Opelousas Courier.

OPELOUSAS : LOUISIANA.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

LEADVILLE is to have street car shortly.

CALIFORNIA is moving for a National Bureau of Agriculture for the Pacific Coast.

GEN. HANCOCK is one of the Presidential heavy weights. He weighs 287 pounds.

MEMPHIS will enforce a strict quarantine on all tropical fruits on and after May 10.

THE health of Paris is below par. Typhoid fever and small pox are the prevailing epidemics.

CINCINNATI'S May Musical Festival will occur on the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st of the month.

THE decline in stocks, in Wall street, during three weeks, it is estimated, will aggregate over $40,000,000.

OUT in Colorado a man who refused to either pay his fare or get off the train, was coolly shot by the conductor.

QUEEN CHRISTINE of Spain continues to be excessively nervous, and nearly faints when any stranger approaches the King.

A NEW YORK dispatch intimates that B. B. Payne, of Cleveland, is Tilden's choice for President, in case he himself is not nominated.

THE idea seems to be becoming popular that oatmeal is better for brains than fish. This ought to produce a universal demand for the article.

SEVERAL of the coal companies have announced their purpose to suspend operations for a few weeks, so as to reduce stocks and increase prices.

EDISON, it is reported, is spending his leisure hours constructing a flying machine with which it is proposed to cross the ocean in twenty-four hours.

THE obelisk which was ordered by Queen Victoria to be erected on the spot where the Prince Imperial fell, in Zulu land, has been put in position.

BETWEEN the 1st and 20th of April eight and a half inches of rain fell in California. Such a rainfall is quite an unusual thing for the Pacific slope.

THERE is trouble between Mayor Kalloch of San Francisco, and his physician, the Mayor refusing to pay $500 for having the bullet dug out of his body.

FIFTY thousand emigrants are expected to arrive from Europe in May. A few more conscriptions for European armies will populate all our public lands.

GENERAL GRANT has again returned to his home at Galena, and by this time is probably off again on a trip to Colorado, a point which he has desired to visit for some time.

THE friends of Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer, in that rural-like town, Philadelphia, have presented him a homestead in their midst, for which they paid $40,000.

CHICAGO *Times*: It is said that his Holiness the Pope contemplates creating four additional cardinals in the United States. Is this another chance for the inevitable Ohio man?

MANY a sad heart will be gladdened, many a torn spirit healed, by the joyous announcement that His Celestial Highness, the Head King of Siam, is to visit this country during the present year.

IT is estimated that 10,000 Canadian emigrants will seek new homes in the West and Northwest the present summer. The emigrant movement to Western points is already heavier than at any time last year.

EDISON'S new process of getting gold out of the tailings of mines is to be put in practical operation below Quebec. Some New York capitalists have the scheme in hand, and are now investigating the mines.

THE new French cable that was to break the monopoly of ocean telegraphing is undergoing the gobbling process. It is the old story of small companies organized to compete with great established corporations.

M. GAMBETTA is reported to be engaged to a young lady of noble family, but the marriage is delayed because he is a free-thinker, and does not like churches, while the young lady is a devout church woman.

SETH GREEN advocates frog culture. He says that many farmers have fortunes in frog ponds, and that a little care and cultivation will produce a crop of frogs large enough for family use, after supplying the market.

HERE is a nugget from the Pacific Coast: A Dutch Flat man the other day picked up a rock to throw at a cow. The weight of it attracted his attention, and on examination it was found to contain over $100 in gold.

THE Detroit *Free Press* gives the following good advice: "Keep your eye on Congress, and mark the men who refuse to vote for free paper. Every man who refuses is an enemy to the people at large, and should be shelved as soon as possible."

A REPORT to the annual conference of the Mormons says that the Mormon population of Utah is 111,820, that the Church in that territory has 600 members and gained 1,500 in a year, and that the Church receipts in that period were over $1,000,000.

EXTRACT from *Puck*: "The new comic paper, a copy of which is before us, is called the *Congressional Record*. We are glad to have a competitor; it keeps us to the mark. We note that it is in its tenth volume. Strange that we never saw it before!"

CHAIRMAN BARNUM, of the National Democratic Committee, says if the Cincinnati authorities do not permit proper arrangements to be made for telegraphing from Music Hall, he will certainly call the committee together to select another place for the convention.

THE philosopher of *Peck's Sun* has discovered a flaw in the Irish suffering business. He says: "At Enniscorthy, where Mr. Parnell attempted to speak the other night, he was driven from the platform by a shower of bad eggs. It will be seen from this that eggs are so plenty in Ireland that they are allowed to spoil."

THE Australians do not take kindly to the polygamic idea. One of the Salt Lake priests, who has just returned from a proselyting visit to the big island, says that four attempts were made there to murder him, and the Salt Lake *Tribune* is abusing the Australians for their poor marksmanship.

PECK'S *Sun*: Just six months ago the tax on tobacco was reduced by Congress, and the result has been an increase of $776,000 in the revenue over any other six months of the last ten years. This proves, what we have always claimed, that Congress occasionally does a sensible thing. We have been abused for holding this view many times, but we were conscious that we were right and stuck to it.

GEN. HATCH surrounded and captured, a few days since, four hundred Apache warriors, in the San Andre Mountains. He also captured two thousand mules and horses, which have been turned over to the Government. While disarming the Indians thirty made a dash for liberty, and twelve were killed. No casualties are reported in General Hatch's command.

SARA BERNHARDT is taking a rest. Because a critic found fault with her acting in a new play in the Theatre Francaise, Paris, she resigned, and now has a lawsuit on hand. Immediately upon the announcement of her resignation she received two propositions from managers in this country, either of which seemed fabulous, but she rejected them. Sara knows how to get free advertising. She'll be over here next winter.

THE difference in Mr. Vanderbilt's income as the result of converting $51,000,000 of New York Central Railroad stock into United States four per cents is, if we estimate the stock as yielding ten per cent. per annum, $3,000,000; but as it still leaves him an annual revenue of $2,040,000, or nearly $175,000 a month; $46,250 a week; $6,607 a day; $275 an hour; and $4 60 a minute, he need not yet sell his fast horses or his new pictures in order to make both ends meet.

A BILL has been introduced into the New York Assembly allowing servant girls to collect their wages by summary process. The law is already in force as regards New York City, and it is now proposed to extend it to Brooklyn and to Troy. An amendment intended to defeat it, by making it apply to the whole State, was itself defeated. Under it any servant girl is allowed to levy on property where the amount due and refused her is less than $50. If her employer has no property, the debtor may be imprisoned for fifteen days or until the amount is paid.

ENGLAND seems to have overthrown the Beaconsfield government because it was tired of wars and rumors of wars. Yet it really makes very little difference to England whether it has a war on its hands or not. Its loss of men and ships keeps going on with the greatest regularity, and it would really be much pleasanter for its marines to lose their lives in a sharp naval engagement than to go to the bottom helplessly in one of those overgrown monsters that comprise the British navy. The Captain, an iron giant, went down with all on board. The Eurydice capsized in sight of land and not a soul was saved but two of her 325 men. Now her sister ship, the Atalanta, with over 300 on board, is lost.

THE work on the tunnel under the North River to connect New York with Jersey City seems to be going forward at a very lively rate, although not much is heard of it. The tunnel will be two miles in length, from Washington square, in New York, to the terminus in Jersey City, and three-quarters of a mile will be under the river. It will carry a double track, or, rather, it will be a double tunnel. Three gangs of men are now employed, and work never stops, day or night. As the mud and rock are taken out the sides of the bore are lined with boiler iron, and inside of this a circle of hard bricks three feet thick is laid with cement. Some difficulty is expected when the work reaches the channel of the river, but the engineers have calculated all the possible troubles and are confident of success. It is expected to have the tunnel completed in three years.

You see that boy? How timidly he approaches every dark spot as he hurries through the night! how warily he watches every tree-box! how he jumps aside at the slightest rustle! how tremblingly he meets every wayfarer! Well, that is the same boy who is just dying to go out West and slaughter the peaky redskins. You wouldn't think so to see him now; now, would you?—*Boston Transcript.*

HATS as a rule are large and turned up at one side.

THE CORN AND THE LILIES.

BY EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

Said the Corn to the Lilies:
"Press not near my feet.
You are only idlers,
Neither Corn nor Wheat.
Does one earn a living
Just by being sweet?"

Naught answered the Lilies,
Neither yea nor nay,
Only they grew sweeter
All the livelong day.
And at last the Teacher
Chanced to come that way.

While His tired disciples
Rested at His feet,
And the proud Corn rustled
Bidding them to eat,
"Children," said the Teacher,
"The life is more than meat.

"Consider the Lilies,
How beautiful they grow!
Never king had such glory,
Yet no toil they know."
O happy were the Lilies
That He loved them so.

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

WHAT IT MEANS.

Arrayed in snow-white pants and vest
And other raiment fair to view,
I stood before my sweetheart Sue—
The charming creature I love best.
"Tell me, and does my costume suit?"
I asked that apple of my eye,
And then the charmer made reply—
"Oh, yes, you do look awful cute!"

Although I frequently had heard
My sweetheart vent her pleasure so,
I must confess I did not know
The meaning of that favorite word.

But presently at window side
We stood and watched the passing throng,
And soon a donkey passed along
With ears like sails extending wide.
And gazing at the doleful brute
My sweetheart gave a merry cry—
I quote her language with a sigh—
"O Charlie, ain't he awful cute?"

—*St. Louis Journal*

THE WRONG CARD.

"What will you have, sir?"

"Give me a fillet of beef, with mushrooms, Lyonnaise potatoes, and green peas."

"Yes, sir."

Away went the waiter, but returned in three mintutes.

"There are no mushrooms, sir—only one plate."

"Well, bring me one plate—how many do you suppose I want?"

"But, sir, Monsieur Delavignes—a very old customer—ordered me to save him some mushrooms every day, and he has not yet dined."

"Never mind Monsieur Delavignes. I must have the mushrooms—I can't dine without them."

"It is impossible, sir."

"Very well, give me the potatoes and peas to-day, and lay in a larger supply of mushrooms to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

The order, minus the fungie, being executed, Monsieur Rendeau Hillaire proceeded to demolish his meal, inwardly wishing that Delavignes—whoever he might be—was a little less partial to mushrooms.

"Waiter!"

"Sir?"

"Bring me a bottle of Haute Sauterne."

The waiter made a gesture of comic anger.

"Sacre! how unfortunate! Monsieur Delavignes used the last we had in the house yesterday. We had but a half dozen."

Does this mysterious Delavignes drink six bottles of wine at dinner?"

"No, sir; he had three friends with him. Is there any other wine you would like?"

"Medoc will do."

The wine was brought, and the waiter began searching about the table among the dishes.

"What do you want?" demanded Rendeau Hillaire.

"Pardon, sir, there is a fork missing—private fork, belonging to a gentleman who dines here. It has been given some one by mistake, to-day, and I must find it before Monsieur Delavignes——"

"Confound him! Does he own the whole restaurant? What sort of man is he, that he reserves the last dish of mushrooms, drinks up all the Haute Sauterne, and keeps a private fork?"

"He is rich, sir, and very eccentric."

"I should say so. Is that the fork?"

And the young man showed the one he was eating with—a heavy fork of solid silver, richly chased with a coat of arms and the letter "D."

"That is it, sir; pardon me, I will give you another."

Much vexed at this last unconscious piece of rivalry between himself and Delavignes, Rendeau Hillaire completed his dinner in silence, paid for it, and left the restaurant, merely saying as he went out:

"Waiter, has Monsieur Delavignes used up all the toothpicks? If not, I will take one."

Sauntering out from the place, the young man perceived an elegant carriage drive up, and on glancing at it, he discovered the same coat of arms on its panels as that engraved on the fork. Having by this time conceived almost a dislike for Monsieur Delavignes, he hastened away, without looking at the occupant of the vehicle, and bent his steps toward the hotel where Madame Fleurdoree, the reigning beauty of the day, resided.

Rendeau Hillaire had for some months cherished a secret passion for this fair lady, and had, with much difficulty, succeeded in procuring an introduction to her, since which time his attention to her had been most undivided.

But she seemed to regard him coldly, and rumor whispered that she had a friend who possessed her entire affections. Who that friend was, rumor did not see fit to say.

Madame Fleurdoree was at home, and was happy to see Monsieur Rendeau Hillaire. She chatted pleasantly with him about the opera, the gay season, and similar topics, but carefully avoided anything which could lead the conversation into a more serious or tender path.

This required some tact, for the young man missed no opportunity for pressing his suit, and ere he had been twenty minutes in her company, was verging, in spite of her, on the forbidden subject.

There was only one thing to do—change the conversation, which she did, abruptly.

"Are you fond of flowers, Monsieur Rendeau Hillaire?"

"Extavagantly. My smoking-room is a perfect conservatory."

"Are not these camellias beautiful? They are of very rare colors."

The charming widow handed him a large bouquet of camellias, which had ornamented the mantel, in a delicate vase of Sevres ware.

"They are, indeed, lovely. What garden are they from? I have seen none like them in Paris."

"I do not know where they were procured. They were given me this morning, by a connoisseur in such things—a Monsieur Delavignes."

Rendeau Hillaire started.

"I have heard of the gentleman," he said.

After this his visit was tame. He was almost frightened by the persistency with which fate threw that mysterious personage across his path, and left the presence of the fair widow much earlier than he had intended, although not until he had gained her promise to accompany him to a grand masque ball, to be given at the house of a mutual friend.

The night of this ball arrived, without any further contretemps between Rendeau Hillaire and his unknwn rival, and the former found Madame Fleurdoree quite charming in her pink domino. The salon of Count Vendiron, where the ball was given, was crowded, and everybody agreed that there had not been a more brilliant fete in all for a year.

At four o'clock in the morning Rendeau Hillaire and his fair partner prepared to depart, after having greatly enjoyed the occasion, but as they passed down the great stairway, a somewhat unpleasant occurrence took place, which rather marred their pleasure.

A tall man in a Spanish majo's costume, closely masked, opposed himself before them, and in a voice more or less affected by wine, demanded why they were going so early.

"I do not know you, sir," said Rendeau Hillaire, sternly; "let me pass, if you please."

"I am appointed," said the majo, with an unsteady gesture, "by my friend, Count Vendiron, to see that no one leaves at an unreasonable hour. He has commissioned me to stop all who try to pass, and if they refuse, to exact a kiss from each lady."

Madame Fleurdoree trembled, and drew close to her cavalier's side.

"This pleasantry is sadly out of place here," said Rendeau Hillaire; "if you are a friend of Count Vendiron I will let your impertinence pass unpunished, but I warn you not to continue in it."

"Come, come," cried the stranger, balancing himself with difficulty, "you are too hasty. I have nothing to do with you, but I must claim my due—a kiss from your fair domino!"

"Stand aside, fellow!"

"Do you call me 'fellow?'"

"Stand aside, or I will throw you over the balustrade!"

The majo sprang upon Rendeau Hillaire, and seizing both his arms, would have hurled him down the stairs, had not a young man, who was descending just behind, come to the rescue.

This latter laid hold of the short jacket and ample scarf of the majo, whirled him round like a feather, and raising him clear of the low balustrade, dropped him easily to the floor some ten feet below.

A tremendous excitement now arose, in consequence of the scream of Madame Fleurdoree and the crash of the fall. The staircase was instantly crowded, and the ball broken up in confusion.

The impudent stranger was taken up and found to be only bruised a little. He walked to Rendeau Hillaire, demanded his card, handed him one in return, and disappeared before anybody could speak to him, or make more than a conjecture as to who he was.

Rendeau Hillaire now endeavored to find his benefactor—the young man who had thrown the ruffian over the balustrade—but he was also missing. In the struggle his mask had slipped down, and exposed a pale, handsome face, with a black mustache, but Rendeau did not recognize it, although should they meet again, he would certainly remember it.

The man in the majo's dress he thought he should know, too, by a large, curiously-carved antique ring, with a blue stone on his little finger.

On entering his apartments, after returning home, he examined the card which he had received.

It bore the name of Delavignes, and an address.

The next day Rendeau Hillaire dispatched a friend to the place mentioned in the card with a sarcastic note, saying that as Monsieur Delavignes had stood in his way on many occasions, he should be happy to have him stand in the way of any weapon whose use monsieur understood, at a certain time and place, to be arranged by their friends.

This note brought an answer in due time, presenting Monsieur Delavignes' compliments to Monsieur Rendeau Hillaire, and saying that a meeting with small swords would be agreeable to him, although he did not quite understand the cause of quarrel between them, as he was not aware that he had ever had the honor of Monsieur Rendeau Hillaire's acquaintance.

To this the last-named gentleman replied in another note that he had been grossly insulted by Monsieur Delavignes, but if he was too drunk at the time to know what he was about, an apology would be accepted.

Delavignes replied in turn that he did not get drunk, and had insulted no one. Furthermore, that the stigma of intoxication thus put upon him allowed him to listen to no further explanation.

The result of all this correspondence was that the affair was arranged to come off on the morning of the Thursday following, in a meadow on the country estate of one of the seconds, not far from Paris.

On the morning designated, the parties met at the meadow and commenced to make preparations.

The two principals did not look at each other until all was in readiness; but when led forward by the seconds, an exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of Rendeau Hillaire:

"Heaven bless me! This is not the man!"

He recognized the pale, handsome face and black mustache of the young man who had thrown the ruffian in the majo costume down stairs at Count Vendiron's ball!

"What do you say, sir?" asked Delavignes.

"I say that you are not the person that insulted me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I was insulted by a man at a masked ball, and that you threw him over the balustrade, thereby saving me from being thrown by him. Instead of fighting you I wish to tender you my most sincere thanks, and to beg your pardon for this awkward mistake!"

"But you challenged me—my name is Delavignes."

"Stay! Is that your card?"

"It is."

"It was given me by the man you threw down stairs!"

"Ah, ha! there is some strange error here."

"Give me your hand, and let us seek the solution of it together as friends."

"With all my heart!"

And the two young men gave each other a friendly hand-shake, and buried the deadly feelings with which they had first met, in the natural good-fellowship which is common to all who are brave and good-natured.

"Now," said Delavignes's second, whose meadow had so providentially escaped being stained with blood; "now, let us dine here, at my chateau, and return to Paris together in one carriage."

The invitation was accepted, and at a late hour the four returned in excellent spirits and on excellent terms with each other.

As the carriage entered the suburbs of Paris, Monsieur Delavignes started in his seat.

"Here, driver, stop. I have a duty to perform!"

"What now?" chorused the rest.

"Do you see that man?" pointing toward a richly-dressed but villanous-looking fellow, just issuing from a gaming-house.

"Yes, we see him."

"Well, that is the Marquis de Revillac-Brizy. He is a professional gambler, but having the entree of many respectable salons, has made almost a fortune by playing unfairly. One night I detected him in cheating, and denounced him before the whole company as a swindler of the worst kind, whose title and ancient family gave him all the better opportunities to fleece unsuspecting gentlemen. He said he was insulted, and we exchanged cards, but I have heard nothing of him since. Coachman, give us your whip."

Before the party could hardly see what Delavignes was about, he had taken the carriage-whip, and approached the Marquis de Revillac-Brizy.

"Do you know me?" he asked.

"I do. You are Monsieur Delavignes—the man who——"

"Who is about to administer to you the punishment which a coward and poltroon deserves."

With which he took the decayed marquis by the collar, and gave him the most artistic horse-whipping that that part of Paris had ever seen.

When the unfortunate had received sufficient flagellation, Delavignes compelled him to apologize, and beckoned his friends to leave the carriage in order to witness the apology.

"Now, then, rascal," said he, "we are quits. You skinned me at cards, and I have returned the compliment with a whip. You were afraid to fight when I desired, so I have taken all the fight into my own hands. I mistook you for a gentleman when I met you, and you mistook me for a fool, or you would never have cheated me first, then challenged me, and finally let the whole affair drop. Good-night, Monsieur le Marquis de Revillac-Brizy. I hope you will profit by your lesson."

"Pardie!" growled the marquis; "if I remembered your address, you would have seen whether I dared to fight, or no!"

"But I gave you my card."

"And I lost it at a ball the very next night."

"At Count Vendiron's ball, was it not?" asked Rendeau Hillaire, who had been intently regarding an antique ring, with a blue setting, on the marquis's little finger.

"It was."

"Ah, ha! then I, too, have a little score to settle with you. You were drunk last night, and insulted a lady who was with me."

"I do not recollect anything about it."

"You were too much intoxicated?"

"Yes."

"And are you sorry for what you did?"

"Well—yes."

"That is sufficient. Gentlemen, we have no further affair here. Let us return to our hotels."

They re-entered their carriage."

"Here is a curious coincidence," said Delavignes—"that you and I should both have a quarrel with a man, and that you should be near killing me for him! By the way, who was the lady who was with you at Count Vendiron's ball?"

"Madame Fleurdoree."

"A charming woman!"

"Yes, indeed—but unapproachable."

"How so?"

"She has a favored suitor already."

"No."

"How do you know?"

"I am exceedingly intimate with her, and would be aware of it if anybody was."

"But you yourself—perhaps you are the one!"

"Hardly likely."

"Why so?"

"She is my half-sister."

Twelve months afterward, the beautiful widow Fleurdoree became Madame Hillaire.

Peril in a Pill-box.

A writer in the New York *Mercury* relates the following curious and fatal circumstance as attending a lady who had been prescribed a box of pills by her physician: It is really terrible to find out almost every day some new danger to which we are exposed. If there is a thing which people have hitherto confided in it is a pill-box; no one has been afraid to carry it in his pocket. I have no desire to create a panic among my friends who have their portable pill-boxes, but for their benefit I wish to inform them what recently befell a lady in England, with whom I have been many years acquainted. A physician had prescribed for her twenty-four pills, each containing two grains of oxide of silver, a twenty-fourth of a grain of muriate of morphia and a "sufficiency" of extract of gentian, the pills being coated with silver in the usual manner. The pills were delivered to the lady in an ordinary pill-box, but being in the nursery and having no pocket in her dress, placed the box in her bosom, most probably next the skin. The unfortunate lady did not suspect the deadly peril which awaited her. In less than an hour a severe explosion occurred, her underclothes were reduced to a tinder, and in a few days she died suffering the most excruciating agony.

It ought to be known that oxide of silver, being reduced by contact with vegetable extracts, is in the habit of exploding. It is really as well that people should be made aware of the danger they run, in order that they may have iron rooms built for their pill-boxes. It would be interesting to scientific students to know if pills of this nature are liable to explode after they are swallowed. I am not able to give any information on this point, but I can state that explosions have frequently occurred in compounding pills made with the extract of colocynth, the oxide of silver, and creosote or oil of cloves. In fact, there are some pills which are nothing more or less than infernal machines, and people with volcanic temperaments and undermined constitutions, for whom they are prescribed, should be careful to take them in secluded spots, where no one but themselves can be injured in the event of the explosion.

Japanese Winter Sports.

Most of our younger readers think of Asiatic countries as warm, because India, with which we are best acquainted, has no winter like ours. But Japan has a genuine winter, with snow and ice. And the Japanese children indulge in the same kind of winter sports as are common in this country.

A recent visitor from England saw many a fine snow-image made by the boys, with pieces of charcoal for eyes, and a charcoal streak for the mouth. He also looked on at many a boys' battle with snow-balls, and concluded that they had better tempers than boys in England, as none of them seemed to get angry, though hit often and hard.

Their shoes don't get wet like ours, as they are made of wood, three inches high, but when the snow is deep, their feet are wet and cold, as there is no upper covering. The English visitor thought the Jap boys the happiest and merriest children he had ever seen.

LEADVILLE.

Features of the Place—The Camp and the City—A Dreary Graveyard.

[Correspondence N. Y. Tribune.]

The stranger's first sensation on arriving in Leadville is one of surprise at the existence of such a city in such a place. With the memory of the long difficult road over the range by which he has come still fresh in his mind, it seems almost impossible that every evidence of civilization which one sees about him, and the thousands of people who throng the streets, can have been brought here by that or a longer if not more difficult route in a single year.

Leadville is at once a city and a mining camp. Four streets—State and Main, Harrison-avenue and Chestnut-street—comprise the former, while the thousands of log cabins and board shanties scattered over an area about a mile square constitute the latter. The four business streets have been built up so rapidly that in some parts they have a crude and unfinished appearance. The sidewalks are not all on the same level, each man having built that in front of his store at a height that was convenient for himself, so that as you pass along you are repeatedly obliged to go up or down one or two steps. None of the streets are paved, but several of them had a foot or eighteen inches of broken slack from the smelting works carted upon them and covered with earth, forming a kind of crude macadam much smoother and firmer than the natural ground. Log houses have pretty much disappeared from the principal streets.

The camp proper is the most interesting and picturesque portion of Leadville. As thousands of fortune hunters rushed in here last winter and spring, they cut down the trees and built their log cabins and board shanties among the stumps, laying out no streets and taking no pains to arrange their buildings with any degree of regularity. The roads, therefore, that have since been used wind about in a most bewildering way, to avoid the cabins and the stumps, and make it as easy for a stranger to lose himself as in some of the older parts of Boston. The camp has a life of its own almost independent of the city. It has its hotels and drinking saloons, its gambling shops and disreputable houses, and here and there a store with a small stock of goods. Men live here actually as they do in a camp. Women, are almost unknown, and the miners do their own cooking over a fire built on the ground before the door. Every kind of meat is fried, and the fare is necessarily coarse and without much variety. I have not been into any of the cabins, but can imagine that they are cheerless and anything but homelike.

It is impossible to say very much in favor of the climate of Leadville. An elevation of five thousand or six thousand feet seems to have a bracing, invigorating effect upon people who have lived near the sea level, but at ten thousand feet most people find the air too rare to live in with comfort. Those who are unacclimated suffer from headache, bleeding at the nose, wakefulness, shortness of breath and exhaustion after very little exertion. Consumptives and those suffering from bronchial or heart disease are sure to have their symptoms aggravated even by a short residence here, and a longer stay will often prove fatal. Severe colds are frequent, and rheumatism of a very painful character is almost sure to follow unusual exposure. If a man's lungs are sound, the action of his heart healthy, and he lives a temperate, careful life, the unpleasant effects of the climate and elevation may, after a short time, disappear, and he may remain in Leadville without prejudice to his health.

Approaching Leadville by the stage road, one of the first indications which the stranger has that he is in the vicinity of a city is the rude cemetery which he passes at the lower end of Chestnut-street. It is a gloomy, cheerless place, especially when seen in the late twilight, and is suggestive of many a tragedy in real life. Of the several hundreds who have been buried here, scores died among strangers, leaving nothing by which their friends in the East might be found or informed of their fate. The little mounds arranged in rows beneath the few trees that have been left standing are bare of grass, and some of them are covered with the dry brown needles that fell from the pines in early spring. Plain board slabs stand for headstones and tell the brief story that will be forgotten when they crumble and disappear. The graveyard of a new town is generally a chilling, desolate spot; that of Leadville is superlatively so.

A Census of Centenarians.

It is suggested in a Western newspaper that there shall accompany the publication of the next returns a list of persons in the United States who have lived their hundred years—the centenarians to be hunted up by the Postmasters and the names to be preserved at Washington. Should this be done it will be found that almost every village has its Methuselah. Bailey, an English writer on old age, gives a list of 4,000 persons ascertained by him to have lived beyond a hundred, but he counted in the antediluvians, and that wasn't fair. Vespasian had a census taken of the old people of his empire, and found 30 who were 140 years old; 40 who were 130; 20 who were 125; 14 who were 110, and 54 who were 100. The Cincinnati *Gazette* has found a family in Lexington, Scott County, Kentucky, who live up to the natural rule that the lives of animals should average five times their growing period. The present head of the family is Kinder Furgeson, who was born on Sunday, August 23, 1771, or 108 years ago. His mother lived to be 107, his grandmother 106, and his great-grandmother 104, further than which the genealogy is lost. He was married in 1792, and his eldest child, Mrs. Nancy Priest, is now 87. Kinder has a great-great-great-great grandson living. Kinder's father lived on the York River, in Virginia, and he heard Lafayette's troops march past the house. He served through the war of 1812, and is now drawing a pension. He is in good health now, and attributes it to having been a moderate drinker—brandy and gin—all his life.

Lifetime of a Locomotive.

The iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bones. The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Some of the smaller parts require renewal every six months; the boiler tubes last five years, and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers, and fire-boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles, and other parts thirty years. A great advantage is that a broken part can be repaired, and does not condemn the whole locomotive to the junk shop; while, when a horse breaks a leg the whole animal is only worth the flesh, fat, and bones, which amount to a very small sum in this country, where horse-flesh does not find its way to the butcher's shambles.

THE three proudest moments of a man's life, between the cradle and the grave, are, when he gets his first pair of red-top boots, when the girls first call him "Mister," and when the doctor tells him it's a boy.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Historical.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air-pump was made in 1654.

The quaint old Hingham "meeting house" was built in the year 1681.

Quakers were publicly whipped for their religious professions in Boston in 1657.

Cincinnati, Ohio, was first settled in 1788 by a party of adventurers under Israel Ludlow.

The first steamer on the Thames was the Margery, seventy tons burthen and fourteen-horse power, which run between London and Gravesend in 1816.

Mexico was colonized just one hundred years before Massachusetts. The former was settled by Spanish knights, the latter by English Pilgrims.

Tarquin was the last Emperor who reigned in Rome, called Tarquin the Proud, and he was thoroughly hated by the Roman populace, who finally drove him from the city.

Yale College, New Haven, Conn., was founded in 1700 as a collegiate school of the colony of Connecticut, under the trusteeship of ten of the principal ministers of the colony.

On September 3, 1783, peace between the King of Great Britain and the United States of America was signed. Thus, September 3, 1883, will be the hundreth anniversary of the termination of the revolutionary war.

St. Helena, Napoleon's "living tomb," was discovered by the Portuguese in 1501. Afterwards it came into the possession of the Dutch, and finally fell into the hands of the English in 1651, who still hold it.

The Lutheran Church of St. Michael, in Moscow, the oldest Protestant church in Russia, has just celebrated the close of its third century. All the Protestant churches of Russia sent delegates to the festival.

On May 19, 1780, occurred what has ever since been called the "dark day." The obscuration in New England commenced at about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and lasted until the next day. It was so dark that it was impossible to read print in the open air. Fowls went to roost, and cattle sought the barn-yard, while candles were necessary everywhere.

Feline Electricity.

The most remarkable invention in this or any other age is duly chronicled in the Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch*. It is based upon the electrical properties of the fur of cats. With a battery of one hundred and twenty-eight cats the inventor succeeded in generating a current so strong that it instantly polarized all the lightning-arresters and demagnetized all the switch-boards on the way to Omaha. The operators all along the line were terror stricken, and rushed from their offices. Eighteen hundred and nine glass insulators were broken and as many poles shattered as if by lightning. A great deal more damage would doubtless have resulted if the copper rod over which the battery was suspended had not suddenly become red hot and burned the tails off the cats and let them drop. When only a moderately strong current of electricity is desired, it is obtained by densely populating the small floor of the cage, which is made of sheet copper, that being the best conductor. The electricity thus generated charges the copper floor of the cage, and as it cannot pass off to the ground through the glass insulators it seeks its exit over the wires that are connected by soldering to each end of the copper plate. For generating a powerful current, the cats are carefully and securely tied tail to tail in pairs, and by the loop thus formed they are suspended from a heavy insulated copper rod that passes longitudinally through the cage, to the ends of which are attached the telegraph or telephone lines.

Origin of the Steel Pen.

The early history of the steel pen is curiously obscure. The most diligent search fails to discover the first maker or the earliest date of this implement. There were steel, or rather iron pens made, we believe, in Holland as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. Towards the close of the last century, Mr. Harrison, an ingenious Birmingham mechanic, made steel pens for Dr. Priestly. One of them is nothing more than a tube turned out of a flat strip of metal, with the sides and points filed away in the shape of a pen. The first actual supply of such pens, it is believed (the authority for the statement is no more than local tradition), was made by a Sheffield workman whose name is forgotten. From time to time, as far back as 1809, steel pens, hand fashioned, turned and filed, were made as curiosities or luxuries for presents; but it was not until about 1824 that such instruments were produced in considerable quantities as regular articles of manufacture. Mr. James Perry was the first manufacturer, but the process was tedious and costly. The metal was steel, rolled out of wire, and for this Mr. Perry paid as much as seven shillings a pound. To the first person he employed he gave five shillings for making each pen; and even when the trade had become regular, he gave for some years as much as thirty-six shillings a gross to his workmen. Now, thanks to machinery and modern improvements, pens—not very good, perhaps, but good enough to write with—can be made and sold at a profit for three cents per gross!

A Feminine Vow of Vengeance.

[London World.]

It is a well known fact that children very often suffer for the indiscretions of their parents. Here is a case in point: The other day at a great military gathering, the lovely wife of a young and promising officer was either insulted, or imagined herself to be insulted, by a certain fashionable female leader of society, who is spoken of as "capricious" by her friends and snobbish by her enemies, on account of the vast importance which she is supposed to attach to each particular rung of the social ladder. "She is only a very vulgar woman," remarked the officer's wife contemptuously, "and as such she deserves one's pity. Nevertheless, I shall some day have my revenge." "And what do you mean to do to her?" inquired an astonished listener, alarmed at so much seeming concentration of purpose. "Oh," answered the lady, dreamingly, and with the manner of one contemplating the far future, "Fred (meaning her own husband) may very likely some day command the regiment; and then, if she ever has any children, and if one of them should be a boy, and should happen to go into the army, he might possibly be in Fred's regiment, and then won't we bully him!" "Sweet is revenge, especially to women."

A MAN coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, his nose spread all over his face, and one of his ears chewed off, replying to a policeman who interviewed him, said: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, an' I went to see the man who writ it, an' he war thar!"