awful nuisance, that chute. But it's not my business to play conductor if the company's too mean to hire any." And the colonel called for another cup of tea, and the unsophisticated one gasped to think of the smallness of which such greatness was capable.

White Pique Stocks Are Fashionable.

Women who find linen collars chafe and irritate the skin of their necks are now wearing with the Norfolk jackets and open collars of their cloth costumes the white pique stocks. These stocks are nothing more nor less than an extra long four-in-hand, which is put twice around the neck before being tied. There is a little knack in tying them, which at first is difficult, but when conquered gives delightful results and is vastly more comfortable than a stiff, high collar and tie. White ties are the best for this style, as the white against the neck is more becoming than the dark colors.

Garlic as a Remedy.

Even the phylloxera cannot stand the smell of Spanish garlic. El Defensor Granada says that the village of Valor, in the Alpujarras, used to export large quantities of garlic to Mexico and the United States. Of late years the demand has fallen off, the farmers being left with their crops on their hands. One farmer took it into his head to use his spoiled garlic as manure for his vines, which were consumed by the phylloxera. The plants came up clean and strong, with no trace of the disease. Last winter his neighbors imitated him, with the same results.

Hasn't Stopped Since.

"Jones is a chronic candidate. To my certain knowledge he was running thirty years ago."

"Where was that?"

"In the war."—Atlanta Constitution.