Opelousas Courier

OPELOUSAS : : LOUISIANA.

THE present year completes the eighteen centuries that have elapsed since the overwhelming of the cities and country adjacent to Herculaneum and Pompeii. The directors of the excavations at Pompeii are to commemorate the event by a scientific celebration to be held on the anniversary of the event in November next, and have invited the participation of many eminent Italian archæologists.

WITH alum in his bread, coloring matter in his butter, sand in his sugar, and poison in his liquor, the average man has hard work in getting food and drink that will not make him a skeleton nor kill him. Now comes the adulteration of coffee with date stones, which has been discovered in England. Several tons of "melilotine coffee," a compound of coffee, chiccory and date stones, were seized in Manchester recently.

A GREAT many pe rsonshave an idea that it is unlawful to touch or attempt to aid a dead or dying man, and that the first duty is to notify some official. Lives have been sacrificed under thi delusion. The first duty is to render every possible aid and then promptly to make the facts known to the authorities. The contrary idea has been obtained from the laws of other nations, which are as absurd as they are inhuman.

EFFORTS are making in Ireland to revive the study of the Irish language. A society established at Dublin two years ago to encourage such study, has just published a report, which says that an interest in the movement amounting to enthusiasm has been excited among Irishmen residing in England, Scotland and America. The demand for the textbooks of the society is unabated. The First Irish Book has gone through thirteen editions, while the Second Irish Book is in its twelfth thousand.

THE so called "horse communities" of Russia flourish in all cities where there are universities. Most of the poorer students, who are free from prejudices, live upon horse flesh, which can be procured at one-fifth the price of beef. It is the custom of students to Board in parties of from five to twenty, and hence the name of "horse communities." So many Nihilists have been found in these communities that the horse-flesh eaters are liable to prosecution by the government.

A FRENCH chemist last year exposed a quantity of flour to a hydraulic pressure of 300 tons, which redneed it to a fourth of its original bulk, without impairing the quality. He packed a portion of it in tin boxes and sealed it up, doing the same with unpressed flour. When opened in three months the former was in better preservation than the latter. When baked into bread, the pressed article was decidedly superior. After the laps of a year other cans were opened, and the unpressed flour had become spoiled, while the pressed remained sweet and was excellent when baked.

THE difference between Chili on one side and Bolivia and Peru on the other, which have just culminated in a declaration of war, began some months ago in the taxation by Bolivia of the product of nitrate deposits held by Chilians in southern Bolivia. A treaty has existed between Chili and Bolivia exempting this property when in the hands of Chilian subjects from any but municipal taxation, and it is the infraction of this treaty by the imposition of an export duty which leads to this war. The war will practically be between Peru and Chili, Bolivia having no navy and an army of but three thousand men.

A SCHEME is on foot to collect all the articles of value which the bed of the Tiber is supposed to contain. The golden-candlestick taken from the Temple of Jerusalem and the gold and silver cups and ornaments which once decorated the palaces of Roman emperors, are imagined to lie beneath the Tiber's yellow mud. By means of drags it is thought all this buried wealth may be recovered and restored, to form a national museum of extraordinary value. A committee of archæologists has been appointed to consider the best means of fishing up the legendary statues, coins and other articles.

A DRESS woven from the webs of the large spiders common in South America, has been presented to Queen Victoria by the Empress of Brazil. It exceeds in fineness any manufactured silk known, and is very handsome. Spaniards, nearly two hundred years ago, endeavored to make gloves, stockings and other articles of spiders' webs, but they yielded so little profit, and necessitated so much trouble that the manufacture was abandoned. In 1710 the calculation was made that the webs of 700,000 spiders would be required for about forty yards of silk. Such dresses are occasionally seen in South America.

AT Montreal, Messrs. Cowan and Page, engineers, have just completed their invention for an aerial car, with paddle wheels attached for propelling the same through the air; and Professor Gremley the aeronaut, of New York city, has also finished a mammoth balloon, with which he will make an experimental ascension from Montreal in this new car in the early part of the coming summer. The capacity of the balloon is nearly 70,000 feet, or four times the size of Professor Gremley's own balloon, the City of Ottawa. The professor has been engaged most of the winter in making the air ship. It will be the largest balloon on the continent with the single exception of the great Buffalo balloon, which was built in 1873 or 1874. There are four miles of stitching in the balloon. The lifting capacity of this aerostat, with coal gas of a suitable density, will be over 2,500 pounds.

THE long-deferred "Woodruff Expedition" is now planning to sail some time this summer. A newspaper called Around the World, will be printed on board the General Werder during her absence,—edited and managed by President Clark. It will contain editorial and scientific articles and an account of the doings of the expedition. Says the prospectus, which apparently indicates the general typographical style of the paper: "It can be claimed for no other newspaper that its files for sixteen months will show that it has been printed and issued promptly, beginning at New York and appearing weekly—now in mid-Atlantic, now in some out-of-the-way port of northern Europe, again in the Mediterranean sea, or perhaps dated from the Suez canal or the Red sea, or issued while the General Werder is lying "in dock" at Bombay, Canton or Yokohama, or while the ship is cruising among the islands of the Pacific—until, finally, after its seventy weeks of issue shall be completed, the last number of Around the World shall be printed as the Werder lies at anchor once more at home in an American port.

The Negro Not Wanted in Kansas.

Kansas City Times.

The excitement in Wyandotte over the colored trouble is steadily on the increase. The best of friends differ, and loud and angry words are heard on the streets, in offices, stores, and, in fact, everywhere. The action of the relief committee in having Mayor Stockton withdraw his proclamation regarding the landing of colored fugitives has created general dissatisfaction, as it is considered an open invitation for all boats to land colored immigrant paupers on the Wyandotte shore. The majority of the citizens deemed it necessary that prompt action be taken in regard to prohibiting the landing of the colored people on the "Durfee." About seven o'clock on Monday night that long-expected boat reached Wyandotte. As soon as she touched shore, as agreed upon by a number of citizens, Capt. Nelson interviewed Capt. Keith of the boat, explaining to him the situation of affairs, stating the excited condition the people were in, and requesting him not to land any more darkies at Wyandotte. At first the captain objected, but after consideration concluded he would not land, and, therefore, dropped down the stream, and landed about 240 passengers at the old Bigger packing house, in Kansas City, Kansas. As may be imagined the citizens there were very indignant at the proceeding, but had to do as Wyandotte had done, accept the situation.

The class that arrived are mostly from the Mississippi, and of the same order as the former arrivals. Four of their number had died on the way up, and were carried on shore to be buried in Kansas soil. There are a few sick, but generally they are healthy; their ideas are much the same as those who arrived here some weeks since, and all are after the 160 acres of land and a mule team. What Kansas City, Kansas, is going to do with them has not been learned, although it is stated the negroes will be sent southwest this morning. Wyandotte will ship the balance of her immigrants over the Fort Scott road this morning. This will clear her of this trouble.

There were several gentlemen from a distance in Wyandotte yesterday offering advice, and no doubt kindly meant, but in reality only taking up the time of the committee and doing no good. Wyandotte is small, but it seems to be the opinion there that she can regulate her own affairs. Send her no more negroes, and she wants no more money or sympathy. The citizens seem determined that their thriving little city shall not be made a rendezvous for colored paupers. In this they are backed by the entire resident colored population, and therefore, after the shipment of the immigrants this morning, will need no further pecuniary assistance, as no more will be landed there. If a few of the crazy loons who keep shouting, "Bring on your colored people, we will help them," etc., could be sent to the Ossawatamie Asylum, the trouble would die out in a few days, and all would be quiet.

Paris Newspaper Men.

Parisian journalists, says a British journalist, are a peculiar race of men who write what they think, and when they think little write nonsense. They have no fear of editors before their eyes for they make their dignity consist in accepting no editorial retouches whatever to their articles. When a Frenchman finds that he is "getting too big" for his particular journal, and is making its columns crack by the excessive exuberance of the matter which he puts into them, he starts off and founds a new daily paper of his own. He can alway find an accommodating capitalist ready to lend him money in return for the social prestige which the proprietorship of a newspaper confers. The bargain between the pair is summarily this. "You hand over the funds and I will supply talent; you content yourself with being the showman of our firm, and I will do the hard hitting. For the rest your position as the owner of our journal will be a grand one, for you will get play orders for nothing, and be able to vent your animus against any enemies you may have in stinging little paragraphs, which I will touch up for you." There are about forty-five daily newspapers in Paris, and they have mostly been started by brilliant but impecunious journalists who conclude some such treaty as the above with men of capital—mostly bankers, merchants or retired tradesmen. It generally happens, after a time, that the journalist and financial patron quarrel; then the newspaper is put up for sale, and the journalist, having become rich in his turn, buys out the capitalist and devotes the remainder of his literary career to abusing him.

"No man shall ever kiss me except my future husband," she said, as he was about leaving her at the gate. "Suppose I agree to be your future"—"Why, then I'll kiss you," she replied eagerly, and she did. Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called around next day to fasten matters and before he knew it he was eternally booked. It was mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is worth two on a front gate.

REST.

BY FATHER RYAN.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed;
And with desire have I long desired,
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow, and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
Some heart-oppressed;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path; and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

'Twas always so, when still a child I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er
For, down the West,
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

WITHIN AN ACE OF DEATH.

Some Extraordinary Escapes—Vouched for by Chambers' Journal.

We propose to offer to our readers a few instances of hair-breadth escapes, by which various human beings have been saved from death.

Colonel Gilmor, relating the story of a fight in which he figured, says in his "Four Years in the Saddle:" "Turning half round in my saddle to call on my men, I received a sudden shock and felt deadly sick, and at the same instant saw a man trail his gun and run off. I killed him before he had gone three steps. His ball had passed through two coats and stuck in a pack of cards in my left side pocket. They were quite new, the wrapper not even having been broken open. The suits were each distinct. The bullet passed through all, stopping at the last card, which was the ace of spades."

Such another literal translation of the phrase, "within an ace of death," is not upon record; but hair-breadth escapes are common in war. At the battle of Laon, Steffens saw a shell strike the horse of a Prussian officer. Entering near the shoulder, it caused the poor animal to make a convulsive spring and throw its rider, the fragments of the shell being projected on all sides, while the rider jumped up from the ground unhurt.

During the Crimean war Colonel Wyndham, dispatched to find out how matters were going in the first attack on the Redan, saw a soldier walking along the trench two or three yards ahead of him. Presently, a round shot came flying over the parapet, and the man was hidden from sight by the dust. When it subsided the colonel was astonished to find himself beside a living man, whose countenance presented a curious admixture of fright and joy, as scratching his head, he exclaimed: "Why, dash my buttons, but that was amazing nigh!" "Ay, ay, my boy," responded the colonel, "we'd much better be digging trenches at three pence a rod in Norfolk." To which his fellow-countryman only replied: "What! are yew tew from Norfolk?"

Amazingly nigh death, although in blissful ignorance of the fact, was the Confederate staff officer marked down by the Northerner's rifle, and only saved by the officer commanding the platoon happening to recognize in him a client of an insurance office of which he was secretary, and striking up the leveled weapon with: "Don't shoot! we've got a policy on him."

Dr. Brydon, the sole English survivor of the retreat from Cabul, during the last Afghanistan war, was quite aware of the narrowness of his escape, but never could understand how it came about. After a long and terrible ride, he was just congratulating himself upon having at last got clear of the enemy, when he found himself pursued by a solitary horseman. He had but a broken sword wherewith to defend himself, and with this he managed to intercept a cut at his head, directed with such force that it cleft through the base of the blade and left only the hilt, which the doctor hurled in his assailant's face, and the next moment the Afghan cut through Brydon's head-piece and the magazine he had that morning placed inside it. Unarmed, half stunned and hopeless, he mechanically stooped to recover his fallen rein, when, to his surprise and relief, his foe turned away and galloped off, leaving the doctor to drag himself to Jelalabad.

The sword of justice is not always rightly directed, and sometimes it comes near committing murder. A young New Yorker named Wells went one evening to Booth's theatre. Taken with a fit of coughing, he left the theater, intending to go home; but after going some little distance, it came on snowing so fast that he retraced his steps. As he strode along, two men came rushing down the street, one of them dropping a gold watch and chain, which Wells picked up, and then went after the loser, running into the arms of a policeman, who marched him off to the station to explain matters. Presently a messenger arrived in hot haste, saying the thief was wanted at the Fifth Avenue hotel. Wells was taken there, and brought face to face with a man lying on a lounge covered with blood. "Is this the man who stabbed you?" asked the officer. "It is," said the poor fellow, falling back, never to speak again. Wells was tried for the murder, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; and hanged he would have been, if a fortnight before his execution a prisoner in Sing Sing had not confessed upon his death-bed that he had robbed the man of his watch, then stabbed him and ran off, afterward dropping the watch as he ran.

Among the communists tried at Versailles was Jean Baptiste Pigerre, charged with commanding the firing party who shot the hostages at La Roquette. He protested he knew nothing of the dreadful business, and was not aware that the hostages had been shot until after his arrest. His denial went for nought. He had been denounced by members of his own party; three of them on trial with him declared he was at La Roquette. M. Chevrieu, a prisoner there at the time, said he saw Pigerre from his cell dressed as a national guard, trailing a scabbard after him; his face was fixed in his memory; and Soisson, a police office, asserted emphatically: "That's the man." Only one voice was raised in Pigerre's behalf, that of the communist judge, Genton. "You can shoot me, if you like," exclaimed he; "but Pigerre is innocent; he had nothing to do with it." The prosecutor summed up, insisting upon Pigerre's conviction with the rest; the advocates for the accused said their ineffectual say; and then came an interruption. A man named Jarraud, whom everybody agreed was implicated in the murder of the hostages, and who was supposed to have been killed by the soldiers, was brought into court. Pigerre was ordered to stand forward. "That's not the man who commanded," said Jarraud. "Oh, no! the leader of the band was Sicard." The proceedings were suspended, and that same evening Sicard was found in one of the prisons. It was evident he had not long to live, but they carried him to Versailles to testify to Pigerre's innocence, and convince all the witnesses, save the three communists, that they had been misled by the extraordinary resemblance between the two men. The prosecutor at once demanded that the accusation he had formulated against Pigerre should be withdrawn, and so terminated what might have proved a fatal case of mistaken identity.

Yet more singular was the escape of a young Shropshire lady from an ignominious death. Staying in Paris during the reign of terror, she was dragged with other unfortunate "aristocrats" before one of the tribunals. She pleaded that she was an English woman; but was on the point of being hurried out to the waiting tumbril, when one of the judges asked her what province in England she was a native of. In her fright she exclaimed "Salope!"—a reply greeted by a general shout and clapping of hands, followed by an order to let her go; and amid cries of "Salope! Salope!" the dazed girl was hustled into the street to run home, wondering that her head was still on her shoulders, little thinking that by uttering the word "Salope" she had effectually rebutted the notion of her being one of the hated aristocrats, thanks to "Salope" being a word then used to designate one of the most depraved of her sex.

Another remarkable escape of that terrible time was that of M. DeChateaubrun, for he was not only condemned, but actually waited his turn at the guillotine, standing sixteenth in a line of twenty. The fifteenth head had fallen, when the machine got out of order, and the five had to wait until it was repaired. The crowd pressed forward to see what was going on, and as it began to grow dark M. DeChateaubrun found himself gradually thrust into the rear of the spectators; so he wisely slipped away, and, meeting a man simple enough or charitable enough to take his word that a wag had tied his hands and run off with his hat, had his hands set free, and managed to reach a safe hiding-place. A few days later he put himself beyond the reach of the executioner.

Major Duncan vouches for the truth of the following tale: In 1837 the Christino general, Escalera, was murdered at Miranda, by the mutineering regiment of Segovia. About two months later Espartero and his army arrived at Miranda; and on the 30th of October the whole force was paraded outside the town, the regiment of Segovia being flanked by artillery and other regiments. Accompanied by his staff, Espartero rode up to it, and said he had come to look for his old friend and commander, their chief, Escalera. "Where is he?" he cried. Then, pointing to the dead man's resting-place, went on: "He is there, foully murdered! I call upon all of you who are true soldiers to give up the names of his assassins." Twice he made the appeal, and silence was the only answer. Espartero then ordered the regiment to be numbered off from the right, and every twentieth man to be brought to the front and be prepared for immediate execution. At this a sergeant stepped forward and named ten men as the actual murderers of Escalera. These were marched off and placed in a line, with their backs to a broken wall, one only protesting his innocence as he was dragged toward the end of the line. Before the fatal volley was fired he darted nimbly round the corner of the wall, and ran along the front of the troops, but was recaptured and taken back to his alotted place. A voice from the ranks cried out that they had the wrong man, the real criminal being a soldier of the same name in hospital at Burgos. Espartero ordered the man to be removed, while the rest received their deserts. Upon inquiry being made at Burgos, the guilty one was found there, taken from the hospital and shot, his namesake, of course, being set free.

A snake once prevented a thief committing something worse than theft. A woman of Oude and her daughter once alighted at the station at Hurdee, and hired a conveyance to take them to their village. When they had gone half a dozen miles on their way, the driver, pulling up in a lonely spot, demanded their jewelry, and, upon their demurring, tied the pair to the vehicle and seized the trinkets. Then, bethinking himself that dead women could tell no tales, the ruffian drew out his knife, but, slipping from his grasp, it fell into a ditch. He plunged his hand into the water to recover the knife, and, as he clutched it, a black snake fixed its fangs in the would-be murderer's hand. He succumbed to the poison, and in ten minutes was past hurting any body. The women were discovered by some villagers and released; but the corpse of the driver was left alone until the police, coming on the scene, moved the body to the police station.

Of all the wonderful canons or gorges of Colorado, the Grand canon of the Arkansas, with almost perpendicular walls, in some places several thousand feet high, is the most wonderful. The gorge of this canon used to be impassable except in winter, until railroad operations commenced and paths of a sort cut in the sides of the precipices. Wishing to see how the said operations were progressing, Professor Mallet and a party of friends set out one afternoon from Canon City. As long as they kept to the horse-trail all went well, but upon reaching a point just beyond it, Mrs. Mallet's horse stumbled and fell. The lady contrived to disentangle herself from the animal, and dropping some ten feet, caught with her fingers the end of the narrow shelf of rock, and there held on, dangling in the air above the rapid rolling Arkansas, and to make matters worse, the horse, following its mistress, had fallen or slipped on the same ledge, where it stood close to the wall, and almost as motionless as the rock itself. The horrified party hastened to the rescue, and the professor, after some anxious moments, had his wife safe and sound by his side. To help the horse was a more difficult matter, and an hour elapsed before men and ropes could be got from the nearest camp, and all that time the poor creature, seemingly aware that he was not to be left to his own resources, stood quietly on the narrow shelf, hardly appearing to draw breath; nor did he attempt to use his limbs until he found himself upon the sure footing of the pathway above.

On the 14th of October, 1877, Miss Lizzie Wise made her twentieth balloon ascent at St. Louis. She had no companion, and soon after starting found it advisable to throw out ballast. The balloon shot up half a mile, but only to descend as quickly again, and the aeronaut determined to make a dart for earth. "Now," says she, "came the most trying of all my balloon experiences. I could not see a thing on earth, and the balloon made fearful plunges through the woods, crashing and crashing the limbs of the trees as it went along. All of a sudden I was lifted up several feet above the tree-tops, but only to plunge down more suddenly between the tall trees, where the balloon became edged in, and I partly made up my mind to have a night's lodging there. In another moment I heard voices, and called out for help, to which came the pleasant response: 'Where are you?' I cried: 'Up here in the tree-top; help me down, please!' Mr. Sheva asked how he should do it, and I threw him a rope, and he pulled and pulled, but could not get the balloon low enough. My car was now partly bottom up, when he bade me slide down into his arms. He was big and strong. And I slid down head foremost into his arms, and thus reached the earth unhurt."

Astonished as the deliverer of the distressed damsel must have been at coming upon a lady up a tree, his surprise was not greater than that of the wheel-examiner at Rugby when he saw a man's leg protruding from under one of the carriages of an express train, and found that it belonged to a sailor, coiled round the break-rod, who had adopted that risky mode of traveling for want of the wherewithal to pay his fare, and was quite uninjured after a journey from Euston, a distance of eighty-two miles, accomplished in a couple of hours; although, when the engine, while at full speed took in water from the between rails tank, there was only six inches between him and the trough—a striking example of the fool-hardiness of Jack. Not but what railroad servants are just as reckless as sailors, putting their limbs and lives in jeopardy without the slightest necessity, and so swelling the tale of railroad disaster, for they are not always so lucky as the Ettingshall signal-man, who, attempting to cross the line in front of the "Flying Dutchman," was caught by the buffer of the engine, and sent whirling over the embankment—nearly twenty yards deep—to come down on his feet unharmed.

Gray, the Would-be Assassin of Edwin Booth.

Chicago Times.

The monomania theory is the favorite one. It is supposed that Gray was itching for notoriety. He had no doubt remarked the notoriety awarded Curry, who, in cold blood, murdered the actor, B. C. Porter, and dangerously wounded his companion, Barrymore, and may have had a desire to achieve notice in like fashion. He knew that even an attempt on the life of so prominent a personage as Edwin Booth would bring him into exceptional prominence, and, although he insisted that his purpose was to kill the actor, it is by no means certain that such was really his purpose, since the wonder is, owing to his proximity to Mr. Booth and the clear light in which he was presented at the time, how he could have missed his mark, be his marksmanship ever so indifferent. The first discharge was so wild that the bullet mark can not even now be discovered, and the next shot went several feet above the actor's head. Be this as it may notoriety was evidently the point aimed at more than the man, and this he has succeeded in achieving to a degree to satisfy the most consuming desire in that direction.

It has also been learned that Gray was decidedly stage struck. He imagined himself a great actor—perhaps the "coming man." A victim to his own conceit he may have regarded Mr. Booth as a rival to be rid of at any price, and the fact that in a letter found on his person he disparages Mr Booth's acting, would seem to lend color to this hypothesis. Of course such jealousy could only have found lodgment in a disordered mind, and any theory that does not take monomania, not to say insanity, into account, must either assume that there is some wretched mistake at the bottom of this matter, or that the would-be assassin has really strong provocation for the act—an assumption which, according to present knowledge is certainly most groundless.

To Mr. Booth this attempt on his life, especially in view of the unenviable connection of the family name with a like exploit, is an event that has almost unmanned him. Some unfeeling gossips have started the hypothesis that the whole affair is "an advertising dodge;" but it is safe to say that Mr. Booth would give a year's earnings to efface the event of Wednesday night from his memory. Mrs. Booth is quite ill from the effects of the fright to which her susceptible nerves were subjected, and it is to be hoped that no serious consequences will ensue.

The Plague in Yunan.

At the last meeting of the French Geographical society, M. de Sonzac, formerly an officer in the French navy, but now in the service of the Chinese government, read a very interesting paper on this epidemic. He mentioned a number of facts which seem to prove that the disease is originated by certain emanations from the earth, to which the rats are the first to fall victims. The Chinese medical men, whose pharmacopœia is generally so complicated, do not appear to possess any remedy against this scourge, rendered more terrible by the superstitious practices of the people. The credulous population of this remote province imagine that the unfortunate victims who succumb to this frightful affection are possessed by an evil spirit, and they leave the bodies exposed to the sun in order that the infernal occupant may be obliged to leave it. That custom produces a horribly pestiferous state of the atmosphere, sufficient alone to cause an epidemic in the plague-stricken villages, and to render the prevailing disease a hundred times more deadly than it might otherwise be if proper sanitary measures were adopted. The first symptoms of infection are manifested by a violent fever, accompanied by an inextinguishable thirst; then follows the appearance of reddish tumors on all parts of the body, but particularly under the armpits, and they rapidly attain the size of a hen's egg, while the pain they cause is so intense that the patient rapidly loses consciousness. By the time he recovers his senses the development of the swelling is complete. If they have remained hard and firm the sufferer has some chance of surviving, but, if the contrary is the case, death is inevitable. The progress of the disease from village to village has been traced over a distance of more than a thousand miles, so that the fact of the material communication or contagious principle is incontestable. From Yunan the epidemic was transmitted to Mesopotamia, and thence to the regions in which it is now raging, but in all cases the infection was unquestionably communicated by means of contact.

REMARKABLE electric storms are said to occur on the summit of Pike's Peak. Little thunder accompanies them, but the whole mountain seems to be on fire, and the top one sheet of flame. Electricity comes out of every rock, and darts here and there with indescribable radiance.

BRAIN-BUILDING.

What Europe is Doing in the Matter of Education.

New York Graphic.

In the matter of public schools Switzerland stands at the head of the nations of Europe. It has fifteen pupils out of each 100 inhabitants, and 7,012 schools, attended by 420,100 pupils. The yearly expense for this is $1,741,635, or a little over $20 for each pupil, or $250 for each school. Then in the next rank comes Germany, where all the children between the ages of six and fourteen are obliged to attend school. The proportion of pupils is 14 to 100 inhabitants. There are 60,000 schools, attended by 6,000,000 pupils. The expense is $28,000,000, or nearly $5 a pupil, or $467 a school. France and Denmark occupy the third rank in the proportion of pupils, which is 13 in each 100 inhabitants. In France there are 71,547 primary schools and 4,502,000 pupils. To these should be added 33,000 evening schools, attended by 850,000 persons. The estimated expense for 1879 is over $12,000,000, or about $2.75 a pupil of the primary school, or $167 a school. Denmark has 2,917 schools and $300,000, or a little over 4 a pupil, or $870 a school.

Belgium and Sweden have each 12 pupils to 100 inhabitants. In Belgium there are 8,300 schools and 870,000 pupils. The expense is about $5,000,000, or nearly $6 a pupil, or $600 a school. Sweden has 8,770 schools and 615,135 pupils. Her expenditure for public education is over $2,000,000, which makes nearly $4 a pupil, and $253 a school. In Holland and Norway the proportion of pupils is the same, 11 for each 100 of the population. Holland has 3,734 schools and 444,707 pupils. She spends $3,063,617, or about $7 for each pupil and $820 for each school. In Norway the expense is nearly $1,000,000 but the number of the schools and pupils is not given. Spain has 9 pupils for each 100 inhabitants, 29,038 schools and 638,288 pupils. She spends over $5,000,000 for this, making over $8 a pupil and $165 a school. Next comes Austria Hungary with 8 pupils for each 100 inhabitants, 29,272 schools and 3,050,000 pupils. The expense of these reaches $14,000,000, or an average of nearly $5 a pupil, or $470 a school. Italy has an average of 7 pupils for each 100 inhabitants, 47,411 schools, and about 2,000,000 pupils. She spends for these nearly $5,000,000, or over $2 a pupil, or $113 a school. Greece has 6 pupils for each 100 inhabitants, 1,380 schools and 95,000 pupils. She spends about $400,000 for them, or over $4 a pupil or $292 a school.

England—the rich, powerful and civilized England—is about on a par with Greece. She has only an average of six pupils to every 100 inhabitants. It is true that the organization of her public instruction dates only from 1870, and that to-day the organization in her cities is excellent and almost complete; but in the country! In England, then, there are 58,675 schools and 3,000,000 pupils; the expense reaches $13,000,000, counting in this the gifts from private parties and the income from foundations, making an average of a little over four dollars a pupil, or $227 a school. Portugal, though liberal, has made no great advance in public instruction, though great efforts have been made by her in this direction during the past five years. Her proportion of pupils is only five to each 100 inhabitants; her schools number 4,525, and the pupils 200,000. The expense is not stated.

In Russia there is only one pupil to each 100 inhabitants. The government, which has squandered millions for the delivery of "brother Sclaves," has established only 34,000 schools, and gathered 1,000,000 pupils. It expends over $5,000,000, or over five dollars a pupil and $153 a school. Of Turkey no accounts appear.

Thus Europe has, for a total population of 293,000,000, 370,000 schools and 24,400,000 pupils, or an average of eight for each 100 inhabitants, and spends $97,200,000 for public instruction, or an average of something over three dollars a pupil. Compare this with the cost of the barracks, her standing armies, her military taxation, or even the expenses of her criminals, her prisons or her courts of justice. The statistical data for all of these has not yet been gathered, but the cost of the army and navy for the six leading nations of Europe will give an idea of what these charges are. These figures are:

Austria-Hungary	$ 55,885,000	Italy	$ 45,527,143
France	134,186,322	Russia	164,246,319
Germany	93,76,72-		
England	121,6-6,015	Total	613,716,622

In comparing the figures of these lists, it must be remembered that money has not the same value in all the countries, and that consequently Holland, where everything is dear, with seven dollars a pupil does not do so much as some other country with less, and so with other considerations.

Paint, Putty and Piety.

A lady writes to the Christian at Work: "I wish you would say a word about putting one's religion into one's work. Last year I built a new house and got a professing Christian man to paint it. He makes good prayers at the prayer-meetings, and says a good word of advice to the young. But he didn't fill the nail holes of the outer and upper trimmings with putty, and he didn't paint the top edge of the doors of the upper story. He took care to slight his work where he thought it would not be discovered. But the nails were drawn out by the sun, causing a leak, so that his neglect in this direction was discovered; then, having occasion to have the top of one door planed so it might shut, again his slighted work told its story. I have discounted that man's piety and prayers ever since. Perhaps this painter treated me as he did because I am a widow. Anyway, I prefer Christians who will fill up the nail holes with putty and paint the tops of the upper doors!"

Bananas.

Few people who see bananas hanging in the shops of fruit dealers think of them as more than a tropical luxury. The fact is, they are a staple article of food in some parts of the world; and, according to Humboldt, an acre of bananas will produce as much food for a man as twenty acres of wheat. It is the ease with which bananas are grown that is the great obstacle to civilization in some tropical countries. It is so easy to obtain a living without work that no effort will ever be made, and the men become lazy and shiftless. All that is needed is to stick a sucker into the ground, and it will at once sprout and grow, and ripen its fruit in twelve or thirteen months without further care, each plant having from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five bananas; and, when that dies down after fruiting new suckers spring up to take its place. In regions where no foot ever reaches, bananas are found in all stages of growth, ripening their fruit every day and every month in the year.

DRIFTWOOD.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease
And few can save or serve, but all may please;
Oh! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to restore the wish is vain
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
—*Hannah More.*

THERE are 5,000,000 landowners in little France.

MADAME BONAPARTE'S estate is valued at $1,200,000.

CHINESE "rice paper" is not made from rice, but from wood pitch.

THE Massachusetts Historical Society has property valued at $140,000.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND base-balls are made in this country each year.

THE average business life of a Boston street-car horse is about four years.

THE total amount of lumber cut last season is set down at 4,324,216,220 feet.

THERE are over 4,000,000 acres of public land in Alabama subject to entry or homestead.

WELL-INFORMED persons estimate that the British emigration to the United States this year will reach 300,000.

"WHAT'S the man yelling at?" asked a farmer of his boy. "Why," chuckled the boy, "he's yelling at the top of his voice."

UNITED STATES 4-per-cent. bonds are worth more than 4 per cents in the Empire of Germany, in the German markets.

BOSTON'S sixty-one National Banks represent a paid-in capital stock of $52,300,000 and they report a surplus of $20,830,537.

THE Canadians did not yell or "protection" until they learned that their new Governor General Lorne wrote spring poetry.

CURIOUS transformations: When a pretty bonnet becomes a pretty woman; when a man turns a horse into a pasture; when a door is found to be ajar.

THE daily consumption of milk in New York city approaches 400,000 quarts, and at least $25,000,000 is invested by farmers in this industry.

THERE have been only seventeen hangings for murder in New Hampshire. The first two were women, who were hanged in 1739 for child murder.

ST. LOUIS has a store over which there is this sign: "Schlochenhuyser, Maxesteinbeck, Eintendoerffer & Co." This reminds us of the days of old long sign.

THE European Messenger of St. Petersburg, in an article on the Russian clergy, says that the total number of persons in holy orders in the Russian Empire is about 100,000.

"WHEN do you expect to go back, Mike?" asked one old exile of another. "If I live till I doye, and God knows whether I will or not, I intend to visit ould Ireland once more before I leave this country."

IN Mississippi there are 348,244 pupil children—158,156 white, and 190,088 colored. Of these, 100,676 white and 104,779 colored attended school. The school fund for the past year amounted to $626,268—per capita in average daily attendance, $3.42.

IN San Francisco there are 10,027 voters of Irish nativity and 5,644 of German nativity, and the two together are about equal to all the native American voters. Of the latter 4,416 are from New York, 2,591 from Massachusetts, and 1,229 from Pennsylvania.

BY a census taken in December last it appears that the population of Japan now numbers 34,338,804 souls. Yeddo, which at one time had the reputation of being the most populous city in the world, contains 1,036,771 inhabitants and 236,951 houses.

Two darkies were vaunting their courage. "I isn't 'feared o' nothing, I isn't," said one. "Don Sam, I reckon' you isn't 'feared to loan me a dollar?" "No, Julius, I isn't 'feared to loan you a dollar, but I does hate to part wif an ole fren' forebber."

"THE sentence of the court is," said a popular Irish magistrate named Porter, to a notorious drunkard, "that you be confined in jail for the longest period the law allows; and I hope you will spend your time in cursing whisky." "I will, sir; and Porter, too."

WHEN Iowa is as densely populated as New York state it will have 9,000,000 inhabitants. When it is as dense as Massachusetts it will have 16,000,000 inhabitants. But when as dense as Belgium it will have 27,000,000.—[Iowa State Register.

"HERE," said the farmer, as he exhibited a broken jar to the manufacturer, "I packed this jar full of butter, and the jar split from top to bottom. Perhaps you can explain the phenomena." "Oh, yes, I can," was the reply, "the butter was stronger than the jar."

PASSING AWAY.

Once in a while we see a man
Who rides the wild, untamed velocipede;
Once in a while we meet a man who strides
Around the track to test his walking speed.
Once in a while we meet the man
Who wears the helmet that we once all wore;
And now and then we meet the man who quotes
The "hard y ever" line from "Pinafore."
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE total number of paupers in London on the last day of the fourth week in March was 86,253, of whom 44,071 were in workhouses, and 42,182 received outdoor relief. Compared with the corresponding weeks of 1878, 1877 and 1876, these figures show an increase of 20,93, 521 and 284 respectively.

A PATRIOTIC Hibernian, after listening for some time to a recitation of Irish bulls amid general laughter, cried indignantly: "Faith, Mr. A., an' do ye know what I think?" "Why, indeed, what do you think, Mr. D.?" "Sure, sir; and do ye know that I think, indade, that not more than one-half of these lies that they tell 'bout the Irish is true." This was unanimously pronounced the best of the lot.

A SHORT time ago a little boy went with his father to see a colt. He patted the colt's head and made quite a fuss over it, until finally the stable-man told him to be careful that the colt did not turn round and kick him. When the little chap went home his mother asked him what he thought about the colt. "I like him pretty well," was the reply, "He's real tame in front but he's awful wild behind."

AN art-critic, who has an unfortunate habit of occasionally indulging in more wine than his health demands, recently determined, one day after luncheon, to pay a professional visit to a private art collection. Arrived in the first room, he found himself opposite a large mirror. Mechanically he drew out his pocket-book and therein wrote: "No. 1—Study of a head; unnamed; an old toper. Fuddled condition excellently rendered; most like a portrait. Seem to be acquainted with the original."