John Deere, the great plough manufacturer of Moline, Illinois, is dead, at the ripe age of 82. He had been making ploughs for fifty years, beginning with three in 1837, and turning out as many as 75,000 in recent years. He leaves a fortune estimated at a million and a half.

In his article on Mexico in the Popular Science Monthly, Mr. David A. Wells says that the present loss to the Mexican government from smuggling along the northern frontier is estimated at $1,500,000 a year. Five hundred miles south of the frontier American products are almost entirely replaced by English and French commodities.

Scarcely any thing will give one a better idea of the vast extent of our country than the variety of its products. The raisin industry of California is proving to be one of immense value. The "pack" for the present year already has been contracted for, of which one house in Chicago is to receive twelve car loads. The California man who sets out a raisin vineyard in a locality adapted to its growth has a pretty sure mortgage upon the future.

The Kansas City *Journal* remarks that the suggestion that the penitentiary should be an ideal home for Socialists has a great deal of truth in it as well as grim humor. In the penitentiary no man can acquire property, no man can dress better or eat better food than another. There is to be found the most complete application of the leveling doctrine. The former capitalist works side by side with the railroad navvy, eats with him, sleeps in his cell, perhaps is chained to him. Let Parsons, Spies and company try the penitentiary at Joliet.

It will hardly be thought that there are not on the whole globe fifty cities containing 200,000 people; but such is the fact, and anyone may convince himself of it by consulting a geographical dictionary. It would seem at first that there must be at least 200 cities of 200,000 population, but there is not one-fourth of the number. Of these, Great Britain has about 9; France, 3; Italy, 4; Germany (proper), 5 or 6; China, some 9; India, 8 or 9, and the United States, according to the latest census, 9 or 10. It is somewhat remarkable that a country only 100 years old should have as many (if not more) large cities as the oldest lands; but it is not improbable that, before another century, we shall count as large a number of cities of 200,000 inhabitants as there are now in the whole world. We are inclined to think that old and famous capitals, like Cordova, Granada, Cadiz, Florence, Venice, Padua, Verona, Bologna, Warsaw, Cracow, Antwerp, Ghent, Rotterdam, Leyden, Leipsic, must be very large, though they really have no more than from 70,000 to 140,000 or 150,000 people each. The cities that can lay claim to 100,000 population and upward are perhaps about 150, and these include many of those which at first thought we should suppose contained two or three times the number. This planet is very little after all. Its millions are not so near numerous as it would seem that they ought to be, and the bulk of these do not come within our idea of civilization, any more than we come within their idea of it.

The Evolution of Nations.

The following eloquent passage is from an article by Dr. Felix L. Oswald in *Popular Science Monthly*: The doctrine of evolution recognizes the fact that the development of social and physical organisms is not an unbroken march of progress. Advancement alternates with pauses, as day with night, or life with death; the phenomena of progressive life roll through the cycles of germination, maturity, and decay. In the household of Nature every grave is a cradle; the mold of every fallen tree furthers the growth of new trees. Grecian colonies flourished on the ruins of Troy, Persian provinces on the ruins of Babylon, Macedonian kingdoms on the grave of the Persian Empire; Roman legionaries inherited the wealth and the culture of conquered Greece. The conquerors of Rome were the noblest, stoutest, and manliest races of the Caucasian world; freemen, in love with health and Nature, yet withal with poetry, glory, honor, justice, and honest thrift. They planted their banners in the garden-lands of the West; and their empires, gilt by the morning light of a new era, were founded under auspices far happier than those of the Arabian satraples in the worn-out soil of the East. In less than five hundred years after the establishment of their political independence, the civilization of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Arabs, had developed its fairest flowers—industry, commercial activity, art, liberal education, flourishing schools of philosophy, poetry, and natural science. Five hundred years after the triumph of the Gothic conquerors we find their empires groaning under a concentration of all scourges. The day-star of civilization had set in utter night; the proud nations of the West had sunk in poverty, bigotry, general ignorance, cruel abasement of the lower classes, squalid misery of domestic life, systematic suppression of political, personal, and intellectual liberty.

Costly Flowers for Eating.

The eating of flowers is a nineteenth century reality. Crystallized violets at $6 a pound are the very latest things in confectionery. Candied rose-leaves are also very popular. Girls like to eat flowers and will pay as high as $10 a pound for some of the most expensive kinds. They are all brought from France, but with the growth of fever for things American, we shall doubtless soon see a beginning of the flower-candying industry in this country and the girls will begin to munch crystallized pumpkin blossoms and johnny jump-ups.

A Fragment.

What if, while I sit here a'one,
A voice I have not heard for years
Should greet me in the low sweet one
That once was music to my ears;
And I should start from memory's sway,
And, turning, find you sitting there
Unchanged, as though 'twere yesterday
Your feet went tripping down the stair.

Or if, upon some summer day,
'Mid song of birds and hum of bees,
I should go down the woodland way
To our old tryst beneath the trees;
And, starting back in glad surprise,
I should behold you waiting there,
The old light shining in your eyes—
The sunlight tangled in your hair.

In vain I shall not see the glow
Of wine-brown eyes or catch the smile
Of ruby lips; but yet I know
That you are near me all the while.
For I so loved you in that range
Of sunny years that my poor heart
Would bleed afresh and count it strange
To think God held us far apart.

And so, when evening shadows creep
And night falls softly o'er the lea,
You touch my eyelids and I sleep,
And sleeping, dream of heaven and thee.
And when some summer morn shall break
That finds me chilled by death's cold dew,
You need but kiss me, I shall wake,
And waking be in heaven with you.

—*Jean Ingleside.*

THE ASTROLOGER'S DUPE

A little old woman, gray-haired and trembling, sat a little while ago in the back office of a Wall-street stock broker. Her gaze was fixed on a wide blackboard, where chalk figures showed the drift of stock market quotations; there was no lustre in her eye; her whole aspect was that of one dumbfounded, brokenhearted. She had a sad story to tell were there only spirit enough left to her for a recital. A year ago she came to this same brokerage office. Her purse was fat with bank bills and she gave an order for the purchase of 500 shares of a stock which had been active a long time. The broker advised her against the purchase, and told her plainly that he had what he believed excellent reasons for expecting a heavy decline in the particular stock she had selected to buy. But she persisted in her determination, declaring that she had information which could not be wrong that the stock was bound to go up a good deal very soon. She had her way, despite the counsels that plainly predicted the loss of her money. She left $5,000 in cash as a 10 per cent. margin to protect her interest and went her way with a calm confidence shown on her countenance. "I shall make a good deal of money," she said as she left, "for the information I have comes from the very highest authority." The stock perversely declined forthwith, and each day saw some fraction clipped off of the preceding day's quotation. Within a month the original $5,000 margin had dwindled down to $1,000, and the broker was obliged to call for another deposit from his customer to protect her interest. she came down town with the same self-satisfied smile, and with the same expressions of confidence produced her rounded purse again. Four thousand dollars she left in the broker's hands this time. "The advance, I am told, has been unavoidably delayed a little while," she said, with a tone full of assurance and faith, "but it is bound to come soon now, and I feel as sure that my money is safe as if I had it all in bank awaiting my orders." This was in response to further grave predictions from the broker, who, by much argument tried to convince her that she was being misled. Another short period elapsed; and another enforced call was made upon the sunny faced old lady. Just a bare suspicion of disquiet was beginning to show itself, but there was no backdown in her action. Out came more money. And so a little later did more still follow. Then not long ago she came yet again; now she brought her bank book. She showed to the broker that a year ago it credited her with deposits of $18,000, of which but $2,500 remained; and that $2,500—every penny of it, every penny she possessed in the world—she handed over. She was not yet utterly downcast. "But yesterday," she averred. "I had my information repeated again and the rise which I've waited for so long is to come now right away." Down went the market, lower and lower dropped the price of the expectant woman's 500 shares of stock, till that day a little while ago when for the last time she came into Wall-street again, dropped into an armchair before the quotation board and gazed long and listlessly, as one in a deep dream, confronting the white figures that glared out at her there like the eyes of so many demons. All of her $18,000 was gone; she had only poverty left. But she was brave still, and when her broker approached her she rose with the grace of a woman young and queenly and thanked him for all his courtesies and the good advice he had waisted on her.

"Now, Madam, will you do me the great favor of telling me from what source you received the false information on which you relied so implicitly and risked so much money?" This was the broker's question.

"Upon an astrologer. This was her amazing answer, and she named a man whose "card" is flaunted publicly in the metropolis. There was a stupefied broker, a broker who got mad. He didn't say "Fool!" but he looked it. The old lady talked then freely. It was no new thing, she said, for her to seek the advice of this "astrologer," her husband had done the same before her and a score of her friends, she said, had implicit confidence in the revelations of the seer.

"I'll give you $1,000," said the broker hotly, "if you'll promise me one thing." The old lady's lightening countenance showed that he need have no doubt of the premise. "Never come into Wall-street again and have no more to do with this blacked scoundrel whose lies have cost you so dearly."

The promise was gladly exchanged for the money, and the old lady went her way. But this was not the only sequel to this speculation. Three or four days ago a dapper little fellow with a face weazened around a pair of twinkling adder eyes thrust himself into this same brokerage office. He sought the manager and said he wanted to buy some stock on a margin. He had brought a one-thousand-dollar note along to put up as the necessary deposit. He was just ready to hand over his money when of a sudden he looked into the broker's face and ejaculated, "You've got a bright eye; may I draw this bank note across them just for a second?" The broker was astonished, but to humor a customer, whom he supposed to be only in a jovial mood, he consented, and the bill blindfolded him momentarily. The customer closed his own eyes, withdrew the bill, and ejaculated as if to himself alone, "Correct; perfectly correct!" He deposited his money, and was about to leave when suddenly the broker, urged by a strange suspicion, called him and said: "Will you tell me why you went through that performance of putting that bill over my eyes?" "Certainly, certainly!" ejaculated the sallow fellow. "Certainly; I was testing the information I had. I am an astrologer, and—"

"Are you the man that sent Mrs. X here to buy stock?"

"Yes, oh yes!" and the adder-eyed customer rubbed his hands ecstatically. "Yes, oh yes! I told her to come here."

"You swindled her, you scoundrel."

The broker's voice wasn't sweet to listen to, and the astrologer looked more than a little scared.

"Why, I believe in the powers myself," he whined, "or, of course, I wouldn't be putting up my own money." It was only because there is a Police Court in this town that the fellow was not summarily kicked into the street. As it was the broker contented himself with saying: "Your account will be closed in this office to-night. If there is anything due you you can have it at 3 o'clock. Get out of here now, quick." At 3 o'clock when the gentleman called he found that something had run afoul of the market during the day and his 200 shares of stock had fallen enough in a couple of hours to wipe out every cent of his $1,000 margin. And I betray only a little bit of confidence in saying that the fellow wouldn't have been far wrong if he had suspected that his own broker was responsible himself for the sudden decline, having hammered the market and pacified his conscience somewhat in remembrance of the duped old lady whose fortune had gone at the idle dictation of the arrant humbug who now to some extent was doing penance for her sorrow.—*New York Times.*

Branding Cattle.

The subject of branding cattle at the West can but interest all readers. It is a matter of importance, for it is the only method of establishing title to four-footed property. Every stock-owner has his brand, which is regularly recorded and is well known. It is an immense affair, as large as a frying-pan, and is burned into the shoulder of the animal. When the latter changes owners the seller's brand is rented, *i. e.*, turned upside down and burned on the hip, and the purchaser puts his own brand on the shoulder. Consequently, if an animal is so unlucky as to pass through many hands he begins to look like a newspaper war map.

Every frontiersman always notes the brands upon all the stock that he meets, If you should ask one of them if he had seen a red steer with a whith patch on his right eye, branded with a dot in a circle and two notches in his left ear, he would tell you he saw him yesterday forenoon with three other cattle of so-and-so's herd, near such and such a place, and you would probably find him there.

We discovered, however, that there are ways that are dark on the prairie, as well as in cities. It seems to be generally understood that a promising steer or horse that might find its way into the herd of a ranchman, other than the owner, would be apt to be found to have acquired a new brand in some mysterious manner. It was asserted that a hot frying pan, placed over an old brand, would obliterate it so as to render identification impossible. Croton oil, we were told, was also sometimes used for the same purpose by some cattlemen who did not shrink from stealing another's property.—*American Agriculturist.*

Peculiar Suicides.

One of the evils inseparable from the modern general diffusion of all sorts of news is the encouragement of criminal imitation. It was long ago noticed that peculiar crimes are apt to be copied, and that this is especially the case in regard to suicide. Most readers probably remember the story of the grove of trees which Napoleon caused to be burned because it was found impossible to prevent the soldiers from hanging themselves in it. A similar story is told of a military sentry-box. It was found necessary to build a cage over the gallery at the top of the London monument, because it had become a favorite place for suicidal plunges. A similar reputation attached for many years to Waterloo Bridge in London. In France, some years ago, a foolish young couple, saturated with Rousseauism, fastened themselves with gay-colored ribbons, and threw themselves into the Seine. The idea took, and for a time this mode of suicide was quite the fashion. Statistics show that the average number of suicides remains tolerably constant in proportion to population, though it no doubt rises when some widespread convulsion disorganizes society. But the ways of committing suicide change, and people not only exercise choice in the matter, but are influenced in selecting the mode by the recent occurrence of any striking events of the kind.—*New York Tribune.*

A WONDERFUL FARM.

"Lucy Baldwin's" Great Ranch in California.

A Princely Domain, Fourteen Miles Long, Containing 58,000 Acres.

A letter from California to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Lucky Baldwin's possession from the control of mines on the Comstock have gradually grown until now he has a half a dozen great enterprises under full headway. He owns the largest and finest hotel in San Francisco, with the single exception of the Palace, and which contains a theatre within it. He has a fine summer hotel on Lake Tahoe, and he has shrewdly bought up a large strip of the shore of this beautiful lake, which in a few years will be sought after for villa sites. Finally, he owns the great Santa Anita ranch, near Los Angeles the breeding place of the string of swift-footed flyers with which he goes East to contest for the prizes on the chief racing circuits, and one of the best general fruit and stock ranches in the State. This princely domain extends fourteen miles east and west and twelve miles north and south, and embraces 58,000 acres. He shears thousands of sheep every year, raises wheat enough to charter entire ships for conveying it to Liverpool, and makes more brandy than any one else in the State, besides turning out a large quantity of wine.

The men who are boarded on the ranch get $1 a day, and the few Chinese who remain—not over a dozen, all told—get $1 a day and board themselves. What adds to the likeness to the Southern plantation is the appearance of young darkies driving carts or herding stock. These are members of a colony of North Carolina negroes whom Baldwin brought out here from their old homes two years ago. He paid their fares and made a contract with them to work for him for a term of years. He built them neat houses, and here are installed the ten families comprising about sixty members. They have made excellent hands in the field and the orchard, because the women and children can be counted on for good work in cultivating and picking fruit.

The man who has charge of all the practical details of this huge place is J. F. Fulby, a shrewd, energetic Californian, who knows wheat growing and fruit culture so thoroughly that he is a terror to all incompetent hands, and who keeps his small army of workmen under regular military discipline. Judged by the results, his management is the best of any that I saw in the southern country.

The wine celler is always an object of curiosity to the average tourist, but even though one enjoys the companionship of the manager and the hospitality of the ranch, it is very dangerous to sample California wines. There is so much strength in the juice of these lusty grapes, even when mellow with age, that unless one is a seasoned vessel the chances are that he will be overcome before he knows it. The cellar is piled high with them ten years old. All the latest machinery for distilling is here, and the place is in charge of a French expert, of life-long experience in wine and brandy making in his native country.

After one has seen the orange groves, the orchards, vineyards, and the other features of the home place, he is prepared to extend his observations to the great wheat and sheep ranches on the Santa Anita. You may drive for miles through fields where the wheat is now knee high and shows an even stand which would delight the eye of a Dakota wheat grower. Beyond the wheat farm the visitor comes to the Puento sheep ranch, comprises about 30,000 acres of gently rolling foothill land reaching back to the mountains. The old Scotchman, named Cameron, who has cared for sheep all his life, going from Scotland to New Zealand and from New Zealand coming here. He is a man of wide information, and he seemed liked an anachronism in this free and easy California life, for he adheres to the Calvinism in which he was bred. An example of the rigid insistence upon his creed was furnished last summer when Baldwin had a party of friends at the ranch. The supply of meat ran out and the millionaire sent over to old Cameron to slaughter four sheep. The answer was returned in broad Scotch: "There will be na killing of the sheep on the Sawbath," and Baldwin had to send to town for his meat.

Baldwin is engaged in splitting up a portion of the ranch into small tracts of from twenty acres upward and selling them to Los Angeles people for summer villas and to Eastern people who wish a winter home in one of the most beautiful valleys of southern California. A railroad will be completed through the ranch this fall, and then one may reach the city of Los Angeles in fifteen minutes. The only drawback to rapid settlement of the ranch is the price charged for the land. With perpetual water right, $250 per acre is asked for unimproved land. The majority of those who buy this land will be wealthy people, who can afford to spend from $10,000 to $20,000 in laying out and improving a place.

Room to Rent.

"Had a terrible shock this mawnin', Awthaw. Met a low fellow who asked me if I had rooms to rent; actually took me for a beggarly landlord."

"Oh, no, Percy. I daresay he only meant to insinuate that you had an empty head."

"Do you think so? Quite a relief, I assuah you. So awful to suspect that I looked like a low landlord."—*Call.*

"Shrouds!" exclaimed an old lady who was listening to an old sea-captain's story, "what do you have them at sea for?" "To bury dead calms in."

The Grizzly Bear.

The grizzly bear is the most formidable of all the game animals of this country, and is dreaded by all animals alike, with, perhaps, the exception of the mountain lion. It is the largest of the bear tribe, often attaining the weight of over 800 pounds, and a length of nine feet. Its strength is enormous; with a single blow it can fell a bullock, breaking its back, and one has been seen walking off carrying a large buck beneath its arms. Its chief weapons are its long, sharp, chisel-edged claws, that are gouge-shaped also, and terribly effective in tearing or lacerating a foe. The grizzly is found all along the range of the Rockies, and, as we have seen, in the Sierra Madre, and as far north as latitude 61°. In the north they feed more upon flesh than in the south; there the deer and bison often falling victims to its ferocity, and a large grizzly has been seen to kill a powerful bison with a single blow of its paw. All the rest of the bear family flee from man, but the grizzly attacks the hunter unchallenged and is a dreaded and respected opponent. Old hunters attribute many strange customs to the grizzly. They say it will never touch a dead animal, or one that has not fallen by its own prowess; also that it digs pits for its victims, and covers them up. It is said that wounded hunters often take advantage of the former habit and feign death, and so escape, the bear rarely molesting them if the ruse is successfully carried out. The grizzly is dangerous game, for the reason that it is extremely tenacious of life. Thus, if the sportsman waits until the animal is directly upon him and fires into the heart, he cannot always depend upon the immediate death of the beast. It may develop energy enough to do great damage, and many instances are on record where the body has been completely riddled with bullets, yet the animal has killed several men before it finally succumbed.—*San Francisco Call.*

Hand Organs.

Hand-organs, writes a correspondent of the Troy *Times*, are a modern infliction, and have introduced the monkey, which is a feature formerly unkown in mendicant minstrelsy. The monkey, indeed, is so amusing that one almost forgets the organ-grinding while watching his antics. These animals are worth from $10 to $30, according to their training, and when an Italian owns his organ and monkey he is really well-to-do in the world.

The best hand-organs cost from $100 to $150, but those which so commonly torment the public rarely cost more than $40. The best are the flute organs, and they play nearly a dozen tunes, and some have extra cylinders, which add to their capacity. The principal factory is in Chatham street, this locality being so near the Italian quarter (Baxter street) that it is very favorable to trade. There are some Italians who own a number of organs, which they rent by the season at a large profit and with but little loss. The grinder having finished his summer itinerancy, of course comes back for winter quarters, and thus pays his rent. Both organ-grinders and boy fiddlers have their regular routes, which they repeat year after year, and there seems to be some general arrangement which prevents interference. It is said that more than 300 of these peripatetic minstrels have gone from New York this season, and yet it will be rare if two men visit the same village. When cold weather sets in the grinders return to Baxter street, where they pack together—sometimes nearly a dozen in a small room, with neither fire nor lights. The Italian can sustain life under extreme privations, and he seems content to sleep on the floor and live on what he can pick up.

Washington and Bunker Hill.

It was on the 15th day of June, 1775, that George Washington was chosen Commander-in-Chief of the American army. The next day he made his answer to Congress, in which he declared that he accepted the office, but that he would take no pay. He left Philadelphia on his way to Boston June 21, escorted by a troop of horsemen, and accompanied by Schuyler and Lee, who had just been made major-generals by Congress. They had gone about twenty miles when they saw a man on horseback coming rapidly down the road. It was a messenger riding post haste to Philadelphia, and carrying to Congress news of the battle of Bunker Hill. Everybody was stirred by the news and wanted to know the particulars.

"Why were the Provincials compelled to retreat?" he was asked.

"It was for want of ammunition," he replied.

"Did they stand the fire of the regular troops?" asked Washington anxiously.

"That they did, and held their own fire reserve until the enemy was within eight rods."

"Then the liberties of the country are safe!" exclaimed Washington. He remembered well the scenes under Braddock, and he knew what a sight it must have been to those New England farmers when a compact body of uniformed soldiers came marching up from the boats at Charlestown. If they could stand fearlessly, there was stuff in them for soldiers.—*St. Nicholas.*

On the Wrong Side.

A temperance missionary in Glasgow left a few tracts with a young woman one morning.

Calling at the same house the next day, he was rather disconcerted at observing the tracts doing duty as curl papers on the head of the girl to whom he had given them.

"Weel, my lassie," he remarked, "I see you have used the tracts I left wi'ye; but," he added in time to turn her merriment into confusion, "ye have putten them on the wrang side o'your heid, ma woman!"—*Independent.*

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

A physician says that if arnica with which bruised limbs are bathed is heated its good effects are perceptible much sooner than if applied while cold.

A standing antidote for poison by poison oak, ivy, etc., is to take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned part with it. Three or four applications, it is said, will cure the most aggravated cases.

A retired phisician living in Ohio, and suffering with diabetes, claims to find great relief in a diet consisting wholly of buckwheat. He states that when he confines himself to a buckwheat diet exclusively, the disturbance in the stomach is relieved, as is also the pain in the eyes, due to the disease from which he has so long suffered. This remedy is a very simple one, and well worth trying.

For ordinary nervous system being out of order or by excessive fatigue, a hot bath will so soothe the nerves that sleep will naturally follow, and upon getting up the patient will feel very much refreshed and the toothache gone. For what is known as "jumping" toothache, hot, dry flannel applied to the face and neck is very effective. For common toothache, which is caused by indigestion, or by strong, sweet acid or anything very hot or cold in a decayed tooth, a little piece of cotton steeped in strong camphor or oil of cloves is a good remedy. Care in the diet, especially when the bowels are disordered, is helpful to mitigate toothache. If the tooth is much decayed, nothing is better than its extraction.

The Cuban Milkman.

In a letter from Havana a Chicago *News* correspondent says: The lechero and his system here are worthy of magazine illustration. Milk for the markets and hotels is brought into the city by immense ox-carts in cans having the appearance of diminutive cylindrical pagodas, but a large proportion of the inhabitants cling with obstinate conservatism to the ancient method of supply. At all hours of the morning I have met on the highways away out in the suburbs sober droves of a half-dozen cows accompanied by a half-dozen muzzled calves as they were being leisurely driven into the city by a brown-faced countryman and two or three of his barefooted boys. Arrived in Havana these rustic groups became the traveling milk supply. Almost without guidance the animals seek the beginning of the "milk route," and on reaching the door of the first customer, come to a halt, the cows and calves taking position with military precision, in single file, along the flag-stone footways of the narrow street. Our guajiro or countryman is now the city lechero or milkman. The urchins run into the customer's house, secures the order, and the letchero milks the required quantity there and then before the very eyes of the housemaid, the portero or el senior himself. In this way from house to house the queer cavalcade passes, until cow after cow is milked clean, when the muzzle is in turn removed from each mother's calf, and the little ternerillas are free to take undisputed passession of the "strippings." The system has obvious advantages, The milk is assuredly fresh. It would be difficult for the lechero to secrete a water-butt about his person.

Hooking a Broken Submarine Cable.

The ends of broken submarine telegraph cables are picked up with an instrument called a grapnel iron. It is a stout bar of iron about two feet long, with five prongs or hooks about six inches long at one end and a swivel at the other. A rope long enough to lower this grapnel iron to the bottom of the ocean is attached to the swivel, and the iron is then dragged along on the bottom by a steamer, which steers directly across the place where the broken cable lies, and two or three miles, as near as may be, from the broken end. By means of two wires, which run down the rope and a simple device on the grapnel iron, an electric circuit is completed whenever the hook catches on anything and a bell on board the ship begins to ring, and continues to do so until the strain on the hook is relieved. If the hook should catch on a rock the strain on a dynamometer attached to the drag-rope suddenly increases, and the strain when the cable is hooked gradually increases. A ship may have to steam across the line of a cable many times before success is attained. When the cable is hooked the end is brought on board the ship and a dispatch sent to the office on shore to test that part of the cable. The end is then buoyed and sent adrift until the other end is secured. When this is done a new piece of cable is spliced in between the two ends and after a thorough testing the whole is lowered overboard.—*New York Sun.*

Honey in the Chimney.

Wild bees are becoming very plentiful in the country around Emigrant Gap. A score or more of trees have been cut near that village during the past eight months, some of which proved very rich. In this connection the following strange circumstance is noteworthy: The chimney of James Davis's house, Bear Valley, had not been used for a year or two—that is, not by the family. On April 12 it was found necessary to start a fire in that part of the house. The fire was duly started, but for a while it did not burn very successfully. The fact is there was an obstruction in the chimney in the shape of a large deposit of honey in the comb. The fire caught in the honeycomb, the flames shot up out of the top of the chimney to the height of about ten feet, and it was thought for a while that the house would be destroyed, but it wasn't. Over 200 pounds of honey ran down the chimney.—*Placer (Cal.) Argus.*

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Aug. 29, 1885. A. BLANC DUQUESNAY.

CONVENT OF
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Special attention given to collection of claims and entries of land. 113

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J. KOSSUTH SANDOZ.
Opelousas, April 19, 1886. 6m

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J. E. SHUTE, Pres't. JNO. M. WARE, Sec'y. o 11

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. Morchineveg, Jr., Main street, where all calls will meet with prompt attention. a ug 8-tf

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References—Hon. Geo. W. Hudspeth, H. J. Garland, Att'y., L. I. Tansy, Att'y., E. D. Estilette, Hon. B. A. Martel and J. O. Chachere, clerk of court.

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