

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dews from Heaven, Should Descend Alike upon the Rich and the Poor"

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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ADVERTISE WELL.

Advertise well! 'tis the secret of glory—stick to this principle fast as a leech: Think of the names that are famous in story; advertise well is the reason they are. How have men compassed so wide a connection, made the world swallow their nostrums as will? 'Tis that by constant and ardent pursuit, advertise well is the principle still.

Advertise well! you will never regret it; nothing more wise can a business man do. Stick to this motto and never forget it; advertise well—it will pull you safe through.

Advertise well! do not think what 'twill cost you; publishers' bills are but friends in disguise.

How do you know what your customer has lost you! Would you be wealthy you must advertise.

Advertise well! though business be wanting; those who spend forest must win in the end. 'Tis not being; 'tis need for complaining; act for yourself and be your own friend.

Advertise well! all lanes have a turning; nothing pays better than paper and ink.

Thousands who daily this motto are spurning, find that it brings them to bankruptcy's brink.

—Yonkers Gazette.

SWEET VIOLETS.

How Mr. Whiskers was Cured of His Silly Infatuation.

"Sweet-et V-i-o-l-e-t-s! Sweeter than all the R-o-o-o-s-es!"

He did not sing it loud. He was afraid his wife would hear. But all the time that Mr. Billydog Whiskers had been putting on his snowy shirt, feeling his white necktie with the most delicate accuracy, donning his low vest, assuming his silk-lined swallowtail and casting a languorous suspicion of Lillas del Perce on his handkerchief which, sweet thought, her own delicate fingers had embroidered for him—it was a falsehood in silk, for she had made her maid do it—all this time Mr. Whiskers had been humming, softly and tenderly, that wonderful song which has caused the death of more organ grinders, the decay of more minstrels, the souring of more milk, and the upsetting of more weak minds than any other mass meeting of argumented half notes in the whole literature of song. When he was finally done and had completely transformed himself from a broker in tweed to an Adonis in broadcloth, he cast at the Adonis in the mirror a deep, languishing, soulful glance, that would have turned the head of any female statue on a pivot, and, in fact, apprised the jealous Parian Diving Girl on the mantel, who was watching him narrowly, that Mr. Whiskers was deeply, very deeply in love.

With a smile on his face of self-admiration that he could not entirely repress he tripped down stairs to the sitting room, where a sweet, calm-faced little woman sat somewhat idly reading the evening paper. She looked up and, being his wife, took in the whole situation at a glance.

"Going out, dear?" said she pleasantly.

"Yes. Little spread at the club. I'll be home early. Ta-ta, dear," he said, airily.

She smiled pleasantly and he went out and away.

As soon as the hall door closed she looked straight ahead of her for some time. Then she leaned her chin on a plump, pretty little hand, her elbow resting on the table, and fell into deep thought. Her face was sad. She had much more strength and much more common sense than the average woman. But they had been married ten years and her husband had gotten used to her. She knew quite well that at heart he loved her. She understood how the Violet in the case, Mrs. Violet—a society widow, had caused him to make a fool of himself in pronounced attentions of the silliest character. She knew perfectly well that this Violet was as cold as she was beautiful, and that her narrow conception of life made the handling of men through their weakness a worthy ambition. But under her calmness the little wife was both deeply hurt and judiciously angry. Her husband was being talked about to her discredit. That wounded her more than his neglect of herself. She thought a long time and then rang the bell.

James O'Meara, the butler, had a quickness of perception that his Irish eyes made it impossible to conceal. He was an old and tried servant. He knew the situation perfectly and was much disturbed at it, for he had a genuine and warm admiration for his mistress. She knew that he knew, and she consequently had determined to utilize him. She did not discuss the situation but she gave certain orders. It took a long time. Despite his dignity James O'Meara very often smiled. At one time he burst out laughing, but immediately begged her pardon. She did not smile. Neither did she frown. She was very quiet and business-like during the whole talk. Then she went quietly to bed.

The next day Mr. O'Meara was very busy. He was gone from the house for hours. He could have been seen in quarters of the city where a fashionable butler never was seen before, talking to people for whom it would seem a fashionable butler has no sort of use. The next day something happened down town which was a little unusual.

Mr. Whiskers' office was in New street, not very far from that yell foundry where men bellow at each other for a long time and then quietly sell to one another some stock. It was a nice office on the first floor, the private office having a window opening about ten feet above the street. Shortly after the adjournment of the morning board, just as Mr. Whiskers was deeply engaged in discussing a heavy transaction with a client, the soft tread-

of the street outside. It was a familiar tune. It was "Sweet Violets." Whiskers smiled, caressed his mustache with repressed complacency, and then plunged deeply into business again, for the matter was important.

"Huh! Huh!" A tink-tink sounded at the window. He and his friend turned. A small monkey with the countenance of Methusalem and a dirty jacket stood on the window-sill. It took off a cap with a ragged feather in it and bowed profoundly. Around its neck was a little wreath of pretty blue violets.

"Cunning little beast," said Mr. Whiskers, kindly. He put a half dollar in the cup and the monkey went away. The organ played "Sweet Violets" once more, and then all three of them went down the street and played no more within hearing.

Twenty-four hours had elapsed with the usual industry of hours when Mr. Whiskers was in exactly the same place with another important client. As they talked, a peculiar sound as of a very large hand organ was heard. Singularly enough the music was "Sweet Violets." Mr. Whiskers, deep in business, paid no attention until a clatter on the sill made him turn to discover two monkeys, with two tin cups and two dirty red jackets and two wreaths of fresh blue violets around their necks.

He stared at them in astonishment. "Get out, you—" he said, impulsively, reaching for something to throw.

His visitors dived below the sill, peeped their faces, showed all their teeth, and said: "Huh, huh," still glaring at him. Every time he made a motion they dodged like song and dance men, in unison, and then peeped over the sill like a Conspirators' Chorus of two. His friend laughed. Mr. Whiskers dropped a half dollar in each cup to get rid of them, and the collectors politely departed. Not to be outdone in generosity, the two organ grinders, keeping exact time, played "Sweet Violets" once more, and played it with a delicacy and an expression such as never has been heard before or since that day.

Mr. Whiskers wondered a little that night. The suspicion which had begun to lurk in his mind did not get large enough to rote, however, until after the session next day. He was no sooner closeted in his office than such an infernal jangling as could not be listened to without neuralgia began in the street. It came from four hurdy-gurdies, all on the stone blocks in front of the office. The hurdy-gurdy sounds like the skeleton of a poor, old superannuated piano which some brute has annoyed and is tickling to death. The four men turning four cranks were jiggling out of the four instruments a tune which Mr. Whiskers recognized at once and other people somewhat later. It was "Sweet Violets." He had closed his window cautiously, but on the sill, peering pitifully in, were four octogenarian monkeys, all holding pitiful little tin cups, and all wearing collars of sweet, beautiful violets.

Mr. Whiskers blazed. He flew out of his office and found the policeman after a long, hot hunt and notified him that if organ grinders were not kept off his block he, the policeman, would be kept off the force. Then he walked back with a face very red and very conscious. His fellow-brokers were "onto it." If there is any thing of interest to himself or his brother that a broker will not get "onto" it must be concealed under a brick block. That day and night Mr. Whiskers was certainly the maddest man in town. He knew of course that some malicious rival was at the bottom of it, and if he had found him there would have been murder in all the degrees known to the law.

Strange to say, the talk with the policeman did not do the slightest good. There was corruption of the largest kind at work. During the next two days the very bricks in the cornices on New street were singing "Sweet Violets." Hand organs, hurdy-gurdies, organettes, German bands—every thing in a great city that could make a noise was making it to the familiar air in New street. Mr. Whiskers sat at frothing at the mouth in his office, wondering how much it would cost him to shoot dead a blind tender who was raising it under his window with the most intense impression that he was intoxicating somebody's soul. That night Mr. Whiskers got almost drunk. He was helpless. He could not fight back. It suddenly began to dawn on him that he had been making a fool of himself, not only in the eyes of his Violet but in the world in general. "If Mary should hear of it! Good heavens!" thought Mr. Whiskers.

Mr. Whiskers went to his office after the board next day with some trepidation. The street, however, was as usual. There were clerks and idlers and brokers and loafers in only the usual quantity. He sat down and dived deep into business with some gentlemen. For fifteen minutes the consultation continued. Then Mr. Whiskers heard a sound that made his heart stand still.

It was the most unearthly racket that ever turned to turmoil a city street. It was a whole procession. The street was jammed and the street was roaring with laughter. The whole earth seemed to be twizzling and looting and banging and squealing "Sweet Violets." Like a holiday turnout the procession was:

Eight organ grinders abreast. Air. "Sweet Violets."

Four hurdy-gurdies, lead. Air. "Sweet Violets."

THE VERSATILE MAN.

A Myriad-Minded Individual Known All Over the Land.

Swift T. Totum was the most versatile man I ever saw. Talk of myriad-minded Shakespeare! Why, Shakespeare could boast of doing his mortal career. He would swing around through the entire realm of the arts, sciences, and humanities as readily and as swiftly as the New England weathercock will describe the horizon's circle, and he would go around the former quite as often as the New England weathercock makes its circuit in search of the wind that blows.

Swift T. Totum was, in fact, a wonderful man—a wonderfully wonderful man, not to make it too strong—and I have wondered what the world would have done without him. Totum wasn't one of your machine men, who spend their existence in one continuous, monotonous movement; not a bit of it. He was a grand and comprehensive machine shop, laboratory, atelier, studio and shop rolled into one. There was nothing which he hadn't been into—and out of—and the only cloud upon Totum's life was the comparatively small number of avenues which the world of matter and the world of thought opened up to his superabounding versatility.

Meet Totum early in the morning and you found him filled to overflowing with wit, say, a scheme to ameliorate the condition of pastry cooks; an hour later he was deep in the investigation of some reconcile theory of his own relative to the ancient sun-myth; at noonday he was immersed in some grand business enterprise; the afternoon was given to the elaboration of some alleged discovery in physics; the political regeneration of the world occupied his evening hours, and he retired dreaming of an inebriate patent process which was to revolutionize the custom of wearing stockings inside one's boots instead of outside.

And then there was nothing small or secretive about Totum. Whatever he did, or rather whatever he began to do, he invariably took the world into his confidence. He wasn't the man to shut himself up in secret when he had one of his vast enterprises on foot. His loved company; the more of it he had, the better; and he would kindly talk over his impending scheme for hours, or as long as any one would listen to him, and then—why, by that time his prolific mind had given birth to some new idea which completely overshadowed and dwarfed its predecessor, grand as that had seemed when viewed by itself.

Totum never started out to sharpen a lead pencil or draw the cork out of an ink bottle but he had at least half a dozen wondering spectators, and, though it usually ended in somebody else sharpening the pencil and in somebody else drawing the cork, that fact did not militate against his greatness. It only showed that a mind like his, teeming with a redundancy of ideas, was so transmuted by time and occasion that it was impossible for him to put any of them into concrete form.

For like reason Totum never succeeded in learning a foreign language, ancient or modern, though he had made many essays in both directions; and his harrying in literature was of the flimsiest description, while his information upon the practical affairs of life was exceedingly tenuous. His mind was constructed upon so grand a scale, and he attempted so much and so many things, that he could not pin himself down long enough to one subject to master it; he could not improve one opportunity without losing hundreds of other opportunities.

If Totum could have divided his corporeal substance into a thousand distinct individualities, he would easily have furnished them all from his own brain with vocations and avocations sufficient to last them all to the crack of doom. It was really too bad in Providence to endow Totum with so versatile a mind without providing an adequacy of physical functions and a sufficiency of time to accompany it. Had his body been at all commensurate with his mind, and his life been extended over centuries instead of through a paltry threescore and ten at the outside, this world would one day be a very different world than we now find it.

But, alas! Totum's carrying powers were no match to his creative. He died without accomplishing any thing. He had all through his life "biten off more than he could chew." He was chewing over—he absorbed nothing. But Totum was a most excellent chewer.—Boston Transcript.

Household Helps.

A good way to take an ink-stain out of the floor is to use a jack-plane.

To get a table-cloth thoroughly clean, stand over the wash-tub woman when she is at the tub, and beat her with a piece of lead pipe.

If you would never have tainted fish, use always the kind that is salted.

To rejuvenate plums, dye them.

To get rid of rheumatism in the bones, give the gardener a day off, and do his work.

If you can't wash the dog clean in a tub, put him on the stove and boil him. Never roast him.

A good thing for mosquitoes is a dreamy fat man.

To keep shutters from slamming at night, remove them every afternoon.—Pack.

—Goodness is beauty in its best color.—Marius.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Let honor be to us as strong an obligation as necessity is to others.—Pliny.

—Nature is frank and will allow no man to abuse himself without giving him a hint of it.

—A feud is about the most unprofitable thing any community ever indulged in.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

—The biggest sponges in the world are found occupying thrones and free-lunch tables.—Times Dispatch.

—Science weeps over the bug that is never hatched as the lover mourns over the letter that never came.—N. O. Picayune.

—"I have learned to seek my happiness by limiting my desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them."—John Stuart Mill.

—No, my son, a mouse does not grow into a rat any more than a dude ever becomes a man. Quite a different race in either case.—Boston Transcript.

—What is the difference between a fool and a wise man? The fool is ignorant and doesn't know it; the wise man is ignorant and does know it.

—The price of monkeys to go with organ-grinders is higher than for years before. The attempt to work in duress was a failure. They didn't know enough.—Detroit Free Press.

—The man who borrows \$5 from you and neglects to return it is often thought to have a poor memory, when, in fact, the man is poor and not the memory.—Yonkers Statesman.

—I consider that you can tell the difference between well and ill-bred folks by the way they quarrel. In a difference, the former always grow more, and the latter less, perlit.

—"What makes a woman laugh?" asks an exchange. We don't know, unless it is that her next door neighbor has said something mean about the people across the street.—The Earth.

—This world, my son, is not without its trials and tribulations, but there is no necessity of your being utterly heartened so long as you have only others' misfortunes to feel and others' foolishness to criticize.—Boston Transcript.

—"Novelty goods—all the rage," advertises an up-town tailor, and, by way of explanation, we would like to state that the rage doesn't come in until you find the novelty wearing off in spots after exactly one week's service.—Washington Critic.

—Somebody says that an African belle dresses her hair only once in four months. As it is probably all her own, of course she can do as she likes with it, but it is different with the belles of the more civilized nations.—Lovell Citizen.

—When you would wish to make a man feel really happy, my son, praise him for some quality which he does not possess. We have seen the face of a strictly moral man glow with unaccustomed pride upon being accused of a wickedness which he never so much as dreamed of, and we have known a bad man made happy; just before election, by being spoken of as the epitome of all the human virtues. If you would make friends, compliment persons for what they are not, not for what they are.

STORY OF A JAW.

The Distance Which It Will Travel in the Course of a Man's Life.

The noon-day customers were dropping out one by one from the National yesterday when a dyspeptic-looking man, who sat at the next table and had been watching with great solicitude a seely-looking individual who had evidently come from the Missouri flats to attend the show, startled his neighbor by saying: "Have you any idea how many miles a man's jaw will travel in the course of his life, assuming that he lives to be seventy years of age?"

"Well, I never thought of it," answered a young man, who halted in his wild career of beef-eating. The dyspeptic man changed his seat and exposed a much soiled piece of paper with some figures on it, which he proceeded to explain:

For the first 10 years a child's jaw will go about 55 inches daily or 390,750 inches altogether in a decade. From his tenth to his twentieth year, what with chewing gum, food and tobacco, he will work his jaws say four hours a day, at an average of half an inch per minute; that would make in a day 123 inches, or in the 10 years 438,000 inches. During this time he will talk about five hours a day, traversing about three-quarters of an inch a minute with his jaw; that would give, in 10 years, 822,250 inches to be added to our former figures.

For the next 45 years he will spend say 60 minutes a day in eating, when he will open his mouth half an inch a minute and seven hours in talking, when he will average five-eighths of an inch; that is, when you figure it out, 5,008,625 inches.

"We now have our man 65 years old. For the last five years his jaw takes a rest. He will eat no more than 30 minutes a day at one-half inch a minute, or 27,345 inches, and in talking the distance traveled will not amount to more than 338,500 inches. Now for the total, if we add the various sums together, we get 6,836,470 inches, and dividing by 63,360, the number of inches in a mile, you find that the maxillary journey is a distance of 107 miles and a fraction."

"That is certainly interesting," said the young man. "Have you ever calculated the same lip-trip for a woman?"

"My dear boy," came the slow, sad reply. "Life is too short."—Leitchworth (Kan.) Times.

TURKISH RECREATIONS.

How the Indolent Subjects of the Sultan Amuse Themselves.

The traits of a people may often be judged as correctly from their pleasures and recreations as from their history and serious conduct. In the freedom of the idle, pleasure-seeking hours, a people will betray whether they are imaginative or matter-of-fact, whether they are gentle or rough, whether they are sober or buoyant of spirit. It is usual to find that a people who dwell in rugged, inhospitable lands, in regions of storm and gloomy skies, prefer amusements which are hardy and active; while those who dwell in softer, sunnier climes enjoy themselves in milder recreations.

The old French chronicler, Froissart, observed, when in England, that the English "took their pleasures very sadly." The English, and especially the Scotch, dwelling as they do in a capricious climate, are noted for the ruggedness and hardihood of their sports. The buoyancy and gaiety of the French character, on the other hand, are strikingly reflected in the lightness and sparkle which appear in all their favorite pastimes.

The recreations of Oriental peoples are more interesting, because less familiar to us, than those of the Western peoples, and afford quite as reliable a key to national character. A recent sojourner in Turkey has given a very entertaining account of the ways in which the subjects of the Sultan beguile their many idle hours. The Turks are an indolent people. The languor of their beautiful climate renders them prone to take the world easily, to have frequent holidays, and to enjoy pleasures which soothe rather than excite.

The principal public recreations of the Turks are three. One is, to witness the burlesque acting of a company of men, who do not use any stage for their performances, but issue forth from behind a simple screen. These players go about from place to place, erect their screen in the open air, and give their performances before the motley crowd of turbaned idlers who gather around them. Another favorite amusement is what the writer referred to calls the "Turkish Punch and Judy." This show, however, is given by means of shadows cast upon a white sheet. The effect of this is very weird and striking. The third public recreation is the gathering in the streets, or on the open spaces, to listen to the thrilling tales of the "meddahs," or professional story-tellers. The meddahs take the place, in Turkey, of lecturers in America. They relate the most exciting stories, with many emphatic gestures, contortions of the face and modulations of the voice. They sit in the middle of an attentive circle, and often raise their hearers to a high pitch of breathless interest and excitement by their dramatic powers of narration.

The Turkish women are allowed to witness the burlesque acting, but they are forbidden to be present at the Punch and Judy shows, and at the story-telling of the meddahs. The women, moreover, are not permitted to attend the theaters and opera houses.

Like all Orientals, the Turks are very fond of music and of dancing. But their airs, musical instruments and dances are entirely different from those of Western Europe. They partake very much of the nature of the race as seen in other ways. The Turkish music is to Western ears, sounds soft, melodious and monotonous. The Turks, on the other hand, regard European music as too loud, boisterous and confused in sound. A choir, or an orchestra, in Turkey, all sing and play the air only.

The Turks like ceremony, and all their recreations are pursued in a sedate, quiet, ceremonious way. The musicians, dancers, story-tellers are ushered before and away from their audiences with flourishes and obeisances, and are rewarded with much solemnity of demeanor. There are very few recreations in Turkey in which men and women are allowed to take part in common. When both sexes witness the same performance, the women always sit in a group behind a screen or thick lattice, so that they can witness what is going forward without seeing or being seen by the men. But in this case, the best point from which to view the performance is accorded to the women.—Youth's Companion.

Killed by Absinthe.

Absinthe is used by nearly all moderate drinkers here as an appetizer before dinner, and its opaline tint in the tumblers set before boulevardiers at the "absinthe hour" is pleasant enough to look upon; but its immoderate use is productive of untold evil, as the chronicles of the hospitals can vouch for, and its slaves are becoming more numerous every day, particularly among the poorer classes, who fly to it because it is cheap and soon intoxicates. A man known in the neighborhood of the military school as Pere Frederic, who was once an operative "primo-tensore" of repute in the provinces, has just died from the effects of the noxious decoction, thus adding one victim more to the long list of persons called *deuils d'absinthe*. Frederic destroyed his larynx by his favorite drink, but he managed to eke out a miserable existence by singing in third-class *cafes-concerts*. He was engaged lately in one of these places, but the proprietor of the establishment became bankrupt and paid off his larynx with a bottle of absinthe. The broken-down singer, who had no money for food, went home to his garret and poured the contents of his quart bottle down his throat. In the morning he was found dead as a dove.

The First Lightning Rod.

If we are to believe an Austrian paper, the first lightning rod was not constructed by Franklin, but by a monk of Sautenberg, in Bohemia, named Probus Divisch, who installed an apparatus the 15th of June, 1754, in the garden of the curate of Frensditz (Moravia). The apparatus was composed of a pole surmounted by an iron rod supporting twelve curved-up branches, and terminating in as many metallic boxes, filled with iron ore and closed by a boxwood cover, traversed by twenty-seven sharp iron points, which plunged at their base in the earth. All the system was united to the earth by a large chain. The enemies of Divisch, jealous of his success at the court of Vienna, excited the peasants of the locality against him, and under the pretext that his lightning rod was the cause of the great drought, they made him take down the lightning rod which he had utilized for six years. What is most curious is the fact of this first lightning rod, which was of noble proportions like the one which M. Nelson afterward invented.—Boston Budget.

The silent man is often worth listening to.—N. Y. Independent.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Nine new comets were observed during the year 1886.

—The petroleum refiners of the United States consume about 3,000,000 pounds of sulphuric acid per month.

—Two hundred and fifty-five meteorological stations are now maintained in Russia, exclusive of the large observatories.

—An Australian mineral called maldonite has been found to consist of an alloy of gold and bismuth, containing sixty-four per cent. of the former metal.

—The English co-operatives have a bank whose transactions amount to \$90,000,000 a year. Their 900,000 members receive an annual profit of \$15,000,000. Their profits during the past twenty-four years have been \$50,000,000.—Washington Craftsman.

—According to geological computations the minimum age of the earth since the formation of the primitive soils is 21,000,000 years—4,700,000 years for the primordial formations, 6,400,000 years for the primary age, 2,300,000 years for the secondary age, and 460,000 years for the tertiary age, and 100,000 since the appearance of man upon the globe.

—The *Jeweler's Journal* says: "There has never been a time in the history of the American watch trade when the business was of such vast proportions as now. All the larger factories that have run all summer, as well as those that shut down for a short interval, are behind orders at the present time, with the prospect of the largest holiday demand ever known before them."

—The manufacture of corsets is becoming a most important industry in Württemberg, about 10,000 people being now engaged in the trade. Large quantities of woven corsets are exported to Brazil, La Plata, England and the United States. The amount sent to the last named country is, however, less now than previously, as the United States have also begun to manufacture this article.

—Some curious results produced by exploding marked blocks of gun-cotton on flat plates of wrought iron have been described by Mr. C. E. Monroe. The gun-cotton blocks were placed with the lettered side down, and the letters stamped in relief appeared in relief on the iron after explosion, while, on the other hand, the letters depressed in the gun-cotton were also depressed on the iron plate.—Arkansas Traveler.

—The British Iron Trade Association has issued its half-yearly statistics of the production and stocks of pig iron, and the production of Bessemer steel ingots and rails. As compared with the corresponding six months of 1886, the make of steel ingots shows an increase of 292,217, and the make of steel rails an increase of 75,856 tons. The production of pig iron increased 121,341 tons. The increase of stocks of pig iron as compared with the same period has been 73,165 tons.—Public Opinion.

—It seems that dynamite which has been exploded in blasting out rocks sometimes leaves an explosive residue which renders it dangerous to break up the smaller masses with the sledge-hammer. In Brazil, where this residue has caused several serious explosions in mines, it is supposed that nitro-glycerine exudes from the dynamite before or at the time it is fired, and remains at the bottom of the drill-hole, unexploded, until struck by the sledge-hammer when the miners are breaking up the rock. Whatever the true explanation may be, the subject is well worthy of investigation by the manufacturers of dynamite.—N. Y. Ledger.

—The discovery of a new gas is a rare and important event to chemists. Such a discovery has been announced in Germany by Dr. Theodore Curtius, who has succeeded in preparing the long-sought hydride of nitrogen and oxygen, diamid- or hydrasine, as it is variously called. This remarkable body, which has hitherto baffled all attempts at isolation, is now shown to be a gas, perfectly stable up to a very high temperature, of a peculiar odor, differing from that of ammonia, exceedingly soluble in water, and of basic properties. Its composition is nearly identical with ammonia, both being compounds of nitrogen and hydrogen.—Boston Budget.

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