The most conscientious brass band in the country graces Mobile, Ala. Its members go several miles into the woods to practice, and consequently enjoy the esteem of the entire community.

The latest prison reform idea is that of parolling of prisoners, or the system of conditional liberation. It was begun in England so long ago as 1853, and is now practiced in Germany, the Netherlands and France.

At the school at Santa Fe, New Mexico, called "Ramona," in memory of Helen Hunt Jackson, twenty-five bright Indian girls are gaining a practical education. The Government supplies everything—food, clothing, etc., but the salaries of the teachers are paid by the American Missionary Society.

It appears that the value of the tobacco of all kinds consumed in the United States amounted last year to about $235,000,000. The increase in the production of cigars for twenty years is something enormous. In 1866 it was about 350,000,000, and twenty years later the consumption had reached nearly 3,600,000,000.

The Crematorial Association of Philadelphia is preparing to build the largest and costliest crematory chapel in the world. It will have a front of sixty-six feet and a depth of 105 feet; the distance will be ninety feet to the top of the dome, the material will be granite, pressed red brick and terra cotta, and the cost will be $40,000.

Another illustration of the diversification of the productive powers and industrial interests of the South is brought prominently forward by the fact that a Florida company has built a perfume factory at Jacksonville, and will open a flower plantation next spring. The company has already one plantation, and thousands of flowering tube rose bulbs, rose geraniums, roses and other sweet-smelling plants. It is expected that the busines will be very profitable.

An old Philadelphia detective is authority for the statement that the world is growing better. Most of the expert thieves, burglars and safe-breakers are now in jail, he says, and many of them are dying every year in prison, while the old sneak-thieves are disappearing. There is much less crime than a few years ago. Smart thieves are not taking the places of big criminals, and rogues generally have much less chance of escape than formerly.

A St. Louis type founder has discovered a fact which he seems to "view with alarm" to a certain extent. "Here we are," he says, "on the eve of 1888, which creates a triple demand for the figure eight. This triple use of figures in the annals of time will not occur again until 1911, 1999, 2000, 2022, 2111, 2122, 2202, 2211, 2222, etc." It must be a matter of congratulation to the type founders that the extraordinary demands for special figures, as in the case of 1888, do not come upon them with great and overpowering suddenness. They would seem to have an abundance of time, for instance, to prepare for the unprecedented tax upon their machinery by the time the year 2222 comes round.

On a recent morning another camel, the second, was born in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore. It was a male, the first one having been a female. "It is a comical looking arrangement," says the Baltimore *Sun*, "and is composed mainly of legs and neck; it is about five feet tall and four feet long, and but for the two extra legs and its light brown color would look somewhat like an ostrich. But as it is, one could allow his imagination to stretch a little and say it has the appearance of a dude looking for his collar-button which had rolled under a bureau. The little thing made several attempts to rise, but not having been in this country long enough to know how to manage its long legs, its efforts did not meet with any great success!"

Senator-elect Reagan, of Texas, when he speaks is never at ease, it is said, unless he has a string in his hand, and he keeps pulling this through his fingers as he talks. His favorite position, when listening to a discussion in the House, is sitting back in his chair with a piece of white letter paper in his hands. This he folds up carefully, and with his jack-knife cuts through the folds. The two pieces of paper he then lays togher, folds them, and cuts them in pieces. He reduces these pieces still smaller in the same way, and when he has used up one piece of paper he takes another. So he goes on for hours at a time, until his desk is littered with scraps of paper and the floor surrounding it looks like that about the scissors editor of a newspaper.

The official report of the recent battle between the Italians and the Abyssinians at Saati, in which every Italian officer and soldier in the engagement was killed, is a tale of hardihood and bravery. The Italians were entirely surrounded, but they formed a hollow square and fought to the last man and the last cartridge. The relief party is said to have found the bodies lying in ranks in the position in which the men fought. It is a significant fact that wherever an advanced civilization has invaded a less civilized or a barbarous country, the invaders have taught the others a lesson in courage. A prominent instance is the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, the bravest and most desperate feat of military daring on record—in which 600 men rode to what they knew to be certain death to most of their number, knowing, too, that the order to charge was the result of a blunder—which occurred during the invasion of the Crimea by England and France.

At a Washington dinner, the number of men was larger than the women, and one guest, a Venezuelan charge, had the melancholy pleasure of taking out the Chinese Minister. He made the best of it afterward in a remark: "Well, my partner had a petticoat on, anyway."

There are blacksmiths and blacksmiths. Some making their living by shoeing horses, and others take contracts to make drop-hammers for the French Government. A firm of Brooklyn blacksmiths is working its factory night and day on one of these contracts, given out last fall by one of General Boulanger's agents. This firm has supplied drop-hammers to France, Germany, Spain and Turkey, and has had so many orders from foreign governments that it has scarcely time to do business with common people. Drop-hammers are used in cannon-making, and the Brooklyn firm's work told in the Franco-German and Turco-Russian war. So long as the United States keeps at peace, there is no reason why its manufacturers shouldn't make a ready profit from the quarrels of other nations, which is a very comforting reflection.

Another effort is about to be made to discover the North Pole. Alexander MacArthur, a gentleman who has made a special study of arctic explorations, accompanied by a drug clerk named Young, has started from Winnipeg, Manitoba, for Selkirk, with a load of provisions of about 1,400 pounds, his destination being the North Pole. For a long time Mr. MacArthur has been in communication with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington and other scientific institutes in the United States, with a view of making explorations in the Northern seas, and if possible pushing northward in the ultimate hope of discovering the North Pole. Before he left he stated that he would not probably return for two or three years, and spoke of going to Baffin's Bay to look for musk ox. His plan was to take dog trains from Selkirk, but as they could not be procured, he has decided to take ponies and start across the lakes. The object in starting early was to permit of the horses being returned before the ice on the lakes breaks up. He took with him a letter of credit for $1,500 on the Hudson's Bay Company, York Factory, also a large supply of trinkets, etc., such as might please the native eye. From York Factory he expects to travel by a dog train. He also took a supply of scientific instruments. Mr. MacArthur is convinced that his plan is the only feasible one to accomplish the end.

The New York *World* Almanac contains a statement of the present population of the principal cities of the Union, as estimated in each case by the Mayor or some other officer of the municipal government, being guided in many cases by recent censuses. New York, with 1,400,000, and Philadelphia, with 1,000,000, hold first and second places undisputed. Brooklyn, claiming 710,000, and Chicago, 703,000, stand next in order. Baltimore claims fifth place with 460,000, St. Louis next with 450,000, and Boston seventh with 400,000. In 1880 in these cities the order was reversed. Cincinnati and San Francisco each claim 300,000, the latter gaining on the former. New Orleans ranks next with 240,000, but Buffalo, claiming 225,000, has passed Cleveland and Pittsburgh, and at its rate of progress will soon overhaul New Orleans. Washington, or the District of Columbia, is estimated at 210,000. Pittsburg puts forward a claim of 200,559, beating Cleveland 559. Detroit is estimated at 175,000, and stands fifteenth in the scale, having passed Newark, Louisville and Jersey City since 1880. Other cities follow as follows: Milwaukee, 170,000; Newark, 160,000; Minneapolis, 160,000; Jersey City, 155,000; St. Paul, 140,000; Louisville, 140,000; Kansas City, 125,000; Providence, 120,000; Indianapolis, 105,000, and Albany, Allegheny and Rochester, each 100,000. In the matter of freedom from debt, Detroit stands first in the list.

Brain Weights.

The average weight of the brain in men is forty-seven ounces, and in women some four or five ounces less; the human organ being absolutely heavier than that of any of the lower animals except the elephant and the whale, with brains of ten and five pounds respectfully. As a rule, mental capacity and the size of the brain quite closely correspond; and it has been observed that a brain weight of less than thirty-two ounces in an adult person is always accompanied by a defective intellect. The rule has its exceptions, however, a notable one being that of Gambetta, the small weight of whose brain, less than forty-four ounces, is attracting the attention of French anthropologists. A contrasting case has recently been furnished in an idiot with a brain of fifty-five ounces. Familiar great brains are those of Cuvier and Webster, each exceeding sixty-four ounces; of Dr. Abercrombie, sixty-three ounces; and of Duypreten, sixty-three and one-half ounces. Descartes, Raphael and Voltaire had small heads, while that of Napoleon was only slightly above the average, and that of Schiller not at all. The lightest brain on record weighed eight ounces and belonged to an idiot boy, and that of an idiot woman weighed ten ounces. The average brain of Englishmen is forty-nine ounces; that of Frenchmen a little over forty-five ounces; that of Dutch, Italians, Swedes and Lapps come nearer to English, while the German brain is heavier. In India the weight is from forty-one to forty-four ounces; in Africa forty-three; and in America forty-six.

Spiders Obstructing Telegraph Wires.

Spiders are one of the great obstacles to telegraphers in Japan. Filling the trees along the lines these insects spin their webs between the earth, the wires, the post, the insulators and the trees. When these webs become wet with dew they constitute a good conductor, and the lines are found to be in connection with the earth. The only method of obviating this inconvenience is employing brooms of bamboo to brush away the webs. But, as the spiders are more active than the workmen employed in this work, the difficulty is not the less serious.

SYMPATHY.

Friend, art thou drowning? So am I.
Hold by my hand.
Nearer is my vain help, than help
From yonder land.

Friend, art thou starving? So, too, I.
Therefore I come
To the—not to the overfed—
To ask a crumb.

Friend, hast thou nothing? Less have I,
Yet, beggared ones
Give more to those who beg, than e'er
Earth's richest sons.

—*Grace D. Litchfield in Independent.*

The Langley Burglary.

The large party, assembled as usual at Langley Towers to celebrate in approved fashion the approaching 1st of September, were all collected one night after dinner in the drawing-room, when the conversation, hitherto rather languid, chanced to turn on a burglary that had lately taken place in the neighborhood. Every one at once seized on the topic, and proceeded to relate more or less irrelevant, but all alike ghastly, stories of famous burglaries and robberies, till suddenly Miss Cecil Clifford, a cousin of Lady Langley's, a very pretty girl and an heiress to boot, who had hitherto taken no part in the talk, looked up suddenly and said:

"I do wish you would not all discuss such horrors. How do you expect us to sleep quietly in our beds if you will insist on retailing such frightful stories, especially as those wretches who broke into Colston Park are still at large? I feel as if I should find a burglar in my room to-night, so if I should rouse the house with a false alarm don't blame me."

"I think I should die if I were to wake and see one in my room," exclaimed little Lady Langley, shrugging her pretty shoulders in not wholly affected fright.

"At all events, the man would not trouble you long enough with his company if that tin case of yours, with your diamonds in it, were lying on your dressing-table as usual," returned her cousin. "I know you'll be murdered through those diamonds one day!"

"Do you really mean that Lady Langley keeps her jewelry in her dressing-table?" asked Captain Le Marchant, an impecunious young man, who was suspected on very good grounds, of being in love with Miss Clifford, and who was, in consequence, rather out of favor with her guardians.

"To be sure she does," laughed the host; "and as Cecil says, I know we shall wake up some fine morning to find ourselves corpses because of that whim of hers."

"What's the use of having jewelry if it is always to be at the banker's?" retorted Lady Langley.

"I wish to goodness you'd be sensible, Flo'," remonstrated her cousin, "and have it kept in the plateroom at all events. I know that I shall do nothing but dream of your diamonds."

Lady Langley laughed gayly, and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in keeping the conversation on the same subject, despite her cousin's very evident dislike of it, in which she was assisted by Captain Le Marchant, who chaffed Miss Clifford a good deal about her nerves, until the party separated for the night.

Next morning the house was in confusion, for the diamonds were gone.

Lady Langley missed them the moment she rose, for, her maid being far from well at the time, she had bidden the girl not to sit up for her, and had undressed herself, leaving her diamonds, which she had been wearing, loose on her dressing table, where Cecil Clifford found them when she came to her cousin's to bid her good-night as usual, and she put them in their case. Of course every hole and corner was searched, but in vain. The police came, but were equally unsuccessful. Not a trace of either the thieves or the jewelry was to be found. The police, including the detective hastily summoned from London, were positive that the robbery had been committed by some one in the house—a conviction that did not add to the comfort of the inmates of Langley Towers. Suspicion ran riot; the household servants, one and all, belonged to well-known and respectable families in the neighborhood, and had mostly been for considerable periods in the Langley's service, while the visitors' servants, it happened, seemed equally above suspicion. The only person who ventured to differ from the officials was Captain Le Marchant, who openly poo-poohed the whole thing as simply invented by the police to screen their own incompetency.

Whether from conviction or opposition, Miss Clifford embraced the police theory, and before long her suspicion fell on the maid of one of her visitors, who she felt convinced was at least an accomplice. Unfortunately for this poor girl, Cecil Clifford confided her doubts to her cousin, who in her turn unconsciously betrayed them to the detective, so the unlucky maid was immediately placed under a surveillance that rendered her life a burden to her, and ultimately cost her her situation.

Captain Le Marchant remonstrated several times on the subject with his fiancee (for such she really was, though the engagement was not officially acknowledged), but without effect. She somehow seemed to distrust him, as of late, from some cause or other, his usual sunny temper had quite deserted him; his tongue had acquired a bitterness new to his friends, while his handsome, merry face had grown to look worn and haggard.

Miss Clifford, though still persisting in her opinion, bore his strictures with gentle patience, laying the very evident temper he showed to the account of some money troubles that she well knew were worrying him, but at last he went too far, and ere their interview on this occasion terminated, the engagement between them was summarily broken off by the lady.

Captain Le Marchant never took any steps to bring about a reconciliation, which, on her side, Cecil Clifford was far too proud to dream, though what the estrangement cost her only she could have told. All she knew about him was that he had exchanged into a regiment stationed in India, and beyond one other fact she heard no more of him till three or four years later the newspapers told her that he had joined the army in Egypt, and formed one of the band sent to the relief of Gordon and Khartoum. Strangely enough, the one fact that she did hear privately—namely, his having before leaving England provided for the future of the poor girl who had suffered so severely from the suspicions that were cast upon her about the lost diamonds—only seemed to render her more incensed against her erstwhile betrothed.

Six or seven years had passed since the burglary at Langley, when one night toward the end of the season Miss Clifford (Miss Clifford still, in spite of her wealth and beauty) at a large dinner, found herself introduced to "Colonel Le Marchant" by her host, who, ignorant of their previous acquaintance, had been actuated by a benevolent desire "to do dear old Denis a good turn" by making him acquainted with the heiress.

The old lovers stood a moment face to face in silence, scrutinizing one another, the lady secretly, though not a trace of the hard work he had undergone escaped her; the gentleman openly. He was the first to speak:

"It is long since we met, Miss Clifford."

"Not since we were together at Langley," she replied, softly.

"Yes, when the diamonds were stolen. I wonder if that business will ever be cleared up?"

Just then dinner was announced, and the guests filed down in solemn procession. Although Colonel Le Marchant escorted Miss Clifford, her attention was at first claimed by her other neighbors. But when the conversation had become sufficiently animated to all private conversation, Colonel Le Marchant turned toward her and their eyes met.

"What a wretched time that was," he said softly.

"At Langley, do you mean? Yes, indeed it was. But was it not curious how they found those diamonds?"

"Found them! you don't say so!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "When? Do tell me, please, Miss Clifford. You see, I only came home a few days ago and have heard nothing."

"Oh! it is nearly a year since. Sir James was out fishing with one of the boys, when his line got entangled in the branches of an old tree which had fallen into the river at some time. In disentangling it they saw something wedged in against the trunk of the tree which, after a little trouble, they fished out. It proved to be the identical case in which Lady Langely kept her diamonds, and when it was forced open there they were safe enough, and reports which appeared later declared that the box must have lain there ever since the night of the robbery. The theory is that whoever stole it must have hidden it in the river bank, meaning to fetch it when the fuss had blown over, but that the current had swept it away, till the tree stopped it.

"Curious!" said Colonel Le Marchant, slowly.

"Yes, is it not?" she forced herself to answer quietly, for the strange expression on her companion's face troubled her, she scarcely knew why. "I suppose there can be no doubt that it was some of the servants; though, after such a lapse of time, it would be hopeless to try and bring it home to any one."

Le Marchant looked at her sharply, and was just going to speak, when their host interrupted him with some question about the Soudan, and the conversation became general till the ladies retired.

Miss Clifford had sheltered herself in the drawing-room behind a large portfolio of rare prints to think undisturbed over her unexpected meeting with her old lover, when the subject of her thoughts quietly came up and took a seat beside her.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am that those diamonds have been recovered," he said.

"So am I," she answered. "Do you know, I feel as if I were a clairvoyante or something of the sort, for ever since the robbery, whenever I have been at all unwell, my nightmare has been about those diamonds and the river. I hear the rushing of the waters quite plainly," she went on dreamily, unconsciously dropping into the old tone her companion remembered so well. "I wonder why it is!"

"I suppose it is because you really hid the diamonds under the bank of Langley Water," was the startling answer.

"I hid the diamonds! What on earth do you mean? You must be mad, Colonel Le Marchant!"

"No, I am not. I saw you do it," he replied quietly.

"You saw me do it! Then why to goodness did you not say so at the time?"

"Because I was mad then, Cecil, and made a horrible mistake."

"You thought I stole the diamonds?"

He was silent.

"Then that was why you were so keen about that poor little lady's maid?"

He nodded.

"You believed—oh—and were trying to screen me all the time!"

"Forgive me, Cecil."

"But do you mean that you actually saw me take the diamonds?" she asked in wonder. "Please tell me!"

Colonel Le Marchant stooped over the book of prints Miss Clifford was ostensibly examining, and answered in a low voice: "I had sat up late in the smoking-room, worrying over some money troubles, when, startled to find how late it was, I was retrating as silently as I could to my quarters. As I was passing along the bedroom passage I suddenly saw you in your dressing-gown come out of Lady Langley's room carrying a tin box. Instinctively I drew back behind the curtain of the staircase window, and you walked by without noticing me. I followed you softly. You went to that little side door in the garden by the drawing-room, about which young Lovat had chaffed Langley so much, unfastened it, and went out right across the lawn toward the river. Then to my horror you went over the bank till I felt certain you would slip in, and I was just rushing up to catch you when you scrambled back—without the box! You returned as you came, by the little door (through which I followed you), and regained your room. I was too utterly taken aback to speak to you, for the idea that you were sleep-walking never struck me till just now. Next morning when the robbery was discovered, I remembered the box you had carried; and then the recollection of the tin case you and Lady Langley had spoken of the previous night flashed across my mind."

"But did you never go to look at the place?"

"Yes, that very day; but though I felt certain that I was on the exact spot, I could find nothing. This confirmed my suspicions that you had an accomplice, for I watched you closely enough to know that you had not again visited the river. So you can imagine my feelings when I found you, as I thought, trying to fix the crime on Mrs. Crompton's maid."

"Good heavens! Then that was what you meant that last day when you made me so angry. Well, confession for confession, Colonel Le Marchant. You saw me, as you thought, steal the diamonds. For my part, judging from your agitation at the time, and your energy in defending that poor girl, I grew convinced that you knew more of the robbery than you should have done, and actually believed that your subsequent kindness to her was simply remorse for having let her be suspected of what you had only too good reason to know her innocent."

"What a chapter of accidents!" said Colonel Le Marchant, slowly. "If only we had spoken out at the time! I can hardly complain of your doubt, but yet I think you should have known me better."

"You doubted me, Denis!"

"But I saw you!"

Miss Clifford smiled.

Still sheltered by the portfolio which they were both apparently interested in, Colonel Le Marchant caught his companion's hand and whispered:

"Let bygones be bygones, Cecil, and set one mistake against the other. They have lost us years of happiness already."

Though their tete-a-tete was interrupted by their hostess, Miss Clifford must have found means of answering the appeal, for before the week was out all the world and his wife were discussing the impending marriage of Colonel Le Marchant and the hitherto unapproachable heiress.

A Strange Story.

Speaking of superstition reminds me of a story which a thoroughly truthful friend of mine tells, though I don't know why I should think of it in connection with superstition, for I believe it is only the operation of a natural law which we do not yet understand. Says my friend: "I was a little boy of about ten years when the war broke out. My elder brother and my cousin, who had lived in our family for many years and was as much like a brother as if he were one, enlisted and went to the front. Before the battle of Iuka, I think it was, the papers told of the prospect of a battle, but gave no idea of when it would be fought. One day I was playing in our sitting-room at home and I noticed that my mother was very miserable. She would walk the floor for awhile and then stand and look vacantly out at the window. Several times she sat down and quietly wept. Presently she said: 'My God, they must not go there.' No one was in the room with us and not a word had been spoken for a long time. Her manner frightened me, I remember, and I asked her what was the matter. Snatching me to her breast she stood for a long time like a statue, vouchsafing me no further information than that my brother and cousin were in great danger and would probably be killed. I supposed she knew—I supposed my mother knew everything—so without asking how she knew I, too, fell to crying; and there we stood close to each other and wept as if we already had seen the mangled bodies of our loved ones. For more than an hour, I think, we continued to mourn, when, as I was lying on the sofa at one end of the room and she was sitting by a window at the other, she all at once uttered a joyful 'Ah!' and said in almost hysterical excitement: 'They are safe; they are all right now.' By this time I had gathered my wits enough to wonder and to ask how she knew, and she told me she didn't know how she knew, but 'something' told her.

"The next letter that came from 'the boys' told of the battle and related this incident: Company A, cavalry, of the Thirty-sixth Illinois Infantry Regiment—the company of which my brother and cousin were members—had been sent in advance of the army to reconnoiter a road running through a forest with dense underbrush. The company passed down the road and entered the woods through which they went a considerable distance. Finally Captain Albert Jenks, I believe it was, made the discovery that the underbrush on both sides of the road was 'alive' with Confederates. With great presence of wind he halted his men, or rather stopped them in an unconventional way, and said to them in a loud tone:

"'Well, boys, this road is all clear; I guess our army can go through all right. Anyway, we'll go back and report it all clear.' Then in a lower tone he cautioned his men not to look to the right or left, but go back quietly as they had come. The upshot of it was that the Confederates, thinking they would catch the whole Union army in their ambush, lay perectly still and let the little company go back unmolested.

"Now, continues my friend, "as nearly as we could get at the facts, it was when the company was going into those woods that my mother said they must not go there, and it was when they halted and turned about that she said they were saved."

There is a well known theory that there is some sort of occult connection between certain minds, no matter what nor how much distance may intervene between them, but this hardly explains my friend's case, for his mother seemed to know of the special danger in which "the boys" were placed, while "the boys" themselves seemed to be ignorant of it. At any rate, it is a tough nut to crack, and I leave it to the metaphysicians with the assurance that I believe all its essential points to be unquestionably true.—*Chicago News.*

Right Treatment of Horses.

Horses are not cowardly. They are simply nervous and easily excited. Once taught that an object will not injure them, they care nothing more about it. They will stand fearlessly the beating of drums, the puffing of the locomotive, the rattling of cars, or any other sound naturally terrifying to animals. If the trainer shouts at them and beats them at first sight of that which causes fear they will ever after be unsafe, except, perhaps, in the hands of the same brutal driver. They may be controlled when young in any place and under all circumstances if in their early training they have been made to rely on the voice, calmly used, of the driver. Once a trick is acquired it is never forgotten, and once a horse has run away he is ever thereafter unsafe, except under the driving of an expert, and then he is always unpleasant.

Many persons suppose horses understand spoken language. The probability is they do not. The language of the horse is more by signs than by voice. They, however, understand tones and signs perfectly or can be made so to do. It is the tone, therefore, that should be cultivated in training horses, and, in fact, all animals, and these tones should always be low. Hence the reins and the whip should be used principally as signals; the voice to indicate action or inaction. The latter should "whoa" or "ho," to stop; "back" to back up; a cluck to indicate going forward; "get on" or "go on," to indicate increased speed, and "steady" to slow up. In this the emphasis is always to be on the last word when more than one is used.

There is, however, no objection to talking to horses. They like to hear the sound of the human voice. The first thing a colt should be taught is to know his name, and to come promply at the call. Give them something they like—a lump of sugar or a slice of carrot—when they come. They will soon learn what the call means and be eager to obey. Then talk to them while stroking the hair or patting the shoulder. Horses especially like being slightly scratched under the mane.

In training to the saddle the reins are not to be used to pull the horse about, and particularly if it be a sharp curb. The hand is to be raised for galloping and to be lowered in trotting, and the bridle is to be swerved against one or the other side of the neck in turning. With no bit, when the horse is going at ease, is there to be more restraint used than just enough, so the mouth of the horse may be lightly felt. Especially in the saddle must the rider understand the science of equitation. The grip of the saddle must be by the thighs. The legs and heels convey the signs of what the horse is to do, in connection with the bridle, and the spur or whip should never be used except to punish a horse or to excite him to some extraordinary exertion.

A CUP OF TEA.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT A UNIVERSAL BEVERAGE.

Where Tea Comes From—What It Costs—How It Is Grown—How It Is Made.

The people of the United States are said to be coffee-drinkers, whereas the people of England are tea-drinkers; but for all this, we consume in this country something like 75,000,000 pounds of tea every year. Taking the old wife's rule, that to make a good cup of tea you must put in "a pinch" for every person at the table and a pinch for the pot, this would allow seventy-five cups of good tea each year for every man, woman and child in the country.

The taste for tea has lasted in our race for about two centuries. Before then our ancestors drank small beer and sack at their breakfast. The first teas brought to this country came from Great Britain, and had originally been imported from the Dutch East Indies. The Chinese teas did not make their appearance till much later, and the Japanese teas are of yesterday. In the old days tea was dear and only used by the rich.

The gradual increase in the consumption of tea must be ascribed partly to the increase of wealth among the people, and partly to the growing conviction that, on the whole, tea is a wholesome beverage. It contains, however, but two elements which possess alimentary value, and these in small quantity, thus differing widely in this respect from chocolate, which is one of the most valuable articles of food we have. The elements in question are theine, which has the property of lessening the waste tissue in the human body, and thus taking the place of other food, and tannin, whose value as an astringent is known. It is hard to imagine any one living on tea alone, but it is certain that numbers of ladies, especially those in delicate health, derive a large part of their nutriment from tea. Perhaps the milk and sugar with which we adulterate tea may be the source of nourishment in the cup. Doctors agree that drunk to excess it produces nervousness; in experiments upon the lower creation it has caused paralysis; and the same disease occasionally attacks tea-packers. In France, where tea is seldom seen on the breakfast-table, it is frequently drunk by students who desire to keep awake. It is mixed, not with milk, but with rum. According to Dickens, monthly nurses and women of that glass in England mix gin with their tea, and drink the compound out of the spout of the teapot. In China, country people add ginger and salt to their tea, in order to counteract its tendency to produce lassitude. The higher classes in China always drink it pure. In Russia, honey is often mixed with tea to sweeten it. In California, tea is chiefly drunk by women, and it goes without saying that sugar and milk are the only articles with which it is mixed.

Few people nowadays need to be told that the black and the green teas are grown on the same shrub, and the leaf in both is green when it is gathered. It is by manipulation and by inducing a partial fermentation that the green leaf is turned black. Both are the product of the shrub known as the Thea; in Southern China it is known to botanists as the Thea bohea; in Chekiang it is known as the Thea viridis. The different nomenclature merely reflects the change produced in the plant by a transfer from a temperate to a hot climate; its characteristics are identical in both cases. A certain number, indeed nearly all the teas exported from China, are colored by artificial processes; these are supposed to be harmless, but it is possible that they may not always be so.

Half the battle in tea is knowing how to make it. A careless housekeeper throws a handful of tea into a pot and pours a lot of warm water on it; then she is surprised that the guests at the tea table make wry faces, and behind her back called her tea "slops." It is with tea as with coffee, the secret of extracting the essence and flavor is in insisting that the water shall be actually boiling when it comes into contact with the tea. This is very rarely done. Even good tea-makers think their duty done when they put a certain quantity of tea in the pot, then pour over it a cup full of water which was boiling two or three minutes before, then leave it five minutes to draw. They certainly get something of the taste and fragrance of the herb, but nothing like what they might extract if the tea were made in the kitchen by a good cook, who poured the water in by driblets, stopping the supply whenever ebulition ceased, and then resuming the flow after letting the kettle remain a few seconds on the fire.

The Chinese, who know how to make tea, are particular about the water that is used. Says Tung Po, the Chinese Soyer: "Whenever tea is to be infused for use take water from a running stream and boil it over a lively fire. It is an old custom to use running water boiled over a lively fire; that from springs in the hills is said to be the best, and river water the next, while well water is the worst. A lively fire is a clear, bright charcoal fire. When making an infusion do not boil the water too hastily. First, it should begin to sparkle like crab's eyes, then somewhat like fish's eyes, and lastly it boils up like pearls innumerable, springing and waving about. This is the only true way to boil the water." The Chinese generally make their tea cup by cup."—*San Francisco Call.*

Carried It Herself.

Mrs. Hettie Green, the Wall street woman of many millions, has always been known for her moderate expenditures, and this was illustrated when she called at the office of Brown Brothers & Co. Mrs. Green had with her in a well-worn satchel which she usually carries in the street, $1,000,000 of Philadelphia and Reading stock. She wanted the stock transferred, and was told that the transfer office of the company was in Philadelphia, and furthermore that it would cost $100 to send the $1,000,000 Reading to Philadelphia by express.

"One hundred dollars!" Mrs. Green exclaimed. "Why, young man, the fare to Philadelphia is only $4. Just you hand me back that Reading." Mrs. Green put the stock back into her satchel and went to Philadelphia to have it transferred.—*New York Sun.*

An Ancient Relic.

—Groping through the dust of ages,
Archæologist now delves;
Seeks for relics of the sages,
Long since laid upon their shelves.
Ah, he finds a bit of parchment,
Written thousand years ago;
Finds it 'neath an ancient arch bent,
Now brought forth to sunshine's glow.
'Tis a joke, told in times olden,
At which patriarchs had laughed;
'Twas quite old in days called "Golden,"
'Twas so old it had been chaffed.
Since that joke first came to reason
It's been traveling down;
It's been heard since, every season,
Uttered by some circus clown.

—*Goodall's Sun.*

NEW
LUMBER YARD.
MILMO & STOKOE,
Jeannerette, La. Opelousas, La.
We are Here to Compete.
And invite you to call and examine stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
SHINGLES,
Kiln Dried by a Patent Process, the best in the market, at reasonable rates.
LUMBER,
Full Assortments in all lengths and sizes.
Dressed Flooring, Ceiling and Weatherboards
SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED,
And Bills sawed at Mill if desired. Lumber delivered at points on Railroad.
OFFICE AND YARD:
Opposite Rail Road Depot.
Will be pleased to have you call on us. Satisfaction Guaranteed, and Prompt Attention given.
P. S. CUMMINGS, Manager.
Aug. 29t

OPELOUSAS FEMALE INSTITUTE,
Opelousas St. Landry Parish, La.
THIS Institution will resume duties Monday, September 6th, 1886, 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.....$3.50
Academic " " 5.00
Music, with use of piano " 6.00
Boarding, including washing, light and fuel.....16.00
Embroidery, wax flowers, painting, drawing, each, extra.....10.00
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 prepare 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 healthful 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,
Principal.
july 28'33-nov 27'79.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
The course of instruction in this Institution embraces English, French, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Book-keeping, Natural Sciences, History, Geography, Penmanship, and great care is bestowed on Christian Instruction.
TERMS.—Board and tuition per month $15; Day Scholars per month, $2, $3 or $4, according to class. Classes are resumed on Wednesday, September 15th, 1886.
REV. G. RAYMOND, D. D.,
REV. F. J. RAYMOND.
HENRY G. LEWIS,
A. BLANC DUQUESNAY.
Aug. 29, 1885.

CONVENT OF
The Immaculate Conception,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
The course of studies in this Institution is most extensive, embracing all the branches taught in the best institutions of America or Europe.
TERMS ARE VERY MODERATE.
Board and Tuition per month, $12; Day scholars, per month, $2, $3 or $4, according to class. Opening of the classes the 1st Monday of September. aug 2

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

Kursheedt & Bienvenu,
CEMETERY RAILING,
Marble, Slate and Iron Mantels,
Monuments, Tombs and Headstones.
116, 118, and 120 Camp Street.
sep17 NEW ORLEANS. 3m

BOARDING & LODGING.
A. B. CHACHERE.
Old Bank House, Laundry St., fronting Court-House Square, Opelousas.
GOOD board and lodging by the day week or month. Charge moderate.
jan 23, '87.

LEONCE E. LITTELL,
CIVIL ENGINEER
AND
SURVEYOR,
Office: With Chas. W. DuRoy,
25*] OPELOUSAS, LA.

A Reward of One Hundred Dollars
IS OFFERED by the Central St. Landry Protective Live Stock Association, for evidence that will lead to the apprehension and conviction of any persons guilty of cutting wire fences or 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, A. Dimmick, in Bellevue, or at the Clerk's office in Opelousas.
I. E. SHUTE, Pres't. A. DIMMICK, Sec'y.
11*

D. G. PARKER,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Office adjoining Posey's drugstore.
Main Street, Opelousas, La.

DR. J. A. DERBANNE,
DENTIST,
Washington, La.
All calls from the country will be promptly answered. 3m

DR. A. J. BERCIER,
DENTIST.
Office corner of Laundry and Union Sts.
OPELOUSAS, LA.
He uses the new local anæsthetic, "Coce in," in painful operations, without extra charge.

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

E. 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 (Attakapas), to the entry of homesteads and procuring patents for same, and to all matters concerning land.
References—Hon. Geo. W. Hudspeth, H. J. Garland, Att'ys., L. I. Tansey, Att'y., E. D. Estilette, Hon. E. A. Martel and J. O. Chachere, clerk of court.

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

C. W. DUROY,
Attorney-at-Law,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Office on Corner Court and Market Streets.