Opelousas Courier.

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OPELOUSAS, - - LOUISIANA.

In one California county (Inyo) there were 1500 red to 600 white skins.

By a rather remarkable coincidence the name "Spurlock" appears in three stories written by three different authors in the December issues of *Harper, Scribner's* and *The Century*.

Captain Meade, of the United States Navy, says that in peace times we do not get the best natives in the navy, and that no wages, however high, will bring us the best.

The fashionable housekeepers of Evanston, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, have just availed themselves of the co-operative housekeeping scheme, and now their fifty displaced domestics have engaged a lawyer to assist them in regaining their situations.

The *Commercial Advertiser* thinks that the Argentine Republic has done a good stroke of business by abolishing, on the ground of economy, its embassy at Switzerland. Buenos Ayres needs a minister plenipotentiary at Berne about as much as Constantinople needs an envoy extraordinary in Iceland.

According to the Detroit *Free Press*, a firm in New York can make you a great big fire and burglar-proof safe, with a nice landscape and your name on the door, for $13. It is a dummy, made out of sheet iron, and is for the use of people who want to set up offices and make a spread of themselves. They give outsiders a feeling of confidence.

Poor ministers in England have a source of revenue which the Springfield (Mass.) *Union* charitably hopes will not be accorded to their brethren in this country. Instead of salting down their old sermons in barrels they send them to the bookseller, who gets as much as $5 a hundred for them. A London dealer offers 4000 sermons in job lots at this price, and if they are written in "a large, bold, plain hand" they bring more.

The *Export and Financier*, of New York, is of the opinion that Mexico offers a new field for enterprising Americans, who would be certain to succeed there if they understood and could speak the Spanish language, or if they possessed some useful specialty. Judging from the statements of newspapers of that Republic, profitable employment can be found in the Mexican capital and principal towns for tutors of English, first-class mechanics, trained agriculturists and drummers for business houses.

In a recent magazine article, Edwin R. Prichard advances the novel but reasonable theory of restitution for crime. Mr. Prichard argues that if a burglar break into a man's house and steal, say one thousand dollars' worth of property, it is very poor satisfaction for the victim to see the thief convicted and sentenced to five or ten years in State prison. Mr. Prichard suggests that the convicts be put to work at hard labor, and from the results of this labor be compelled to pay not only their expenses to the State, but, in so far as is possible, to make restitution to their victims for the money, or its equivalent, of which the crime has deprived them.

Bill Nye, the humorist, is plaintiff in a lawsuit against the poet, James Whitcomb Riley, his chum for years in the work of making Americans laugh. Nye and Riley have been a money-making combine for years, but Nye charges that while his own humor was always dry, Mr. Riley's was too frequently wet. In Louisville, he says, early in the year, Riley poured out to Bacchus libations altogether too copious, and the result was that when the hour arrived at which the combination should appear to amuse the public Riley presented a very willowy form to the audience. Hence Nye's action. The action, which is for the recovery of $20,000 from Riley, will be tried at Indianapolis.

Very few people realize how much the dentist has done for mankind. To mention one thing only, the perfection to which the manufacture of false teeth has been carried has practically abolished old age—that is, old age in the sense that I used to know it, says a writer in the *Globe-Democrat*. You see none of the helpless, mumbling old men and women that you formerly did. This is not because people do not attain the age their parents and grandparents reached, but because the dentist has prevented some of the most unpleasant consequences of advancing years. Men of seventy no longer either look or feel old, because they are not deprived of nourishing food at the time when they need it most. Estimates have been made showing that the average length of life has been increased from four to six years by the general use of false teeth, and this does not appear in the least extravagant when one thinks of the difference in the nutriment accessible to one with a fine set of molars and one condemned to gum it through his declining years.

THE PORT OF PLEASANT DREAMS.

I sailed in the good bark Fancy
Down the still, deep river of sleep,
From the lands of deep December
To a port that the sunbeams keep;
While the glad winds followed after,
And sang with a happy zest,
And I heard them croon o'er the infant moon,
As it lay on the night's broad breast.

And the port of the good bark Fancy,
A port that the sunbeams keep,
Is called Pleasant Dreams; like an opal it gleams
O'er the strange, dark river of sleep.
There, flushed with the wine of laughter,
The voyager sings queer sons,
And, borne in a car of the sunset,
Rides oft with the elfin throngs
Up, up through the rosy cloudland,
Where the round little mistmen stay,
To the stars abloom in the cool, soft gloom
Of gardens far away.

There are none too poor for a voyage
To this port that is centuries old;
Where hunger e'er finds a banquet,
And poverty revels in gold;
Where, robed in the garb of morning
The earth in new beauty glows,
And the amulet of the summer
Is worn on the heart of the rose.

Oft from the fields of sorrow,
To the brink of the river of sleep,
Wan toilers come, and, restful,
They sail on its waters deep;
Till clear through the gates of sundown
The past, like a beacon beams,
And love, sweet mariner, anchors
In the port of Pleasant Dreams.

—*Ingram Crockett, in Frank Leslie's*

THE PIONEER'S FAMILY.

I was a boy only eight years old when my father moved into the hill country of Western Minnesota. He was known to all the pioneers about as "Big Dave," and to the Indians as the "Iron Man." He was six feet tall, weighed 210 pounds, and, at forty years of age, was perhaps the strongest man in the United States, and certainly one of the most fearless of men. Mother was above the average in height, and weight, and, if she lacked father's strength, was not behind him in nerve and courage. She could shoot a rifle, skin a deer, set a bear trap, or paddle a canoe, and, as a family, we were able to take care of ourselves.

We had been settled about six months when father set a trap for a bear which had been prowling around. I went out with him next day to visit the spot, and we found the bear had been caught, but that the Indians had killed him, and taken both the carcass and the trap. All along the border at that time there was peace, but the red man was jealous and sulky, and whenever he could harrass or damage a settler he was pretty apt to do so. Many of them had visited our cabin, but none of them knew anything about father except that he was a big man. There was an Indian village four miles away, and the fellows who got the bear showed their contempt for father by dragging the body over the snow and leaving a plain trail for him to follow.

Father was justly indignant, and we at once took up the trail for the village. I had a light shotgun, while he had a rifle, hatchet and hunting knife. We followed the trail right into the village, and there found the meat being cut up, while the pelt and trap were near by.

"Where is the thief who stole my bear?" shouted father, as we came to a halt within four feet of the crowd around the meat.

No one answered.

"I say he is a thief!" continued father, "and if you will point him out to me, I will pull his ears! Let that meat alone! It belongs to me!"

A dozen of the bucks began to growl and murmur, and father handed me his rifle, threw down his knife and hatchet and cried out:

"There was more than one thief! I saw by the tracks in the snow that there were four. Are they squaws or men? If they are men let them lay aside their knives and come out here. I will take the four at once!"

This declaration was hailed with a shout, and in less than a minute the four who had stolen the bear came to the front. They were all stout and supple young men, and every Indian in the village gathered around to see the fun. It was fully expected that he would get a good drubbing, and the four advanced with mischief in their eyes.

"You just keep out of the way and don't get frightened," said father to me, and just then the four rushed in on him from four sides.

For an instant he was hidden from sight and there was a great hurrahing, but the next thing we saw was the body of an Indian sailing in the air, and a second rolling over and over backward, and then father gave the crowd an exhibition of his strength. He grasped an Indian in each hand and played with them as easily as you can handle broomsticks. He circled them about, bumped them together, and finally gave them a fling, which rolled both of them into the ice-cold waters of the creek.

"Have you six men here?" demanded my father, as he turned to the chief. "If so, let them come forward and seek to put me down. If they can accomplish it I will go home and say no more."

There was a general flutter of excitement, and as the chief named six of his best men each stepped forward with a whoop. Father was smiling and confident as he spat on his hands, and he told me that I need have no fears. At a given signal the six Indians made a rush. They got hold of arms and legs and body, but with a mighty wrench father shook them off and then took the aggressive. There was neither striking nor kicking in the struggle, but the way he did twist those redskins about made the crowd dizzy. In two minutes he was victor, and the chief came forward and shook his hand, and then and there gave him the title of "The Man of Iron." Ever thereafter the Indians held him in the greatest awe and respect, and any one of them invited to eat at our table felt highly honored. I got a title at the same time father did. If I was scared while in the village I was at least determined not to betray the fact, and so it happened that they dubbed me "The-Boy-Who-Stood-Fast."

In April of the next year I cut my foot while chopping and was laid up for several weeks. This was during the sugar-making season, and father and mother were necessarily in the bush a good share of the time. Our cabin had but one room below, and my bed was in a far corner. The path from the sugar bush came up at the rear of the house. One warm, pleasant day about the end of the month, and about mid-afternoon, I was aroused from a light sleep by hearing some one open the door. I lay facing it, and I saw a strange white man enter and look around. He was a rough, evil-looking man, and I knew that he was a stranger in the neighborhood. I suppose that he believed us all in the bush, for he leaned his rifle against the logs and walked over to a chest in which father kept his papers and which was the storehouse for articles of personal wear which we never used.

A report had got abroad that father had brought money into the country to buy land. While this was untrue, it had found believers, and this desperado had come to rob us. I had not yet been out of bed. Father had his rifle at the sugar camp, while my shotgun hung on its hooks ten feet away. I could do nothing to drive the man away, and if I betrayed my presence he might kill me. I therefore lay quiet, hoping that something might bring father up.

The chest had a spring lock, and the key was hanging on the chimney. The stranger did not even look for it, but set about breaking open the chest with his hunting knife. In his efforts he broke the blade square off about two inches back from the point. He was cursing and growling and still at work when I heard mother's footsteps outside. I was close to the logs, and in turning the corner of the house the path led over a rocky surface. I knew she'd walk right in on the man, and I realized that he might kill her, but I suddenly became so weak that I could not lift a finger nor raise my voice.

The door was a bit ajar, and mother pushed it open and walked in. She had come up to dress my foot. As she entered the man rose up with a curse, and for twenty seconds the two stood looking each other in the face. Then mother suspected what sort of a fellow he was and what he was there for, and she sprang at him. He had the broken hunting knife in his hand, and I saw him lunge at her. As he did so she struck him with her open hand fair on the nose—a woman's awkard blow, but a powerful one—and he yelled right out as he went down. She had one hand in his hair and the other clutching his throat in no time, and then came bump! bump! bump! as she knocked his head on the puncheon floor. It wasn't over three minutes from the time she entered the door until she had him tied hand and foot, and it was only after that operation that she looked over to me and asked:

"Harry, are you awake?"

Well, we had the fellow snug and fast. The blow mother gave him almost smashed his nose, and he bled like a stuck hog. She choked him until he was black in the face, and it was about ten minutes before he fully recovered his senses. Then how he did go on! He writhed and twisted, raved and cursed, and mother had to threaten to put coals to his flesh to calm him down. She carried me to a chair, got a rest for my foot, and then left me to watch while she went after father. I sat there with my shotgun in my hands, and three different times I cocked it and made ready to fire on the fellow, who was determined not to be held. When father came up the man changed his tactics, and became as humble as a dog. He tried to make us believe that he thought our cabin the home of his uncle, and that he was after a deed which his uncle was illegally holding.

Every border neighborhood made its own laws in those days. Father called in a couple of neighbors to consult over the case, and as a result the fellow was taken out, tied to a tree and then switched on the bare back until his cries for mercy could be heard a mile away. His weapons were retained and he was set free to take the trail for a settlement fifteen miles away. It was expected that he would return some day for revenge, but he never did.

In those early days the country was full of game, and wolves, bears, panthers and wild cats were numerous. The panthers were our greatest foes, as they sought to kill everything in the line of live stock, and we lost several head by them. On one occasion when our pony was running loose in the woods with a bell on his neck, I went to look him up. I found him two miles from home. Guided by the bell, I discovered him on the further side of a glade or opening, about ten rods across. I had just come to the edge of the glade, and had opened my mouth to call the pony when a panther sprang on his back from the limb of a tree. His spring almost knocked the pony down, but he was a stout little fellow, and he got his feet and came dashing straight at me. The panther was fairly on his back, but the motion gave him enough to do to hang on. The pony dashed for a big beech with low spreading lims, and at two jumps he was relieved of his burden and the panther rolled to the ground within four feet of me, screaming out in a way to lift my heels off the ground. I expected to be attacked, and on this occasion had no weapon with me. The beast had got more than enough, however. One of his eyes were put out, his shoulder broken, and he must have been badly bruised up. He rolled around for a while, screaming in pain and anger, and then slunk off without having seen me.

It was in connection with a panther that I saw my father perform a feat which is recorded in pioneer histories. One day in October he and I were out hunting. I had lagged behind to pluck some wild grapes, and, coming to a spring on a hillside, father knelt down to quench his thirst. He was hardly down when a large male panther sprang on him from a limb about ten feet above the ground. The yells of surprise father gave reached my ears and I hastened my footsteps. I came up to find him battling barehanded with the beast. I had my gun, but, for fear of killing father, was obliged to stand by as a spectator. Father had leaned his rifle against a tree, but, owing to the activity of the panther, could not reach it. He had a hunting knife in his belt, but declared afterward that he totally forgot its presence. The panther snarled and father shouted, and they seemed to be whirling in a circle most of the time. The real situation was this: The panther aimed to spring and pull father down, but father ducked and dodged, and at every opportunity got in a kick or a blow. Had the beast remained quiet three seconds I could have put a bullet into him, but he was moving about like greased lightning. Once father caught him by the tail and flung him ten feet away, but he gathered himself up and was back before I could fire. My presence was known, and pretty soon father called out:

"Don't fire! Get my gun and stand off a bit and be ready for this fellow's mate when she comes!"

I carried out this order, and therefore did not see the finish of the fight. Father got the panther by the back of the neck and the tail, and carrying her to a rock thirty feet away he beat her on the stone until she was dead. The mate did not show up. The combat lasted fully twenty minutes, and father's homespun suit was cut to pieces, as if with a knife. He had thirty eight claw marks on his body, each of which drew blood, but none of them was serious, and he was not laid up for even a day.—*New York Sun.*

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Matches have been in common use since 1829.

Two Iowa legislators are named Ham and Mustard.

Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," was a hosier and the son of a butcher.

The one part of the world in which no native pipes and no native smokers have been found is Australia.

The largest bear skin in the world is in Kansas City, Mo., taken from an animal weighing 2800 pounds.

There is an old schoolhouse at Pownall, Vt., in which President Garfield and Arthur acted as teachers.

A Pennsylvania convict recently escaped from the State prison. After trying liberty for a short while he returned in disgust to his cell.

When the chickens first begin to move in the egg, just before hatching, the mother hen sings to them a low, crooning song, very sweet, and never heard at any other time.

There have been during the hundred years of its organization only fifty-three Justices of the Supreme Bench of the United States, and twenty of these have lived to be over seventy.

The word "Hague" means "meadow." The town originated in the erection of a hunting lodge of the courts of Holland in 1250. It is called in the Dutch, S' Gravenhagen—the Count's hague, or meadow.

An express engine in working order weighs usually, without tender, something over forty-five tons. The tender has on the average a weight of thirty-five tons. Some tank engines weigh over fifty tons.

The word Oregon is said to have been derived from a Spanish word signifying wild thyme, so called on account of the herb found by the early explorers. Credit of discovery is generally given to Captain Gray, of Boston, in 1792.

The watercress is a plant which has resisted all efforts of improvement by cultivation. Under artificial treatment it loses the faint, piquant mustard flavor that is its special charm, and assumes much of the hot, pungent taste of the horseradish.

The question has arisen, whether Polynesian architecture is of Asiatic or South American origin; and it is thought that the preponderance of evidence is in favor of the Asiatic theory. Indeed, it seems probable that the American continent was influenced by the same migration from Asia which gave the copper-colored races to Polynesia.

Queen Victoria's Huntsman.

The Queen's dogs are splendidly housed, well fed and carefully cared for by the most expert huntsman in England. He is well thought of, and regards himself as a man of importance in the affairs of the nation. He directs the hunt, and in his gaudy dress of green plush, jockey cap, red vest, white pants and black top boots, he is a very picturesque character. His whole heart is in his business. His sole ambition is to have the hounds in the pink of perfection, and well trained for what the people who follow them call sport. He lives well, and many a country gentleman of considerable means in the United States would be glad to dwell in as good a house, and have as pleasant surroundings. He has plenty of assistants, so that his work is not hard, and in his sphere he is lord and master. He is as tenacious of the rights and privileges of his place as any Duke in the kingdom, and withal is a very important personage. People who go down to Ascot in the hunting season pay him a good deal of deference, and his opinion about dogs and deer is regarded as authority. Besides the men of all work about him, he has two "whippers-in," who help him about the kennels, and do thair part in keeping the pack together when the chase is on. They dress gaudily like the huntsman, and are a prominent part of the royal hunt.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Wearing Twelve Hats at Once.

"The Indian agents," said a well-informed woman who has spent much of her life in the far West, "when they do not steal, distribute supplies to the tribes in a most reckless fashion. I remember on one occasion a consignment of white felt hats was to be distributed to a tribe near our station, and the agent, instead of seeing that each member of the tribe received a hat, handed over a pile of a dozen to one of the chiefs, who, supposing they formed one highly ornate hat, the tops fitting closely into each other, gave them to his favorite squaw, who, in turn, placed the whole dozen upon the head of her oldest boy. The effect was ludicrous enough, but when we consider that eleven suffering red men went through the winter with bare heads in consequence, the joke was not altogether so laughable as the agent seemed to think."—*New York Sun.*

Coffee Trees.

The full-grown coffee tree much resembles a common apple tree of eight or ten years' growth, with the exception that the limbs are long and flexible, their ends often reaching the ground. The bark is whitish and rather rough. In the tropics where the tree abounds it continues green throughout the year, blossoms, green and ripe fruit being found upon it at any time. When the blossoms fall there remains a pale green fruit which becomes red as it ripens, looking much like a large cherry and almost as palatable. Under the flesh of the berry, instead of a stone or seed, is found two of the beans which we call coffee, wrapped in a thin, film-like skin. As the berry ripens it turns brown and splits open, exposing the seeds, which are now ready to go on the markets of the world as coffee.—*Boston Cultivator.*

GOLD AND SILVER GOODS.

HOW JEWELERS' MERCHANDISE IS MADE BY THE TRADE.

Valuable Sweepings—Making the Alloys—Wonderful Little Saws—How Rings Are Made.

"I get sixty dollars a barrel for the sweepings of my floor," said a manufacturing jeweler to a Washington *Star* reporter. "There is no question of poking the dust over before it is bought. The people who purchase it are glad enough to take it at that rate unsight-unseen, as the boys say. I sell the stuff to the refiners, who make a business of buying refuse that has precious metals in it and separating it. The gold and silver they get in this way are sold by them to jewelers in turn.

"I buy from the refiners or from the assay office the gold and silver that I use, getting it always perfectly pure—that is to say, twenty-four carats. Then I make my alloys for myself, putting the desired proportions of gold, silver and copper into one of these little three-cornered earthen pots and melting them all up together with fire. The copper I use is like what I have here in this box. You see it somewhat resembles shot of different sizes. The copper is chemically pure and when being prepared is poured from the smelting pot held at some height into a receptacle full of cold water, which is kept stirred rapidly. Upon striking the water the metal takes the form of these globules. It is much more convenient in this shape, because we can weigh it out readily in any proportion desired.

"The silver and gold as we get it is melted up with the copper in proper proportions for the alloys and cast in iron molds. Thus prepared the ingots are flattened out under a powerful roller to the thickness desired. From these slabs the pieces, of sizes needed for one purpose or another, are cut off with a big machine-knife. Of every new design that is brought into a manufacturing jeweler's shop a pattern is made of zinc or copper, so that when something of the same kind is ordered all the workman has to do is to lay the pattern upon the little slab of gold, trace its outlines on the metal and afterward saw out the article. Such sawing is done with what is called a 'pierce saw,' which has a blade like a fine wire and no thicker, with little teeth. These saws are cheap, costing only eighty cents a gross, but the work they do is wonderful in the hands of a skilled operator.

"If a ring is to be made a strip of gold of the proper width is bent around by a contrivance specially adapted to the purpose and joined with gold solder so artfully that the place of juncture cannot possibly be discovered. Supposing that a watch chain is to be produced the melted gold is first made into a square bar of the length wished for and then pulled through a round hole. Still it is too large, and so it is drawn through successive round holes, each one smaller than that preceding, until it is a wire of required diameter. Then it only remains to cut off, bend, solder, and connect the links in order to complete the chain. The chief part of our business consists in doing 'stock work' for the jewelers. They send us all sorts of things to make. For example, they want six rings, each with a one-carat diamond. In conveying the order the dealer includes the six one-carat diamonds in a piece of paper folded up, written on the outside the brief directions that there are to be half a dozen rings, each with a single stone. My business thereupon is to made the rings, set the stones and deliver the goods as ordered. I should never think of advertising myself to the public, because people might be disposed to come to me directly for work, and, although I might be paid more for an individual job, I should lose the custom of the jewelers, upon whose patronage I am obliged to depend. Jewelers recently have taken to selling hair brushes and other articles which compose toilet sets, with backs of sterling silver richly chased. People generally are not aware how this chasing is done. The ignorant imagine that the designs in silver on the backs of the combs and brushes are stamped on with dies, but as a matter of fact they are always made by hammering with blunt tools from the wrong side of the silver, so as to fetch out in relief the patterns. This process requires the greatest skill, and it is for this reason, rather than for the value of the metal that goods of this sort cost so much."

Population of Africa.

Under the name of the Independent States of Congo, its government was organizad after the most approved methods of Belgian administration, and it entered fully equipped into the family of nations, writes Colonel Sanford in the *Forum*. There is within its area, which is thirty-three times that of Belgium, a population of 450 whites, about one-half State officials and employes, and the estimated number of natives within its borders is about forty million; and in the whole Congo basin is estimated at about [illegible] million.

Africa is about three times the area of Europe, or 12,000,000 square miles, and some writers estimate it to contain about an equal population—325,000,000 souls. The enormous trade development there comes mainly from the narrow selvage which separates the mountains from the sea. It is a great basin composed of plateaus, gradually ascending to 7000 feet at some of the central lakes. It has four great river systems: On the west the Congo, second only to the Amazon in the volume of its waters, and the Niger; on the north the Nile; on the east the Zambesi. These rivers once formed vast internal seas which, finally breaking through the mountain barriers, have descended by cataracts and canons to the ocean, leaving great areas of rich deposits of wonderful fertility.

Cut Off the Fair Patient's Wig.

There is a story told of a young physician of this city, who was connected at one time with the Emergency Hospital. It has caused many a smile at his expense. He had not been long stationed at the hospital when a woman was brought in suffering from a severe scalp wound. The blood was welling out in great jets and was fast dyeing her golden curls a rusty red, and the doctor was engaged in hastily clipping her hair, when his patient exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, don't!" Thinking he might have hurt her, he said: "Oh, never mind; that's all right." "No, it's not," responded the lady with some warmth, "for you are cutting my wig." And so he was.—*Washington Post.*

Deer Getting Scarce in Alaska.

For several seasons past the Esquimaux of northwestern Alaska have experienced great hardships in obtaining a supply of deer meat for their winter stores. It is to be feared that when the Bear makes her annual visit to the Arctic next summer many of the villages will be found to have lost their residents from starvation. The latest advices from the Arctic report a failure not only in the autumn deer hunt, but in the entire catch of whales, walrus and seals.

Naturally of a timid disposition the deer have learned that the natives with breech-loading arms are far more formidable foes than when bows, arrows and spears were employed in the chase. Again the Esquimaux spare neither young or old when a herd is found, and little suckling fawns as well as does carrying young, fall victims to his gun.

Formerly on the lower Yukon around St. Michael's, on Norton Sound, and in the country known as the Kotzebue Sound district, numbers of deer made yearly visits. Now it is rare to find that the natives living at these points have seen or tasted deer meat.

The Alaskan deer of the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions have been confounded with the reindeer of other localities, but while certainly belonging to the rangifer family, they are the true barren-ground caribou, differing from the upland caribou and domesticated reindeer of Lapland and Siberia in being smaller in body and horns. From July to September the instincts of the deer induce them to come from the interior to the sea coast to obtain rest and freedom from the tortures inflicted by the hordes of mosquitoes that infest the inland swamps, and also to get saline matter from the herbage and moss growing in proximity to the ocean. In September they commence their inland migration, and from July until the middle of October they are ruthlessly pursued by the natives. Some rest is afforded to the animals during the dark days that prevail in the Arctic zone from November until January, but as soon after the early part of February as the weather permits the food-seekers again take the field. The does have their young during April, and by a provision of nature the horns of the female only attain size during the time she is suckling the fawn and until it reaches such an age that it can feed—about two months.

When it is considered that a deer weighing on an average 125 pounds is consumed at a single sitting by five or six natives it may be readily perceived that the average returns of a successful hunting party must be large to feed a village.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Sonoma's Seve Moons.

There have been many explanations offered in times past as to why the name of Sonoma was given to this valley by the native tribe of Indians, who, upon the advent of the white man over 100 years ago, peopled this section of the country by thousands. Of course we all know that Sonoma valley in aboriginee means "Valley of the Moon," but just why that name was bestowed upon it is another question, and one, too, which we believe has never been satisfactorily answered. Recently, in talking to an aged Indian who has resided on the old Nick Carrigan ranch for many years, and who was an old man when General Vallejo settled in Sonoma fifty years ago, and must now be something over 100 years of age, he stated the reason the valley was called Sonoma was because it had "heep muchee moon," (translated into good English, many moons). Further inquiry developed the fact that between the town of Sonoma and the Bella Vista vineyards, a distance of four or five miles, the moon, when it is full, can be seen by the traveler to rise seven times in succession over the mountains in the east, owing to their peculiar formation. This phenomenon has been witnessed by many old residents in the early evening at the rising of the full moon. This, no doubt, has been observed by the Indians, and hence the name, "Valley of the Moon."—*Sonoma (Cal.) Index-Tribune.*

Definition of Ingrain.

Ingrain is a term used in connection with textiles dyed before being woven. The advantage of such textiles is that they can be washed without thereby discharging their colors. The cotton cloth called Turkey red and the red marking cotton are what is called ingrain. There are also double and treble ply ingrain carpets.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Electricity is a successful agent for the purification of sugar.

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