During the past year the aggregate length of rails laid by the different roads throughout the country was 3112 miles. It was not a great year for railroad construction and the building consisted of odds and ends, mostly in the interest of some existing trunk line.

The residents along a lumber flume in the mountains above Chico, Cal., have a novel way of getting their mail. It is started on a raft from the head of the flume at regular dates, and the people below watch for it, take out what belongs to them, and then send the raft with its precious cargo on the way.

Tea drinkers in this country will be interested in the statement that half a million pounds of willow leaves disguised as tea were shipped to America from Shanghai last year—and this notwithstanding a law to prevent such importations. The fame of English tea is based upon the care used in that country to prevent adulteration.

Montreal is to have a larger ice palace than ever this year. It is 152 feet long and 144 feet wide, while the great donjon tower, which rises nearly in the centre, will be over 100 feet in height. The ice castle of last winter was 160 feet in length and 120 in width. The new palace has been vaccinated, and there will be a skating and curling rink within its walls.

Hog cholera was carefully studied last summer by several pork raisers in Kansas, where the disease raged part of the time. One of them resorted to "home treatment," as he called it, and he says it succeeded in bringing every member of his infected herd around all right. The mode of treatment he thus describes: "As soon as the animals were taken sick I turned them out of the pens and began to drive them to warm up their blood. The first day I drove them three miles and the second day two miles. They would vomit freely while being driven. After the second day they showed signs of improvement, which continued, and finally all the hogs recovered." An Abbeville county (S. C.) farmer, whose hogs have never been attacked by the disease, attributes their immunity to a quart of turpentine slops which he gave them weekly.

THE prominent members of the national house and senate seem to be on the shady side of 50. Brown of Georgia is 65, Voorhees 58, Ingalls 53, Hoar 60, Van Wyck 62, Sherman 63, Don Cameron 53, Jackson 53, Edmunds 58, Speaker Carlisle 50, Springer is 49, as is his Republican colleague, Cannon; Reed of Maine is 46, Long of Massachusetts 47, Bland of Missuri 50, Walter Phelps of New Jersey 48, Frank Hiscock of New York 51; Warner of Ohio is the same age, Randall 57, Morrison 60, Abe Hewett is 63, as is Holman of Indiana. The oldest member of the House is Representative Wait of Connecticut, who has been a member of six Congresses; he is 74. The oldest member in service is "Pig-Iron" Kelly of Pennsylvania; he has been in 12 Congresses, serving 24 years. Next to Mr. Wait in years comes N. B. Eldridge of Michigan, who served in the last Congress; he is 71 years of age. The youngest member of the house is Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin, who has just turned 30. This is his first session in Congress. Ward of Chicago is 32, and there are several members whose ages lay in the thirties. A mathematician figures this way: There are 43 members who are over 30 and under 40, 131 between 40 and 50, 90 between 50 and 60, 34 between 60 and 70, and four between 70 and 80.

Lincoln and Old Seth Kinman.

A goodly crowd was gathered about Old Seth Kinman, the famous California hunter, in the comfortable reading-room of the International Hotel last spring. Seth was in the best of story-telling moods. He said: "When Abe Lincoln was elected I made up my mind I'd give him a cheer. I knew him, for he and my father fit together in the Black Hawk war. When I started to Washington I took an Injun along to exhibit him. I give shows on the way. That blamed Injun petered out of my hands at Oswego, N. Y. The people fed him so much that he fairly busted. Well, old Abe got wind o' me and sent for me. Christ Lloyd, who was Clerk of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives then, went to Washington with me from Harrisburg. I said to him: 'Now, old man, I'm going to present this cheer to old Abe myself. I don't want nobody to waw-waw for me this time.' And I did. Old Abe was just tickled to death, too. He shuck hands with me, and on the sly he took me outen the East Room and give me a pull at some nice old Bourbon. Then afterward I showed him old 'Cotton Bale,' that's the name of my old Kaintuck rifle, and he took it up, sighted it at an imaginary b'ar and said: 'Seth, that's the kind of artillery I was raised on.' Then I brought out my fiddle, and he sot me to playin,' and I give him 'Gray Eagle,' 'Old Zip Coon,' 'Gal On a Log' and 'The Arkansaw Traveller.' He jest roared all the while. Poor fellow! I was in Ford's Theater the night he was hit.—*San Francisco Alta.*

A Dangerous Condition.

George Sampson—Is your sister in, Bobby?

Bobby—Yes, she's in, but she's sick. She's been sick all day.

George Sampson (aside)—Ah, then her fears are verified. She told me last night, as I bade her good-bye, and now too late, I recall how fragile and pale she looked as the moon shone down upon her, that she was filled with a sense of impending danger, a vague, intangible unrest, as it were, that depressed and alarmed her, while I, wretch that I was, smiled at her distress. (To Bobby)—Is her condition dangerous, Bobby?

Bobby—I guess it is. She never could eat ice cream and lobster salad all the same evening.—*Life.*

Winter Days.

Our birds have flown:
Their barren nests are left alone,
Clinging to leafless bush or wind-topped tree,
Mementoes mute of Springtime's blue and green,
Of fragrant orchards blossoming between
Brown, sun-warmed walls,
Of wide swung doors and breezy halls,
And flower-beds decked for the drowsy bee.

But now, alas!
The blighting frost is on the grass.
Torn are the wither'd leaves from each loved tree;
The brooks are still, the woodlands dim and cold,
And harvest fields have yielded all their gold.
O, swift-winged bird!
To that bright land where now is heard
Thy tuneful lay, I'd gladly follow thee.

IN THE ALTMARKT.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Violet had lost both her situation and her lover when Mrs. Van Buren called.

"I've just had a letter from my old friend Frau Schilling in Dresden," she said. "She wants me to find her a companion in America who can sing a little. Could anything be more fortunate? I propose to send you, Violet."

"You are very kind to think of me. But in order to go, I shall be obliged to use all the money I have put aside for a rainy day."

"But it is not exactly fair weather now, is it? Besides, it will be capital well invested. You will see the world, you will learn German, and you will forget Mr. Dabney, and perhaps marry a German baron."

"I don't want to marry a German baron, but I think I will go, thank you."

And the next outward-bound German steamer carried her to Hamburg. Not knowing a syllable of the German tongue, she engaged a young German woman who was returning home to travel with her to Dresden, where Frau Schilling met her. She found her situation no sinecure, to be sure. Frau Schilling's English was so broken as to be almost beyond repair. Once or twice Violet went out with her to afternoon tea, where she sat like a statue, trying with all her might to grasp the thread of conversation in vain; the loneliness of a stranger in a foreign land, unable to speak the language, possessed her. It sometimes seemed to her that she should die unless she could find somebody to whom she could rehearse her thoughts and trials in good terse English. Frau Schilling lived in the eastern part of the city, in a street leading out of Durerstrasse. Although it was remote from the central market-places and the shops, and from almost everything, it made up for this inconvenience in being cheap, but Frau Schilling convinced everybody that she lived there for the pure air and the view. Of course the tramway ran near, on its way to Blasewiltz, but Frau Schilling and her companion always walked when they went out—it was so much healthier. Violet had been to the Royal Gallery and the Altmarkt but once, in the convoy of Frau Schilling, when one afternoon, after she had been a fortnight in the city, it occurred to her to walk out alone, and make acquaintance with the place. It was quite late in the day, however, before she got started, and the sky was already a deep saffron-color in the west. She remembered that Frau Schilling had conducted her down Durerstrasse, past Holbeinplatz, through the narrow little Zeigelstrasse, pausing to look at the old Saxon monument at the corner of the Botanical Garden, where Death, with his hour-glass, stands like a shadow behind the warrior. The stream of passers scarcely observed her as she loitered upon the Terrace of Bruhl, and stopped to count the spires in the Neustadt; a band was playing in the Belvedere some homesick strain that persued her as she went on toward the gilded groups of statuary that adorn the flight of steps giving upon the Schlossplatz.

The sunset light was upon everything; a steamer was towing a fleet of barges up the river; the hills across the Elbe looked blue and enchanting in the distance: but it all made her feel more alone and bereft. It was a fair, a great world; but what did it signify to her now that John Dabney had forgotten her? She crossed the Platz and went slowly up Schlosstrasse and into the Altmarkt; it was the longest way round, but it was the only way she knew. She ventured into one or two shops, and struggled to make herself understood, vainly; she stopped with the crowd to gaze in at the windows of a print-shop at some effort of the modern masters, and wondered if it was wrong to think them quite as satisfactory as some of the masterpieces Frau Schilling had pointed out to her in the Royal Gallery; the Altmarkt was thronged with people; carriages hastened, who knows where; every one seemed gay and cheerful; she wished with all her heart that she knew a few of these pretty women, these kindly matrons; she longed to hear somebody speak her name over her shoulder, to happen suddenly upon some familiar face. Once she passed two people talking English, and she turned back and made believe an interest in the embroideries in a neighboring window that she might listen to the delicious sounds.

"I was so surprised to see him," the lady was saying. "He said he had come to Dresden on important business; I can't think what it is."

"Perhaps he will tell you," laughed her companion.

"Oh, no; nothing of the kind: he was never sweet upon me; we are first cousins."

"And cousins are dangerous things. When did he leave New York?"

New York! Violet's heart bounded; here was somebody straight from home. Perhaps she knew him. At any rate, he must know John Dabney; and she found herself wondering what this stranger's "important business" might be; but at the thought of John her "old sorrow waked and cried." It was such a mere trifle that had separated them, "the little rift within the lute." How foolish it had all been, and yet how irrevocable! How sorely she missed his kindness, his presence, the right to think of him as belonging to her! how bleak and barren the world seemed without him! Life was ended for her; that is, all that made life worth living had left her; nothing signified after that; she could think of nothing that she could substitute for his love; nothing in all the world could make amends to her for all she had squandered, and she had a doubt if heaven would be heaven without him. In the distraction of her thoughts she had walked on till she was tired, and now she turned back into the Altmarkt. How the scene had changed! the people, the shops, the carriages, were still there, to be sure, and the figure of Germania in the centre of the square still seemed to soar into the violet heavens. It was all another world by gaslight; such necromancy had been wrought that Violet could not tell which direction to take toward home; so many cross lights puzzled and blinded her. Everybody was hastening homeward; everybody had some one waiting and watching for his approach, some one thinking of him. Only she was forlorn and alone and desolate. She forgot that

"No wind could drive her bark astray,
Or change the tide of destiny."

Of course it would be impossible for Violet to lose herself to-day in Dresden; she laughs at the idea; but at that time it was quite a different story. The Altmarkt, as everybody knows, is a square shut in with shops, with two streets leading out of it from each of its four corners, so to speak. In a frenzy of fear Violet choose one of these streets; if it were the Schlosstrasse through which she had come to the Altmarkt, she knew it would presently bring her in view of the thoroughfare leading into the Schlossplatz, where the gilded groups on the stairway of Bruhl's Terrace would show her that she was all right for home. That was the only route she knew, but after walking some distance, the street ended against a dark and forbidding building; then she retracted her weary steps and hurried in the opposite direction, into Wildrufferstrasse, and as this opens upon the Portplatz, she soon saw that she was wrong again; always she returned to the Altmarkt, feeling that this was her only guide and safety, as the street which had brought her there must still lead out of it, unless some enchantment has been at work.

In her haste and excitement she explored one street after another without hitting upon the right one, and, in fact, following several of them more than once before recognizing her mistake. If it had been daylight, she felt that all would be well, the adventure would have been delightful; but here, with the clocks striking eight in the darkness, made more perplexing by the numberless lights, without a German word in her vocabulary, it was anything but comfortable. Desperate at length, when the Schlosstrasse really seemed to vanish out of existence, she accosted a woman and asked her way in English. The woman smiled, and shook her head. It was of no use asking the way; nobody understood her. She was hungry and cold and faint. It seemed to her that she had been hunting for the Schlosstrasse for hours, and might continue in that occupation all night if no one came to her aid. There was the droschkas, to be sure, drawn up in long lines, waiting for passengers who never seemed to arrive, the drivers wrapped in their blankets, smoking or sleeping contentedly; but she dared not take one, even if she could have made the driver understand where she wished to go. At that time she did not know that a Dresden droschka is as safe as one's roof-tree. At last she paused in her mad and dispairing haste to beg help of a gentleman with his wife upon his arm. They answered her in broad German, and she replied in effusive English. It seemed to her that the woman began to regard her with suspicion, to question if she were a beggar, or what. The man opened his purse. Violet shook her head, and the tears sprang into her eyes. "I have lost my way," she persisted. "If I could find the Terrace, I should be all right. I know the way well from there." While she spoke, somebody else stopped and listened, arrested by her voice.

"Violet! Violet!" somebody said, close at her elbow; and Violet answered:

"Oh, John! John! is it you?"

"Yes, it is I. I found I couldn't live without you." And Violet was in his arms, safe and happy and the German gentleman and his wife smiled at each other and at Violet, who no longer saw anybody in the crowded square but John Dabney.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Winter Evening Amusement.

A list of amusing forfeits, which will make the company laugh and not offend the person called upon to pay them, are herewith given:

1. Put a newspaper upon the floor in such a way that two persons can stand on it and not be able to touch each other with their hands. By putting the paper in the doorway, one half inside and the other half outside the room, and closing the door over it, the two persons can easily stand upon it and still be beyond each other's reach.

2. To go out of the room with two legs and come in with six. Not difficult if one thinks to bring a chair along on the return.

3. To act the dumb servant. The person who has the forfeit to pay must act the answers to the questions put by the master of ceremonies, as "How do you eat soup?" This forfeit will cause much merriment if proper questions are put.

4. Put yourself through a keyhole. This was a great puzzle to us for awhile, but when the word "yourself" was written upon a piece of paper and pushed through the keyhole it was all clear.

THE ZOUAVES' GOAT.

And How He Overthrew the Commanding Officer.

A Remarkable Quadruped that Lacked Respect for Rank.

"I never see a goat," remarked Col. Fred Martin of the Brooklyn elevated the other day, "but I am reminded of a beautiful animal once owned by Billy Wilson's Zouaves. I can't truthfully assert that Billy owned the goat; he didn't; it belonged to the regiment, but as Billy owned the regiment it's pretty much the same thing. That goat was a joy forever, and his peculiar talents were largely enhanced by the disinterested efforts of his numerous friends in Billy Wilson's command.

"I made the acquaintance while campaigning along the northern Gulf shore. Billy's crowd were penned up as a garrison in Fort Pickens, and the rebs held all the Florida coast, so that the butternut gunners at Fort Barrancas used to amuse themselves plumping shells into the sand heap on which Pickens stood. Santa Rosa Island's its name, a real pretty name for a horrible locality. About the only thing those shells accomplished besides keeping the hands of the gunners in was to spoil the parade ground. Every time one exploded it would blow out a hole big enough to hide four cows in, and this just worried Gen. Israel Vogdez, who was commandant there, until he couldn't stand it any longer, and he set Billy's men to work with shovels filling up the holes, and, as there was a fresh crop every day, Billy's men got pretty tired. They weren't fond of work, any way. You see, about 500 of them had died or been killed off before they struck Pickens, but those left were game chickens, and didn't take kindly to shovelling.

"It was hot on Santa Rosa—just the place for Billy's men to get acclimated in. Vogdez was the best read man in the army, and he didn't take kindly to the boys' social ways, and he took pains, with the able assistance of the Confederate gunners, to keep down their exuberant spirits. One day, when a gang of 'em were toying with a sand pit, and filling it at the rate of about one shovelful in two hours, the general rushes out from his casement, hauls the lazy detachment up in line, and goes for them baldheaded. He wasn't more'n five feet tall, Israel wasn't, but as he was most as thick and as wide, he made up for it. Standing on the edge of the crater, in a costume that was mostly trousers, he lectured, stooping lower with every point laid down.

"As it was, he made a lovely target, and that cussed goat who was loafing in the parade got on to the range, and all of a sudden, after many skips, jerks, and prances, he let himself off, and hit the General like a 15-inch round shot, piling him head first into the hole.

"It was an awful moment for Billy's men. There's a time to laugh, the Scripture says, and Billy's men thought it was there, but they didn't dare grasp the opportunity, and they feared for the goat whom they loved. Vogdez was awful mad. He made Billy promise to have the goat massacred, and Billy gave the order, but it was never executed.—*New York Sun.*

A Hunter Hunted.

Of all the native birds in Florida none is more interesting than the Heron tribes. The king of all these tribes is the great Blue Heron. It grows to an extraordinary size. Captain Dummitt, who planted the most noted orange grove in the State, killed one on a bayou near Mosquito Lagoon fifteen years ago which measured nine feet seven inches from the point of its bill to the tips of its toes. The coastwise bayous and lagoons are usually dotted with small mangrove islands. In South Florida the mangrove grows to a height of sixty and eighty feet, but north of Cape Canaveral it is a gnarled bush from ten to fifteen feet high. The bushes cover the little islands as hair covers a man's scalp. The islands are veritable thickets, and woe betide the man who is lost in them, for they are infested with sand flies, red bugs, mosquitoes and scorpions. Creeks, intense in crookedness and of uneven tide, wind among these islands like the paths of a labyrinth. These solitary creeks are the favorite fishing grounds of the great blue heron. Some of the happiest days of my life have been spent in hunting the bird in these haunts. Seated in the bow of a Canadian canoe, with my gun on my knees and a guide in the stern, I was noiselessly poled over the winding creeks beneath the arching mangroves. At sharp turns there was frequently a scream of affright. Huge wings were unfolded. The great bird wafted itself into the air, and was brought to earth by a shot well aimed. It is dangerous sport, however, for a stranger. Even the best of guides are sometimes lost in the green labyrinth and suffer untold tortures. Unpracticed hunters are apt to lose their eyes; for the beak of the great Blue Heron is as sharp as a needle, and his long neck masks immense sweep and great power. The bird strikes with marvelous precision and with the rapidity of lightning. When wounded it is especially dangerous. I was once struck on the cheek within half an inch of the eye. The blow was made by a crippled snowy heron on an island in Lake Worth. It was just after twilight. The darkness saved my eye. I was in a thicket looking for birds that I had shot while on the wing. I saw a snowy spot in the undistinguishable foliage, and took it for a dead bird. As I stooped to pick it up my cheek was pierced as though receiving a thrust from a stiletto. This adventure made me extremely cautious while hunting herons, and finally led to a laughable scene.

In the spring of 1875 I was encamped in the heart of Turnbull Swamp, about eight miles from the head of Indian River. The weather was very dry, and there was much less water in the swamp than usual. I was hunting paroquets, wild turkeys, wood ducks, deer, bears, wild-cats and pumas. The swamp is streaked with savannas a hundred yards wide and miles in extent. Deer becoming scarce in my vicinity I set a savanna on fire one morning while on a turkey hunt. After the burning of the dead grass the new crop would serve to bait the deer within a fortnight. At sunset I was miles away from camp. At dusk I saw several gobblers fly into a grove of tall cypresses, and marked them, with the intention of returning in the morning at daylight and shooting them from the trees. The reddened sky gave me bearings on my way back to camp. After wading for ten minutes through mud and water, listening to the doleful music of a death owl, I emerged upon the burning savanna. The sky was overcast. It was as dark as Erebus. A brisk south wind was driving the fire northward. The flames were leaping over the tall, dry grass, and tinging the clouds and the tops of the cypresses an orange hue.

Suddenly I saw in the lurid light far above me four great Blue Herons. They were in line, flapping their wings with the precision of machinery. Instinctively I drew my gun to my shoulder. On inspiration I discharged it, for the "sight" was invisible. The second barrel did good work. The third heron in the line stopped, fell ten feet, and came swooping toward the ground in great circles. I saw that the bird would drop some distance away, and ran forward to mark the spot. But the burnt part of the savanna, despite the lurid light from the rolling wave of fire in the south, was as black as the bellying darkness of the clouds. I heard the bird strike the earth with a thud, but did not see where it fell. The black ashes of the burnt grass were ankle deep. I searched for the prize, but did not find it.

I was perplexed. Suddenly a feathery form arose from the ashes ten feet away. It seemed to hover above me. It was the heron. It had elevated the white plume on its head as an angry cockatoo draws forward its topknot. The plume alone could be distinctly seen in the darkness. With a blood-curdling scream the tall bird darted for me. I knew the danger. On the spur of the moment I turned and ran toward the blazing savanna. The bird gave chase, screaming frightfully at every jump. I divined the situation. Its wing was broken, and it was thoroughly infuriated. If it struck me in the rear with its sharp and powerful beak I fancied that its head would go through me. In my haste to secure my prey I had neglected to withdraw the empty shells from the fowling-piece. It would not do to stand the chance of a fight by using the gun as a club, for it was so dark that I could not guage the bird's distance. Besides the bird would be facing the light, and I would be facing the darkness. I continued my retreat; I ran as though the evil one was after me. In my flight I threw open the barrels of my gun, and drew out the empty shells. In mad haste I reloaded and relocked the barrels, still running at the top of my speed. Then I stopped, wheeled about and banged away with both barrels. The bird shrieked worse than ever and was untouched.

Again I sped toward the burning grass. I had regained my composure, however. Fear gave way to mirth. I laughed outright at the absurdity of the situation, blessing my stars that no friends were near to chaff me. Again I reloaded the gun, turned and fired. I was on the verge of the blazing canes, and had a fair view of my pursuer. At the second shot the heron fell, and the impetus from its speed was so great that it came against me, legs, wings, neck and beak, in a limp lump. I had shot it through the neck. Its head was attached by the skin of the neck alone.

I carried the prize to camp. Its plumage was the perfection of feathery beauty. Old Conner, my guide, was awaiting my return with a supper of roasted venison and yams. The bird was so tall that Conner fastened its beak to the back of my coat-collar, drew the neck over my head, and the feet touched the ground. He afterward severed the head from the neck, and hurled it across the fire at the trunk of the palmetto—I have seen performers at a circus handle a knife in a similar way—the sharp beak entered the tree, and stood quivering there like a heavy-handled bodkin; and for all that I know it remains there to this day.—*Amos J. Cummings in the Cook.*

A Costly Painting.

The Duke d'Aumale has just purchased, to the great chagrin of English art-lovers, the "Three Graces," by Raphael, for the sum of $125,000. The "Three Graces" was the gem of the late Lord Dudley's art gallery. The price paid is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the painting is only about seven inches square. This is the highest price ever paid for so small a picture, being about $2,500 to the square inch. The "Three Graces" is a juvenile work of Raphael and is supposed to have been painted about the year 1506. It would be interesting to know how much Raphael received for the painting—possibly the price of a dinner of macaroni.—*Vienna Neue Freie Presse.*

What Father Said.

"How does your father seem to regard my coming here?" anxiously asked Adolphus of little Bobby while Miss Maud was up stairs getting ready to present herself.

"I guess he don't care nothin' about it," replied Bobby, carelessly.

"So he has no objection, eh? But what did he say, my little man?"

"He said if Maud was a mind to make a fool of herself, why let her."—*Binghampton Republican.*

BRICKS MADE OF GOLD

A Visit to a United States Assay Office.

Throwing Packages of Gold Dust into Crucibles and Melting into Bars.

A visit to the United States assay office here is very interesting, writes a Helena, (Montana,) correspondent of the Minneapolis *Tribune.* Being ushered into the receiving office I found a clerk opening several packages of gold dust that had been brought from the postoffice, and was told that no packages had ever been known to be lost, though no extra precautions are taken in sending them. After being weighed carefully the dust is handed over to the melter, who, accompanied by a gentleman whose sole business is to see that the dust is placed in the crucible, for until the gold assumes the shape of a bar, no man is allowed to handle it while alone. The furnaces in which the dust is melted produce 2,500 degrees of heat, and the crucibles are made of two parts plumbago and one part fire clay, and are of various sizes, to accommodate the ever-varying deposits. The molds are of different capacities varying from 12 ounces to 6,000 ounces, and before each pouring they are carefully scraped and smoked, the thin coating of soot preventing the bar from sticking in the mold. The metal is always poured in the presence of one who watches the melter all the time. "This is done," the melter explained, "as well for our own protection as in the interest of the depositors. For instance, if a depositor, deceived as to the value of his dust, claims that some of it had been wasted or stolen during the process of melting, two of us are here to act as checks upon each other. Every effort is made to ascertain the exact value of the deposit, and while there necessarily is a little waste in the mechanical operations, it is very slight. Every day the crucibles are scraped of the little fluxing that may adhere to the sides, and these scrapings, together with the fluxing poured out with the gold, and all the dust that settles upon the iron floor of the room, are carefully preserved, and at the end of the year the mass is melted over again, and the gold extracted and given over to the government. After handling over a million dollars last year, a little over $300 were obtained from the year's "sweepings." Each bar is taken to the two assayers, who each take a chip from the opposite diagonal corners. From these bits of gold the fineness of the whole bar is calculated. The gold that is bought for the government is sent to New York, with the calculations on the different bars, which are tested and averaged, and the results compared with the calculations here obtained. The most perfect accuracy is necessary in the weighing and calculating in order to make the figures agree. The metric system of weights is used.

"A drop of water," said one of the assayers, "at 62 degrees Fahrenheit weighs 50 milograms. These scales will weigh one-tenth part of a milogram," which, as I figure it, would be one five-hundredth part of a drop of water. They can calculate the value of ore that yields only 75 cents to the ton.

The government buys all the gold presented for sale, but a depositor may have his dust refined and made into a bar upon the payment of a small fee. A short time ago a deposit valued at $25,000 was brought in by one man. The dust equaled in bulk about two pailfulls. The assaying of ore has lately been discontinued. Pure gold is worth $20.67 per ounce. My guide showed me a brick, which, for a number of reasons, I was unable to put in my pocket, weighing 257 ounces; it was about 8x3 1-2 by 1 1-2 inches in its several dimensions, and was worth $3,046.

Queer Intoxicants.

General George A. Sheridan is one of the most entertaining conversationalist in the country, says "Gath," in the New York Tribune. I met him up town the other night when he was discussing intoxicants. Said he: "It is a singular state of affairs that there is no nation on the face of the globe, so far as known, that has not an intoxicant of some kind. I had curiosity once to go into an investigation of that question in a very thorough way, and my statement is the result of careful study. The Indians, before we began to furnish them with firewater, knew of a plant from which they made a drink that was intoxicating. It had a bulb in the center at the root and long leaves from which the sap concentrated in the bulb. It was then expressed from the bulb and drank. The natives in Louisiana as far back as 1850 raised a sugar plant from which they expressed the juices and made sugar and from that a sweet rum. The Mexicans have a remarkable drink. It is made from a plant that grows in the country. They skin a pig and tie up the hide at the ends. They fill it with the juice from this plant and then sew up the stomach and let it ferment. You might drink a gallon of it at night without feeling more than a momentary exhilaration. But when you wake up the next morning you would be more gloriously drunk than ever before in your life and it would take forty-eight hours or so to get over it."

An Anxious Husband.

Mrs. Judge Peterby is a very spare woman. She is excessively thin. A few days ago her hesband said:

"I don't really think that you ought to go out on the streets, Maria."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Well, you know there is so much danger just now from mad dogs. They will bite at almost anything."

"But I don't think I am in any more danger than anybody else."

"O, yes you are. Dogs love to gnaw bones.—*Siftings.*

Louisiana Military Institute,
Located at Opelousas,
ST. LANDRY PAR., LA.

WILL be open for the receipt on of Cadets on Monday, October 5th, 1885.

TERMS FOR TUITION.

Boys under 12 years, per month $2.50
Boys over 12, years, " " 3.00
There will be a reduction of 20 per cent whenever there are two or more from one family.
We refer by permission to the Hon. E. T. Lewis, Judge G. W. Huntspeth, Thomas H. Lewis, Esq., Hon. John N. Ogden, Dr. W. A. Robertson, C. C. Duson, Joseph Bloch and Alphonse Levy.
REV. C. C. KRAMER, B. A., Principal.
CAPT. E. SUMTER TAYLOR, Cond'g Cadets.
s26

OPELOUSAS FEMALE INSTITUTE.
Opelousas St. Landry Parish, La.

THIS Institution will resume duties Monday, September 7th, 1885, under the immediate supervision of Mrs. M. M. Hayes and Mrs. M. A. Davis, with competent assistants. The scholastic year consists of forty weeks.

TERMS OF TUITION.

Preparatory Department, per month $2.50
Academic " " 3.00
Music, with use of piano " 6.00
Boarding, including washing, light and fuel 16.00
Embroidery, wax flowers, painting, drawing, each, extra 1.00
Incidental fee 1.00

DISCIPLINE:

The government of this school is strict but parental; no hard tasks or restrictions are imposed, but every student must comply with the rules, and must perform up to the measure of her ability, the lessons assigned.
Our course of study and mode of instruction are to train the mind to habits of correct thinking and thorough investigation. No student will be allowed to enter higher classes without thorough preparation. Parents and guardians may rest assured that the manners, health and morals of the children and wards shall receive due attention.
No deduction for absence, unless in case of protracted illness. The location of the town is beautiful and easy of access. The boarding department is under the immediate charge of Mrs. Hayes. Boarders will provide themselves with blankets and towels. For particulars address
MRS. M. M. HAYES,
july 28'33-nov 27'79. Principal.

F. W. BREMER,
CHEAPEST MUSIC HOUSE,
AGENTS OF THE CELEBRATED PIANOS OF
James Holstrom & Son, Christy & Son,
Peek & Son, &c.
536 and 538 Magizine St., bet. Felicity and St. Mary's Sts.,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Pianos and Organs Tuned and Repaired.

A. J. PERRAULT,
Notary Public & Auctioneer.
OFFICE:
With Kenneth Baillio, Attorney-at-Law,
Special attention given to collection of claims and entries of land. 13

Kursheedt & Bienvenu,
CEMETERY RAILING,
Marble, Slate and Iron Mantels,
Monuments, Tombs and Headstones,
116, 118, and 120 Camp Street,
sep 17 NEW ORLEANS. 1m

J. VERGNOLE,
Successor to Cazaux & Vergnole,
Importer and Commission Merchant,
WINES AND LIQUORS,
Manufacturer of Cordials and Syrups,
No. 65 DECATUR STREET,
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OPELOUSAS TIN SHOP,
Main St., Opelousas.
LEON VUILLEROT,
(Successor to Wm. Lightley),
TINSMITH, plumber and zinc and copper worker. Repairs and job work promptly done. ☞ A well assorted stock of tinware always on hand at lowest prices. m y 9

LEONCE E. LITTELL,
CIVIL ENGINEER
—AND—
SURVEYOR.
Office: With Perrodin & DuRay.
25*] OPELOUSAS, LA.

Opelousas Lumber Yard.
WHITWORTH & CO., Proprietors.
All kinds of Cypress lumber, shingles, dressed flooring, ceiling, sash, doors, blinds and mouldings. A good lot of cistern lumber. Bills of lumber sawed to order on short notice. dec 16

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DEALER in Groceries and Provisions, Hardware, Tinware, Glassware, Crockeryware, Graniteware, Fresh and Preserved Fruits, Jellies, Nuts, etc., Paints, Oils, Heating Stoves, and the celebrated Charter Oak and other Cooking Stoves, Main street.
Refreshment Saloon adjoining, completely stocked with the best and purest of liquors. Also BEER ON ICE. ☞ Highest market prices paid for Hides, Wool, Poultry, &c., and all Country Produce.

A Rewa dof $50--Fifty Dollars
IS OFFERED by the Central St. Landry Protective Live Stock Association, for evidence that will lead to the apprehension and conviction of any person guilty of stealing horses or cattle belonging to any member of said Association. A record of the brands of members of the Association may be seen at the house of the Secretary, Jno. M. Ware, in Bellevue, or at the Clerk's office in Opelousas.
J. E. SHUTE, Pres't. JNO. M. WARE, Sec'y. o11

D. G. PARKER,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Office at Residence,
Court Street, Dr. Thompson's old Place.
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Will spend first week in each month at Vermilionville, La. mh 25

DR. J. DERBANNE,
DENTIST,
Washington, La.
All calls from the country will be promptly answered. 2m

DR. J. A. LARCADE,
Physician and Surgeon,
HAS returned to Opelousas, where he will resume the practice of his profession. He will be found for the present at the residence of Mr. C. Morchinweg, Jr., Main street, where all calls will meet with prompt attention. aug 8 tf

E. D. ESTILETTE. G. L. DUPRE.
ESTILETTE & DUPRE,
Attorneys-at Law,
Office, corner of Market and Landry Streets,
OPELOUSAS, LA.

B. A. MARTEL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office Court street, near corner of Landry, Opelousas. Will practice in the Parish and District courts, and give special attention to all business before Magistrate's courts.

LAURENT DUPRE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Office near corner of Court and Bellevue Streets, opposite Courthouse.

B. MARTEL, Dy. Clerk & Notary Public,
Real Estate Agent, Opelousas, La.
WILL give special attention to the purchase and sale of lands in the parish of St. Landry, Calcasieu, Cameron and Lafayette (Attakrosa), to the entry of homesteads and procuring patents for same, and to all matters concerning lands.
References—Hon. Geo. W. Hudspeth, H. I. Garland, Att'y., L. I. Tansey, Att'y., E. D. Estilette, Hon. B. A. Martel and J. O. Chachere, clerk of court. Dec. 6.

W. C. PERRAULT,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
Notary Public and Auctioneer,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. 34tf

C. W. DUROY,
Attorney-at-Law,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Office on Market Street, near Estilette & Dupre's.

J. O. BRUNSON,
CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR,
PRUD'HOMME CITY, LA.

JAS. M. WHITE,
Contractor, Carpenter & Builder,
OPELOUSAS, LA.