

In some parts of Vermont, last year, foxes were so numerous as to make the raising of turkeys a risky business. There are almost as many foxes in some places in New England now as there were fifty years ago.

The civil engineers of New York have decided that the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park will have to be housed and kept at an even temperature to prevent disintegration. Five years' residence in New York has changed the obelisk more than 3,500 in Egypt.

Dakota is well scattered over with collapsed people from the east, who, ruined by speculation, are endeavoring to grow up new fortunes with the country. Generally they have little knowledge of agriculture and no adaptability for the new life. As a consequence they are pretty miserable.

The United States Marine Band at Washington, in addition to playing on the "marine parade" twice a day, furnishes all the music at the White House, and at the receptions of the secretary of the navy, according to an old usage. The bandmaster, Prof. Sousa, composes a new piece for each "grand occasion."

A petroleum region about one hundred miles long and from ten to seventy miles wide has been discovered in Wyoming territory, north of Rattlesnake Hills. Near Independence Rock, on the Sweetwater route of railroad, are lakes which contain ninety per cent. of pure soda, "no bottom" to which has been found to a depth of forty feet. By pipe lines and projected railways Denver is in expectation of reaping the usufruct of these valuable natural productions, as well as of a largely increased live stock trade.

The National Museum has recently placed on exhibition a collection of relics possessed of more than ordinary interest. It includes the original draft of the Declaration of Independence drawn up at Philadelphia July 8, 1776. The signature of John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, is attached to a document giving Washington full command of the troops, with all the powers of commanding general, Dec. 27, 1776. Another revolutionary document is one signed by Washington himself in 1783, giving a private his honorable dismissal from the army.

Last year the Signal and Weather Bureau announced that special weather predictions would be telegraphed to any place, provided the residents thereof provide a set of flag signals and make arrangements to notify the neighborhood with them of the predicted changes in the weather. The people of a large number of towns and villages, especially on the sea and lake coasts, acting upon the suggestion, bought the necessary flags and made the necessary arrangements. Recently the Second Controller decided that no telegrams could be paid for out of appropriations for the observation and report of storms "except for reports at stations." Under this decision the Signal and Weather Bureau has discontinued the special telegrams to particular places, confining its announcements to the regular general bulletins.

#### Sam Jones.

Of the now famous Southern preacher the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* speaks as follows: "Where lies the power that enabled this man to preach twice a day every day in the week and draw to every one of his meetings crowds too large for even Music Hall, and to hold them from the beginning to the end of his discourses? Furthermore, people not only listen to Jones, but they read his sermons. We found the most eminent statesmen in Washington reading his sermons from day to day, and talking about them. They are discussed in parlors, at the dinner tables, and even in barrooms. People never tire of reading them. He does not repeat himself, and this is extraordinary. He can preach a new sermon from the same text several times. And he does not wear out, nor does he ever weary an audience."

To most critical people Sam Jones is a puzzle, but the fact remains that he is a great power. He is not a ranter. He is not a humbug. He does not preach Sam Jones. He keeps himself in the background. He places in the forefront the great truths that fill his mind and control his life. He believes what he says and is full of his subject. The head of most men would be turned by the tremendous crowds that hang upon his utterances, but instead of his being elated he seems to be humiliated. He spends no time on technicalities or disputed doctrinal questions, and evidently the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Commandments are his model. That he does good no one can successfully dispute. If people would do as Sam Jones advises there would be no need for criminal courts, and society would be elevated and there would be happiness and contentment in all grades of life. Of technical theology he probably knows little, but of the troubles that afflict mankind he knows much, and these he knows largely from experience, and when he comes to talk about these he calls things by their right names. He talks to the people in the language they understand.

#### Hiring Cows.

It is not often that cows are hired in this country, though the practice is common in some parts of Europe. Money is very cheap there, and by purchasing cows, and letting them out to the capitalist, he enabled to get better interest while still holding good security. The great drawback to hiring cows is in the fact that the milk, which can best be judged of its value is not authorized to feed on those which prove unprofitable. In many places here where farms are taken on shares, the cows and their product go with the land.

#### As a Mother.

A sudden, piercing wail,  
A rush of pattering feet,  
In blind, impetuous haste to gain  
The mother's solace sweet—  
A comforter, who stills the cry  
With kiss and soothing song,  
"You'll feel all better by and bye,  
Hush, dear, 'twill not ache long."  
And soon the magic word and kiss  
Disstill their beseeching balm;  
The sobbing, frightened ontaries cease—  
The spell has wrought its charm.  
The restless darling slips away,  
His trouble quickly flown;  
But while his voice rings out in play,  
The mother sits alone.  
Her busy needle falls unsought,  
As come, in shadowy train,  
Dim messengers, with haunting thought  
Of grief, and loss, and pain;  
Of golden, proved, only dross,  
Mysterious depths of anguish stirred—  
Life's unseem, crushing cross.

The mother bows in grief alone,  
With heart no longer strong,  
While throbs life's mournful undertone:  
"How long, O Lord, how long?"  
When lo! the heavens new radiance shed  
As falls this blessed decree:  
"Behold, as thou hast comforted,  
The Lord will comfort thee."  
—*Georgina A. Peck, in Good Housekeeping.*

#### SENORITA LOPEZ.

##### THE HANDSOMEST FEDERAL SPT.

When the Senorita Maria Lopez made her appearance in Atlanta during the siege she created a decided sensation among the gallant officers who were fighting all day and dancing all night. The senorita was pretty. Her flashing eyes seemed to look right through a man, and her manner of fluttering a fan was too eloquent for anything. Just where the Senorita Lopez came from no one knew. She said that her father, a New Orleans refugee, was in Richmond, and that in returning from a visit to friends in Charleston she had received instructions to await his arrival here. Of course this explanation was satisfactory, and if there had been any doubt the young lady's glittering diamonds, bright eyes, and ardent Confederate principles would have won the day.

We were not entirely given over to sackcloth and ashes during the siege. Balls and receptions took place almost every night, and there were various amateur entertainments. In all the festivities of the time the charming Spanish senorita bore her part. She was the acknowledged belle of the siege, and her almost reckless daring completely fascinated the officers, from the general down. One thing about Maria Lopez delighted us. Federal shells had no terrors for her, and when other ladies shrieked and ran off unceremoniously from their visitors to plunge into a bomb-proof, this brilliant and fearless creature would simply clap her hands and make some scornful remark about the wretched aim of the Yankee gunners. After our fortifications around the city had been nearly completed, the senorita rode out every day with some of her military admirers to view the works. This was rather perilous. Stray bullets and shells were always whizzing by, and it was a common thing to see a general or a colonel dodge behind a tree. But it was soon noticed that the senorita never even ducked her proud little head. She would sit her horse like a statue, and laugh in derision when her escorts proved themselves unable to stand the racket.

"Oh, I would give anything to be a soldier!" she said one day, after looking through Colonel Blank's field glass. "I would glory in the opportunity of showing men how to fight and die for a great cause."

Perhaps this was too intense, too bombastic, but in those days everything that we wrote and spoke was in this fervid strain. So the senorita's talk provoked no comment, except a tribute of admiration.

One day our heroine passed me at a gallop on her way back from the breast-works. Something white fluttered down from her riding habit. I picked it up, but the lady was out of sight, riding like the wind. Thoughtlessly I allowed the paper to come open. What I saw troubled me not a little. I saw traced out in detail the plan of fully half of our forts and trenches. The paper also contained the location of certain Government buildings, and an estimate of our forces.

There was but one thing to do. I hated to get a pretty woman into trouble, but I had to do my duty. In an hour's time the paper was in the hands of the provost-marshal. The next day I was brought face to face with Maria Lopez. The hearing was in private, and a circle of colonels and Majors sat around the accused, frowning at me as if I had been guilty of some criminal act. When I related the circumstances attending the finding of the paper, the little Spaniard looked at the officers with a merry smile. "I think," said she, "that you don't care to hear from me. I will say, however, that I never saw the paper, and therefore could not have dropped it. The young man perhaps found it, but he could not have seen me drop it." She smiled sweetly on the provost-marshal. "Ahem!" said that individual. "There must be some mistake here. We do not doubt your fidelity, sir, but we had better hear no more of this."

I was dumfounded and abashed. Knowing very little about the ways of the world, I hastily retired, thanking my stars that I had saved my head. In a day or two the Senorita Lopez disappeared. Her lovers did not have time to mourn her loss, because Slocum's corps crossed the Chattahoochee, and our forces had to get out in a hurry. But I was destined to see the senorita again.

Nashville, at that time a vast military camp, I felt badly enough. I could not go South, and I could not get a pass to go North. One night I went to the theatre. During one of the scenes there was a buzz, and people stood up to look at a man in the dress circle just above my head. Finally I rose, as somebody said:

"He is the most successful guerilla and spy on the Union side."  
I stood up until my face was on a level with the railing of the dress circle. It was a wonder that I didn't faint!

Looking calmly, mockingly, into my eyes was the handsomest man I ever saw. He was dressed in a glittering uniform, and wore diamonds. That clear cut, dark face, those burning eyes, the slight scar under the left ear—there could be no mistake.

A party of travellers once encamped over such a dried-up pond in Africa, that gave little evidence of ever having held water. Soon after a terrific rain-storm came on, filling the place so that they were obliged to move to a higher location. One of the men returning, however, for some reason, in wading to the side of the pond, found, to his amazement, that the water was alive with fishes. Opinion was divided as to their origin; part of the men thought it was a case of spontaneous generation, while the majority felt positive that they had rained down. The truth was, that the rain had soaked into the imprisoned mud-fishes, releasing them from their baked cells, and surrounding them once more with water.

The air-bladders of these fishes are divided into compartments, and have all the requisites of a true lung, and they are as truly amphibians as the frogs and toads.

Other amphibians have different methods of withstanding the drought. Thus the Hassar, when the water begins to dry up in the pools and streams, does not encase itself in a mud ball, but leaves the heated and fast disappearing liquid, starts overland in search of a better supply.

On the coast of China, and in various other localities, is found a fish that is so lively on dry land that it is as difficult to capture as a frog or toad, leaping along the rocks from stone to stone, and where it is particularly slippery, avoiding its human pursuers.—*Yonker's Companion.*

#### Crests for Americans.

Since a well-known heraldic stationer and engraver of London has established a branch in this city the demand for crests-of-arms, mottoes, crests, family pedigrees and genealogical arboriculture has become a fashionable craze among many who have more money than brains.

Those who have no family worth mentioning have suddenly acquired a strong interest in their ancestry, and even those whose forefathers, centuries ago, were proud to belong to the family that recognized "the lion of the tribe of Judah" as its national emblem are now seeking for more modern insignia with which to decorate their silverware. In brief, "nobodies" are trying to be somebodies, and large sums of money are being spent to gratify uncultivated vanity and ignorance.

Aided by this imported adjunct to family distinction the ambitious New Yorker may have his coat-of-arms "emblazoned" on vellum for as many dollars as it would cost him shillings in England. If he desires a crest he can get it at the same proportionate figure, but if he wishes a "genealogical tree" the expense is increased by the time required in searching out another family pedigree of the same name. Should a motto be wanted he can choose his own and have it done into genuine Latin for a small amount. In any case the once-honored family Bible, with its record of births, deaths and marriages, is threatened with extinction.—*New York Commercial.*

#### Perpetually "On the Boil."

Coffee is brought every morning to you when at a Mexican hotel, while you remain in it. It is only to the departing guest that it is denied. At eight o'clock, the waiters begin to bestir themselves, bringing trays to every room, as soon as they are rung for, with cups and saucers, and all the requisites for coffee. You can have boiled eggs if you like. Then, enter Francisco with huge tin pots; simultaneous streams of coffee and boiled milk fill up the cup with their equal excellence. Sometimes Francisco comes from a restaurant a couple of squares away, but he runs, and the coffee is not cold.

Very well, so much for boiled milk in Mexico. My party came home by rail, over the Mexican Central to El Paso, and then by Atchison and Topeka, and so on, back to our little New England. On the terrors of railway restaurants between the City of Mexico and our boundary I will not here dwell, the strange food, the bad service, the clumsy boxes which served as dining rooms. For this paper I have only to say about these cases in the Mexican desert, that there was always excellent coffee, and milk perpetually "on the boil" and to be had at a moment's notice.—*Good Housekeeping.*

#### A Clever Capture of Thieves.

James Andrews was charged with stealing meat from his master, Mr. Chapman, a butcher on the Mile End road, London. There is nothing extraordinary in this, but the method of detection was something new in the way of thief-catching. Mr. Chapman hid himself in a box and watched the accused, who was his assistant. He found that he gave away large quantities of meat to different parties, who presumably paid him certain amounts afterwards for doing so. Mr. Chapman arranged an electric light at the top of his house, the wire of which was connected with the box. Two constables were placed outside and when ever one of the thieves came in and served Chapman switched on his electric light as the thief went out the door. The constables in this way captured thief after thief until somebody gave their accomplice, Andrews, a hint, and when he tried to escape Chapman blazed on the full force of the light and he was gathered in.

#### He Was in a Hurry.

"Do not intercept me, or delay me a moment," said a gentleman to a friend, "for I am in a awful hurry."  
"What's the matter," replied his friend.  
"Oh, nothing, only I have just bought my wife a new bonnet and I want to get home before the style changes."—*Carl Prented.*

#### Mud Fishes.

The South American and African mud fishes live in streams where the water dries up in the hot season, and were it not for some such provision, they would soon become extinct. When the water gives signs of failing, they descend into the mud, and encasing themselves in balls lined with some secretion, patiently await the coming of the waters again. For some months they exist in this fashion, hermetically sealed up, as it were, and in some cases in Africa they have been deprived of water for two seasons.

A party of travellers once encamped over such a dried-up pond in Africa, that gave little evidence of ever having held water. Soon after a terrific rain-storm came on, filling the place so that they were obliged to move to a higher location. One of the men returning, however, for some reason, in wading to the side of the pond, found, to his amazement, that the water was alive with fishes. Opinion was divided as to their origin; part of the men thought it was a case of spontaneous generation, while the majority felt positive that they had rained down. The truth was, that the rain had soaked into the imprisoned mud-fishes, releasing them from their baked cells, and surrounding them once more with water.

The air-bladders of these fishes are divided into compartments, and have all the requisites of a true lung, and they are as truly amphibians as the frogs and toads.

Other amphibians have different methods of withstanding the drought. Thus the Hassar, when the water begins to dry up in the pools and streams, does not encase itself in a mud ball, but leaves the heated and fast disappearing liquid, starts overland in search of a better supply.

On the coast of China, and in various other localities, is found a fish that is so lively on dry land that it is as difficult to capture as a frog or toad, leaping along the rocks from stone to stone, and where it is particularly slippery, avoiding its human pursuers.—*Yonker's Companion.*

#### Crests for Americans.

Since a well-known heraldic stationer and engraver of London has established a branch in this city the demand for crests-of-arms, mottoes, crests, family pedigrees and genealogical arboriculture has become a fashionable craze among many who have more money than brains.

Those who have no family worth mentioning have suddenly acquired a strong interest in their ancestry, and even those whose forefathers, centuries ago, were proud to belong to the family that recognized "the lion of the tribe of Judah" as its national emblem are now seeking for more modern insignia with which to decorate their silverware. In brief, "nobodies" are trying to be somebodies, and large sums of money are being spent to gratify uncultivated vanity and ignorance.

Aided by this imported adjunct to family distinction the ambitious New Yorker may have his coat-of-arms "emblazoned" on vellum for as many dollars as it would cost him shillings in England. If he desires a crest he can get it at the same proportionate figure, but if he wishes a "genealogical tree" the expense is increased by the time required in searching out another family pedigree of the same name. Should a motto be wanted he can choose his own and have it done into genuine Latin for a small amount. In any case the once-honored family Bible, with its record of births, deaths and marriages, is threatened with extinction.—*New York Commercial.*

#### Perpetually "On the Boil."

Coffee is brought every morning to you when at a Mexican hotel, while you remain in it. It is only to the departing guest that it is denied. At eight o'clock, the waiters begin to bestir themselves, bringing trays to every room, as soon as they are rung for, with cups and saucers, and all the requisites for coffee. You can have boiled eggs if you like. Then, enter Francisco with huge tin pots; simultaneous streams of coffee and boiled milk fill up the cup with their equal excellence. Sometimes Francisco comes from a restaurant a couple of squares away, but he runs, and the coffee is not cold.

Very well, so much for boiled milk in Mexico. My party came home by rail, over the Mexican Central to El Paso, and then by Atchison and Topeka, and so on, back to our little New England. On the terrors of railway restaurants between the City of Mexico and our boundary I will not here dwell, the strange food, the bad service, the clumsy boxes which served as dining rooms. For this paper I have only to say about these cases in the Mexican desert, that there was always excellent coffee, and milk perpetually "on the boil" and to be had at a moment's notice.—*Good Housekeeping.*

#### A Clever Capture of Thieves.

James Andrews was charged with stealing meat from his master, Mr. Chapman, a butcher on the Mile End road, London. There is nothing extraordinary in this, but the method of detection was something new in the way of thief-catching. Mr. Chapman hid himself in a box and watched the accused, who was his assistant. He found that he gave away large quantities of meat to different parties, who presumably paid him certain amounts afterwards for doing so. Mr. Chapman arranged an electric light at the top of his house, the wire of which was connected with the box. Two constables were placed outside and when ever one of the thieves came in and served Chapman switched on his electric light as the thief went out the door. The constables in this way captured thief after thief until somebody gave their accomplice, Andrews, a hint, and when he tried to escape Chapman blazed on the full force of the light and he was gathered in.

#### He Was in a Hurry.

"Do not intercept me, or delay me a moment," said a gentleman to a friend, "for I am in a awful hurry."  
"What's the matter," replied his friend.  
"Oh, nothing, only I have just bought my wife a new bonnet and I want to get home before the style changes."—*Carl Prented.*

#### SAM SMALL.

##### A Journalist who has Acquired Fame as a Revivalist.

##### Fungus Stories of a Man who was a Humorist from His Cradle.

Now that Sam Small has acquired fame as a revivalist it is pleasant to recall some of the stories he used to tell when he was a man of the world. He was a humorist from his cradle, and a more keen-witted person is seldom met. No matter in what position he was placed, his readiness, self-possession and brilliancy of expression always served him to advantage. He was remarkably facile in turning a ludicrous situation to his own account. He was considered the best story-teller in Georgia, a state that abounds in noted yarn-spinners, and always drew a crowd to hear his latest.

Sam was standing in the Hoffman House in New York one day, with the usual coterie about him, when the conversation turned on the war. "In 1861," said Sam, "General Gordon made a canvass of Georgia, and in a series of characteristic speeches made frequent use of the expression that 'we could whip the Yankees with popguns.' The war broke out and he was called into service, not appearing again in public life until 1865. He then yielded to a strong treaty to canvass the state again. One night he went down to Macon and delivered a thrilling address, but his tenor was modified since the war and much of the bitterness had vanished. Just as he closed his remarks an old fellow in the audience stood up, and addressing the General, said: 'Look here, sah! Didn't you make a speech in this year county way back yonder in '61? 'I did, sir,' replied the General. 'Well, didn't you tell us we could whip them 'ere Yankees with popguns?' The General straightened up, buttoned his Prince Albert coat, and in a most dignified manner said: 'I did, sir, but they wouldn't fight us that way.'"

"When I was in Paris," said Sam one day, "a Frenchman evidently bent on ascertaining how much I knew, if anything, asked me how many languages I could speak. I told him I had never acquired but two, English and the truth—the latter very imperfectly."

Sam was one of a party of Southerners who were invited to visit a New Jersey stock farm. After inspecting a lot of fine blooded stock, Sam said: "An Alabama farmer once got it into his head that he would send some of his hogs to a northern state fair. The peculiarity of the Southern hog, you know, is its cadaverousness, and very long legs. The country over which it roams at large does not furnish nourishment enough to produce fat. Well, in due time the Southerner had his hogs instated in the general exhibit. When the fair had progressed a couple of days the judges appeared and attached a blue ribbon to the pen next to the Alabama hogs which contained a pair of very fat corn-fed Berkshires. 'Look here,' said the Alabama fellow, 'accosting the judges, 'you haven't examined my hogs.' 'Well, now,' said the chap with the blue ribbons, 'you wouldn't expect us to give you a prize in the same group with such fine hogs as those, would you?' 'But,' said the Southerner, 'you want to ask me what I entered my hogs for. I entered 'em for speed by gosh,' and he would have taken the prize every time for that, you bet.'"

One evening Sam was seated at a table with a party of friends in the restaurant of the St. James Hotel, New York, which is noted for its excessively high prices. An elaborate repast had been ordered that required some time to prepare. Finally some one remarked that it took a long time to serve the dinner. "Why, yes," said Sam, "didn't you know that? It's one of the rules of the house. They give you an hour to raise the money to pay for it."

One of the best of Sam's war stories is this: "When things were hot around Atlanta Captain Evan Howell received an order to reconnoiter across the Chattahoochee River and ascertain if the Federal troops had retired. The night was black as ink. He read the order to his men, but was surprised to find them all disqualified for the risky job. One couldn't swim, another had rheumatism, still another always took cramps in the water and so it went down the whole line. But the order had to be obeyed. So Howell plunged into the river and made for the other side. He was a remarkably good swimmer and felt sure he was making no noise, yet he became so frightened that each stroke seemed to him to arouse the whole Federal camp. Now and then a lightning bug appeared and, as if it was the flash of a Yankee musket, he ducked under water. By-and-by he got so near the shore that he could wade, and he was creeping along as cautiously as possible, his teeth chattering with fear, when of a sudden he struck against an old tree that had fallen into the river. Just then a huge bull-frog gave a sonorous blurt and jumped into the river. Unable to retain his self-possession Howell threw up both hands and yelled in terror, 'I surrender, I surrender.' When he finally reached the camp not a Yankee could be seen, but a smoldering fire gave evidence that they had recently decamped."

Sam relates this little incident at the capital: "Winter before last some fellow introduced a bill in the Senate to increase the water supply of the District of Columbia, and found a vigorous second in Senator Jones of Florida. A few weeks later a fire occurred in Willard's Hotel, and Senator Jones was among the first to reach the scene. Just as he got abreast of one of the engines the supply pipe burst, and the Senator received a full head of water square in the face. After shaking himself, and wringing the water out of his broadcloth coat, he

shouted with great vehemence: "The bill to increase the water supply of the District of Columbia has lost its most ardent friend, by George." I believe the measure never went through."

Now that Sam is devoting himself to a line of work quite the reverse of anything in his former life, we may not hear so much about his wit and humor, but it is a safe conjecture that his pulpit stories will make him just as popular as the others used to, though they will be far different in substance.—*Chicago Herald.*

#### Opportunities in Mexico.

For men with small capital, for investment in lands Mexico is not the country, writes a correspondent of the Boston Herald. For some time to come syndicates and large capitalists will continue to purchase big tracts, and agriculture will be carried on in that way. Not until some time will small tracts be available. There is a field here always for men with useful specialties. First-class mechanics who can afford a trip here to look over the ground might well come, and people with odd knacks which are worth money. For example a young Portuguese came recently on a venture. His only art was a rare ability to paint on silk. This seemed a mighty poor capital to invest here, but he got an introduction into wealthy families, and has now a good income from teaching the senoritas his novel and beautiful art. The Mexicans love decoration and the decorative art. Some young people are doing well here as tutors of English in rich families, for English is a fashionable rage, and the senoritas like to be able to say a few charming things in the language of Shakespeare. It is quite the elegant thing to be able to say "good by" and "how do you do?" in English, and the zeal with which some young Mexican ladies pursue English is worthy of the Boston girls' craze on German.

Care keeping here is profitable; and, as there are an American barber shop and American bar-rooms, it seems quite feasible to make money out of an American cafe, where one could get buckwheat cakes, pumpkin pie (good pumpkins grow here), fish-balls and other Yankee dishes. An elderly Englishman here has made money out of a regular Johnny Bull eating house, where one can get roast beef and plum pudding and ale ad lib. The French have their cafe, with their own cooking, but the American tourist finds little that is familiar to him here. A genuine American restaurant, run by a live and energetic man, would pay well.

The growing taste for American light carriages suggests the idea that an American livery stable would be a profitable venture. Rent need not be high and labor would be very cheap, and I think that the youth of Mexico would patronize liberally a good stable where fine teams for display on the Paseo could be had. There are not many good carriage roads here, but there is an opportunity to rent out phaetons, buggies, etc. It would be a decided novelty here. And why not a livery stable as well as the present roller skating rink, where the jeunesse doree of Mexico go to bark their shins and crack their crowns. The despised roller skating rink is succeeding here, and down in Vera Cruz they regard their rink as a most delightfully fashionable place of entertainment.

Another American novelty which is paying handsomely here is the circus, permanently established near where the incision used to bother people with little iron arrangements for extracting information.

#### Opportunities in Mexico.

For men with small capital, for investment in lands Mexico is not the country, writes a correspondent of the Boston Herald. For some time to come syndicates and large capitalists will continue to purchase big tracts, and agriculture will be carried on in that way. Not until some time will small tracts be available. There is a field here always for men with useful specialties. First-class mechanics who can afford a trip here to look over the ground might well come, and people with odd knacks which are worth money. For example a young Portuguese came recently on a venture. His only art was a rare ability to paint on silk. This seemed a mighty poor capital to invest here, but he got an introduction into wealthy families, and has now a good income from teaching the senoritas his novel and beautiful art. The Mexicans love decoration and the decorative art. Some young people are doing well here as tutors of English in rich families, for English is a fashionable rage, and the senoritas like to be able to say a few charming things in the language of Shakespeare. It is quite the elegant thing to be able to say "good by" and "how do you do?" in English, and the zeal with which some young Mexican ladies pursue English is worthy of the Boston girls' craze on German.

Care keeping here is profitable; and, as there are an American barber shop and American bar-rooms, it seems quite feasible to make money out of an American cafe, where one could get buckwheat cakes, pumpkin pie (good pumpkins grow here), fish-balls and other Yankee dishes. An elderly Englishman here has made money out of a regular Johnny Bull eating house, where one can get roast beef and plum pudding and ale ad lib. The French have their cafe, with their own cooking, but the American tourist finds little that is familiar to him here. A genuine American restaurant, run by a live and energetic man, would pay well.

The growing taste for American light carriages suggests the idea that an American livery stable would be a profitable venture. Rent need not be high and labor would be very cheap, and I think that the youth of Mexico would patronize liberally a good stable where fine teams for display on the Paseo could be had. There are not many good carriage roads here, but there is an opportunity to rent out phaetons, buggies, etc. It would be a decided novelty here. And why not a livery stable as well as the present roller skating rink, where the jeunesse doree of Mexico go to bark their shins and crack their crowns. The despised roller skating rink is succeeding here, and down in Vera Cruz they regard their rink as a most delightfully fashionable place of entertainment.

Another American novelty which is paying handsomely here is the circus, permanently established near where the incision used to bother people with little iron arrangements for extracting information.

#### An Under-Water Boat.

A boat has already been invented, and is actually in existence, which can sink below the surface of the water at will and travel many miles entirely out of sight; and many keen and fertile brains are at work perfecting the horrible invention. Such a vessel, on sighting a hostile fleet or vessel, would immediately dive down and make for her foe unseen, and absolutely impervious to attack. Her enemy can not tell where she is, or when she may blow her top. She has absolutely no means of defense. Flight is her only resource. The difficulty of the under-water boat has to contend with is that of seeing through the water. Even now there are signs of the solution of the problem, but even if it is not overcome the boat can rise to the surface when she likes, take a fresh observation of her enemy's whereabouts, and dive down again preparatory to the final blow. A few such boats would be more terrible to a hostile fleet than a whole row of ironclad forts. They would be an intangible, haunting danger that would demoralize the stoutest heart.—*All the Year Round.*

#### Not To-night, George.

"Darling, I rise to a question of privilege," said George, as he left his seat and approached Miranda's chair. "Not to-night, George," and she shrunk back from him.

"Ah, Miranda, do not say those cruel words. Give me but one kiss!"

"Reflect, George—oh, reflect, I would save you from an awful experience."

"Darling, I can not accept your noble sacrifice. Why not to-night?"

"If I yielded, it would drive you from my side forever. No, George, no," and the gold in her front teeth glistened, as she whispered with intense dramatic effect, "I ate onions to-night at the curfew hour."—*Tid-bits.*

#### Unable to Tell.

"Hello, Ned! You've been getting married, have you?"

"Guess I have, Tom."

"Good move, I suppose? Father-in-law well off?"

"I hope so."

"Hope so! Why, don't you know?"

"Nothing definite. You see, he died about two weeks ago, and we haven't any information from him yet as to whether he's well off or not."—*Yonker's Gazette.*

#### OPELOUSAS FEMALE INSTITUTE.

Preparatory Department, per month \$2.00  
Academic Department, per month \$3.00  
Boarding, including washing, light and fuel, \$1.00  
Entrance examination, \$1.00  
Incidental expenses, \$1.00  
Total \$8.00

#### ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

The course of instruction in this institution embraces Music, French, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Book-keeping, Natural Science, History, Geography, Penmanship, and great care is bestowed on the English Language.  
Terms.—Board and tuition per month \$15; Day Scholars per month \$10. Entrance examinations are held on the first of September, and the first of October.  
Rev. F. J. RAYMOND,  
Principal.

#### GOVERNMENT OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The course of studies in this institution is most extensive, embracing all the branches taught in the best institutions of America or Europe.  
Board and tuition per month \$12; Day scholars, per month \$8.25 or \$6, according to class. Opening of the classes the 1st of September.  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

#### F. W. BREMER.

CHEAPEST MUSIC HOUSE,  
AGENTS OF THE CELEBRATED PIANOS OF  
James Holstrom & Son, Christy & Son,  
Peck & Son, &c.  
536 and 538 Magazine St., bet. Felicite and St. Mary St., New Orleans, La.

#### A. J. PERRAULT.

Notary Public and Auctioneer.  
Office:  
With Kenneth Ballin, Attorney-at-Law,  
Special attention given to collection of claims and to trials of land.

#### Kursch & Bienvenu.

CEMETERY RAILING,  
Marble, Slate and Iron Mantels,  
Monuments, Tombs and Headstones,  
116, 118, and 120 Canal Street,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

#### J. VERGNOLE.

Importer and Commission Merchant,  
WINE AND LIQUORS,  
Manufacture of Cigars and Syrups.  
No. 65 DECATUR STREET,  
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

#### OPELOUSAS TIN SHOP.

LEON VULLEROT,  
Main St., Opelousas.  
(Successor to Wm. Lightfoot).  
TINSMITH, plumber and zinc and copper worker.  
Has on hand a large stock of tinware and sheet metal. Will do all kinds of tin work and guarantee satisfaction at lowest prices.  
107 1/2 St. 2d.