

The city of Boston owns 157 pianos in the public schools, valued at \$49,000.

Figures collected by the American Statistical Association show that the age at which people marry is steadily advancing. The average age of bridegrooms now is twenty-eight, and twenty-five for the brides.

Long marches have been added to the training of the French infantry. They are also exercised in the practice of boarding trains for the transportation of troops, and the rapidity with which they get in and out is admirable.

Welshmen want to attract special attention to their nationality, during one week of the World's Fair, by means of national games, music by Welsh bands, and competitions for \$30,000, in prizes which they promise. A delegation of influential Welshmen has asked Director General Davis to designate a week for that purpose.

Judge Irving Halsey, in his memorial address over the grave of the famous poet, Tom Hal, in Tennessee recently, asserted that this peculiar stride was used by horses 2500 years ago in Greece, and that the proof of this fact is to be found in the equine figures on the marbles stolen from the Parthenon by Lord Elgin.

The Atlanta Constitution observes: In 1866 we had \$52 per capita circulation, and the failures of that year were only 632, with \$47,333,000 liabilities. In 1889 we had less than \$7 per capita in circulation, and there were 13,277 failures that year, amounting to \$312,486,748. So when we have plenty of money in circulation the country is prosperous, but when the circulation is contracted our business interests go to smash.

The elevated railroads in New York City, which cost less than \$17,000,000, are stocked and bonded for more than \$60,000,000. The steam railroads in the country cost, on paper, says General Rush C. Hawkins, in the North American, \$9,931,453,146, of which two-fifths represent water. The street railroads of the country, horse, cable and electric, have not cost over \$110,000 per mile but they are stocked and bonded up to about \$400,000.

It is generally believed, remarks Frank Leslie's, that suicide annuls an insurance policy. An exception to this rule must be noted. In the United States Circuit Court at Kansas City, Mo., Judge Caldwell has decided a case in which suicides does not annul. Under the laws of Missouri suicide does not annul unless it can be shown that at the time of taking out of the policy the assured contemplated suicide. John B. Berry took out a policy in the Knights Templar and Masons' Life Indemnity Company doing business in that State. The policy provided, as all policies do, that self-destruction would annul it. Judge Caldwell held that this provision of the policy was rendered null by the laws of Missouri; and, though John B. Berry committed suicide, his heirs must recover under the policy.

The annual reports of the New York State Board of Charities contain evidence, asserts the New York Sun, that large numbers of lunatics and paupers have been shipped to the United States, year after year, from the British Isles, Germany, Austria and other European countries by local authorities and charitable organizations. A few of these undesirable immigrants have been sent back, year after year, to the countries from which they came, and yet the business of shipping them to our ports has been carried on without cessation. The adoption of the new system by which such persons are prohibited from even landing here will doubtless teach the British, German and Austrian economists that it is a waste of money to ship them here.

Says the London Truth: Was Count Moltke a General of the first class? He may have been, but as he never had to direct a campaign against any first-class or even second-class General, it cannot be asserted as a fact. The Austrian Generals against whom he was pitted were beneath contempt. Not one of the French Generals that he encountered during the Franco-German war was up to the mark of the worst of the first Napoleon's Marshals. The siege of Paris was successful, but if Bazaine had not been a traitor, and surrendered long before it was necessary, it would have had to be raised. In war, as Napoleon I said, good luck plays an important part, and Moltke was always in luck, owing to the weakness and folly of his opponents. He carefully made the plan of a campaign and carried it out with wonderful skill, but I have often wondered what would have occurred during the Franco-German war if there had been a great French General interfering with his plan. Would he have had sufficient initiative and ability to modify it to suit the unforeseen?

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

We stood within the orchard's bloom, In youth and courage high. The apple boughs in clustered bloom Were just a nearer sky!

And one, a maiden in her pride, A quaint old ditty sang, A glance, half shy, at him beside;

With thus the burden rang: O true heart, 'tis long to part! Apple boughs are gay, Sweet buds grow, blossoms blow; Thou art still away.

One lingered, when they turned to go, Whose path lay o'er the sea; A look, a kiss, a whisper low, And plighted fast were we.

He would return to claim my love When spring buds opened again; And distant came, beyond the grove, The woods of that refrain:

O true heart, 'tis long to part! Apple boughs are gay, Sweet buds grow, blossoms blow; Thou art still away.

A ring upon my finger shone, He vanished in the shade, And the sweet stars looked gently down Upon a happy maid.

That ring is like a star at night; And in my loneliness The pressure of its circlet light Has seemed a soft caress.

O true heart, 'tis long to part! Apple boughs are gay, Sweet buds grow, blossoms blow; Thou art still away.

I stand within the orchard's close, Beneath the guardian tree; And thrice the apple blossoms' snows Have floated to the breeze.

The summer glows, the red leaves fall, The winter heart-fires burn; Spring comes, but never to my call Or prayer dost thou return!

O true heart, 'tis long to part! Apple boughs are gay, Sweet buds grow, blossoms blow; Thou art still away.

They say one should be patient; yet, If groping lost in night Forever, can the soul forget The loveliness of light?

Sometimes think that in you sky Thou art—so far from me! And then, when I to God would cry, I cry, in silent prayer:

O true heart, 'tis long to part! Apple boughs are gay, Sweet buds grow, blossoms blow; Thou art still away.

To smile, to jest, to walk my way— Oh, that is not for me! To live still I an old and gray, And never thy face to see!

Thy voice! O Love, art thou a dream By God in pity given? Clasp, clasp me close, lest joy extreme Should open the gates of heaven!

O true heart, no more to part! Apple boughs are gay, Sweet buds grow, blossoms blow, Where our glad feet stray.

—Elizabeth W. Fiske, in Boston Transcript.

ALMOST A CRIME.

It seemed as if Providence had deserted Randolph Perry in his old age and utterly cast him off. For his was, indeed, a hard lot. We do not often find a case of such great hardship in human affairs; for, although he had begun life with the brightest prospects, with abundant wealth, a pleasant home, a loving wife and children, his seventeenth summer found him stripped of all save the roof above his head, and seriously threatened with the loss of even that.

Twenty long, weary years back his reverses had begun in the sudden and distressing death of his dear wife; and this irreparable blow was soon after followed by the elopement of his daughter Annie, the pet and darling of his heart, with an artful scoundrel with a sham title, who had probably left his native land across the sea upon compulsion. The poor father heard of her but once afterward, and that was when the news of her suicide in Manchester reached him. This visitation humbled him almost to the dust, and brought with it a sickness that laid him prostrate for a twelvemonth, and nearly cost him his life.

He rose from his sick bed and appeared to the little world of his acquaintance only the wreck of his former manhood. His first inquiries were for Simeon, his boy. No one would answer him at first; they looked pitifully at him and kept silent; but when he angrily demanded to know the truth, they were compelled to tell him that Simeon, his only remaining hope, had heartlessly deserted him during his sickness, and, as was supposed, had gone off to sea. Randolph Perry did not die with this accumulation of griefs; he lived on in a nepotism, morbid kind of way; but no one had seen him smile since he was told of Simeon's desertion. That was nearly twenty years back. He had dwelt in the house where he had been bereaved ever since, with no society save that of the woman who attended to his small domestic affairs.

This beautiful mansion, standing high up on a knoll that overlooked the sea, surrounded by spacious and cultivated grounds, had been purchased by Perry of its previous owner, who was his friend, and upon whose assurance that the place was unencumbered and free from all legal claim he had implicitly relied. That friend had died penniless two years after; and now, as if to remove from his dreary existence the last ray of sunshine, no round himself threatened with total deprivation of his estate. As unexpectedly as though the heavens had dropped upon his bewildered head, he was notified by a lawyer in London that he held for one of his clients a mortgage upon the place, executed by the vendor a few months before the sale, upon which the principal and interest amounted to quite the value of the place, and that immediate satisfaction was demanded and expected. Then followed a tedious and vexatious litigation, which resulted in establishing the mortgage and declaring the pecuniary ruin of Randolph Perry. It was the last drop in the wretched sufferer's cup of gall. The little means that he could count upon from his broken fortunes had been swallowed up in his unsuccessful defense of the suit. The hour was about twilight; the untouched meal had been cleared away, and the old housekeeper had retired to her chamber. Perry sat in the front room, in a low chair by the window, and, absorbed in his misery, he noticed nothing of the storm that was coming upon him. He had not sat thus more than half an hour when he heard the sharp unclashing of the gate, and the quick step of

feet on the gravel, and then there was a knock at the door.

A tall stout man without, his garments clinging to him in wet folds and the water running from them in streams. The old man help up the candle to his face and saw a prominent nose and a pair of keen eyes under a wide hat, and for the rest there was a handsome, rather benevolent, mouth, and a mass of auburn beard. The man was a stranger to him.

"Good evening, sir," he said in a bluff, hearty voice. "May I come in and get dry? Such a ducking I haven't had since I fell off Freehaven Dock, long ago. Will you allow such a wet rat in your house?"

"Yes, come in," Perry replied; and ushering the stranger into the room, he brought some kindlings and light wood, with which he soon made a fire in the fireplace.

The stranger took off his coat and vest, and squeezed the water from them, hung them on a chair, and addressed himself to the drying of his extremities. The old man looked on in moody silence, and the stranger was compelled to make the first advances.

"A nice place you have here, I should think. I saw it from the bottom of the hill, before the storm came up."

"Who are you?" Perry abruptly asked. "Do you come here on any business? Have you anything to do with that rascal Murch, who has robbed me of all my property? I don't know, sir; perhaps I do you an injustice; but I have become embittered against everybody. I'll ask you kindly, if you came here here for Isaac Murch, to leave peacefully—and now."

"On my honor, then, sir," replied the other, much surprised at the questions, "I'm above spying for him or anybody. I came into Freehaven, down below here, this afternoon, in the steamboat, and expected to walk over to Westlock before the rain came on. I got caught, and I made for the first shelter I saw, but if you'd rather I should go—"

"No, no," interrupted Perry; "I wouldn't turn a dog out into the storm, much less a human being. Stay till you are dry, and the rain is over; and that, I think, won't be before morning. I'll give you a bed."

Finding the old man but little inclined to talk, the stranger bade his host good night and went to the room assigned to him.

It was then about ten o'clock. The storm was at its height, and it continued for an hour longer, when it abruptly ceased. The suddenness of its cessation aroused the occupant of the room, and wearied with his stress of emotion, he took his candle and ascended the stairs. He had no heart for anything but his own dreadful misery; and he would probably have forgotten the presence of a stranger in his house but for a ray of light issuing from the keyhole of the chamber which he had bade him take.

Randolph Perry paused, and merely obeying a sudden impulse, stopped and placed his eye at the hole. He had not the least curiosity about this man, and his act was certainly without motive. But his eye had singled out his guest from the other objects in the room when he concentrated his attention upon him with the greatest eagerness. He saw him sitting by the table, his back to the door, and the candle before him. Four or five piles of bank notes, new and crumpled, were before him; and he counted them over rapidly, replacing them all in an oil-skin wallet beneath his pillow. In a few moments more the light was extinguished and the heavy breathing of the sleeper was heard.

Silently did the listener gain his own room; and as he stood there he was a man transformed! Could he have seen his own face at that moment he must have been terrified at the fiendish passions that peered out from it. He straightened up his bowed shoulders; his eyes lost their listless, hopeless expression and burned with a baleful light; and even his shriveled, wrinkled cheeks flushed with the shame of the dreadful sin with which he was struggling.

For Randolph Perry meditated murder. With this horrible resolution formed, the old man rapidly proceeded to its accomplishment. In his bureau drawer lay a sheath-knife eight inches in the blade, which he had never carried since boyhood, and opening the drawer he took it from its sheath, and holding it up to the light saw that it was sharp.

The demon must have had full possession of him in that hour, for he smiled as he observed the glitter of the bright blade. Placing it in the breast of his waistcoat, he softly left his room and traversed the passage. Listening at the door of his victim, he heard his steady, regular breathing, and noiselessly unclasping it he entered and advanced to the bedside. But his eyes lingered upon the table; he could not withdraw them. They rested on a large family Bible, the gift of his wife in happier days, and it now lay open, as the hand of the stranger must have opened it, to the sixth chapter of Matthew. At the top of the page he saw drawn with a pencil in bold letters, but with irregular and wavering lines, as if by the hand of a child, the beginning of the thirteenth verse:

"And lead us not into temptation."

A change upon the instant came over Randolph Perry. His face turned deadly pale, his limbs shook so violently that the light in his hand was extinguished; and, with all purpose of crime banished from his heart, he feebly tottered from the chamber that had witnessed this strange scene back to his own room, where he sank on his knees by the bedside and penitently poured fourth his soul in secret thanksgiving to heaven for his deliverance.

As Randolph sat at breakfast with his guest, a chase drove up to the door, and from it alighted Mr. Murch, the hateful agent. He entered without knocking, and unceremoniously addressed the old man, paying no heed to the stranger.

"Your time is up to-day, old fellow, and if my client still owned the mortgage, my business here would be to turn you out. But he don't; he's sold it to somebody whom you'd probably see here soon enough. I was going by, and I thought I'd call in and congratulate you."

"Heaven will be done!" ejaculated Perry covering his face.

"It's just about time, it was," Murch rejoined, with heartless insolence. "You've given trouble enough about that mortgage, and it's quite time you was set at rest on your travels."

"Leave the house, you scoundrel!" roared the guest, jumping up angrily and menacing Murch with his fist.

"And who might you be, my lad?" the latter sneeringly asked.

"I am the owner of the mortgage, and I am able and willing to punish you for your cruelty to this old man."

And seizing the agent by his coat-collar with a grip of iron, the strong man spun him about like a top—slamming him with no gentle force against the wall till the breath was knocked out of his body; and then opening the door, he cast him out into the wet grass. A minute later the crestfallen agent rose and limped out to his chaise sore and bruised and humbled in feelings. It was his first and last visit to Woodhampton.

The stranger reclosed the door and knelt beside the astonished old man and took his hands.

"Don't you know me, father?" he asked in a trembling voice. "Will you take back your prodigal son who deserted you so cruelly? I never was bad at heart, father; it was Robinson Crusoe, more than anything else, that made me run away. I've come back now, after years of wandering, with money enough for both of us. I've paid the mortgage, and I want to live with you here, at Woodhampton. My heart has been yearning to you ever since I set foot in the house; I've been ready to reveal myself a dozen times, but it faltered on my lips. Forgive me now, father; forgive me, and let us dwell in peace and forget the past."

His voice failed him and his head sank on his father's knee, and the glad old man bent over him with streaming eyes, fondly smoothing his hair and faltering, "God has given me of His bounty when I deserved His curse. May my Father in heaven and my son on earth forgive me!"

Making Beef Extract.

We may, for convenience, divide the factory into three departments: First, pressing; second, bottling, and third, finishing. To the first of these, supplies of the choicest parts of the ox are brought in the morning of every working day straight from the shambles. It is at once cut up into succulent steaks, each of which get a slight sprinkling of table salt, is then inclosed in a new muslin bag and an outer canvas bag, and with dozens more is placed between the perforated metallic plates of an hydraulic press.

When the company commenced work they were content with a press which took a charge of about 100 steaks at a time, but they have had to meet a greater consumption than was anticipated, so that lately they have installed an exceedingly powerful press, which would do perfectly for making bales of cotton, and this is tested to give a pressure of 400 tons.

When the pile of steaks is put on the receiver the whole is surrounded with a jacket (iced in the summer) and the pressure applied.

We need not follow the process too minutely, it is so simple. The juice as it is collected is mixed with an innocuous preservative, set aside for a month to clear, and then transferred to the bottling department. Here the liquor is filled into bottles by a siphon arrangement, so that the liquid comes into contact with as little air as possible; and the bottles when filled are transferred to a separate building, where they are corked, capped, labeled and boxed.

Our traveler observed that a girl examined each bottle before it was passed on to the capsular, and any one which showed a spot of suspended matter or was in the least cloudy was set aside.

It was explained that this is part of the principle of the manufacture; the liquor is the pure juice of beef, and in order that it may keep, the most rigid attention must be given to exclude foreign matter from it, and as far as our representative could judge, the principle was adhered to throughout. And what becomes of the pressed steaks? Well, they are like cardboard when they come out of the press and as dry as a stick.—Chemist and Druggist.

The Point of View.



Tommy, the painter's boy, decorates old Swiegler's gin.



Old Swiegler appears and wonders at Tommy's hilarity.—The Century.

Protection for Naval Gunners.

A new system of protection for gunners in exposed places on men-of-war in action is to be adopted by the navy department. Experiments are now being made looking to the attainment of that object, and the best result obtained thus far is from a wire webbing made of intertwining spirals remarkably flexible and strong. It resembles somewhat the old-fashioned chain armor of the crusaders' time, and curtains of this material will be used to protect gunners behind shields from fragments of exploding shells. The resisting quality of this network will be equal, it is confidently believed, to that of a solid plate of steel an inch thick.—Chicago Times.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electrical tanning is satisfactory. An Italian has invented a new fuel prepared from lignite. It has been satisfactorily used for running locomotives.

The largest telescopic lens ever ground in this country is now in course of polishing at Greenville, Penn. It measures thirty and one-half inches in diameter, five and one-eighth inches in thickness.

The application of the microscope to machine shop practice, for the purpose of proving whether surfaces are true, is pronounced by experts as being the best method of obtaining accuracy thus far suggested.

An apparatus for testing the smelling capacities of individuals was recently exhibited in Paris. It is said to determine the weight of odorous vapor existing in a given quantity of air. The invention is called the olfactometer.

A man named Jones, of Cardiff, Wales, is said to have patented a sewing machine without shuttle or bobbin. The thread is supplied directly from two ordinary spools and sews through the assistance of a rotary looper.

Moulds for casting iron cast only by made in sand. Iron and other metallic moulds chill the iron, and it does not fill well. The great heat at which iron melts will burn any other material, or will stick so as to break the mould.

One of the novelties at the St. Pancras Exhibition, in London, lately, was a sausage machine, driven by electric motor. In conjunction with this machine it has been proposed to employ an electric heating attachment, whereby the savory dish can be delivered cooked.

A successful exhibition was given in Philadelphia recently, of the system of storage batteries for propelling passenger railway cars, as introduced by Messrs. Wright & Starr. A special feature of the new system is the recharging of the batteries by a retrograde movement of the motor.

The run from Baltimore to Philadelphia of the Royal Blue Line Express is made behind what is said to be the largest engine in this country. It weighs 187,000 pounds, and runs on four driving wheels six feet six inches in diameter. It is black, without a particle of bright color about it.

A new method of ventilating railway carriages and preventing dust from entering with the air has appeared in France. The more quickly the train moves the more rapidly the apparatus works. The air is made to traverse a receptacle containing water, which cools it and relieves it of dust, after which it goes through another filter before entering the carriage.

State Entomologist Lintner, who was summoned to Catskill recently, to examine a new pest which was ruining the pear crop of that place, finds that an area three miles in diameter has been occupied by the most dangerous fruit pest that has visited the State in years. It is the Diplosis Privora, or pear midge, which is common in Europe, but first made its appearance in this country ten years ago at Meriden, Conn.

The great electric searchlights of the modern navy are now having an offensive as well as defensive value. There was a sham attack upon Cherbourg the other day, by a squadron of the French navy, and during the manoeuvres the torpedo boat Edmond Fontaine was run into by a cruiser and sent to the bottom. Her officers report that they were so dazzled by the searchlight of one cruiser that they were utterly unable to see the ship that struck them, and so could make no effort to get out of her way.

A Beard Seven Feet Long.

Henry C. Cook, a tailor of this city, says a letter from Connecticut to the Chicago Tribune, has probably the longest beard of any man in the world. It is seven feet, two or three inches long.

Mr. Cook is a small, wiry, withered man, only five feet, six inches tall, as the tail of his beard, when he lets it fall in front of him, trails about two feet on the ground. He did not let the beard grow so long in order to excite curious attention, but was indifferent about it, or, as it chose to keep on growing, he just let it grow. It is now over thirty years old, a waterfall of dark, silky hair. What notoriety it has brought to him is very distasteful to Mr. Cook, who is one of the quietest, most retiring men in the world, never bothering his head about anything in public life. In his dark little [bre] in this ancient town he labors methodically, in the old-time leisurely way, for a certain line of old-fashioned customers, cronies of his, who are as taciturn and unobtrusive as himself. He has scissored and basted and sewed a snug little fortune for himself, and all the time the beard kept growing leisurely and unobtrusively. After the beard had become more than two feet long Mr. Cook tucked it inside his shirt, and it grew even faster in there. But it was so completely out of sight that even after it had become as long as it is, his most intimate friends never suspected that the ambitious but retiring beard was growing fame for its possessor.

Finally, one day about nine years ago, the little tailor trotted up two long flights of stairs into the photograph rooms of his friend, Mr. Loughton, squared off before a camera, yanked a great wad of hair out of the bosom of his shirt, made a deft twist or two to it, and lo! a hirsute cascade flowed to his feet. Mr. Loughton was astonished, but he pulled the trigger and the camera did the rest. At the time the photograph was taken the beard was only six feet six inches long; it has grown seven or eight inches since.

Mr. Cook is between sixty and seventy years, has a shallow, wrinkled, dark face, and it is not known that he ever was sick. His thick, luxuriant hair is as black as a crow's wing, and there is hardly a silver thread in either his hair or his beard.

Mrs. Mary M. Higgins, a clerk in the Postoffice Department at Washington, is about to devote her life to the education of neglected girls in Ceylon. Two thousand native women have already founded an educational society there. Mrs. Higgins has been unanimously elected principal of the high school at Colombo.

Ripening by Electricity.

Major Frank McLaughlin of Oroville, who, by this way, is one of the largest orange and olive growers in Butte County, has hit upon a novel feature in the cultivation of the orange. He has been experimenting for a year past with electricity, and has concluded to employ that agency in maturing his fruit. He claims that a fine wire wound about the trunk from tree to tree and connected with a battery of a few jars of chemical electricity, will suffice for 100 trees; that the expense will not exceed five cents per tree, and that the result will be a larger crop and earlier fruit by several weeks. The idea is a new and novel one, whether practical we are not prepared to say.

Mr. McLaughlin claims other fruits can be greatly accelerated by this method also. It is an experiment that will no doubt be watched with great interest by our horticulturists, and who knows but what by the use of electricity we may not be able to ripen our fruits several weeks earlier than we do at present. Our present system of pruning and propagation produces the earliest bearing results, now we must look for an early maturing agency. The electric theory would seem to be able to drive the sap and substance to the top of the tree faster than nature's laws, and thus produce an earlier fruiting.—Sulter (Cal.) Farmer.

Something of Texas's Bigness.

"I live in the greatest State in the Union," said Richard M. Anderson, of San Antonio, Texas, at the Metropolitan Hotel in New York City, "and from what I know of her resources I think her exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago will astonish the people of the United States. The largest wheat farm in this country outside of California is situated in the Panhandle of Texas, and is known as West Texas. It comprises 10,000 acres on the railroad, ten miles east of Colorado, and is owned by a company of some of the best known capitalists of Dallas, Fort Worth and Colorado. This immense tract of land lies high and almost level, while the soil is rich and deep, with hardly any timber. The farm is ten miles wide, extends forty miles north and south, and is all being fitted for cultivation. The work is principally done by twelve immense gang plows, which turn eight furrows at one time. Our cotton crop last year was something over 1,500,000 bales and there were 180,000,000 bushels of corn. We have within our borders 7,500,000 cattle, 4,500,000 sheep, 1,400,000 horses and mules, and other things in proportion. Texas is a great State."—St. Louis Republic.

AVAILANCES.

Snow-slides play a greater part in shaping the Himalayas, according to Colonel H. C. B. Tanner, and officer of the Indian Survey, than geologists generally suppose. This author has encountered four distinct kinds of avalanches. The first, and most common, is the precipitation of a mass of new snow from slopes too steep to retain more than a limited quantity. These occur generally in winter and early spring. The second kind of avalanche is the old snow, loosened by the heat of the sun. They may be heard throughout the summer and autumn, and, though usually not of great extent or weight, are dangerous in the unexpected and irregular manner in which they slide off. The third kind can only be seen when the mountains are of peculiar structure, and are really ice and not snow avalanches. They are of very constant occurrence in some localities, more particularly where small glaciers are situated high up on the crest of mountains, and are gradually pushed over the edge. The fourth kind was seen by Colonel Tanner but once, and not known to have been described before. It is very curious, being the movement of billions of snowballs, about the size of one's head, which, in a stream a mile and a half long, slowly wound down the upper part of an elevated valley in the Gilgit-Darel Mountains. Trenton (N. J.) American.

Pickpockets Are Born.

A man must have the physical endowment to be a pickpocket, just as a man must have a certain mental endowment to be a poet, says a noted criminal in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The lining of the pocket must be taken hold of about an inch from the top on the inside. It must be drawn up easily and quickly at the same time.

Not more than half a dozen movements of the fingers should be necessary to get the lining out far enough. With the lining, of course, will come the pocketbook, and this should never be touched by the fingers until it is almost ready to drop into the hand of the thief. Some experts never touch the book until it is in the hand. Now, the fingers to do this should be slender; not necessarily long, but thin and flexible, and the best pickpockets are those whose finger ends are naturally moist.

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