

Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, thinks the division of California into two States is certain to occur before long.

Germany, with a population of 45,000,000 has twenty-one universities. Our country, with a population of a little more than 50,000,000, has 123 universities.

Rev. Dr. Morrison of the First Church, Atlanta, Ga., is said to be the coming exhorter of the country. His sermons are described as perfect groupings of the English language, and his delivery as the acme of frankness.

British gold, the Cultivator says, is again flowing into this country in payment for our immense exports of bread-stuffs, provisions and cotton. This will serve to stimulate business and make a better market for farm produce.

A saloon keeper at Biloxi, Miss., was arrested for selling beer on Sunday. He pleaded not guilty of "selling" beer, but stated that he "sold" sandwiches and "gave" a glass of beer with each sandwich disposed of. The jury acquitted him on this plea.

Last year 150,000,000 pounds of rice were grown in our Southern States, and about 100,000,000 were imported from abroad. Rice culture which has materially declined since the war is reviving. In Louisiana it is succeeding sugar culture measurably.

Bradstreet's, the New York mercantile journal, concedes that "it is highly probable that earlier impressions as to the extent of the damage done the corn crop may have been exaggerated, and that, with favoring conditions hereafter, an average crop of corn—at least 1,700,000,000 bushels—may be obtained.

Daniel Rogers, a miner near Oro, Arizona, had both hands blown off at the wrist by a premature discharge of giant powder recently. He was alone, and he walked two miles to a deserted cabin, where he bound up the stumps of his wrists after a fashion with pieces of a curtain, which he tore with his teeth. He traveled all night, during which time his trousers became loose and dropped around his feet. He kicked off his shoes and the trousers, and at 6 o'clock was found lying unconscious near a Mexican cabin. He was taken to a hospital and is getting well.

The Range Journal reports that the historic cattle trail is already a thing of the past, the end having come sooner than was expected. The cattle that were sent North this year have not found a market, and several herds actually march back toward the Panhandle of Texas. This marks the beginning of a new order of things, but it may prove to be of real benefit to the interests that now seem to be most injured by it. Next year Texas will have an outlet by rail to all the great Northwest. The cattle can be moved that way without any particular skill on the part of cowboys, and the market is likely to be a much more even and regular one, in consequence of the greater steadiness of supply. It would probably be still more steady, as well as more profitable to the sellers, if they could agree to sell at home and let buyers come after their property, instead of sending it to be forced for sale on a glut of offerings.

An editorial concerning trees in the Century closes as follows: "We feel justified in adding to these general statements a word of strong recommendation in favor of native as against foreign, or at least as against European, trees. At the best the latter are uncertain in almost every case, while the former have an inborn and a well-proved title to be trusted. The most successful ornamental planting that has ever been done in America shows its results in the streets of such towns as Stockbridge, Great Barrington, Salem, and New Haven, and was the work of men who want to the forest and not to the nursery for their infant oaks and maples. Certainly our more recently planted parks offer small promise of a like maturity of beauty with their European oaks and ashes, their Scotch and Austrian pines, in almost as deplorable a state as their Norway spruces. When not ornamental but economic plantations are in question, past experience tells very strongly against European trees, while the evidence of recent experiment with native trees—as in the plantations of indigenous conifers in eastern Massachusetts—is of the most encouraging kind."

Tea Tasters. Ten years ago only one store in a hundred had what is known as a tea taster; now there is no tea house of any importance whatever which has not in one of its employes a good tea taster," said a large wholesale tea dealer. "A thousand chests of tea will be received; the tea taster then gets to work. A little tea is taken and put in a scale; just enough to balance a five-cent piece. It is then placed in cups and boiling water is poured over the tea. The taster then takes a sip from each cup and writes down on a piece of paper his idea of its worth.

"No two tasters, however, agree to the value of tea, especially the black Oolong, which is mostly drunk in this city."

"Does the tea have any injurious effect on the taster?"

"Sometimes he will get hold of a positive rank grade, and then he will spit it out as soon as he can. Frequent tasters often makes a man very nervous, and most of these men soon acquire a nervous habit for tea and drink nothing but coffee. There are some connoisseurs of tea, as well as whiskey."—Philadelphia News.

The King.
Who is the king in this beautiful land,
In this beautiful land of the palm and pine?
With its valleys green and its mountains grand,
With its oil and corn and wine?
With its mines of silver and gold, its gems,
Fit for the king's diadem;
With its cities fair and its prairies free,
Stretching from sea to sea?
Who wears the sign, on his brow and hand,
Of king in this beautiful land?
Is it he who holds in his hands the keys
Of the vaults where the gold and silver hide?
Whose great white ships on the mighty seas
Laden with treasures ride?
Is it he who looks to the east and west,
And sees, wherever his glances rest,
His own green vines, his fertile fields,
Fit for his ever-bountiful yield?
Does he wear the seal and sign
Of king by the right divine?
Is it he whose need of a noble fame
Is won on the terrible fields of war?
Whom the nations hail with a loud acclaim
As hero and conqueror?
Or is it he who in patience dwells
For the wisdom stored on the centuries' shelves?
Who seeks with a master's eye to scan
The secrets hidden in nature's plan?
Shall we crown the scholar with one accord,
Or him of the conquering sword?

Is it that one who sings wonderful songs,
Whose lips are touched with the altar fire?
Who awakes the heart of the listening throng
As the wind the churched lyre?
Is it he who carves from the marble white
His own great thought for the world's delight?
Is it he who paints in colors rare
As those that his own dream-pictures wear?
Shall artist or poet for their renown
Wear the scepter and the crown?

Though the poet his trusty song shall sing,
Though the drum of fame for the soldier beat,
Though the scholar his trusty lore shall bring
And lay at a glad world's feet,
Though the picture glow and the marble gleam,
With the beauty born of the artist's dream,
Though the lands of silver in his hand shall hold
Treasures of silver and finest gold,
Though crowned with honors fair and fit,
None of these on the throne shall sit.

Is there then no one in this beautiful land,
This fairest land on the great round globe,
To wear the ring on his royal hand?
To wear the purple robe?
From the east and the west a voice comes forth,
From the smiling south, from the icy north,
From the sounding sea, from the heights so rare,
From the valleys that lie between,
We hear it echo and surge and sing,
We hear it, and the M^{AN} is the king.

The leaf of laurel that genius wears,
The soldier's fame or the learned degree,
That the scholar wins, lo, the voice declares,
That the MAN is more than these.

He stands in a realm as high and broad
As the heart of nature, the path of God,
The realm of manhood, and who can reign
As a ruler who in that vast domain?
He needs no purple, no robe, no ring,
For he is a twice-crowned king.
In this beautiful land of the free,
A king is he.

"PRINCE" KNEELS.
We were discussing dogs and their instinct and intelligence, when Capt. Clark, a native of Illinois, related an incident that will bear repeating to the general public.

About ten years ago the Captain purchased some land on the south bank of the big Wichita River, Texas, and a few months later went out to make arrangements for establishing a ranch. He took with him a large shepherd dog of great natural intelligence. From Fort Worth he journeyed to within twenty-five miles of his destination by rail. At the fort he hired a horse for a week, got his directions about the roads, and set off on a good spirit. It was lovely weather and a bracing atmosphere, and the Captain was jolly enough until, after the first five miles had been covered he noticed that "Prince," the dog, was acting in a queer manner. Three different times the dog headed the horse as if to turn him back, and when this did not avail he "sat down" on the road and howled in the most dismal manner. The Captain got down to look him over, but could find nothing wrong. The dog would look up at him and whine and bark and run back toward the town, and when his master refused to follow him he again set up a lamentable howling. No such conduct had ever been noticed in him before, and the Captain finally concluded that the dog was "off" on account of the change of climate. He left the town at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, calculating to stop over night at a ranch eighteen miles distant, and after wasting a quarter of an hour with the dog, he remounted and rode on. Prince howled louder than ever, and by and by followed on, but with his tail and ears down, as if in great trouble.

Two things happened to prevent the Captain from reaching the ranch as he had planned. A thunderstorm drove him to the shelter of a grove for an hour, and in pursuing his journey again he got among the cattle trails and lost his way. The dog kept up his strange conduct one or twice the captain was on the point of shooting him, believing that he had gone mad. It was 9 o'clock in the evening with another storm threatening, when the horseman drew up at a cabin on a small creek flowing into the Wichita. He had seen the light from afar off and had made a short cut to reach it. In response to his call an evil-looking woman about 40 years old came to the door and to his request to be accommodated for the night she granted a ready reply in the affirmative. While the horse was being cared for in a brush stable, the man of the house came home, having been out hunting. He had a face even more vicious than the woman's and but for the breaking of the storm Clark would have resumed his journey. The supper consisted of hot cake and bacon, and the house and everything in it indicated idleness and poverty. The woman had no questions to ask but

the man was full of them. The captain evaded some and answered others untruthfully, but yet the settler got an idea of who he was and what had brought him into the neighborhood. The last seen of the dog was when Clarke rode to the house. Prince halted 500 feet away and began, but after a few minutes his noise ceased and no more was seen or heard of him.

At 10 o'clock, with the storm still raging, Capt. Clark went to bed. There were two rooms in the house, with a bed in each room, and he had the front room. While he did not by any means like the looks of the pair, he had no suspicions that they intended him harm. He was well armed, a brave man, and he did not intend to sleep too soundly. There was neither lock nor catch on his door, and he kept it closed by placing a light stand against it. He had gone to the door and whistled for Prince before removing his clothes, but the dog had in no manner responded. Nevertheless, the Captain was only fairly in bed when the dog came to the outer door, sniffed about for a minute, and then set up a howling. The master got up to let him in, but he ran away. It now seemed quite certain that Prince was mad, and the Captain made up his mind to shoot him the first thing in the morning.

"I was just getting to sleep," he explained, "when the dog returned again. I heard him sniff about the door, and pretty soon he howled again, but very softly this time. It was a sort of wail, and it made me shiver. It struck me that there was a note of warning in it, but I was vexed and out of patience with Prince, and I determined to give him no further attention. He was off in a minute or two, and after thinking over the matter for a quarter of an hour I fell asleep. It was after midnight when I was awakened. The dog had his nose at the bottom of the door, and was howling loud enough to scare the dead. My first thought was to get up and shoot him, but as I heard a movement in the next room, I hesitated for a moment. I heard the man walk across the floor in his bare feet and open the back door and go out. No doubt he had gone to drive Prince away, and I settled back in bed and thanked him for it. The dog ran off, but though I listened long and intently I did not hear the man return. I did hear something between a groan and a shout, but supposed he had cried out to the dog. The storm was over now and the light of the moon flooding into the room, and as I turned over to woe sleep again my face was toward the door, and I saw that the door was ajar. I rose up on my elbow to get a better look, and at that instant the dog was pushed further open and in came the woman. She had a light axe in her hands, and no sooner had she made out that I was awake than she sprang forward and struck at me with all her might. I had no time to study or calculate, but evaded the blow by instinct. She struck at my head, and I drew myself downward, with only an inch or two to spare. The blow fell I twisted myself out of bed, and before the woman could strike again I had her weigh 165 pounds, and there are few men who can lay me on my back, but I tell you I had to exert myself to conquer that woman. She had muscle and pluck, and it was not until I got a good hold on her throat that she wilted. Our struggle lasted fully five minutes, and during all that time Prince was at the door barking and growling in the most furious manner. I had just worsted the woman when the dog came in by way of the back door, and he would have killed her if I had not restrained him. I told him to stand guard, and then proceeded to strike a light and dress me.

"I couldn't understand what had become of the husband. With the light in one hand and my revolver in the other, I inspected the back room, but he was not there. I had heard him pass out, and why had he not returned? I looked out of the back door, and the mystery was explained. There lay the man on the broad of his back, feet drawn up and arms extended, and he was dead. I could see no wound, and I knew that no pistol had been fired. After hesitating a bit, I seized hold of him and turned him over, and there in his back, driven clear up to the hilt, was a knife. I did not attempt to pull it out, but returned to the woman. She had recovered from the choking and was sitting up, but Prince would permit no further move. Her hair hung down about her body, and added to this was the fact that her face was all blood. Taken altogether, she was about as hard a sight as I had ever seen. I had no sooner entered the room than she began to curse and revile me, using the most awful oaths and indulging in the most terrible threats.

"It was not until daylight, that I had a satisfactory explanation. The couple had determined from the first to murder me. About midnight, or as soon as the storm passed over me, my horse was saddled and led out. They knew I was armed, but heard me snore in my sleep, and the man had the door open almost wide enough to admit his body when Prince came back and awoke me with his howling. The man retreated and went out doors to settle the dog. There was a clothes line stretched from the corner of the cabin to a tree, and as he was moving rapidly along this caught him under the chin and flung him backward. He had the knife in his hand, and as he fell it was twisted about in such a manner that he fell upon it. The woman went out and found him gasping his last. She knew if he had come about by accident, and she was not shocked. On the contrary, she determined to finish me herself and ride off on the horse. Well, I could have made her trouble, but I didn't. I tied her in such a way that she could not release herself for an hour, and then rode away.

Chastity Work of Art.
In the Pitti Palace, at Florence, is a table which for originality in the matter of construction and ghostliness in conception is probably without a rival. It was made by Giuseppe Sagatti, who passed several years of his life in its manufacture. To the casual observer it gives the impression of a curious mosaic of marbles of different shades and colors, for it looks like polished stone. In reality it is composed of human muscles and viscera. No less than a hundred bodies were requisitioned for the material. The table is round and about a yard in diameter, with a pedestal and four claw feet, the whole being formed of petrified human remains. The ornaments of the pedestal are made from the intestines, the claws, with hearts, livers, and lungs, the natural color of which is preserved. The table-top is constructed of muscles artistically arranged, and it is bordered with upward of a hundred eyes, the effect of which is said to be highly artistic, since they retain all their lustre, and seem to follow the observer. Sagatti died about fifty years ago. He obtained his bodies from the hospitals and indured them by impregnation with mineral salts.—[Medical Press.

Thirty Millions of Cucumbers.
At Fredericksburg, Va., a place made famous by a great battle during the civil war, a pickle factory has been started. One of the specialties produced by it is pickled cucumbers. The cucumbers are grown on the poor and worn-out lands of that section and the ground must be heavily manured. The cultivation of these vegetables appears to be a trivial affair, but it has grown to be an important industry. The Richmond Whig gives the following important particular of it: This season the supply has reached 30,000,000 cucumbers, those engaged in their production furnishing from 200,000 to 1,000,000 each. An acre will produce 100,000, and they sell in Fredericksburg at 80 cents per 1,000. The object is to get them an inch or an inch and a half long, and this requires active picking before they increase this size. A boy will pick 3,000 in a day. Picking them thus early increases the productiveness of the vine, and, while the season lasts others are appearing in place of those taken from the vines.—[Piscayune.

A Hospital Without Alcohol.
Thirteen years ago a hospital was started in London on the plan of discarding the use of alcohol except where every other means failed. Since the beginning only four cases out of tens of thousands have been treated with alcohol, and the percentage of recoveries has been much larger than in any other hospital.—[Chicago Times.

"Now, then, to return to the dog. He acted perfectly natural from the moment his safety was assured. If his previous conduct did not come from an instinct that danger menaced me, tell me what it was? Didn't he know the danger better than I did, and didn't he do everything he could to warn me?"—[New York Sun.

Type of American Beauty.
When the people of the United States shall be deprived of the constant influx of foreign blood from Europe, they will finally develop into a fixed and regular American type. This peculiarity will have as its distinguishing characteristics slenderness of form, disposition to great muscular activity, extreme nervous sensitiveness, remarkable quickness of intellectual apprehension and a general alertness.

These are to a great extent the characteristics of the American Indians, and when the white race shall become thoroughly localized in North America it will conform to the type of the Indians in their chief physical qualities. That the whites who have been in America for a few generations have already begun to assume the Indian type of bodily configuration has repeatedly been recognized and declared by competent physiologists and anatomists. The artists, who are ever alive to the peculiarities of form, have not failed to notice that a certain slenderness of figure has become so far characteristic of the Americans that it has never been omitted in any pictorial representations, and the typical Yankee of the caricaturist, as well as the typical Southerner, is always shown as a tall, slender, muscular, nervous personage. It may not be out of place to add to the testimony of the physiologist and the artist on these points that of the commercial man, which is fully corroborative of their observation. An importer of French and German gloves said to the writer that such articles intended for the American trade had to be manufactured expressly because the hands of the Americans are longer in proportion to breadth than those of the typical French and German people, and the fingers as a rule are longer and more slender.

Enough has been said to show that there will one day be a characteristic type of form for the American people, and that there will in consequence be a type of American beauty. Already the American women are being recognized as the most beautiful in the world. The uncrowned queens and untitled princesses from the United States are by the force of their charms rapidly winning titles and social supremacy among the old world aristocracy. But the American women are only in the infancy of their reign in the realms of beauty. They are to have their charms recognized throughout the civilized world as the queen of loveliness, and what the Egyptian women were to the world for many centuries 2,000 to 3,000 years ago the American women will be in the future. —[Piscayune.

ABOUT BEDS.
Some of Their Peculiarities in Ancient Times.
Beds and Bedsteads Formerly Used in England.

The beds of the ancients had in general few peculiarities to distinguish them from our simpler forms. Both the Greeks and the Romans had their beds supported on frames that resembled our modern bedsteads, feather and wool mattresses were common, and the bed-clothing, in the luxurious period of each nation, was richly decorated with elaborate needle work. The Britons, when conquered by Caesar, slept on skins, after the manner of our North American Indians, but at a later period they made use of straw sacks as beds. The ancient Egyptians had a couch of peculiar shape and a profusion of soft cushions and richly embroidered drapery. Most of the beds mentioned in the Bible were probably of the ordinary simple kind.

During the middle ages beds were made of coarse canvas and filled with straw or leaves. These could be opened and the litter re-made daily, as is the custom today with the mattresses in the old-fashioned inns of France and Italy. The bedsteads were low-posted and usually had a canopy at the head. In the Bayeux tapestry Edward the Confessor is represented lying upon a raised seat, his head supported by squared pillows, and the canopy over his head is attached to the wall. Scott in his romance of "Ivanhoe," describes one of the beds in the mansion of Cedric the Saxon, as consisting of a rude "hatch or bed-frame, stuffed with clean straw and accommodated with two or three sheepskins by way of bed-clothes." The bed of the Lady Rowena "was adorned with rich tapestry and surrounded with curtains of dyed purple."

The house of the ancient English gentleman was not, as a general thing, provided with bedrooms. A chamber or shed was built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies, and in this little cell the lord and his lady slept. Sometimes there was another chamber of the same kind built for the daughter or young ladies of the house. Many allusions to such bedrooms are found in Chaucer. As a general thing the young men of the house and the guests slept on tables and benches in the great hall where wooden coverlets or blankets were provided for warmth. Servants and attendants slept on the floor.

Later on, in the time of the Tudors, the "four-poster bedstead," an immense piece of furniture, having a canopy supporter at each corner of the posts, became the fashionable sleeping couch. Some of the old wills mention "posted set work bedsteads." These paneled bedsteads were sometimes of elegant and massive architecture. The columns resembled huge balusters, and rose from square dado bases and all the frame pieces were carved with decorative moldings of various patterns. On some of the earlier bedsteads the column terminated with figures representing the four evangelists.

Under these great "set work" bedsteads were put trundle-beds for the body servants and children. It is related of a Spanish page who went to England with his master in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that one day, while wandering about the spacious mansion, he entered the rooms where the maids were making the beds, and spying the arrangements of the sliding beds was quite taken with them. In his own country he had slept on straw in the hostler's loft, but in England he had found that rather uncomfortable on account of the cold. So he says to his master: "Sir, there are a sort of little beds under the great beds in this house, which they say are for servants; I pray you to suffer me to lie in one of them." In the sleeping chamber was usually a "perch," answering to an old-fashioned clothes-horse. On it, says an old writer, "hang your clothes, mantles, frocks, cloaks, doublets, furs, winter clothes and of summer."

Shakespeare's "second best bed," with "the furniture," which he bequeathed to his wife, Ann Hathaway, was undoubtedly one of those huge Elizabethan bedsteads with canopy, curtains and square pillows. The furniture consisted of the "hanged beds," "harden sheets," of fine flax, "flock beds coverlets," "pillow beer" and "counter squares," so named from the fact that the squares were in contrasting colors. The well-to-do gentleman of the late middle ages kept a good supply of bedding.

The "Great Bed of Ware," mentioned by Shakespeare is probably the largest bed in the world. It is of Tudor style, twelve feet square, of solid oak, and elaborately carved. For three centuries or more it has been preserved at the inn of the Saracen's head in the town of Ware, in Hertfordshire. As many as twelve persons are said to have slept in it at one time.—[Cosmopolitan Review.

First Ballooning in America.
In America, a man, named James Wilcox, was hired by the Academy of Philosophy, in Philadelphia, to make the first balloon ascension. He went up in December, 1783, in a car attached not to one large balloon, but to 47 small ones, all filled with hydrogen gas. After passing safely over the city, he found that he was nearing the Schuylkill river, and dreading to cross it, he hurriedly opened some of the balloons so as to descend. In his fright, however, he unfortunately let out too much at once, and was hurled down so violently that he fell from the car and coated his wrist.—[The Earth.

Messrs. Edison and Gilliland are at work upon some device which shall register a message coming by telephone. Valuable results are expected.

Melodious sounding electric whistles are a novelty, and are said to be taking the place of electric bells in France. The whistle is made by fitting a small brass tube with suitable apertures so that it opens against the spring of a suitably formed communicator.

Experiments seem to show that a large ocean steamer, going at nineteen knots an hour, will move over about two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile or a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress. The violent collisions in some cases during fog may thus be accounted for.

A London paper says that more than 2,000,000 glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, and one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually. The pupil is made of colored glass, and sometimes red lines are painted on the inner surface to simulate the veins. The largest number of these eyes are bought by laborers who are exposed to fire, and are consequently liable to lose an eye.

A man in Iowa has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is an almost exact counterpart of the old-style boring machine. It will cut a 2x4 mortise in from four to five minutes, and doing it with perfect accuracy, that a carpenter cannot possibly complete in less than half an hour.

Over 600 railway cars, composed almost wholly of steel and iron, are being built in England for the railways of Hindostan. The climate conditions of India are as destructive of wooden cars as is the climate of this country, where cars require continual repairs, and wear out even faster when not in use than when actively employed. Car repair here is a large item in the expenditures of the railway companies, and one not easily reduced. The experience of the East Indian railways in the use of steel cars will be noted with interest.

A striking instance of labor-saving machinery is that which makes tin cans. One of the machines used in the process, solves the longitudinal seams of the cans at the rate of fifty a minute, the cans rushing along in a continuous stream. Of course a drop or two of solder is left on the can. The drop on the outside is easily wiped off, but it is not so easy to secure the drop left on the inside. An ingenious workman has patented an arrangement for wiping the inside of the can without stopping the machinery. Result, several thousand dollars in royalties in his own pocket, and a saving of fifteen dollars' worth of solder per day to the firm that uses it. Thirty thousand cans are a day's work for this machine.

A Tale of Restitution.
At one of his Northfield meetings recently Mr. Moody, who was preaching about "Prayer," said: "Man may pray like a saint, but if he has a dollar in his pocket not acquired honestly his prayer is a sham, and he must make restitution if he expects ever to have God hear his prayer." Thereupon a merchant from Dallas, Tex., rose in the audience and told a story that emphasized this point. He had, he said, got dishonestly from men in his business some \$5,500, and had built a house with the money. Then Mr. Moody happened along and preached on this subject of restitution, and the merchant was present. "I heard you," he said, pointing to Mr. Moody, "and I went out into the street conscience-stricken. I went straight home and told my wife that we must sell that house and restore the money. And we did. We held an auction, and our carpets, our laces, our furniture all left us, and with the proceeds we made restitution." The man then told how he and his wife started again in life with nothing, and how he had prospered. His credit, his prosperity had never been so good.

Two Tales of Toddlers.
"Mamma, my father has taken a cake. Always ask mamma when you want a cake."
"Please, mamma," said the rogue, mckly, pointing down his throat, "may I have dis one?"

"Mamma," said a little girl of four, whose father pays very little attention to the dinner hour, "Pap, is just like the moon, isn't he?"
"Why, my dear?"
"Because he comes a little later every night."—[Epoch.

In For It.
Curtis has just eighty cents in his pocket. Lobster salad is forty cents a plate, and hard crabs sixty.
Curtis (after scanning the bill of fare with monumental relief): I'm so sorry. I wanted you to try a Maryland crab, but they're not on the bill.

Miss Fortune (sweetly): Oh! do inquire for them. I saw a hamper of them being unloaded just as we came in the door.—[Tid-Bits.

Wanted the Earth.
"I never knew till last week what a grasping nature Miggs has."
"Miggs? Why, I thought he was the most unassumingly generous little fellow in the crowd."
"Well, I went yachting with him last week, and before we got a mile from Sandy Hook he was wanting the earth."

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.
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A striking instance of labor-saving machinery is that which makes tin cans. One of the machines used in the process, solves the longitudinal seams of the cans at the rate of fifty a minute, the cans rushing along in a continuous stream. Of course a drop or two of solder is left on the can. The drop on the outside is easily wiped off, but it is not so easy to secure the drop left on the inside. An ingenious workman has patented an arrangement for wiping the inside of the can without stopping the machinery. Result, several thousand dollars in royalties in his own pocket, and a saving of fifteen dollars' worth of solder per day to the firm that uses it. Thirty thousand cans are a day's work for this machine.

A Tale of Restitution.
At one of his Northfield meetings recently Mr. Moody, who was preaching about "Prayer," said: "Man may pray like a saint, but if he has a dollar in his pocket not acquired honestly his prayer is a sham, and he must make restitution if he expects ever to have God hear his prayer." Thereupon a merchant from Dallas, Tex., rose in the audience and told a story that emphasized this point. He had, he said, got dishonestly from men in his business some \$5,500, and had built a house with the money. Then Mr. Moody happened along and preached on this subject of restitution, and the merchant was present. "I heard you," he said, pointing to Mr. Moody, "and I went out into the street conscience-stricken. I went straight home and told my wife that we must sell that house and restore the money. And we did. We held an auction, and our carpets, our laces, our furniture all left us, and with the proceeds we made restitution." The man then told how he and his wife started again in life with nothing, and how he had prospered. His credit, his prosperity had never been so good.

Two Tales of Toddlers.
"Mamma, my father has taken a cake. Always ask mamma when you want a cake."
"Please, mamma," said the rogue, mckly, pointing down his throat, "may I have dis one?"

"Mamma," said a little girl of four, whose father pays very little attention to the dinner hour, "Pap, is just like the moon, isn't he?"
"Why, my dear?"
"Because he comes a little later every night."—[Epoch.

In For It.
Curtis has just eighty cents in his pocket. Lobster salad is forty cents a plate, and hard crabs sixty.
Curtis (after scanning the bill of fare with monumental relief): I'm so sorry. I wanted you to try a Maryland crab, but they're not on the bill.

Miss Fortune (sweetly): Oh! do inquire for them. I saw a hamper of them being unloaded just as we came in the door.—[Tid-Bits.

Wanted the Earth.
"I never knew till last week what a grasping nature Miggs has."
"Miggs? Why, I thought he was the most unassumingly generous little fellow in the crowd."
"Well, I went yachting with him last week, and before we got a mile from Sandy Hook he was wanting the earth."

OPELOUSAS FEMALE INSTITUTE.
Opeλουςας St. Landry Parish, La.
THIS Institution will resume duties Monday, September 23rd, 1885, under the immediate supervision of Mrs. M. M. Hayes and Mrs. M. A. Davis, with competent assistants. The scholastic year consists of four weeks.

TERMS OF TUITION.
Preparatory Department, per month, \$2.00
Academic Department, per month, \$3.00
Music, with use of piano, \$1.00
Boarding, including washing, light and fuel, \$3.00
Linen, \$1.00
Incidental fee, \$1.00
Total, \$11.00

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 so arranged as to train the mind to habits of correct thinking and thorough investigation. No student will be allowed to enter higher classes until she has completed the course of study assigned. Parents and guardians may rest assured that the management of this school is in the hands of competent and experienced teachers.

No deduction for absence, unless in case of protracted illness. The location of the town is beautiful and easy of access. The boarding department is under the immediate charge of Mrs. Hayes. Boarding will be provided for students with blankets and towels. For particulars apply to Mrs. Hayes, Opeλουςας, La.
July 23rd 1885
MRS. M. M. HAYES,
Principal.

ICE ICE ICE
At 2 1/2 Cents per pound at retail.
In quantities and a factory production in large lots, at the Grocery store of
A. L. LACOMBE
Main St., adf. Courier Office, Opelousas.
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TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.
A centrally located and desirable business stand in a street of Opelousas, consisting of building suitable for residence and a small store, and adjoining a bakery, being the property next to the post-office. This property will be sold very cheap for cash, or half pay at once and balance on terms to suit the purchaser. Apply at this office or to S. M. Edmond C. Dupre
March 25-87

FOR SALE.
A Fine Residence, with all necessary outbuildings and improvements, and sufficient lots for a small farm, adjoining the post-office. One or two lots, will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.
d14f

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The course of instruction embraces English, French, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Book-keeping, Natural Science, History, Geography, Penmanship and great care is bestowed on Christian instruction.
Terms: Board and tuition per month \$12; Day Scholars per month, \$2, \$3 or \$4, according to class. Classes are resumed on Monday, September 23rd, 1885.
REV. G. RAYMOND, D. D.,
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Aug. 29, 1885. A. BLANC DUCHESSAT.

CONVENT OF
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The course of studies in this Institution is most extensive, embracing all the branches taught in the best institutions of America or Europe.
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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. a2f

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