Opelousas Courier.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH OF ST. LANDRY.

Published on Saturday by

Leonce Sandoz

OPELOUSAS, - - LOUISIANA.

The number of visitors to New York City every month is said to be greater than the total number of its fixed residents.

In 1894 it will be 1000 years since Hungary became an independent Government, and it is proposed to celebrate the anniversary with great pomp.

An editor with a patent inside never ought to have any trouble with his liver. —*Indianapolis Ram's Horn.* He doesn't, because his patent inside enables him to show up a good liver.

The number of tons of freight moved on all railroads in the United States increased fifty per cent. during the last five years. No other nation in the world can exhibit so phenomenal an increase.

According to the last report of the Secretary of the Treasury, the total amount of money circulating in the country is $23.96 to each man, woman and child of the population.

Among those who can reasonably complain of hard times is the Government of Portugal, which, with a population of 5,000,000, is about $700,000,000 in debt, with an annual interest charge which is considerably more than half of the revenue.

The death of General Terry at the age of sixty-three brought out the fact, states the Chicago *Herald*, that nearly all of the great Federal Generals of the war have died when between the ages of fifty-four and sixty-three. Among them are mentioned Grant, Sheridan, Thomas, Logan, Halleck, McClellan, Hooker, Meade, Burnside, Curtis, Blair and others of lesser note.

A significant development of the Census of 1890, notes the Washington *Star*, is the fact that the increase of wealth and manufacturing in the South was greater than the increase of population. In the decade from 1880 to 1890 the Southern States gained in population 19.9; in actual wealth, 62.5, and of capital invested in manufacture, 20.7 per cent.

"Our giant trees in California are still in danger," laments the New York *Observer*, "if all accounts are to be believed. There are now two thousand six hundred and seventy-five of these giants, the largest being over thirty-three feet in diameter. There is not one too many. They are certainly among the wonders of the world, and the vandalism that would destroy them ought to be prevented by stringent measures on the part of the Government."

The Chicago *Herald* relates that a congregation not a thousand miles from Chicago which has a debt upon its church home, has set about its repayment by a real estate speculation. Twenty thousand dollars has been subscribed for by members of the congregation and invested in a tract of land near a growing city in the West. This is to improve so wonderfully that all contributors are to have ten per cent. interest until they get their money back again, and the church is to be greatly enriched.

Something of the spirit of '76 must linger in the bosom of the Illinois farmer, muses the New York *Telegram*. The fast express on the Rock Island road came to Chicago on a recent morning half an hour late, because a farmer had taken to the track and insisted that he had the right of way. Expostulations were in vain and the procession moved into Chicago, the farm wagon just ahead of the locomotive. A detachment of police broke up the procession finally, but John Reardon had done enough to demonstrate his theories of the rights of man in general and railroad rights of way in particular.

It is the conviction of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that little things sometimes amount to more than great things. Australia furnishes a fine illustration of it. The value of the milk produced last year in the colony of Victoria was $23,000,000. The butter and cheese were valued at $15,000,000. Thirty years ago Victoria's only attraction was gold. Nothing else was thought of. The gold mined in 1889 amounted to only $5,000,000, or less than one-seventh the value of the dairy's output. A great export of butter and cheese has begun to England, and a source of wealth for Victoria is promised. Such lessons as this should not be lost upon the South. Of course cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar and corn will remain her staple products, and as long as there is a small population spread over great areas, the major part of agricultural industry will be diverted toward the cultivation of a few great staples, whether it be in the South or the West. But as people begin to cluster in the cities and towns, dairying, gardening and small farming will gradually and profitably usurp the cotton and tobacco lands, and we will be much the better for it.

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the growing;
Never a river that flows but a majesty sceptres the flowing.
Never a Shakspeare that soared but a stronger than he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symboled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

—*Richard Realf.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Set a hen on a china egg and she is better off.

Promissory notes are frequently classed as paper-waits.

A good thing to have around the house—A fence.

When it is very cold it is not so bad to be between two fires.

The crayon artist is not supposed to have political aspirations because he frequently takes the stump.—*Boston Courier.*

Sappy—"Very few people get what they deserve in this world." Miss Caustique—"Aren't you glad?"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Emmeline, can you keep a secret?" he whispered hoarsely. "I don't know. I never tried to. What is it?"—*Philadelphia Times.*

A young man who married a "butterfly of fashion" was unable, a year later, to provide "grub" for his butterfly.—*Norristown Herald.*

Papa—"Come here, Toddlekins. Whom does papa love better than any one else in the world?" Toddlekins—"Papa."—*New York Sun.*

Mabel (confidentially)—"I was awfully stuck on you once, Jack." Jack (gratified)—"When was that?" Mabel—"Before I knew you."—*Epoch.*

Little John Jones says that his teacher in arithmetic ought to be dismissed from school because she invariably sets him a horrible example.—*Elmira Gazette.*

A chieflet by the brooklet,
With his gunlet loaded full,
Let go a leaden bullet
And killed old Sitting Bull.
—*Washington Star.*

A bridegroom six feet seven inches tall has just taken to himself a bride who measures three feet one inch. Love me little, love me long was the burden of their song.—*Chicago Mail.*

"Yes, I once failed for a hundred thousand," remarked the red-headed man who hadn't treated yet. "You see, the girl was worth that in her own right and refused me."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Photographer—"Your son, the student, ordered this likeness from me." "It is certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it?" "Not yet." "That is still more like him."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

"Grindstone, have you ever tried a raw onion as a remedy for sleeplessness?" "Tried it once, Kiljordan." "How did it work?" "Had to go to sleep to get rid of the taste."—*New York World.*

Fred—"I didn't mind Taylor's discharging me so much as I did the insult he subsequently offered me." Frank—"What was that?" Fred—"He advertised for a boy to fill my place."—*Yankee Blade.*

Mrs. Gottleft—"Do you know what everyone says? They all say you married me only for my money." Mr. Gottleft—"I don't see how it ever got out. I am sure I never told any one."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mrs. Yerger—"What is the matter? You seem to be very much annoyed." Mrs. Peterby—"I have good reason to be annoyed. That addle-pated goose, Mrs. Jones, treats me as if I were not her equal."—*Texas Siftings.*

A few little sprinkles
Of delicate wrinkles
And eyeglasses just a bit stronger
A sigh misanthropic,
When age is the topic—
Maud isn't a bud any longer.
—*Washington Post.*

Butcher, who has been rejoiced by the birth of a son, is informed that the child weighs nearly eight pounds. He takes him in his arms to feel his weight and calls out astonished: "By Jove, so he does!" then after a moment's pause adds: "But with the bones, mind you."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

With trembling voice, though ardent look,
He faintly asked her "could she cook?"
She owned she could, and, bolder grown,
He asked her if she'd be his own.
"Indeed?" said she, with her nose a-curl;
"I supposed you were wanting a hired girl."
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

A farm journal said: "There is going to be more money in poultry than heretofore." The next day a farmer's wife found a nickel in a chicken's crop, and told her husband that it was the first time she ever saw anything reliable in an agricultural paper published in a big city.—*Norristown Herald.*

How Frogs Grow.

The owner of a frog farm near Menosha, Wis., gives some very interesting facts relative to the frog's habits. In ninety-one days the eggs hatch. The thirty-ninth day the little animals begin to have motion. In a few days they assume the tadpole form. When ninety-two days old two small feet are seen beginning to sprout near the tail, and the head appears to be separate from the body. In five days after this they refuse all vegetable food. Soon thereafter the animal assumes a perfect form.—*New York Journal.*

HIS FAVORITE POEM.

[James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, says the subjoined is his favorite English poem. He first saw it twenty years ago in a country newspaper, and has been trying ever since to learn the name of the author]:

BRAVE LOVE.

He'd nothing but his violin;
I'd nothing but my song—
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay—
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes?—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love-song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old Man, since we were one!—
Our home was wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear—
For house and for kine,
'Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere
And love and beauty time,
Will never know the joys of hearts
That met without a fear
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.

"QUITS."

When one is fluffy-haired, cheery tempered and twenty-three years of age—and little Lady Loveday was all three—one does not regard with unmixed rapture the prospect of a whole week with the British Association for the Advancement of Science. But Sir James had been elected President for the year, and his wife, as in duty bound, was obliged to accompany him.

The town of Mudchester, with its forest of tall chimneys and its perpetual gloomy pall, may possibly represent the sinews and strength of England, but it is not exactly an ideal place in which to spend the early days of September. Elsewhere there are blue skies, heather-clad moors and grouse on the wing, but Mudchester, for some inscrutable reason, preserves the same gray and depressed appearance year in and year out. Sir James Loveday, however, full of the temporary importance which attaches to the eminent scientist who is President of the year, was delighted with the whole thing, and especially proud of showing off his pretty, young wife to his scientific colleagues, whose spouses, though uniting in their persons the manifold virtues of the British matron, could hardly lay claim to either epithet. He had only been married a year. They had met on a homeward-bound Cunarder, and though this particular ship had beaten the record, there had been time enough for Sir James to become enamored of Miss Lena Gardner, who, finding no one younger to her taste on board, had smiled on the elderly scientist until he had offered her his name and his fortune. She was a sensible young woman, with a nice appreciation of the good things of this life, and, in six weeks time from their landing at Liverpool, they were quietly married in London.

Quite a little murmur of admiration and a notable craning of masculine necks greeted Lady Loveday as she made her appearance in the Town Hall of Mudchester on the night of the opening address. It was her first introduction to the scientific world, and men of science, much like other men, are apt to appreciate good looks. In her white brocade mantle, a boa of ostrich feathers encircling her throat, and some diamond arrows thrust through her blonde hair, she looked a radiant vision of youth and beauty in the crowd of ill-dressed, gawky women who made up the feminine portion of the audience. Devotion to the toilette forms no part of the programme to the ladies who attend meetings of the British Association, the advancement of science being more important in their eyes than the plaiting of hair and wearing of gold. And so Lena was able to make her little sensation. She entered the large hall alone, for Sir James was already in his place on the platform, and was even giving the preliminary cough which precedes the opening address.

"By Jove!" said a bronzed young man to himself—a young man who had strolled in late, and now found himself in the very back of the vast hall—"if that isn't Lena! Odd that I should see her the first week I arrive in England! What is she doing here? Wonder if she has forgotten? Well, it's three years ago."

The opening address was an enormous success, as it always is. During the week the popular enthusiasm, cooled by many scientific lectures, may abate; but on the opening night no judge on the bench is surer of a laugh than the eminent scientist who opens the meeting. The mildest jokelets are received with rapture, the feeblest similes get a round of applause. Lady Loveday was surrounded by admiring chemists, biologists and botanists by the time the large audience was filing out.

"You'll come with our expedition on Thursday, Lady Loveday, won't you?" urged a thin young professor from a Scotch University, whose appearance suggested the suspicion that he had recently come out of an eye hospital.

Lady Loveday smiled, and made up her mind to the inevitable. After all, he was only a little worse than the rest. All the young men at the meeting wore turndown collars, and coats which had apparently been made for somebody else.

"I shall be delighted," she said, in her most cordial tone. "Where are you going, and what are you going to do to improve me?"

"Oh, it's an expedition down a salt mine. We shall have to take you down in a bucket. You won't mind, will you?" urged the weak-eyed young man eagerly.

"Not at all, if you will insure the rope not breaking."

But, all the same, when Thursday arrived, and Lena found herself alone at the railway station—for Sir James had a committee meeting that morning, and could only join her later in the day—she felt somewhat depressed at the prospect before her. There was a large and somewhat weird-looking crowd on the platform. A slight drizzle was falling, and the ladies of the party had unanimously elected to appear in bag-like waterproof garments, though, to be sure, their male kind ran them hard in the matter of curious raiment. Most of the travelers had invested in paper bags full of Bath buns, for an expedition with the British Association is generally fraught with peril in the matter of supplies. The weak-eyed young man was in a state of excitement bordering on delirium. Lady Loveday sighed as her eye ran over the mass of pushing, perspiring, be-mackintoshed human beings on the platform.

"There isn't a soul here that I want to speak to," she thought, settling into the comfortable corner-place which the youthful professor had secured for her; and then, as her eye caught the square-shouldered back of a check-coated man in the distance, she added, mentally: "That looks like a nice man. His hair is cut beautifully short, and he's got a brown neck and a properly ironed collar. He reminds me of poor Dick."

But, directly after, the train steamed out of the station and Lady Loveday's reminiscences came to an end. She had to make conversation with her cicerone for the day, and a whole carriageful of other people. By the time they had arrived at the pit's mouth and were waiting their turn to go down, Lena was not sure that she wanted to engage in such a perilous experiment.

Only a quarter of the trainful of people could be accommodated under the shed which covered the shaft, the rest were waiting outside. Finally, however, she was jammed with some seven or eight other people, including her scientific admirer, in the baize-covered bucket, and was emptied out, after an uncanny descent through a black void, into the brown-walled cavern at the bottom. The mine had been decorated with thousands of candles in honor of the event, and each visitor was provided with a tallow dip stuck into a wooden handle. Down in the depths of the mine the Scotch professor waxed confidential.

"This man is getting a bore," thought Lady Loveday; "I must really evade him somehow;" and with another turn of the rock she managed to slip away from him. Candle in hand, she followed a group of people in front of her. Presently one of the party—the young man whose back she had seen on the platform—stopped, and, with an action which she recognized at once, struck a match, stooped his head, and lighted a cigarette.

"Why, it is Dick!" she murmured; and just then he turned and saw her. "I thought you were in—Afghanistan," she went on, hurriedly, as he stood gazing at her.

"So I have been, for the last two years. That frontier business took longer than I thought. And you?"

Lady Loveday blushed and looked down. Here was an adventure after her own heart. She was a curious mixture of practical worldliness and theoretical sentimentality. She had liked him, handsome, penniless Captain Bramwell, more than any man she had ever known, and he—well, she was quite aware he had worshiped the very ground she trod on. But all that was three years ago, and in three years there are many changes.

"I saw you the other night," he continued, presently; "you came in an awfully fetching cloak, with a white, fluffy thing round your neck. I've been trying to find you out ever since, but nobody that I asked could tell me anything about Miss Gardner."

Lady Loveday smiled. He did not know of her marriage, then? The caprice took her not to tell him just yet—she wanted, womanlike, to see if he had remained faithful all these years.

"Oh, I'm such an insignificant person in the midst of all these bigwigs."

Dick smiled back at her—he had a charming smile—and they wandered along together, each with a tallow dip flickering and spluttering, and fitfully lighting their handsome young faces. She had not altered one bit, he said; and she declared he was as brown as a Hindoo, and would have to be scraped white. Time flies when old lovers meet, and nearly an hour had gone before Dick had told her that he had come down to the association to read a paper in the geographical section. Would she come and hear it? Of course, of couse, she would! Poor old Dick! Why, he was just as hard hit, she firmly believed, as ever.

When they at length got back to the bottom of the shaft, there was not a soul to be seen. The awful truth began to dawn upon them that they had been left behind. How easy that might be, with the five or six hundred people who had come with the excursion, they both saw at a glance. What was to be done? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Lady Loveday turned greenish white as she leaned against the rock.

"Sir James," she moaned—"Sir James would never let me die like a dog in a hole."

"Sir James?" said Dick, surprised. "You mean the President? Is he a great friend of yours?"

"He is—O my poor Dick!—he is—my husband!" she faltered, not daring to look at him now. Captain Bramwell gave a little whistle and turned away. What a farce, and how like Lena the whole thing was! Lady Loveday did not see him smile.

"Forgive me!" she murmured, stepping nearer to him, and, laying a caressing hand on his arm. She was very fond of the drama, and that was always what they said in plays, when the old lover came back from India and found the heroine faithless.

"My poor child," he answered gravely, "I'll forgive you anything—as long as we ever get out of this pit."

Lena could hardly conceal her disappointment. Was it possible—actually possible—that he did not care, that he did not remember? It couldn't be he had loved her too well! He must be pretending, just to look as if he were indifferent.

They waited a long time, and it was 4 o'clock before the whirr of the bucket was heard coming to her relief. An explanation of Captain Bramwell's equanimity with regard to her marriage was afforded Lady Loveday on their arrival at the top of the shaft. Hurrying toward the pit's mouth was seen Sir James, accompanied by a pretty girl in blue, a girl whose naive delight at seeing Captain Brrmwell was obvious to all the bystanders.

"And who—who is the exuberant young woman in blue?" queried Lena, with not quite a pretty smile.

"That, dear Lady Loveday," said Dick, quietly, as he handed his companion out on to terra firma, "that—is my wife!"—*London World.*

Perhaps the oldest living Indian in the United States is Muddy Water, a Seminole, residing in Indian Territory, who has just entered his one hundred and ninth year.

There are only six large cities in this country that do not own the local water works.

ATROCITIES IN DAHOMEY.

CRUELTIES PRACTICED IN AN AFRICAN KINGDOM.

Living Men Tied to Crosses by the Wayside—Fate of a Female Dancer Who Made a Misstep.

M. De Courville, who has just returned to Paris from Kotonou, on the African coast, from the court of the King of Dahomey, brings interesting and somewhat sensational information in regard to the antics of that monarch since the agreement upon terms of peace with the French. De Courville reached the capital without any white companions and under the escort of a corps of Dahomeyans who had been deputed to safeguard him by the King. It was shortly after the terrible expedition against the Egbas, upon which tribe Bedazin avenged his defeat at Kotonou, and several thousands of whom had been driven as prisoners to the Dahomey capital. Within about five miles of Abomey, M. De Courville was shocked by the spectacle of a living man tied to a cross near the side of the path pursued by him and his escort. The poor wretch was alive, but not far from dead. His face was swollen by the stings of insects and his whole body was scarred by their bites. The victim was tied tightly with a rope made of a vine which grows thickly in the Dahomey forests. The rope had sunk deep into the flesh. The lower portion of the body indicated that some wild animal had been gnawing at it. All the way to Abomey hundreds of wretches were exposed upon crosses, some of them dying and others dead. De Courville, of course, dared not utter a word of disgust or pity. His guard told him that all these were Egbas captured in the recent raid and punished in this way for resisting King Bedazin, who claimed to be the lord paramount of the Egba country. In one place where a cross had stood was an immense python. The serpent had apparently been making some effort to swallow the man on the cross, for the latter was crushed to a jelly, and the cross lay recumbent and broken on the ground. But the pitiless rope of vine still held the remains to the timber and the serpent was disappointed in its meal.

The change from this horrible spectacle to the scenes of the capital was marvelous. Amazons in their uniform were hurrying about; troops of slaves escorted men over whose heads were held golden umbrellas, and whose lower limbs bore the blue garter, the Dahomeyan badge of nobility. All were converging towards a low and large building in the centre of the town whose whitened walls contrasted with the palaces of cane and hardened mud surrounding it, and in which dwelt the aristocracy of Dahomey. The low building was the residence of royalty. Not more than twelve feet in height and constructed of sand brick plastered over, it was nevertheless extensive and commodious, being quadrangular in form and extending about two hundred feet on each side, inclosing an ample court-yard. De Courville was escorted into the court-yard and there, he says, he met a sight the grotesqueness of which will haunt him as long as he lives. On a chair, or throne, covered with lion's skin and shaded by an umbrella of gold and silver sat Bedazin, the chair being on a platform raised about two feet above the level of the yard. On each side of the throne stood a powerful Amazon carrying a short, heavy sword with a bright, keen edge. About the King were ranged a score or more of his chieftains. On the opposite side of the yard was another platform raised at least three feet. Along the edge of this platform were imitations of lamp shades or reflectors, as if some one had tried to devise a theatrical stage as closely as possible under the circumstances. On the stage twenty women were leaping and dancing.

The King received De Courville as an old friend and caused a stool to be brought for him to sit down on. The Frenchman had hardly been seated when one of the dancers made a misstep. The King was swift to notice it. He said nothing, but with his hand made a peculiar sign to the Amazons. The two guards strode swiftly to the stage. They seemed to know by instinct who was indicated. Seizing a young, fine-looking woman among the dancers, they dragged her from the platform and before she could utter a shriek she was beheaded, the head rolling almost to the feet of the King. The dancing went on just as if nothing had occurred, the remaining dancers not daring even to notice the fate of their companion.

M. De Corville brought home much useful information of the habits and customs of this savage people. When a girl, or young woman, reaches the age of eighteen she is eligible for matrimony on certain conditions. Of course she must find some one willing to marry her; but in Dahomey this is a matter for female rather than male selection. The woman proposes through her parents. They do not choose for her, as opportunities are given for the young people to meet, and not frequently the intended husband is taken informally into the household of the prospective father-in-law for a trial. If he is adjudged qualified then application is made to the chief of the district for permission to marry. If the King does not care for the woman, the chief can take her himself; but, if, as in the great majority of instances, neither King nor chief cares to stand in the way, then the couple are married.

Women rule the household, the Amazonian principle extending into all the details of life. Many of the king's Amazons are married women, the marriages, however, having taken place before they were drafted into the army, and in all these cases the husband stays at home and cares for the children if there are any while his wife goes to war. As soon as weaned the children are given in care of the fathers, who may be seen nursing them with really feminine devotion, while the wives and mothers are prancing up and down the country making other children fatherless. The husband does the rude cooking and attends to nearly all the simple wants of a Dahomeyan family.

De Courville found that all the wives of a King are sacrificed at his grave. Some of the women of Gelile's household are living, or were when De Courville left Abomey; but it is a life worse than death. In a corner of the royal residence are four apartments, walled up, all but a narrow, square large enough to pass through. Here in solitary and separate confinement survive four of the widows of the former King. It appears that they shrank from perishing at his funeral and were doomed thus to be buried alive. A chief who accompanied De Courville back to Kotonou explained to him in reply to a query that the living King did not feel that he had a right to take the King's widows, as they were in his eyes still the property of the monarch who had died.

A peculiar privilege granted to the female warriors of Dahomey is the right of each to claim one female captive of a conquered tribe. The male captives all belong to the King, and since the slave trade on that coast has been practically abolished, they are looked upon as almost useless, except for sacrifice. It is indeed chiefly to get rid of prisoners that the wholesale slaughters are kept up, and ten victims perish in the course of a year in Dahomey for one that was killed in the early part of the century, when every man and woman could be sold for value to slavers from America.

The one redeeming feature of this despot, says De Courville, is devotion to the memory of his mother, who died twenty years ago, when the future Czar of Dahomey was yet a child. He has erected to her memory a costly monument of Italian marble, imported from France before the opening of hostilities, which Badazin is said to have postponed in order to secure the safe arrival of the tombstone. The inscription on it is in French, written by the King himself, and pays a fervent tribute to the virtues of the departed Queen who, it appears, had a slight strain in her veins of the Portuguese de Souza blood. In the negotiations with France, Bedazin is virtually a victor for, while he yields his claim to Kotonou, he receives a yearly compensation from France more than equal to the customs receipts of that port, and he also retains possession of Whydah.—*New York World.*

The Planet's Mid-Spot.

For several centuries different cities in the Orient have contested with each other for the honor of being recognized as the mid-spot of the planet. Quite recently a London geographer issued an elaborate work in which he tries to prove the British metropolis to be the centre of the landed hemispheres. Jerusalem and Delphi, notwithstanding the fact that neither of them is situated on the equator, have for ages been the two great rivals in this mid spot discussion. William Simson, of the London Society for Exploring Palestine, tells us that Herr Schick has sent home drawings of the Jerusalem centre of the world. It exists, of course, in the Greek Church of the Holy Sepulchre, not in the Latin church.

The spot is identified less by physical science than by prophecy. It is written in the Psalms: "God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth." This can only refer to the scenes of the passion and of the holy sepulchre, and the midst of the earth must, therefore, be found where the holy sepulchre is considered to be by the Greeks.

The belief that the centre is there, or thereabouts, is ancient, for it occurs in a work by St. Ephrem, quoted by John Gregory in reference to Noah's prayer. Here Sphrem says that Adam was buried "in the middle of the earth." Homer calls Calypso's Island "the navel of the world, the centre of all the seas."

In Æschylus a certain round stone in the temple of Delphi is the "navel" or centre of the earth, and here does Orestes take refuge when pursued by the Eumenides. Pinder has anticipated Æschylus here, and, after an era, Pausanius (like Herr Schick) had the pleasure of seeing the only genuine central hub at Delphi. "It is made," he says, of white stone, smooth and polished, and is the middle point of the whole world. Delos, as well as Delphi, claims to be one of the sacred places perforated by the earth's axle, and probably other cities, in all ages, have looked upon their sacred places as deserving of the same distinction. There can be no closer analogy, however, than that which exists between the hall of stone in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and the round white stone at Delphi.—*Chicago Herald.*

Giving Poultry a Gamey Flavor.

A farmer of East Bradford informs us that a good way to give poultry a gamey and wild taste is to cut up sage, thyme, parsley, potherbs and celery into very fine particles and put it in with bran and coarse cornmeal mixed up with warm water, and the flavor that it gives the fowls is really delicious. Try it and you will find that it will succeed always.—*Westchester (Col.) Record.*

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