Opelousas Courier.

OPELOUSAS : LOUISIANA.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE annual interests of the public debt of Pennsylvania amounts to $1,-200,664.

THE collection of Chinese works in the British Museum includes 20,000 volumes.

IT is estimated that the money paid for Texas cattle during the past five years amounts to $180,000,000.

ANDREW STETSON, of Duxbury, Mass., is ninety two years old, and steadily works at shoemaking in the shop he has occupied for seventy years.

LONDONERS who, six years ago, looked upon ice water as an unhealthy beverage, and stared when Americans ordered it, now find it indispensable.

THE report of the librarian of Congress for last year shows that in 1870 only 5,600 copy-rights were issued in the United States, while in 1879 over 18,000 were issued.

THE Paterson Mills of New Jersey employ ten thousand hands, besides about three thousand who work at their own homes. The annual production of these mills reaches the total of $14,000,-000.

PRINCETON COLLEGE is to have a new telescope, costing $25,000. The money to purchase the instrument has been subscribed by the friends of the college, Robert Bonner heading the list with $10,000.

NEARLY 1,000,000 cwt. of palm oil, valued at $7,500,000, is yearly exported from the west coast of Africa to England. It is chiefly used in candle-making and soap manufacture.

THE rolling stock of the Lehigh Valley Railroad consists of 237 engines, 71 passenger cars, 36 baggage and express cars, 34,461 coal cars, 1,098 eight-wheel house cars, 1,349 stock, platform and other cars.

THE school population of Virginia numbers 480,000, about three-tenths being colored. The enrollment in the public schools for the past year was 100,000, one-third of this number being colored. Male teachers get an average monthly salary of $30; female teachers receive $24 75.

THE Empress of Austria has a passion for dogs as well as horses, and has them of all the rarest breeds. They say some of her pet dogs sleep in her bed-room, and plates are arranged near the walls with the favorite food of each. One of her favorites and a tall negro footman always accompany her in her daily walks.

PENNSYLVANIA has an elaborate case of witchcraft. A girl named Kildey, living in Stony Creek Valley, near Harrisburg, claims that a woman named Boyer has bewitched her, and that she (Kildey) is possessed of a devil, which is more than probable. Hundreds of people are said to believe firmly in Mrs. Boyer's accomplishments as a witch, and the whole valley seems to be in a tumult over the matter.

MR. MCKELLER owns the actual Cape of Good Hope and much land adjoining, whereon he has a large ostrich farm. A kick from an ostrich is well known to be very dangerous. Mr. McKellar said that the only thing to do when attacked without means of defense was to lie flat down and let the bird walk on you until he is tired. The business is profitable. From ten pairs of full grown birds, which one man may look after, an income of $10,000 or $15,000 may be reckoned on.

He Wasn't "Ox Fats"

[New York Hour.]

William L. Marcy, some time Governor of New York and Secretary of State of the United States, was without great advantage of an early education, but qualified himself for each successive higher post before he attained it. Thus by the time he was Secretary of State he had acquired a certain familiarity with the French language as it was written; but with the spoken tongue it was scarcely to be expected that one so far advanced in life should grapple successfully. Among the many applicants for a foreign consulship was a man the Secretary did not wish to offend and did not intend to appoint. So he represented to the applicant that a knowledge of foreign language might be necessary, and asked him if he could speak French.

"Well, Mr. Secretary," replied his visiter, with a pronounced Western accent, "I've been studying up the thing with a view to this yer appointment, and I'm kinder gettin the hang on it, but I can't say I'm ox fats as yet."

At this extraordinary effort to pronounce *aux faits*, in itself an error for *aux fait*, Mr. Marcy did not smile; he merely played his snuff-box from one hand to the other, as was his wont, and remarked:

"Perhaps you had better call on me again when you are more proficient. As you say, you are not ox fats in French, for I myself have noted that in talking to me you have made at least one *fox pass*."

Flying From a Harem.

A young female slave has escaped from the harem of the Ex-Khedive at Resina and taken refuge in an opposite house, in which lives a young gentleman who had fallen in love with her from seeing her at the window, and with whom she had managed to carry on a pantomimic wooing. It seems that the young man's affection is sincere, for he has now applied to the municipal authorities of Resina to publish the notice of his intended marriage with the interesting young fugitive. But the authorities are much embarrassed by this request, for the Italian law demands that all strangers wishing to marry must produce a certificate from the authorities of their native country that there exists no impediment, and as this young girl, now only sixteen years of age, was sold in Cairo when a mere baby, no one knows to whom to apply. The young beauty says her name is Nasik Missak, and that she believes she is a Circassian. The municipal authorities have applied to the Government for advice as to what they should do.

"NEVER," says a writer on etiquette, severely; "never take bits out of your mouth with your hand." This remark would apply equally well to a horse, only a horse does not have any hands—except being several hands high. But what we started out to say was, that no true gentleman will disregard this warning. Much the better way is to blow the bits across the table at the other boarders. This creates liveliness which is an indespensable adjunct of a successful meal.

The Observance of Holidays in the Fatherland.

[Prof. Von Schulte, in Contemporary Review.]

The observance of Sunday and holidays in Germany must strike the Englishman very strangely. By law, work is forbidden on these days—at least such work as would be disturbing to others. Till the year 1878, however, in many places (for instance in the Catholic province of the Rhine) Sundays and holidays were the days on which the largest business was done in the shops. After the attack upon the life of the Emperor, the police regulations were made more strict, and during the principal services of the day, from 9 to 11 a. m., and 2 to 3 p. m., all shops everywhere were ordered to be shut; but there were only a few states and towns where the shops were not allowed to be open at all. The postal service is limited to shorter hours; letters and parcels are not delivered so often as on other days; and there are similar restrictions on the telegraph service.

On the other hand, the railway traffic is left quite free; and not only do the trains run as on other days, but by almost every line there are extra trains for the convenience of the holiday-makers. For example, the Rhine railway runs every Sunday and holiday, from May 15 to October, three extra trains in the afternoon; and the other lines do the same. In many places, especially in Austria, companies choose Sundays and holidays for their great excursions; extra trains are put on especially in the morning; and arrangements for dancing for the people, popular concerts, etc., are fixed almost exclusively for these days. This is especially the case in places where the population is chiefly Catholic. In the province of the Rhine, in Batavia and Austria, the better classes avoid making excursions on Sundays or holidays, not because they wish to observe the days more strictly, but because the throng is so great in fine weather at all the spots of beauty, and wherever refreshments can be had.

Any one who wants to see the light-hearted nature of the Rhinelander, and still more of the Franconian, and the way in which the "old Bavarian" enjoys himself, must visit some place of recreation on a Sunday or holiday. The church festivals, which are usually on Sundays, are opportunities for the clergy to meet at the house of the parish priest for high feeding and hard drinking till a late hour in the evening; the people amuse themselves with dancing, with rope dancers, carousals, eating, drinking, etc Quarrels, which among the genuine Catholic old Bavarian often end with mortal blows or stabs with the knife, form the practical application of the specially fine sermon for the saint's day. Triumphal arches, banners, shooting with little mortars, etc., etc., attest the good Catholicity of the town. Of work, as a rule, there is none, unless there be here and there a poor tailor, seamstress or servant, who is glad to turn to account the Sunday rest. In this respect, however, many of the public offices set a bad example, for it is by no means an exceptional thing for work to be carried on as usual in the Government and municipal offices, and this is not only in times of special pressure. Everywhere the inns and taverns do most business on Sundays and holidays, because the people have most leisure. The further west and south we get, the more do we find the above description verified, especially in the towns; and the places where the countrymen, after attending afternoon service, walk quietly out into the fields to rejoice in the blessing of heaven, must be sought chiefly in Westphalia and the north. If, on the whole, the Protestants are more observant of Sunday rest than the Catholics, the reason is without doubt to be found in the fact—first, that the Protestant population belongs for the most part to the colder, quieter branches of the German family; and second, that the Protestant worship is not at all exciting to the senses, and is peculiarly somber as compared with the Catholic ritual.

Instantaneous Photography.

Mr. Maybridge's method of photographing horses in rapid motion has lately been applied in San Francisco to the study of human action, particularly that of athletes, while performing their various feats. In order to display as completely as possible the movements of the actors' muscles, they wore brief trunks only while performing, and thus all the intricate movements of boxing, wrestling, fencing, jumping, and tumbling were instantaneously and exactly pictured. The first experiment consisted in photographing an athlete while turning a back somersault.

He stood in front of the camera motionless, and at a signal, sprang in the air, turning backwards, and in a second was again in his original position. Short as was the time consumed, fourteen negatives were clearly taken, showing him in as many different positions. The same man was also taken while making a running high jump. The jumping-gauge was placed at the four-foot notch in order to give an easy jump, for in making it fourteen stout hempen strings had to be broken, as in photographing trotting horses. From the camera to a point beyond the line on which the jump was made a number of strings were stretched. The two base lines were only a few inches above the ground, and from them to the apex, the strings were placed equal distances apart. In jumping, seven of the strings were broken in ascending and seven in descending. The strings were tautly drawn, and so connected with the camera that as each one parted, a negative was produced. Other pictures were taken of men raising heavy dumb-bells, and the various movements of boxing, fencing, and the like.

A Nest of Tarantulas.

[Evansville Journal.]

Joe Marsicano of the firm of Urso & Marsicano, the Water street fruit merchants, came across a "paralyzing" and dangerous find on a bunch of bananas yesterday afternoon. The bunch was hanging up in front of the store, and Mr. Marsicano undertook to pull several of the fruits for a customer. He pushed one hand under to the stem, but quickly withdrew it, as he felt something alive and squirming under his touch. An examination was made, which resulted in the discovery of a nest of tarantulas attached to the stem. There were two large insects and over a hundred small ones. The larger ones were fully two inches in length, while the smaller ones were about the size of a grain of corn each. A board was procured and the villainous and deadly pests were all killed and their bodies thrown into the sewer, which was ther washed out. It was a most fortunate accident that Mr. Marsicano received no wound when his hand was thrust into the nest. There is scarcely any remedy for the bite of the deadly tarantula, death generally following in its most agonizing form. The bananas on which the tarantulas were found came from the lower coast of Louisiana.

RUSSIA has more sheep than any other country in Europe, but of late the number has declined, as more land is being put under grain crops, and hence a decline in wool export.

FOURTEEN BALLS.

Fired Through His Door by a Guest of the Crosby House Because He Would Not Be Invaded, and Didn't Turn Off His Gas.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The man who hired the room at Crosby's Hotel, near the Union Depot, is a typical American. He didn't believe anybody had a right to infringe upon what he considered was his right.

He seemed to be holding up something heavy as he stood against the office counter, and spoke to the clerk confidentially:

"I want to make a contract with you," he said, and he was told to proceed.

"I want a glass of beer, and I'm willin' to pay for it, but I want you to give me some assurance that you'll do your part. Is it a whack?"

The young man behind the tooth-picks said they had no beer in the house; otherwise he would go in.

This seemed to chasten the spirits of the new-comer, and he walked away to a switch light in the distance, which he mistook for a saloon. Disappointed, he returned.

"Gimme a room."

"First floor, or—"

"Anywhere, so's taint out on the roof or in the cellar."

He took hold of a pen-stalk as if it had been a hand spike, and carved out the words "Henry Geiselmann, East St. Louis."

"You understand gas?" asked the clerk.

"Well, I should smile," he answered.

"About turning it off, I mean?"

"Why, of course; come ahead; I want to turn in."

The clerk heard a pair of boots fall on the floor, and the bed "squeak." The light went out and he supposed the guest was at rest.

About midnight, Crosby, the proprietor, took a trip through the house, and detected a gas leak. After a few minutes he located it in the room occupied by the man from East St. Louis. He rapped, and a grunt was the answer. He rapped again, and the sleeper awoke.

"What the —— do you want there?"

"You forgot to turn off your gas."

"Did I? Well, you go away from that door or I'll turn your gas off."

"Well, I am proprietor here and I want you to fix that gas."

"Well, I m a stoppin' in this room, an' ef you don't git away from that door I'll fix you."

"But if you let that gas escape it will kill you."

"What?'

"I say if you let that gas—"

"Well, I say ef you don't leave there I ll bore a hole in that door and nail you on a bullet. Now I reckon you hear me. It's a — of a hotel, anyhow."

There was a lull, during which the proprietor cogitated. Then he took hold of the knob and turned it gently "Say,' he spoke.

"I want you to get away from there, now," roared the man in bed, and "bang!' went a pistol shot; "bang! bang! bang!" The last four bangs were in rapid succession, and during the interval between the fifth and sixth bang the proprietor made a leap for the stairway (straddling the bullets as they flew) and rushed below. "Bang! bang!" he heard as he made the foot of the stairs. The proprietor supposed that the inmate was out of "bangs" by this time, and induced his clerk, Rollin, to go up and explain. Rollin went on his toes and crawled along in front of the door to miss any more bullets that might be in readiness. He listened, and he heard the man loading up. He rapped gently, and skipped one side of the door.

"Who's there?' yelled the inmate.

"I'm the night clerk. Mr. Crosby sent me up ——"

"Bang! bang!" and then there was a lull, followed by "You go back and tell Mister What's-name that I sent you down — d—n such a tavern as this, anyhow."

The clerk spoke gently and pleadingly:

"Please let me in to turn off your gas."

The fellow inside chuckled to himself, "That's too thin; you must think I'm a —— fool; I've heard enough about that gas bein' turned off, an' I now tell you it won't work. Turn off the g-a-s! I'll turn it off." "Bang! bang!"

"Want me to turn the g-a-s off, do ye? I'll turn it off." ("Bang")—"think I'm from the country (bang) and don't know how to turn off my gas. I'll turn it off (bang)—think I'm a durned fool, I reckon." (Bang).

The clerk crawled down stairs, and in a few minutes Sergeant Schmittgen and an officer came to the relief. By this time (1 o'clock Thursday morning) everybody in the house was up, except the inmate of No. 2, who had fired fourteen shots through the door. The Sergeant went up and knocked.

"Who's there? God Almighty, why can't you let a man sleep. By——, I'll blow the first —— to the other world that knocks there again"

The Sergeant informed him that the gas was escaping; that life was in danger, and then he told him who he (the Sergeant) was, and added that if the inmate would get up and open the door he, the officer would fix the gas.

"That gas yarn is about worn out. It's been played all night. The gas ain't botherin' me, and I guess it ain't botherin' you as much as somethin' else. Now, you git away from there, or I'll pepper you, by ——"

With this the officer made one push on the door, and it gave way. The man from East St. Louis was sitting on the bed without his apparel, reloading a navy. As soon as he saw the official cloth, he threw up his hands and said:

"My God, I'm glad you've come. You're me friend. They've been trying to break in here all night."

The situation was explained, and he was invited to the Four Courts to a cell.

"Oh, that'll be all right, Mr. Officer. I'll be up in the mornin' an' see the Jege, an' settle up for the damages."

He was persuaded to go along. As he went down stairs, he said:

"That learns me a lesson. Hereafter when I put up at a tavern, I'll take a candle with me. I don't know anything about gas leaks anyway. I must hev hit somethin' though," he observed as he walked to his cell.

Yesterday he was before Judge Jecko, in the Police Court, and when Crosby, Rollin and the officers gave their testimony, the Judge asked Geiselmann what he had to say.

"Nothin'," he replied. "They was all there, an' I reckon they've told all there is in it."

"What did you mean by such conduct?" asked the court.

"Mean! How'd I know who they wuz! It's a wonder somebody didn't git hurt, Jege."

The court was somewhat non-plussed over the matter, and continued the case until to-day.

A new door will be hung to No. 2.

IT is surprising how many people there are in this world that do not like to work between meals.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE LITTLE SWISS MAN.—There was once a little Swiss man who had a mind and will of his own. He was one inch high, and carved out of wood by the busy people of Brienz, in the long cold winter season. Perhaps the bit of wood out of which he was cut was unusually hard, and even knotted; but certainly he had more character than his companions, the pretty birds perched on boxes, the deer and chamois supporting vases, and all the trinkets made in that town, where the wooden houses with projecting roofs, and balconies filled with flowers, on the border of Lake Brienz, are precisely like the tiny toy mansions in shop windows.

When he was finished, the little Swiss man was very proud of himself. He wore gaiters, a jacket, a broad straw hat—all in wood—and carried a creel on his back, as if just about to climb a mountain, laden with butter, cheese, or wine.

The contents of the workshop were scattered like a handful of leaves in the wind. The chamois were sent to Paris and London, the little birds on the boxes journeyed as far as Russia and America, with the luggage of travelers.

"I am sure to be much admired wherever I go," said the little Swiss man, with a smile, which was none the less conceited because it was a wooden one.

Soon he found himself in the window of a shop at Geneva, and he was not immediately bought, to his own surprise. However, he was in very good company, although he took upon himself to look down on his companions, and he only an inch high.

The shop was located on the Rue du Rhone, but the small window where the toys were exposed opened in the rear. The river Rhone, of a beautiful color, as pure as ice, quitting the Lake Leman above, swept down under the bridges past this window, dividing the city of Geneva. Had the little Swiss man possessed any eyes except for his own importance, he would have found the view from his shelf interesting. On the right the Isle Rousseau was visible, where the ducks and swans live; opposite, a foot-bridge crossed the rushing Rhone; and below were the tall old houses of the island, with plants in the windows, terminating in a clock tower. Along the river margin the Geneva washer-women toiled all day, not like those of America, scrubbing at a steaming wash-tub, but under long sheds which appeared to float on the surface of the stream, and dipping their linen in flowing water.

The little Swiss man could not understand why he was not bought immediately. To be sure, the next shop displayed sparkling heaps of crystal, veined agate, and onyx, yet he found himself better than all. Children paused before the pane, and laughed with delight, pointing out the different objects. Our hero took all this admiration to himself as his due. On the same shelf was a goose, wearing top-boots, the Ulster of tourist, a bag fastened over his shoulder with a strap and an eye glass. Here were to be found also a fat little boy in India rubber, from Nuremberg; a beautiful pasteboard theatre, with a lady of blue paper advancing from a side scene; tiny Swiss houses in boxes; two rope-dancers hanging over their cord; balls and tops. The shelf below held the most tempting dishes, representing cake and dessert, in china, ever placed on the table of a dollar house; wax babies rocking in cradles; tiny lamps; sewing machines; miniature goats and cows.

The little Swiss man observed especially a large bear of Berne, wearing a cotton nightcap with a red tassel, and a white shirt collar, who carried a hand-organ, and a good St. Bernard dog, with the flask suspended about his throat, ready to help the poor wanderers lost in the snow. Beyond was an interesting company of monkeys on a music-box, some playing harps, others scraping violins in obedience to the head monkey, who stood in the attitude of a leader of the orchestra, wearing a black coat with long tails. The vain little Swiss man fancied the passers-by paused only to admire him.

Night came, and the master of the shop closed the door, placed shutters before the show-cases, and seated himself to his desk. The little window in the rear was still uncovered, and revealed the light on the desk where the master wrote. He heard the scratching of his pen on the paper, and the patter of rain-drops outside, for the night was stormy. There was another sound in the shop, softer than fall of the rain, and finer than chirp of a cricket, or humming sound of a mosquito; the tops in the window were talking together.

"I have been here for a month, and everybody says I am too dear at five francs," said the goose in top-boots.

"How could you expect to sell, when I am in the same window," growled the bear.

"What do you say?" cackled the goose, indignantly.

"He is only a bear," said one of the rope-dancers, cutting a caper.

"Do you know who I am?' retorted the bear with dignity. "I am the Bear of Berne. You will find me on the shield of the city, and kept in a pit by the citizens to this day."

"What is the use of boasting?' interposed the St. Bernard dog pettishly. "The bears of Berne live in idleness; they walk about in a pit all day, or stand on their hind legs begging for nuts. A St. Bernard dog is better employed, I should hope. We save the travelers in the snow who lose their way on the great St. Bernard mountain. If you wish to see the dog Barry, who saved fifteen lives, look for him in the Berne Museum, stuffed, and kept in a glass case.

The bear was very cross at this reply. He pulled his cotton night-cap over his right eye, which gave him a very savage appearance, and turned the handle of his organ as if his life depended on it.

"I am not Swiss; I am a German," said the Nuremberg fat boy, puffing out his India rubber cheeks.

"Hear him!" cried the lady of blue paper on the stage of the little theatre—"hear the rubber boy boast of being a German, when there are French toys about!"

At this all the little babies made of pink wax, in the cradles, laughed; and even the goats shook their heads because they came from the Savoy side of Lake Geneva, which made them very French in their feelings.

"If somebody would wind us up, we would play" said the monkeys.

The Swiss man listened.

"I shall not stay in the shop window a month," he said.

His neighbors looked at each other in surprise. On the wall was placed a card, and on it was grouped a bunch of flowers like white velvet.

"See, we are above the rest of you; we are the Edelweiss," said these flowers. "We grow high up on the mountains, and as we can only bloom in such a pure air, a poet has compared us with Gratitude."

At this moment something happened. A boy pressed his face against the pane, and stared at the toys. Crack!—a stone hit the glass, and the boy ran away. The wind and the rain swooped in together, upsetting the theatre, and knocking the dolls about. The master hastened to close the shutter.

The little Swiss man had fallen outside.

In the morning a porter passing by kicked the tiny bit of wood toward the parapet, and the next comer sent it spinning into the river.

"Pride goes before a fall," said the St. Bernard dog.

"Why did he feel so superior to the rest of us?" inquired the goose.

"It was all in the grain of the wood," said the leading monkey.

Below Geneva the Rhone joins the Arve, and the two rivers remain distinct for a long while—the Rhone like a green ribbon, and the Arve whitened by glacier torrents. Here a poor boy was fishing. What he caught was the little Swiss man, bobbing along on the stream, and he took this prize to the stone cottage, his home.

"I am glad to be out of the water," thought our wooden hero. "All the same, I wish I was back in the shop window. Ah! I did not know gratitude, as the Edelweiss said."

Smoking Ladies.

[Margaret Bertha in Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

But what one thinks in America of cigarette-smoking women, one soon ceases to think in Europe, where it is so frequent. For does not fat, famous and frolicsome Emily Faithful smoke like a Lake Michigan tug-boat? Does not the Duchess of Edinburgh enjoy a quiet puff now and then, and even the Princess of Wales have her pretty little cigarette case, which she hides profoundly from the smoke-abhorring nose of her royal mamma-in-law? Madame Ratazzi, in Italy, is said to be a great smoker, and so also is Elizabeth Thompson, the artist, in England. The two daughters of the Duc d'Orleans, one of whom was the beautiful Mercedes, Queen of Spain, were fond of a quiet smoke, as also is the wife of the Pretender Don Carlos. Although smoking ladies are so numerous in Europe, one often hears it insisted upon here that American ladies are the greatest habitual smokers in the world. "I never saw a lady smoke in America," I had occasion frequently to say in France, and also with the unsatisfactory feeling that I was not half believed. Once upon a time in Paris I lived several months in an extensive pension des demoiselles. In this flourishing school was M'lle N—, a young American of twenty-two, from Boston, a sort of parlor boarder, who had many extra privileges besides that of a private bedroom, when every other pupil slept in a tiny couch in a dormitory that looked exactly like a hospital. "Ah, but your American ladies do smoke, and smoke a great deal more than our French women," said the matron of the school one day. "M'lle N. smokes much more than M. le Professeur, and if you don't believe it, I will some day show you the ashes that come down from her room." I said nothing. And yet I could have told that which would have made madame's golden wig stand up like large quills on a fretful porcupine, and reduced the matron to a state of gibbering idiocy. I could have told that, indeed, many cigarettes were smoked in M'lle N.'s room each night, and great were the ashes thereof; also could I have told that every night when that huge dormitory full of pupils was still, and every girl asleep, four of the teachers, all girls themselves of from twenty to twenty-two, whose business it was to watch and guard that sleeping fold, stole softly from their beds, up the attic stairs, across the roof, down a skylight, and thus into Miss N.'s room, where, with a bottle or two of beer and unlimited cigarettes, they smoked, drank and chatted till—goodness only knows how late—as if this were, indeed, not a pension des demoiselles, but a popular Brasserie in the Latin Quarter. "Girls! girls! how indiscreet!" I exclaimed one night when, returning from the theater after midnight, I was quietly let into Miss N.'s room, whither I had been attracted by the light, and where I found the smoke so thick that I could only half distinguish five flushed and laughing faces, looking, if truth must be told, more like the merry bacchantes of Ruben's pictures than like the nun-like maidens of a pension des demoiselles in virtuous, monastic France. "Ah, but you will not betray us!" they chorused. "We must amuse ourselves a little, and you know how triste our life is here."

Whisky Traffic in Alaska.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* accompanying the American Arctic expedition of the Jennette, the *Herald's* enterprise, in a long letter relates the following concerning the illicit whisky traffic at Ounalaska, in Behring Sea:

"It is not generally known that an enormous but illegitimate business is being carried on in these regions by dealers in whisky. It is contrary to law to sell whisky to the Alaskan or Aleutian Indians, yet year after year vessels fitted out as whalers to all appearance, but which are in reality whisky ships, leave San Francisco and Honolulu for the Behring Strait settlements and exchange the "rot gut" for furs, ivory and whalebone. The Indians of these coasts, like the red men elsewhere, will part with anything for whisky. The only English word most of them know is "wheesky," which they sling at you the moment their feet touch the ship's deck. They beg for "wheesky" almost piteously. Taking due advantage of this well known thirst for the spirit of civilization exhibited by the natives, the traders load up their vessels with the cheapest and worst kind of whisky and visit the little settlements along the coast, where they sow the seeds of murder, thievery and all kinds of abominations among the hapless natives. The revenue cutter Rush and several agents of the Treasury, including Mr. Smith, the collector aforesaid, unite their efforts to stop this traffic. The suspected vessels are searched, and those found engaged in the whisky trade, seized according to law. There is now in store here about sixteen hundred gallons of contraband spirit that were recently captured up the coast. A vessel was recently wrecked at Nounivak notoriously engaged in the whisky business. When she ran ashore it is reported that her captain destroyed the vile spirit as a measure of safety, for if the natives came down on the wreck and found the, to them, precious liquor, a grand national drunk would be organized forthwith, which might wind up with the massacre of the wreched crew by the frenzied savages. It will be seen, therefore, that the services of a competent officer to control the trade of these islands and coasts, as well as to stop illegitimate trade in whisky, are much needed.

"DEAR Minnie," wrote a loving mother to her daughter who had already spent several weeks visiting friends, "please come home." Dutiful daughter replied, "Dear mamma, I won t do it. Lovingly, Minnie," And she didn't.

TOPICS FOR THE FARM.

Water for Bees.—Bees when breeding need water; and it should be supplied to them if they have none at command.

Young Lambs.—Too much caution cannot be taken that the young lamb should not take bad milk from its mother.

A Good Test.—When buying a cow, be sure and draw the milk from each teat, to see that all are in good working order.

Pleuro-Pneumonia.—This disease is a contageous, infectious lung fever in neat cattle, and as readily communicated among them as small-pox among mankind.

The Cow's Udder.—The udder of a cow should be in proportion to the size of the animal. When the bag is too large or bulky, it becomes loaded with fat, in which condition it is sometimes taken for disease.

Fodder.—Southern Cow-peas will produce good green fodder for late use, but cannot be sown until May, or, after corn is planted. Those who wish to sow them, should look for seed, as it is not always to be had.

Tomato Facts.—In buying your tomato plants, plan it so that they will bear ripe fruit when you are on your vacation. Hens love tomatoes. Small boys will eat them if they can be stolen; not otherwise.

An Essential.—Underdraining is really the foundation of your good farming. There are but few farms that do not need more or less draining, and upon which the increase in a single crop will more than pay the cost of drains.

Breeding.—It looks strange what a change two or three good crosses will make on our common stock. A good bull—one that will reproduce himself in his progeny, is cheap at almost any price, while the opposite is dear at almost any price.

Seasoned Posts.—If one must build fence this spring, use none but thoroughly seasoned posts of any kind, and set the soundest and largest end in the ground. Sap will not "circulate" in seasoned wood, either "up or down," and neither will the wet from the ground.

A Startling Calculation.—It has been calculated that a single grain of wheat produces fifty grains in one year's growth, and if these and succeeding crops be planted and yield proportionately, the produce of the twelfth year would suffice to supply all the inhabitants of the earth for a lifetime.

Carriage Horses.—Good carriage horses, for which there is always a demand, are produced by crossing staunch thoroughbreds upon large, handsome, roomy mares. There is money in this class of horses. To fill the requirements of usefulness, the horse must be of good temper, well broken to work, sound and honest.

Sunshine.—In selecting a site for your vineyard, remember the grape is a child of the sunshine; you could no more expect it to do well and be healthy, bearing full crops of its best fruit in its best condition, deprived of the sunshine, than to expect the cheeks of your daughters to be rosy, their steps elastic, and they to be merry, bubbling over with life and spirits, deprived of the same genial influence

Enriching Fruit Land.—Some orchardists advocate sowing rye in the fall, and when in full green head the following summer plow under, following with sowed corn, to be plowed under late in the season. This would no doubt add richness to the soil, but be open to objections in consequence of late cultivation inducing late growth wood, which would not have time to ripen before cold weather comes on, a cause of injury to many young trees.

Sweet Corn.—Nothing pays better than to plant early sweet corn early, on good soil, and feed by cutting up when large enough to boil or roast; feed some to all the animals, but especially to pigs. The stalks will be eaten as well as the ears, if fed judiciously. Have two or three plantings to succeed each other, and lengthen the time of feeding till late sweet corn comes on—nothing like it to hasten on fattening and growth in pigs.

Water in Wheat.—When wheat which contains from ten to twelve per cent. of water is kept for a considerable time, a year or more, it gains a little water, becoming one or two pounds a bushel heavier than before. When ground, it becomes very hot, and gives off so much watery vapour that the flour and bran, though altogether twice as bulky, are nearly three per cent. lighter than the grain before it was ground.

Vermin.—Make a clean sweep of lice, ticks, fleas, and other vermin, as soon as possible. Oil or grease is the best basis for an effective remedy, and sulphur is perhaps the best thing to add to the oil. One part kerosene, added to four parts of linseed oil, makes an excellent application, that is not in any manner injurious to the skin. Ticks may be picked from sheep and lambs. They will come out on the fleece on a warm day, and the best instrument with which to kill them, is a pair of sharp pointed scissors. Kill at the same time every round, red egg that may be found.

Fodder Crops.—It has been proved repeatedly, that one acre of good green fodder will feed two cows through the summer. Fodder crops must be put in early. A mixture of oats and peas is the best crop for early cutting, to come in after the first clover, which follows the rye. The two sown together, will yield, on one acre, about as much as if sown separately on two acres. This may be doubted, but it is true. Tall growing leafy oats, and tall peas, yield the most fodder; the "Black-eye Marrowfat" pea, grown as a field-crop, is the best for our use, the seed being free from weevil. For a second crop, the earliest small "Canada Gray" pea may be sown. The fodder is in the best condition for cutting when the peas are in full blossom.

Topics for the Household.

SUGAR COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful saleratus, one egg, and flour to roll out.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—One pound powdered sugar, whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of corn starch. Flavor with lemon. This is for one loaf.

DOUGH CAKE.—Three cups light dough, three of brown sugar, three eggs, one cup butter, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, one nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, with or without raisins.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of corn meal, one cup or canel of midlings, one cup of molasses, one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda; steam three hours; then place in oven to brown.

GINGER COOKIES.—One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one-half cup of hot water, one tablespoonful of soda, the same of vinegar, and one-half teaspoonful of graded alumr. Mix soft, roll thin and bake quick.

BOSTON COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, one egg and the yolk of another, one-third of a teaspoonful of saleratus and one teaspoonful of cream tartar. Mix stiff, roll thin, rub the white of one egg on the top, sprinkle on a little sugar.

PORK PUDDING.—For a family of six: One cup molasses, one cup sour milk, one cup fat salt pork chopped fine, one teaspoonful of soda; steam two hours; stir as thick with flour as you can. We think it equal to suet pudding. I make a liquid sauce, and sour it slightly to eat it.

TEA ROLLS.—One pint of milk, scald and cool; the white of one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one yeast cake. Make stiff enough to mold; let it rise over night, then cut in rounds, and fold over; butter the edges and let it rise again before baking.

FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, six eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus; make pretty stiff with flour; fruit, a pound each, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, mace, etc. It will keep for years, the longer the better it grows.

PORK CAKE.—Thirteen ounces fat pork chopped, one pint boiling water poured over, add three cups brown sugar, one cup molasses, six cups sifted flour, one pound raisins, one tablespoon soda, one tablespoon cinnamon, one tablespoon cloves, one tablespoon of allspice, one nutmeg.

GINGER WINE.—Boil together for half an hour seven quarts of water, six pounds of sugar, two ounces of the best ginger, bruised, and the rinds of three good-sized lemons. When lukewarm put the whole into a cask with the juice of the lemons, and a quarter of a pound of sun raisins; add one spoonful of new yeast, and stir the wine every day for ten days. When the fermentation has ceased, add half an ounce of isinglass and half a pint of brandy; bung close, and in about two months it will be fit to bottle.

CREAM CAKE.—For the cake—the whites of two eggs and the yolk of one, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, butter the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of flour, flavor with lemon essence. This makes three layers of cake. For the cream—take two-thirds of a teacup of rich sweet cream; beat it with a spoon or egg-beater until it becomes thick enough to adhere to the dish; mix in one-half cup of sugar, also flavor with lemon essence. Farmers wives will find this a cheap, as well as a very rich cake.

INVISIBLE INK.—There are various receipts for making invisible inks that will show upon the application of heat; probably the cheapest and best is one composed of (1) a few drops of sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol, with about two or three ounces of water; use a common pen; (2) or nitrate of copper dissolved in some water, and again (3) nitrate of cobalt dissolved in water. The first (1) of the above inks turns black upon the application of heat, the second (2) turns blue, and the third (3) turns pink. These are all poisons.

CEMENT for GLASS.—A good cement for glass, and one which completely resists the solvent action of water, may, it is said, be prepared by the following process:—From five to ten parts of pure, dry gelatine are dissolved in 100 parts of water. To the solution about ten per cent. of a concentrated solution of bichromate of potash is added, and the liquid is kept in the dark. When articles joined by this cement are exposed to the light, the gelatine film is acted upon by the chemical rays, the chromate being partially reduced, and the film of cement becomes tough and durable.

STUFFED EGGS.—Boil the eggs hard; cut them in two lengthwise, and remove the yolks, which chop, adding to them some cooked chicken, lamb, veal or pickled tongue chopped fine; season the mixture, and add enough gravy or the raw yolk of eggs to bind them; stuff the cavities, smooth them, and press the two halves together; roll them in beaten egg and bread crumbs twice. When just ready to serve, dip them in a wire basket into boiling lard, and when they have taken a delicate color, drain. Serve for lunch on a napkin and garnish with parsley or any kind of leaves or serve with tomato sauce.

YEAST.—The following recipe for making yeast I send for the benefit of a Texas lady who asks for such in No. 11 of the *Household*: To a handful of dry hops add boiling water enough to make a strong tea; let it cool; then strain; add to this tea as much flour as will form a stiff dough, set in a warm place to rise for about two hours. This yeast will be too bitter to be used, so take two-thirds of it and to it add flour as before: let it rise, and your yeast is ready for breadmaking. To keep your yeast always on hand and ready, keep back a small portion of the yeast at breadmaking time, mix with a little flour and warm water and set aside until needed next day.—*Charleston, S. C. H. D. E.*

PASTE FOR HANGING PAPER.—Four pounds of good wheat flour, sifted, with enough cold water to make a stiff batter, free from lumps. Thin it with cold water to the consistency of pancake batter, and add two ounces of finely powdered alum. Have ready plenty of boiling water. Take from off the fire and pour gradually over the batter, stirring constantly. When it begins to swell and lose the white color of the flour it is cooked enough. This makes about three-fourths of a pailful of solid paste. Let it become cold before using. A pint or so of water over the top will prevent it from skinning. Thin with cold water so that it will spread easily and quickly under the brush. Where great adhesiveness is required, such as in papering over a varnished surface, etc., add one ounce of powered resin to each gallon of paste. Set the pan containg the paste over a slow fire, stirring constantly until the resin has melted. Reduce the paste with thin gum-arabic water.

FIFTY thousand women are needed in Arizona at once, and no questions asked.—*New Haven Register.* Then they won't go. They want to emigrate to a place where there'll be one question asked.—*Boston Post.*

A NORTH CAROLINA young lady, who was engaged to two young men, married one of them and the next day eloped with the other. She was bound to divide.