

NEWS FROM VENEZUELA.

INTERVIEW WITH THE SON OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER.

British Army of 10,000 Men, He Says, Could March Freely From One End of the Country to the Other—The English Disliked by the People in Caracas, but Americans, on the Contrary, Idolized.

Mr. J. B. Thomas, son of General Allen Thomas, United States Minister to Venezuela, has recently returned to Brooklyn, N.Y., from Caracas, and in an interview published in the Brooklyn Eagle is reported to have said:—"Venezuela," he said, "is a remarkable country. It is said of it that the traveller in the first six months is enraptured with it and its queer sights and customs, and in the next six months is killed with ennui. Caracas is just now a city of fads for everything American. Their styles, their manners, and everything they do are aped from Americans, such as Anglomaniacs here copy everything English. Particularly are the Americans copied by the Venezuelans in the matter of carriage riding. They are a great people to take pleasure; aside from gambling their keenest public delights are in the way of driving out on feast days and Sundays. Even on ordinary days an ounce of gold worth \$16 is paid for a short drive behind American horses. The coach is the same as that before which the native or Peruvian horses are driven, the only difference being in the horses. A day's ride would cost a patron from \$50 to \$60. It is a common thing for young men, clerks in stores who earn from \$20 to \$25 a week, to spend their weeks' salaries on a Sunday behind American horses driving on streets where they may be observed by their young women acquaintances. When I went to Caracas from New York last year I took an American dog cart and horse that cost me \$650, and in less than a week after I reached Caracas I was offered \$1500 for the rig. I sold it. Why, livery stable proprietors here who are run out of business by the bicycle rage ought to recoup by going to Caracas. They could make BIG FORTUNES.

A Venezuelan I found to be never to do to-day what can be put off until to-morrow, the word manana (to-morrow) being the word most often on their lips; and another thing an indisposition to pay business obligations, though debts of honour, so called, such as gambling debts, are settled with religious promptness. They work as little as they can in the upper classes, rising and taking a little fruit and coffee, breakfasting at noon and taking a siesta, even the hard working persons doing that, and stopping all kinds of industry at 5 or 6 o'clock. It isn't due to the influence of the climate, for it varies scarcely ten degrees the year round. A Venezuelan will neglect an important business engagement to stop and take a drink, and next day will tell you an awful yarn about the death of his grandmother.

The Venezuelans as a whole hate the English, who have managed to get control of many important industries. Take the railroad from Caracas to the seaport town, La Guayra. It is like most of the railroads in that country, a narrow gauge road, and winds around the mountains, the Cordilleras Andes, giving the most delightful views of the Caribbean sea from an altitude of 8,000 feet. In all its twenty-two miles of length there's no more charming spot than Zig Zag, about half way up to the capital from the coast. Below one is the palms and evergreens, while trailing clouds float far below one, spread out like a flow in the air. This road was built by the English for \$10,000,000, and the exorbitant rate of 5 cents a mile is charged. The English, too, for instance, have a practical monopoly of the telephone systems. There are three telephone systems in Caracas, two conducted by American companies, but the English company managed by Mr. Wallace has the bulk of the business. It has a subscribers' list of 1,500 members in a population of 90,000, and its rates are exorbitant, being \$34 a year to each.

"There's no money in Venezuela that would prevent England from marching through it.

FROM END TO END

with 10,000 men. It is made up of half-breeds and Indians, and does not know the manual of arms. When troops were called out to present arms to my father they didn't know how to do it. About all they can do is to carry arms and to trail arms in a movement that is even in no manual I ever saw. In the event of an invasion by the English, about all the troops could do would be to retreat down to the low prairie land to the south, where they could not be easily dislodged, as European soldiers couldn't live there. It is in that country that all the revolutions rise, and the people who live there are fighters—desperate fighters, too.

"The disputed region about which so much has been written is very valuable country. England knew well what she was about when she claimed it. It is rich in mines and is an agricultural country, too. I have not been down there, but intend to do so as soon as I return, which will be in a few weeks. There will be no need I should think of the United States commission to be appointed by President Cleveland going further than Caracas to obtain proof of the justice of Venezuelan claims in the dispute with England. There are in the yellow building known as the government headquarters, where the archives are situated in Caracas, abundant documentary proofs in the shapes of maps, grants, etc., and these will of course be laid out freely and fully for the inspection of the commissioners.

"The Government in Venezuela is a

strange one. The constitution is supposed to grant suffrage to all, including the peons, but there are no arrangements made for voting by the masses, not even ballot boxes. The Senate and House elect the President, and as the constitution does not permit Crespo to succeed himself, a successor is appointed who will please him, and then

HE CAN FOLLOW

his successor again. Crespo, by the way, seems likely to break the record in Venezuela in the matter of being willing to stay at the capital. The usual course has been for a ruler to enrich himself and then go to Europe and enjoy life there. Crespo is worth ten or fifteen million dollars, and is building a beautiful mansion on the heights, near Caracas, worth at least \$500,000. Then, too, he is building a magnificent mausoleum near the city for himself and his family. It is of elaborate design, in the Moorish order. The material is from abroad, and is of granite. The cost of it will be something enormous.

"Altogether it looks as though Crespo means to stay. But we can never tell when a revolution will break out. The signs, however, are not evident now. The chief sign is the disappearance of money. It is the rule that at the beginning of a new government money is plenty and prices are high. Then the people begin to be suspicious and hoard money. Then comes a revolution, when money begins to circulate freely again. Just now there's plenty of money in circulation. Feons will not work more than eight hours, from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. They get \$2 to \$3 a day, and work hard, one carrying two bags of coffee, or 200 pounds, at a time. They live a good deal as Italians do in Brooklyn, and spend their money like water on their pleasures, of which gambling is perhaps the chief.

"There are many rich cities inland, reached by railroads, telephone and telegraph from Caracas. Among them are Valencia, 60,000 inhabitants; Baracinas, 40,000; La Victoria, 10,000 to 15,000; and Suldan Bollen, 30,000. The country is rich, and in the Orinoco delta are rich mines of gold, iron, and coal. South of the disputed region there are Indians who still shoot with bows and arrows, and the arrows are tipped with poison."

LONDON'S POLICE SYSTEM.

The Amount of Territory and Property Guarded in the Great City.

Police statistics, comparatively considered, are generally interesting. London's a big town, and a hard one. Items from her Police Commissioners' latest report are worthy attention. The London force numbers 13,497, all told; it people, patrol 688 square miles, and guard £38,000,000 of ratable property alone. The actual property under their care is beyond the powers of computation. It says much for their increased efficiency that the averages of offences against property should have sunk during the last ten years from nearly five per 1,000 of the population to very little more than three. Criminal offenses of all kinds show a like diminution; while cases of murder have reached the unprecedentedly low number of thirteen, seven of which were due to insanity. The introduction of the anthropometrical system has greatly facilitated the identification of criminals. The London authorities were a long time in discovering the merits of M. Bertillon's system, but now that they have adopted it, one may reasonably expect fewer blunders with respect to identity. One branch of the policeman's duty shows a regrettable activity—the lost property office. The public is, if anything, more prone to forget and lose its property than ever, and it is the course of one year succeeded in leaving no fewer than 15,000 umbrellas in the public carriages. Possibly this may be accounted for by an exceptionally dry season.

A MECHANICAL HORROR.

Hour of the Day Struck off by Grinding Skeletons.

Machinery is a monthly journal published at Johannesburg South Africa. In the October number is an account of a most remarkable clock belonging to a Hindu Prince, which the editor thinks the strangest piece of machinery in India. Near the dial of an ordinary looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of artificial human skulls, ribs, legs and arms, the whole number of bones in the pile being equal in number to the number of bones in human skeletons. When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of 1, the number of bones needed to form a complete human skeleton come together with a snap; by some mechanical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and walking up to the gong, strikes one blow. This finished, it returns to the pile and again falls to pieces. When 2 o'clock, two skeletons get up and strike, while at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap springs up in the shape of 12 skeletons, and strikes each one after the other, a blow.

Make the House Warm

If your poultry house is not as warm as you think it ought to be, it can very easily and cheaply be made warmer whatever the material it is made of or lined with. If you cannot afford heavy manilla paper for a lining, take old newspapers and line the walls and roof of the house.

Make a good paste of flour and water, and put on three or more layers of the newspapers. These will keep out wind and cold that would get through unseen cracks and small knotholes or other small openings through which frost and wind could work.

When the paste is dry apply a good coat of whitewash. If you can afford a covering of thin muslin over all, it will make a more durable job, but if the surface is moderately smooth, the paper alone with the coat of whitewash will make a wall surface that will last one season.

In the spring if the surface is somewhat broken and apt to make a harbor for vermin, the paper may be scraped off before the spring whitewashing is done.

Try a coating of paper on the inside of your poultry house if it is not thoroughly warm and comfortable.

SOME QUEER WEDDINGS.

FUNNY INCIDENTS THAT HAVE OCCURRED AT SOME MARRIAGES.

What a New York Divine Has to Tell of the Humour and Ill-Humour of Marriages—Some Good Stories.

A retired judge, who had long been accustomed to confront convicted criminals and pronounce upon them the extreme penalty of violated law, was once called upon to marry a couple who unexpectedly entered his quiet and cozy home office and bashfully asked him to "splice" them. Hurriedly repeating a formula which he extemporized for the occasion, his judicial mentality was markedly evident in closing the ceremony with these words:—"I now pronounce you man and wife, and may God have mercy upon your souls." This and these other stories of strange happenings at weddings are told by Rev. William H. Luckenback, of New York.

Ministers are often brought into situations or unexpected circumstances requiring not a little cool judgment and tact to avoid the unpleasant feeling and appearance of embarrassment, or any manifestation of their quick sense of the ludicrous.

OH HOW AWKWARD!

The young bride stumbled, and the groom as he caught her murmured gruffly, "Oh, how awkward!"

It was but a short walk from its door-way up through the centre aisle to the chancel of the church, but the bride, moving leisurely towards it with her ill-grained escort, was looking far beyond chancel and officiating priest and decorative garlands. The train of thought which her betrothed had occasioned by his tart rebuke, "Oh, how awkward, awkward!" extended far into the future. If he could thus ruthlessly injure a trustful woman's feelings in the most blissful hour of her life, what would probably be his treatment of her after marriage!

Her mind was made up before she reached the chancel railing. She stood there without a tremor. She heard the officiating clergyman ask the bridegroom, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together of matrimony?" etc. She heard him answer in a voice that seemed to her as lacking the tone of decision, "I will."

Then came the supreme test of her heroism. The clergyman had scarcely ended his repetition of the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" etc., before she answered, distinctly and clearly enough to be heard by all the guests occupying the pews nearest the chancel, "No, sir!" At the same moment withdrawing her gloved hand from the arm of her discarded lover, she stood directly facing him, and with melodramatic manner, with equal clearness and distinctness, exclaimed: "Oh, how awkward, awkward!" Can the reader blame her for thus avoiding what in all probability would have become to her a wretched married life, if she, too, had answered the clergyman, "I will?"

A CROOKED TRANSLATION.

A merry company once went to the parsonage of a German minister to witness the marriage of two of their friends. The reverend Teuton having learned that his young people were becoming too Anglicized to consent to be married any longer in the German tongue, and, having missed several wedding fees because he had declined to use an English formula, undertook a translation of his German services into English. In the German text occurred the scripture, "and they twain shall be one flesh."

The English of his translated order for the solemnization of matrimony was very acceptable to and easily understood by the lovers who were being married until he reached the Scripture quotation, which he gravely rendered, "and they two shall be one beef." The company left the parsonage in a merrier mood than when they entered it, and the puzzled pastor soon afterwards retired for the night, resolved to learn what it was in the English tongue that made it so amusing.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

I was once innocently made a party to an attempted mock marriage episode. There was a millinery establishment in the place, run by several jolly spinsters whose chances for matrimonial alliances had been growing less and less for many years. It was familiarly known in my congregation as "The Shop," and it had become a rendezvous for the young people who frequently happened in to exchange jocular greetings and enjoy the innocent gossip that constitutes much of the pleasure of intimate acquaintance.

There entered the "shop" one evening a woman who would have been offended if we had called her "old," and of whom we would not have told the truth if he had said that she was "young." Belted forward laughingly towards Amelia, one of the spinsters, she exclaimed, in a jocosely despairing tone:

"I am so tired of waiting for an offer of marriage that I'll marry the first man that comes along and offers his hand."

"Good for you, Annie," said Amelia, "who knows but that we may see a wedding here this evening?" Several others had dropped in meanwhile to enjoy the cheeriness of the "shop." It so happened that among them there came five young men who, Annie had several times learned to her discomfort, was as witty a practical joker as herself. Incidental greetings had scarcely passed among the bevy of merry companions before Amelia exclaimed, in a tone and manner that at once quieted the salutations of the moment:

"Charlie, Annie says that she is so tired of waiting for an offer of marriage that she will marry the first man who will propose to her."

Lifting his hat gracefully, and looking at Annie without a blush, apparently unabashed by the unexpected challenge, he answered:

"I am at your disposal, Annie; how would I suit you?"

"Very good," said Annie, "send for the minister and we'll be married right here on the spot."

It was not long after that my door bell rang. Responding to the ring, I found there the brother of the spinsters, who had sent for me to come down to the "shop" to marry a couple who were looking for a minister.

BOTH PARTIES WERE GLAD.

When he arrived there Mr. Luckenback struck upon the idea of giving them an hour to think it over, and they did not trouble him again. Let him tell the sequel.

Among the callers on the following day was Annie. She had come to make explanations. She had not intended to marry Charlie. She supposed I could read the marriage service as usual but when I should come to ask her, "Do you take G. here for your wedded husband?" etc., she would have answered "No," and, turning away, she would have had "the laugh" on him.

"Yes, Annie, but suppose he had said 'No,' before you?"

"Then, of course it would have been on me,—but he didn't think of that."

"But another and more important view of it, Annie, is this: It was not necessary for me last evening to read the marriage service at all. Had I simply pronounced Charlie and you man and wife, you would have been married in law as effectually as if I had read the whole formula from beginning to end."

"Oh, Mr. L.," said Annie, bursting into tears, "was I so nearly married? I thought that you were obliged to read the whole ceremony, and when you came to question me, I would answer 'No,' and that would end it. I am so glad that you took the course you suggested. Never again will I act so foolishly."

We were not done talking about the matter before the door bell rang again, and an attendant brought me a handsome study gown, with the compliments of Charlie for not marrying him.

A WONDROUS CHANGE.

The Story of a Young Lady in Smith's Falls.

Her Health Was Badly Shattered—Suffered From a Bad Cough and Constant Pain in the Side—Pale and Almost Bloodless—Her Health Again Restored.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

"I know that if I had not begun taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer." These words were uttered by Miss Mossop, this town, and a young lady extremely popular among her friends and acquaintances for several years, and her recovery to health is a matter of general rejoicing among her friends. To a reporter she gave her story as follows: "I scarcely know how my illness began. The first symptom was a feeling of tiredness upon the slightest exertion. The color left my face, and I became as pale as a corpse. Then I was attacked with a pain in my left side and coughed a great deal. At first home remedies were tried, but as they did not do any good a doctor was called in, and I was under his care for about a year. But the treatment did not do me any good, and I was steadily growing weaker and weaker. I was unable to go upstairs without having to sit down and rest when I got there, and the pain in my side became more and more intense. I kept wasting away and lost all interest in life, and at last was so low that recovery was not expected. At this juncture my mother saw an article in a newspaper relating the cure of a young lady whose case was almost identical with my own, and whose cure was



Could not go up Stairs Without Resting.

due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this prompted a trial of that medicine. By the time a couple of boxes were used there was a feeling of improvement and I continued using the Pink Pills until I had taken nine boxes, all the time gaining rapidly, until now I feel that I have recovered my old time health. I can now walk a long distance without being tired, and I am no longer troubled with that terrible pain in my side. My appetite has returned and I can now eat almost as much as any member of the family, and I know that had I not begun taking Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer."

Mrs. Mossop says she cannot express the gratitude she feels toward this grand medicine which has restored her loved daughter's health, and will always speak of it in terms of praise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Nervous

Troubles are caused by impure and impoverished blood because the nerves, being fed by the blood, are not properly nourished. The true way to cure nervousness is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has built me up, increased my appetite and accomplished what I desired. My oldest daughter was nervous and not very rugged, but her health is good since she began using Hood's Sarsaparilla." JOHN L. FINGER, 172 Hayden Row, Hopkinton, Mass. Get Hood's and only

Hood's Sarsaparilla
The One True Blood Purifier. 21; 6 for \$5.
Hood's Pills are mild and effective. 25c.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Tanning a Sheep Skin.

There is nothing better suited for a buggy or cutter mat or robe than a woolly sheep skin. One Kenosha, a tanner, tells how they can be tanned at home. The method is as follows: Within a few hours after the skin is removed from the animal, put it to soak for twenty-four hours in a barrel of fresh spring water. Then take it out and lay it on a barrel, flesh side up, and scrape it thoroughly free of flesh, tallow, and blood. This is easily done by an old scythe, which fits the oval shape of the barrel very nicely. If the skin has become dry in places, more vigorous scraping will be necessary. If the skin is perfectly fresh, it should be scraped all over the second and third day after removing from the water. To clean the wool, tramp or pound it while in the barrel of water before taking it out for the second day's scraping. Scrape lightly on the wool side with a wooden scraper while water is being dashed upon it. Should iron come in contact with the wool it is liable to color it. When the skin is ready for tanning, lay it out flat, flesh side up, and apply the following mixture: Pulverized alum, one-half pound; common salt, about one pound; ~~salicylic acid~~ in one or two parts of water. Sprinkle about half of it in a nice even layer over the skin, folding the edges over to the backbone, then roll up tightly from the head. Keep it damp in a cool place for a week, then open up, scrape off the application, and apply the remainder of the tanning mixture, and leave rolled up for another week, at the end of which time hang it over a scantling, and after two or three days' drying, scrape down towards the ground with a blunt knife until it is softened on the whole flesh surface. Then comb out the wool with the horse-mane comb, when you will have an ornamental and warm foot-rug or lap-rug. It may be lined and left white, or dyed, according to taste.

One Johnston gives his method, and declares it is better than the foregoing: Spread the skin flesh side up, sweep off all coarse dirt, salt, etc., and cover with a mixture of two parts salt and one of each of alum and saltpetre, fold the flesh sides together, roll tightly, and place in a cool place for eight or ten days. Then brush off all salt and place in a barrel, and pound out in strong soapsuds, with a clothes pounder, until as clean as desired; then rinse. The skins may, with advantage, be put through a large clothes-wringer. Care should be taken that the suds be not too hot. While still warm, stretch and nail to the side of an unpainted building, flesh side exposed to the sun, for several days, the hotter the better. When well dried take down, lay on a bench, flesh side up, and do some vigorous rubbing with No. 1 or 2 sandpaper; a few minutes will make a skin as soft as one could wish.

Oil Meal for Stock

In regard to the advisability of buying oil meal with which to feed stock, we believe that the truest economy is to combine it with other feeds, grain and coarse foods when they are at nominal prices. When hay has been high we have fed some straw even to dairy cows and given them a feed of oil meal in addition to their regular allowance of grain.

Experience teaches that with oil meal at \$20.00 per ton it is likely to be profitable to feed it at all times with any ration for fattening stock. When it goes above this in price, economy must be used in feeding it to have the gain profitable.

A practical, successful feeder, one who has carried on careful experiments, tells us that his general practice in fattening sheep has been to feed corn and oats for the first two months of winter fattening, and then if the price of oil meal was twenty dollars a ton he would feed oil meal with the oats and corn during the last month in fitting the stock for market.

It is a very common practice with feeders both of steers and sheep to follow this method. They do not as a rule feed oil meal all through the time of fattening, but reserve it to give the stock a better coat of hair and sleeker appearance, and thus finish them nicely for market.

With corn and oats at the price they are now selling, we hardly think it would be advisable in fattening stock to use much of anything else.

Oil meal is a good food at all times; it is healthy and it is nutritious but the price one has to pay for it must altogether determine whether it shall be fed liberally or limited to the latter part of fattening.

In for a Trade.

Can I sell you a vase to-day, inquired a china merchant at the door of a house where a big row was in progress.

No you can't, snapped the woman of the house, unless you want to trade for a family jar four times as big your vase.