In Ohio 100 farmers' institutes will be held this winter as part of the commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the State.

Female passengers from Europe are giving New York Custom House officers much trouble, on account of their propensity to smuggle. One week recently not less than eighty-six women who came on a single ship were detected with contraband articles on their persons of the value of $6,718

There is a chain of prairie dog towns along the Texas and Pacific Railroad for a distance of 100 miles. Some of the villages cover five acres of ground. Hunters say it is almost impossible to kill one of the dogs and get his body, so quickly does he dive into his hole at the explosion of a gun. Deluging their holes with water will not drive them out.

The onion crop is said to be short all over the country. In Massachusetts the yield is small. The Connecticut crop is slight; the average yield on 800 acres is 100 barrels an acre, much below last spring, and inferior in size and keeping quality. The onion-growing towns of New York generally report a small crop. The New Jersey crop is also short. The same story comes from all over the West.

Since the establishment of the French republic, about two hundred statues have been raised in France. The minister of public works, not content with these monuments has proposed that in celebration of the centenary of the Revolution, a commemorative monument or column of the Revolution should be erected in every commune in France. This would entail 40,000 monuments at one stroke.

A Scranton (Penn.) manufacturing company recently completed the largest boiler ever constructed in America. It is to be used in the Calumet and Hecla copper mines of Michigan, from which during the past month $777,000 worth of copper has been taken. The boiler is the tenth one purchased by the company during the present year. It is 35 feet 4 inches in length, 10 feet 6 inches wide, and 11 feet 6 inches high. It would require one man 2200 days to build the boiler. It weighs 45 tons, and is of 1000 horse power. There are 50 "hand holes" for the purpose of cleaning the boiler, which may serve to illustrate its immense size.

Claus Spreckels, the California sugar king, recently addressed 600 farmers on the question of raising sugar beets. He said that they could net from $50 to $75 an acre for beets; that he would put up a factory to make beet sugar that would consume 850 tons of beets each twenty-four hours, providing the farmers guaranteed to cultivate a certain number of acres in beets each year. If one factory wasn't enough, he'd build another, or give $100,000 toward one, if the farmers wanted to build it themselves. He said in conclusion: "I am now in my sixtieth year, and it would kill me to fail in what I undertake to do. It is not money that is an object to me, but I want the people of California to be able to show that Claus Spreckels has done something for this state when his bones are at rest. If my life is spared, I want to see all the sugar that is used in the United States grown here, and I want to see this country export it.

The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court declaring the Green driven well patent invalid, affords a wide measure of relief to innocent well owners in all parts of the country. The patent claim in question was sprung upon the public in 1872, after thousands of wells had been sunk in all quarters in ignorance of any such pretensions, and since that date stubborn litigation has been going on between the owners and assignees of the alleged patent and the well owners, over attempts to collect royalties. In some states associations of well owners combined to resist the claim and it was one of these associations that carried the Hovey case from court to court to final arbitrament by the highest judicial tribunal. W. D. Andrews & Brother of New York City, who, as assignees of Green, claim to own and control the working rights under the alleged patent for the States of New York and Pennsylvania, recently estimated that there were about 300,000 driven wells in the two States, upon each of which they had a claim of $10 royalty, aggregating $3,000,000, to be collected from the well-owners. They admitted having already collected $160,000 from persons who preferred to settle at once rather than embark in costly litigation.

How Caviare is Made.

Caviare is the roe of the sturgeon tribe of fish, but salmon and pike roes are usually added to assist in increasing the bulk. The roe is cleaned, then washed with vinegar, salted and dried, when it is packed in casks. The best quality is prepared more carefully from the sturgeon alone. The salting is conducted in long, narrow bags of linen, which are hung along a cord and half filled with roe. A very strong brine is then poured into each bag until it overflows.

When the brine has all passed through the bags are taken down, carefully squeezed to exclude all superfluous liquid and after a short exposure to the air packed in casks. The finest quality of caviare is made from sterlet's roe, but this is said not to find its way into commerce, being reserved mainly for the Czar's table. It has been stated that 1,000,000 pounds of caviare are annually packed at Astrakhan alone.—[Philadelphia Star.

Their Heritage.

The rich man's son inherits land,
And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would service turn;
A heritage it would seem to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art!
A heritage it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor.
Courage if sorrow comes to bear it,
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens soft white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state,
There is worse weariness than thine
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

JOHN DALE'S ALIBI.

BY WALLACE P. REED.

Early in the present century the Killingworth colliery was one of the most important mines in England. Railroads at that day had not been dreamed of, but the smoothest turn-pike road in the kingdom made transportation from the mine to the city an easy matter.

A long July day was melting into the shades of evening when John Dale emerged from the village tavern and walked across the common. He was a young fellow, stoutly built, and his rough garb showed him to be a laborer.

Dale's face was flushed, and as he fanned himself with his hat it would have been plain even to a casual observer in the twilight that he had taken more strong drink than was good for him.

The young man had spent the day in the tavern, and had reached the wide-awake, surly and dangerous stage of intoxication.

As he walked slowly along he cursed the tavern-keeper for refusing him credit.

"He has my wages," he said, "and now he tells me to get out. Well, it is all right."

He paused and looked back. He could see a score or more of miners making their way to the tavern. They had just been released from their work, and were going to make a night of it.

"I was a fool," muttered Dale, "to spend the day there by myself, when if I had saved my money and waited, I could have been with those good fellows. But it is too late to talk about it."

The sound of footsteps attracted his attention, and he saw a feeble-looking old man with a pack on his back moving slowly across the common.

"The peddler," said Dale bitterly, "the stingy old rascal who laughed when Oakes ordered me off the premises. Curse him! I heard his gold clinking in his pack, and he stood jeering at me when I was burning up for a drink!"

A cloud settled over the young man's heavy, sodden face, and his frowning brow and lurid eyes had a menacing look.

For a moment he stood motionless, struggling with the idea uppermost in his mind, and then he darted off after the vanishing form of the peddler.

It was perhaps an hour later when John Dale, under cover of the darkness, slipped into the grimy workshop of George Stephenson, his employer.

He lit a tallow candle and looked at his hands.

"Blood!" he exclaimed, "I thought so—I felt it."

The ruddy glow had left his face, and nothing but his flaming eyes indicated his condition. Going to a tub of water in one corner of the shop, he carefully washed his hands, and then examined his garments.

"Good!" he cried, after a brief but searching inspection. "No traces are left now, and I am ready for the other part of the job. But I wonder what Master Stephenson would think of this! Who would have thought that the old crank's invention would prove my salvation?"

When he uttered these words his eyes were upon an odd-looking machine in the middle of the room. It was a queer, clumsy-looking contrivance, but it was destined to revolutionize the world.

It was the first locomotive.

Month after month John Dale had worked in secret with his cranky master on this machine. Outside of the shop nobody knew exactly what was going on, and the hireling grew so interested in his work that even in his drunken moments he kept Stephenson's secret to himself.

Now as he stood there, looking at the little iron monster, emitting jets of steam and fired up ready for a start, Dale could not repress a smile of satisfaction. He pulled a handful of the peddler's gold from his pocket and jingled it in his hand.

"I know what it can do," he said; "it will run twenty-five miles an hour, and that will be enough to make me safe."

The simple preparations that had to be made did not take long. Stephenson had made his machine with a view to meeting the requirements of turnpike travel, as there were no railway tracks to try it on, and the concern was more like a steam road wagon than anything else. Occasionally at midnight the inventor had tested it on a lonely country road, and more than once Dale had stolen off with it for a solitary ride.

It was eleven o'clock by the time-piece over the bar at the Red Lion, in the hamlet of Medburg when John Dale walked in and called for a drink of brandy. Every man in the jolly crowd knew him, and he received a hearty greeting.

"What is the hour?" asked Dale, carelessly.

"Just eleven," shouted a dozen voices.

"Well, I'll stay awhile," said the new-comer, and he took a seat at one of the tables. For an hour or so the bottle was passed around in a lively way, but after awhile the revelers found that their generous visitor had taken his departure.

"When did he go?" several asked.

Nobody could answer the question, and after another round of drinks the men dispersed.

At two o'clock in the morning John Dale locked up Master Stephenson's steam monster in the workshop, and sought his bed in the loft overhead. He had made good time. As the crow flies, Medburg was just fifty miles from Killingworth colliery."

The coroner's inquest over the murdered peddler lasted three days. It was the most exciting event that had ever occurred in the annals of Killingworth.

Circumstantial evidence was strongly against John Dale. He had left the tavern and crossed the common at seven o'clock. A few moments later the peddler had gone in the same direction. A few minutes before eight the peddler was found dead with his throat cut and pack rifled. Between seven and eight all the men in the village could be satisfactorily accounted for except Dale. Unless he could prove an alibi he was in a ugly fix.

The suspected man was arrested, but he stoutly asserted his innocence, and even declared that he was at Medburg at eleven o'clock on the night of the murder.

This was denied by the Killingworth tavern-keeper, who declared that he had put Dale out of his house at seven o'clock. He furthermore said that the prisoner had spent most of the day boozing in a private room, but as it chanced, he had not been seen by any visitor except the peddler.

On the second day men began to come in from Medburg, and by the third day of the inquest more than a dozen reliable witnesses had testified that Dale had been in the tap room of the Red Lion at Medburg at eleven o'clock on the night in question.

In those days it was nonsense to suppose that a man could be at Killingworth between seven and eight and turn up fifty miles away at eleven. Horseflesh was not equal to such a trip. The Medburg alibi was held to be amply sufficient to warrant the discharge of the prisoner, but the Killingworth tavern-keeper rushed away from the inquest declaring that he was either crazy or Satan had taken a hand in the business.

Dale had a hard time pushing through the crowd, as nearly every man present wanted to shake him by the hand and congratulate him upon his success in establishing his innocence.

Throughout these demonstrations Dale preserved a stolid face. He had but little to say, and as soon as possible started for Stephenson's workshop.

He had gone about half way when he met Stephenson himself. The inventor's usually mild countenance wore an expression of stern reproof.

"Where now, John?" asked Stephenson in a strident tone.

"To the shop, sir," replied the workman.

"You will never darken my door again," said Stephenson. "See here, John, I don't know that you killed the peddler, but I know how you made out your alibi."

Dale started, and his face blanched.

"I passed the tavern late in the afternoon and saw you at a window," said Stephenson, "so it is useless to pretend that the landlord lied about your presence. He told the truth. The other fellows told the truth, too, about your arrival at Medburg at eleven o'clock. Now, you villain, we two are the only living persons that understand the mystery of this thing. I know what my machine can do, and you know. Whether you committed the murder or not, you rode on my steam machine to Medburg that night. I know it; I have seen the marks of rough usage and the fuel that I had has all been used."

"Well," said Dale, sulkily, "what are you going to do?"

"I will save you, if I can," answered Stephenson; "but you must leave here at once, and never return."

Dale reflected a moment, and then held out his hand.

"I will right about face and march off now," he said. "You have treated me well, Master Stephenson."

"None of that!" answered the old man. "Go at once, and I will be silent, but I will not take your hand."

The young man hung his head, and turning his back to Stephenson, made for the highway. He had not gone ten steps before he heard a shout.

"Dale!"

He stopped and waited to hear what was coming.

"I say, Dale, did she run smoothly?"

"Like lightning, Master Stephenson."

"And you averaged twenty-five miles an hour?"

"A little more than that."

"Then my fortune is made," said Stephenson. "Farewell, and may I never see your face again!"

John Dale pulled his hat over his eyes and walked off with his face toward the city.

He was never heard from after his departure from Killingworth.

Two years later Stephenson's machine was perfected and took its place among the wonders of the world.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Elephant in History.

The ancients were well acquainted with the elephant, which formed a part of the fighting material of every great conqueror's army and shared in all triumphal processions; but when Rome no longer sent out her armies to forage the world for wonders as well as for plunder, the elephant became to Southern Europe a mythical marvel only.

After the time of the early Byzantine monarchs there is no mention of the "huge earth-shaking beast," as Pliny called it, in European history, until the year 802, when "the good Haroun Al Raschid." Caliph of the Saracens, sent an elephant to Charlemagne.

In 1256 Louis IX. of France brought from Egypt an African elephant which he sent to Henry III. of England. The elephant was kept in the Tower of London, where, we judge, he had quite comfortable quarters, if the order given by the king to the Sheriff was obeyed, to wit: "We command you that of the form of our city you cause, without delay, to be built at our Tower of London one house of forty feet long and twenty feet deep for our elephant." What became of this well-provided beast and how long he lived the historian does not tell us.

Early in the sixteenth century King Emanuel of Portugal sent an elephant to Pope Leo X. This animal having, no doubt, been well tutored beforehand, immediately on appearing in the presence of His Holiness, sank upon his knees, an action which greatly impressed the Pope and his retainers.

In 1629 the king of Spain sent an elephant and five camels to king James I. of England. This latter monarch was extravagantly fond of pet animals, and had quite a menagerie at his palace, so that it may be imagined that he was particularly well pleased with this gift. Much better pleased indeed, than the chancellor of the exchequer was, for the English treasury was at that time sadly depleted. To pay the £150 which the king ordered given to the man who had brought the elephant took away every penny in the treasury, and made it necessary to refuse to allow the queen money for a journey which she wished to make to Scotland that year. And when an estimate was made of the cost of keeping the animal it was found to be £275 a year, and it was no wonder that Mr. Chancellor's groans were both loud and deep. And to make the matter worse, an additional charge was made for "liquors for the olifawnte." His keepers affirm that from the month of September until April he must drink not water, but "wyne," and from April until September he must have "a gallon of wyne a daye."—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Mexican Dandy.

Yonder goes the Dude of Yantepec, a wealthy young sugar-planter, whose ancestral acres stretch away beyond the limits of vision. He bestrides a prancing steed, whose pace is here known as "single step," and the gorgeous saddle and strappings that cover the animal almost out of sight must have cost a moderate fortune. Observe how gingerly he holds his gold-headed whip, and how the big diamond sparkles in the end of it! See his pearl-inlaid revolvers protruding from the sash of crimson silk which his short black jacket imperfectly conceals. His pantaloons, tight as two candle moulds, are decorated with double rows of genuine half dollars up the outside seams, set on so closely as to overlap and braid together with gold cord. The pointed toes of his tiny shoes are thrust into silver stirrups of enormous size, and from his heels dangle silver spurs that, ten to one, outweigh his feet. His great sombrero of white felt has a gold cable, large as your thumb, wound around and around it, and its broad, thick brim bears also a heavy arabesque of gold. His horse is so perfectly trained that the rider never uses the rein, but leans slightly to the right or the left to indicate his wish.

The moro, or groom, who rides behind at a respectful distance, forms an admirable foil to the gorgeousness of his master, whom he constantly eyes with an air of excessive pride and dignity, as one who says, "There he goes; just look at him! Isn't he a daisy? His hacienda covers a thousand square miles, and that white sombrero cost a hundred dollars if it cost a cent.—[Mexican Letter.

Marmot Tillage.

It appears that the marmots, like earthworms, have considerable influence in modifying the soil. During recent explorations in the Caspian steppes, Prof. Musketoff found that the marmots though they made their first appearance in the region only a few years ago, have already covered hundreds of square miles with their heaps of earth. These heaps average some eleven by eight feet in length and breadth, and from one to two feet in height; and it may be safely asserted that in each square mile of the area covered more than 100,000 cubic yards of earth have been brought to the surface by the little creatures. The effect upon vegetation is quite apparent.

THE FIRST NIHILIST.

Dramatic Career of a Young Russian Lieutenant.

An Unsuccessful Attempt to Assassinate His Empress.

The well-known German writer, Sacher-Masoch, gives in a recent number of the Revue Politique et Litteraire an interesting account of Tschoglokoff, the first Nihilist. He was a member of a secret society which succeeded the famous society of the "Besimenje" or "Anonymes," which was formed in the reign of Peter III. of Russia. This emperor was an ardent admirer of Frederick the Great of Russia and was hated by many of his subjects, not only on account of his incompetency as a ruler, but chiefly because of his efforts to introduce, especially into the army, German officers and customs. Although entrance into the society could only be obtained by enduring the severest proofs and by taking a terrible oath, it speedily became very large, numbering among its members persons from every rank. Finally the wife of the ill-fated Peter himself was won, through the influence of the beautiful Princess Daschkoff, and the conspirators felt themselves strong enough to attempt a revolution.

In 1762, the emperor was seized and strangled, and his faithless wife was seated upon the throne as the Empress Catharine II. Although this remarkable woman, a born ruler, attempted honestly to carry out the wishes of the society of the "Anonymes," which had given her the crown, and some of whose members she appointed to high positions, she did not satisfy the awakened hopes of very many among the more enlightened of her subjects.

They wanted far more than she was ready to grant, the abolition of serfdom, the community of goods, communal self-government and the free toleration of all religions—in a word, a Slav republic. To accomplish these ends, a new secret society was formed, chiefly of learned men, doctors, government officials and army officers.

A young lieutenant of the Imperial Guard, Tschoglokoff, was one of the most prominent members. Animated with a fervent patriotic spirit, energetic and courageous, with a fine personal appearance and endowed with a high degree of natural eloquence, he was eminently fitted to be a popular agitator.

He wrote a Memoir on the Situation in Russia, as viewed from his standpoint, and managed to have a copy put under a cushion of a sofa in the salon of the empress. When this seemed to have no effect, he determined to kill Catharine, whose tyranny he detested. It should be said, however, that it is by no means impossible that he was acting in obedience to a command issued by his society.

One night, when it was his duty to watch in the ante-chamber of the empress' sleeping apartment, he entered her bedroom. It was Catharine's frequent habit to read in bed and fortunately for herself she was doing so at that time and her room was fully lighted. Seeing the young man enter and draw his sword, she instantly devined his purpose, sprang to her feet, warded off the blow which he aimed at her, seized and held him until assistance came.

When put to the torture, Tschoglokoff showed an indomitable fortitude and refused to reveal the names of any of his accomplices. On his way to the place of execution he called upon the people to revolt, and mounted the scaffold with a firm step and unclouded face.

From the time of this attempt of the first Nihilist, Catharine II. was the prey of constant fears. Wisely however, she endeavored seriously to accomplish some of the reforms which Tschoglokoff in his memoir had advocated, although her efforts were utterly unsuccessful through the passive resistance of the nobility and high officials.

She took measures to face the serfs. She summoned a kind of Parliament chosen from the people to meet at Moscow, "that ancient city with a thousand and one domes," to propose and discuss the needed reforms. Although all her schemes failed, yet Catharine did what no man who ever sat on the Russian throne, before or since, has ever dared to do. Apparently, the blood of Tschoglokoff, the first Nihilist, was not shed in vain.

The Highest of American Peaks.

"The highest mountain in America" must now be changed from Mount St. Elias to Mount Wrangle, a little to the north. Several of these mountains have been newly measured. Mount Hood, once "roughly" estimated at 15,000 feet, then "closely" at 16,000, was brought down by triangulation to 13,000; an aneroid barometer made it 12,000, and a mercurial barometer 11,255. Mount St. Elias, estimated by D'Egelot to be 12,672 feet, is triangulated by Mr. Baker to 13,500. It now appears that Mount Wrangle, lying to the north, rises 18,400 feet above Copper River, which is in turn 2000 feet above the sea at that point. If this holds true, Mount Wrangle is at least 1000 feet higher than any other peak in North America. It lies within the United States boundary.—[Salt Lake Tribune.

Hypocracy.

Ethel. "Mamma, I am writing to Nellie Lee; shall I say anything for you?"

Mamma. "Writing to that contemptible person again? Yes, give her my love. How I detest that girl, to be sure!"—[Harper's Bazar.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Norman Lockyer, the English scientist, claims to have discovered that the origin of the universe is found in the meteorite.

No less than 269 little planets are now known in the asteroid zone, sixty of them having been discovered by Dr. J. Palisa, the well-known astronomer of Vienna.

The municipal gardeners of Paris raise 232 varieties of apples in the orchard of the Luxembourg Gardens. The fruit is divided into three parts; the finest specimens are sent to the Prefect of the Seine, the second part is given to the Val-de-Grace Military Hospital and the third is sold to the great Paris restaurants.

The singular fact is demonstrated that, while the most rapid cannon shots scarcely attain a velocity of 600 metres a second—over 1,500 miles per hour—meteorites are known to penetrate the air with a velocity of 40,000, or even 60,000 metres per second, a velocity which raises the air at once to a temperature of from 4,000 to 6,000 degrees Cent.

Experiments with the "diffusion process" of extracting sugar from the cane, which have recently been made in Louisiana, are very encouraging to those who believe in this mode of manufacture. It is claimed that by the diffusion process almost all the sugar is extracted, and, on this account, that the cane can be profitably grown in this country.

There have recently been discovered in the high Alps, near the summit of the great St. Bernard, five large granite altars and a number of other relics of the stone age, such as axes, knives, etc., used in pagan epochs for sacrifices. Swiss writers emphasize the historical importance of this discovery, in that it is a proof that Mt. Saint Bernard was a place of sacrifice in pagan times, and also that as far back as the age of stone the Canton Valais was inhabited by human beings.

The plan for signalling accurate time from seacoasts was first adopted by Great Britain about thirty years ago. That country has now on its coasts fourteen time-balls and five other time signals, and its colonies and dependencies have twenty-six time-balls; Germany has seven time-balls; France, four time-balls and two other signals; Sweden and Norway, Austria-Hungary, Holland with Belgium, and the United States, have five time-balls each; Denmark has two; Spain and Portugal, one each; Italy, none.

Alfalfa, according to Prof. Morrow, endured the drought better than any other forage plant on the farms of the University of Illinois, and red clover came next. Of the true grasses orchard grass was best for quickness of starting after cutting or after rain, and for the amount of food furnished while the drought was at its worst. Timothy was slow to start after cutting and did not respond readily to the rains. Blue grass stopped growing first of all the pasture grasses, but quickly revived after moderate rains.

The use of oil by vessels at sea for soothing the waves in time of storm, appears to be on the point of very extended and practical application. It is stated that "sea breakers," appliances for the distribution of oil, have been patented both at home and abroad, and are used by all cattle-carrying steamers and some other vessels, while a special oil is now manufactured for the purpose. The hydrographer of the United States has published within the last two years, in pamphlet form, digested from the Monthly Pilot Chart, a list of 120 authenticated cases in which furious seas were allayed by the use of oil.

A Productive Jersey.

One of the most productive little Jerseys we have come across for some time is reported to us by J. K. Lautzenhiser of Kansas City. Bonnie is a pure bred mite of an unregistered cow, and dropped a calf on June 5, at the age of 17 months. Her weight on the ninth day after calving was 500 pounds. The average weight of her milk per day was 31 pounds, no account being kept of fractions. At this rate she averaged her weight in milk every sixteen days, making a ton in 64 days. At the end of 112 days she was again weighed and showed a gain of 60 pounds in flesh, the same time giving an average of 26 pounds. Deducting the 64 days from 112 we have 58 days left during which she gave 1,508 pounds, and a total of 3,508 pounds in 112 days. This is seven times her weight, and with the 60 pounds of flesh she has to her credit, she is now giving 24 pounds of milk per day, and since the 1st of August has been stabled and fed on dry feed.—[Kansas City Live Stock Record.

School Luncheons.

A prominent physician says that children's school luncheons should not be placed in the old-fashioned lunch basket or tin box, as bad odors always cling to a much-used receptacle. What he recommends is a fresh, clean napkin wrapped neatly round the bread and butter or other edibles, and a paste board box to hold it all. The box can then be thrown away when the meal is done. The good sense of this will strike every person given to wholesome living, and it will also delight the box manufacturers, who should immediately get up a cheap little box especially adapted to the conveyance of school luncheons. Parents, no doubt, would be glad to buy these boxes as they buy matches, by the quantity, should they supersede the luncheon basket.—[Boston Herald.

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References—Hon. Geo. W. Hudspeth, B. T. Garland, Atty., L. L. Tansey, Atty., E. D. Estilette, Hon. B. A. Martel and J. O. Chachere, clerk of court.

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