

The Panama Star and Herald urges the establishment of a sample room for American products on the isthmus, where merchants going to Europe can first inspect American goods.

Says the Chicago News: That some high geniuses with peculiar endowments can never attain great fame is evidenced in the career of Louis Paulsen, whose death was recorded recently. Paulsen was born with the marvelous faculty of the chess player, and some of his feats at his chosen game have not been surpassed. He mastered all contemporary knowledge as to openings and methods and developed originality enough to overthrow former systems and confound older players. His memory was so remarkable that he could play twelve games at once while blindfolded. Yet at his death his name was unknown to nearly all save the comparatively few who make chess their hobby, and pay long devotions before the graven image of bishop, knight and pawn.

The experiment about to be made by John W. Bookwater of the application of the principle of economy of labor by concentration to farming can be watched with much interest. He has purchased 12,000 acres of fertile land in Pawnee County, Nebraska, which he proposes to divide into 150 farms of eighty acres each. In the center of this large tract he has already begun the erection of 150 dwellings. Located in the center of a square tract of 12,000 acres, the farmer and his family can escape that isolation which Mr. Bookwater claims is annually driving thousands of the farmers' boys to look for homes in the towns and cities of the country. He proposes in the new community to minimize the drudgery and lonesomeness of farm life, not only for him who labors in the field but more especially for her who toils in the kitchen. One windmill will answer to pump the water for the farmer's village. In a village laundry properly equipped a few persons could do all the washing with more ease than would 150 women, if separated as farmers are now separated.

The population of Liverpool has not decreased, after all, learns the New York Post, but has only expanded. The first figure of the recent census told the truth, but not the whole truth, and the Registrar-General's supplemental statistics prove that the great city on the Mersey is flourishing numerically as well as in other ways. The central parts of the town are too expensive for dwelling purposes, and the former inhabitants have gone to the suburbs. At the last census the people of Manchester were imagined to find that of the twenty chief towns of the kingdom theirs was the only one that had declined. When the municipal area was widened so as to include the old suburbs, it became apparent that the true Manchester had increased by eight or nine per cent. The same would be found to be the case with Liverpool were its restricted municipal area made to include the suburbs. In fact, the population of the extra-municipal suburbs has risen more than sixty per cent., and, taking the whole area, municipal and suburban, including Crosby, Litherland, Bootle and Toxteth Park, there is not a decline of 6.3, but an increase of 5.9 in the population of Liverpool.

The collection of large groups of facts about accidents which has been made necessary by the development of accident insurance, has made a contribution to one department of social science that is by no means uninteresting. For instance, it is a curious fact that a man is much more likely to lose his left hand than his right hand, or his left eye than his right eye; statistics, show, too, that when a man insures himself against accidents he thereby greatly diminishes the risk of accident—and this is probably explained in this way: When a man's attention is called to a danger he fixes his mind on it, and thereby consciously or unconsciously makes unusual efforts to avert it. It therefore happens that a man is more likely to be a victim of an accident of a kind that he never thought of, than of the kind against which he insures himself. A man, for instance, who handles sharp tools will insure himself against an accident from the use of them, and the first thing he knows he will be drawing pay from an insurance company for an injury done by getting a splinter in his eye. Not only are such odd and curious facts as these brought to light by the development of accident insurance, but a great many important groups of facts which bear upon the habits of men and the development of civilization. For instance, accidents are much more common in the sparsely settled portions of the country than in the densely settled portions, and they happen more frequently in the middle of winter and the middle of summer than in the other seasons of the year. An interesting study of these facts, which is perhaps the first study of the kind ever published, is contributed to the Forum by James R. Fitcher.

RIGHTED. Human hopes and human fears, Weary days and weary years; This is living. Lifted clouds and vision clear, Ended toil and heaven near; This is dying. —Louise Houghton, in Youth's Companion.

THE CHAIR-MAKER.

It was at the end of the opening dinner of the hunting season, at the house of the Marquis Bertrams. Eleven hunters, eight ladies and the country doctor were seated at the brilliantly lighted table, which was covered with fruit and flowers. They had just been talking of love, and a warm discussion had arisen, the old question as to whether one could love truly only once or more than once. Many cases were brought up of people who had had but one serious love, and of others who had repeatedly loved fervently. Most of the men contended that passion, like disease, could attack the same person many times, and so severely as to kill him, if any insurmountable obstacle arose.

Although this position was unassailable, the ladies, whose opinion was based more upon poetry than on observation, maintained that love, true love, could come only once to mortals, and that it was like a stroke of lightning, and that the heart once touched by it was thenceforth so empty, ravaged and seared, that no other strong feeling, no dream even, could spring up in it. The Marquis, who had loved often, opposed this idea very strongly. "I know, said he, 'that a man can love many times with all his heart and soul. You tell me about people who have killed themselves for love, as proofs of the impossibility of a second passion. But I tell you that if they had not been so stupid as to kill themselves, and thus lost all chance of change, they would have been cured, and would have done the same thing over and over again until they died a natural death. Lovers and drunkards are much alike—whenever drunk, will drink again, and whoever has loved, will love again. It is merely a matter of temperament."

An appeal was made to the doctor, an old Parisian who had retired to the country, and all begged for his opinion. But he had none. "It is just as the Marquis says," he said. "It is a matter of temperament. For my part I know of one passion which lasted for fifty-five years, without a day's intermission, and which was ended only by death." The Marchioness clapped her hands, exclaiming, "How beautiful! And what a dream to be loved like that! What joy to live for fifty-five years surrounded by such a deep, strong affection. How happy he must have been, and how blissful his life, who was so beloved!" The doctor smiled and said, "You are quite right, madame, in thinking that the beloved one was a man. He is M. Chouquet, the village druggist. As for the woman, you know her, too. She was the old chair mender who used to come to the chateau every year. But I will tell you the story."

The enthusiasm of the women had cooled, and their disappointed faces said plainly, "Pooh!" as if such love could come to none but elegant distinguished beings, who alone were worthy of the interest of refined and properly conducted people. "Three months ago," continued the doctor, "I was called to the deathbed of a young woman. Accompanied by her two big black dogs, her friends and guardians, she had come to the town the night before in the wagon which served her for a house, drawn by the old mare you have seen. The cure was with her when I arrived. She named us as executors of her will, and in order that we might understand her last wishes, she told us the story of her life, the saddest, strangest story I ever heard. "Her parents were both chair menders, and she had never lived in a house built on solid earth. As a little thing she wandered about ragged and dirty. The family always stopped by the roadside, at the entrance of the villages, and harnessed the horse, who browsed about, while the dog slept with his nose on his paws. There the little girl played in the grass, and the father and mother, in the shade of the wayside oaks, patched up all the old chair seats of the neighborhood. "They talked but little in that wandering home. After a short discussion as to which had better go the rounds of the house with the same old cry of 'Chairs to mend!' they would sit down and weave their straw in silence. When the child wandered too far away from the wagon, or tried to make friends with some village youngster, she was recalled by her father's angry voice: 'Come back here, you good-for-nothing!' Such were the only endearments which she knew. "When she grew older she was sent to collect the worn-out chairs. In this way she made some acquaintances among the children, but it was now the parents of her new friends who called roughly to their children, 'Come back here, you good-for-nothing! Don't let me see you talking with bare-footed children!' And often the small boys threw stones at her. "Some ladies had given her a few coins, which she kept with great care. One day—she was then eleven years old—as she was going about in this neighborhood, she met little Chouquet behind the cemetery. He was crying bitterly because another boy had stolen two centimes from him. The tears of the little fellow, one of the children whom in her simple neglected mind she had always thought happy and contented, moved her deeply. She went up to him, and when she learned the cause of his grief, poured all her savings—seven sous—into his hands, he taking them as a matter of course, and speedily drying his tears. Then, with wild delight, she was emboldened to kiss him. As he was busy examining his money he let her do so. Finding that he did not repulse her she kissed him again, gave him a warm hug and then ran away. "What did she think about in her poor little head? Did she love this youngster because she had sacrificed her modest fortune to him, or because she had given him her first kiss of affection? The mystery is the same for both great and small. "For months she thought of nothing but the corner of the cemetery and this urchin. In the hope of seeing him again, she stole from her parents a sou here, another there, from the piece of a mended chair, or from the money given

her to buy food. The next time she came to the town she had two francs in her pocket, but she could not contrive to do more than see the little apothecary, spiculously clean, standing behind the windows of his father's shop between a crimson flask and a jar of leeches. She loved him more than ever, fascinated and over-awed by the splendor of the colored water and the transfiguration of the shining crystals. "She treasured his memory secretly, and when she met him the next year playing marbles near the school with the other boys, she rushed up to him, threw her arms around him, and kissed him so violently that he began to howl with fear. Then she gave him her money to pacify him. There were three francs and twenty centimes, quite a fortune, and he stared at it with eyes, took it and let her caress him as much as she wanted to.

"For the next four years she gave him all the money she could get, and he pocketed it deliberately in exchange for the kisses which she was allowed to take. Sometimes it would be thirty sous, sometimes two francs, once it was only twelve sous, which made her weep with grief and shame, but it had been a hard year, and the last time it was a great round five-franc piece, which made him laugh with joy. She thought of nothing but her return, and waited impatiently for her return, and delighted her heart by running to meet her when she came. "Then he disappeared. He had been sent away to school. She found that out easily enough by asking questions. So she used all her wits to try and change the route which her parents took, in order to make them pass through the village during the vacation. She succeeded at last, but it was now two years since she had seen him, and she scarcely knew him he had changed so much. He had grown larger and better looking, was very imposing in his gold-buttoned coat, and passed proudly by pretending not to see her. "She went over to him for two days, and from that time she suffered unceasingly. She came back again every year and saw him without daring to greet him, while he did not even condescend to look at her. She still loved him hopelessly. "He is the only man in the world that I ever saw, doctor. I do not even know whether there are any others," she said to me.

"Her parents died in the course of time and she worked on in their trade, but she now had two dogs instead of one, two terrible dogs, with whom no one would dare to meddle. "One day, on her return to the village in which lived her heart's idol, she saw a young woman coming out of Chouquet's shop, leaning on his arm. He was married and that was his wife. "That night she threw herself into the pond in the square by the mayor's house. A belated drunkard fished her out and carried her to the druggist's shop. Young Chouquet came down to take care of her, worked over her apparently without recognizing her, then said roughly, 'How foolish you are! How could you do such a thing?' "He had spoken to her! That was enough to relieve her, and she was happy for some time after. "He would not take any pay for his trouble, although she tried to insist on his doing so. "And so passed her whole life. She mended her chairs and dreamt of Chouquet, and every year she saw him through his shop windows. She fell into the habit of buying small supplies of medicine from him, so that she still saw and spoke to him and gave him money. "She died last spring, as I said. After having told me her sad story, she begged me to give the savings of her life to him whom she had loved so patiently, for she had worked only for him, even starving herself at times in order to increase her hoard and to be sure that he would think at least once more of her, when she was dead. "She gave me 2327 francs, twenty-seven of which I left with the cure to pay the funeral expenses, and the rest I took away when she finally ceased to breathe.

"The next day I went to see the Chouquets. They had just finished breakfast and were seated opposite each other with a satisfied, important look on their stolid, ruddy faces. A strong smell of the apothecary's shop pervaded the place. "They asked me to sit down, and offered me a glass of kirsch wasser, which I accepted. I then began my story in a trembling voice, feeling sure that it would make them weep. "But as soon as he understood that he had been beloved by this wanderer, this chair mender, Chouquet, was filled with indignation, as if she had stolen from him his honor and reputation, the esteem of men, and all that he most valued. "His wife, who was equally angry, repeated again and again, 'The impudent creature! the impudent creature!' as if she could think of nothing else to say. "Chouquet rose in his wrath and strode up and down the room, his Greek cap tilted over one ear, stammering, 'Did you ever hear anything like that, doctor! What is going to happen to a man! If I had only known it I would have had her arrested and put in prison, and she would have found it hard to get out, I promise you.' "I was completely surprised at the result of my charitable errand, and was at a loss what to do or say; but as I had still my commission to finish, I continued. "She instructed me to give her savings, which amount to 2390; and as what I have just told you seems so very disagreeable, perhaps you would be better to give the money to the poor. "They both stared at me, dumb with amazement. I took the money from my pocket—a miserable collection of all sorts and kinds, gold and copper mingled—and asked, 'What will you have done with it?' "Mme. Chouquet was the first to recover herself. 'Well, I suppose it is this poor woman's last wish I think you can hardly refuse.' "We can always buy something for the children with it,' murmured her husband. "Just as you please,' I said dryly. "As long as she wished it, you might as well give it to us,' they added. 'We can find plenty of good use for it.' "I gave them the money, bowed, and took leave of them. "The next day Chouquet came to see me and said rudely, 'That woman left her cart here, didn't she? What have you done with it?' "Nothing. You may take it if you want it.' "Very well. It will do for a shed in my kitchen garden,' and he went out. I called him back and said

"She left an old horse and two dogs besides. Don't you want them?' "He stopped in surprise. 'No indeed! what could I do with them? You may dispose of them as you please.' "And he laughed and held out his hand to me. I took it, for how could I do otherwise? It would not do for the doctor and druggist in a little village to be enemies. "I kept the dogs, and the cure, who has plenty of room, took the horse. The wagon serves Chouquet for a shed, and he bought five railroad shares with the money. "That is the only case of deep love I have ever known."

The doctor was silent. The Marchioness, with tears in her eyes, said with a sigh, "Only women know how to love." —Boston Transcript.

SELECT SIFTINGS. Iron bricks are in use. Tea was first used in England in 1667. The average weight of a skeleton is about fourteen pounds. A million silver dollars weigh twenty-eight and a quarter tons. Dr. Hinkle, of America, Ga., has a piece of chinaware 791 years old. The drivers of the street cars in Atlanta, Ga., are not allowed to carry whips. The artificial incubation of egg originated in Egypt, where it is still carried on. Rebels in Morocco are executed by permitting elephants to walk over them and crush them. The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds; a German, 146 pounds. Brooklyn has recently developed two women housebreakers, one of them under twenty and the other about fifty. A person wounded must die within a year and a day to make the person inflicting the wound guilty of murder. The intestines of an ox have an average length of about 150 feet, and those of a sheep or pig of about ninety feet. A swordfish that weighed 830 pounds was caught recently by George Wakefield, keeper of the Cape Porpoise (Me.) light. A baby born on a train in Tennessee one day recently has been named Romulus, after the sleeping car in which he first saw light. The Turkish mother loafs her child with smiles as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud well steeped in hot water, prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead. Two gun trees which tower over 100 feet above a little church in Guatemala, are sixty feet in circumference, and their strong roots have pushed the foundations of the church out of place. The policemen of Jersey City, N. J., are obliged to wear helmets of mosquito netting over their heads at night to protect themselves from the ravages of the tormenting "skeeter."

Winter forcing of tomatoes is very profitable, especially near large cities. A high temperature, plenty of sunlight and great care in the growing are all that is required to produce good results. In the course of the recent eruption of Vesuvius some aeronauts made a visit to it in a balloon, remaining over it long enough to get good photographs of the crater, running lava, and so forth. In the museum of the Dead Letter Office at Washington, D. C., there is a piece of parchment upon which is penned a copy of the Lord's Prayer written in fifty-four different languages. The old-fashioned Russia wagon driver who carries passengers and freight long distances in his ramshackle, self-contrived vehicle is still competing successfully with the steam horse in the land of the White Czar. The greatest depth in the Western Mediterranean Sea, 10,600 feet, is between Sicily, Sardinia and Africa. Recent sounding in the eastern basin has yielded a maximum depth of 13,556 feet—this between Malta and Candia. It has been found impossible to keep ostriches alive in the London Zoo. Their omnivorous throats discriminate against nothing, and poisonous coppers, which mischievous people feed them, are as eagerly devoured as any other delicacy. They are building a root cellar upon the farm connected with the Insane Asylum at Augusta, Me., which is said to be the largest in the State, being 40x100 feet. It will cost \$3,000, and will be used to store potatoes from a twenty-five acre garden. A Petrified Horse. There was recently taken from a small creek near Stringtown, Indian Territory, a genuine curiosity in the shape of a petrified horse, which had, beyond doubt, been lying in the bed of the stream for many years. The creek, which is known as Mason's Ford, has been dwindling away for some time, owing to the failure of the springs by which it is fed, and is now but a shallow rivulet, and a number of Indian relics, human bones, etc., have been taken from its bed. The horse was nearly covered by a deposit of sand and loose limestone, and was discovered only by chance, some boys wading in the creek catching sight of a portion of one leg. Examining this, it was found to have turned entirely into stone, which led to the whole being dug out and carried to shore. The horse, a large, white one, seems to be the work of a cunning sculptor, so completely has the petrification been, even the hairs of the mane and tail being converted into stone. In the neck, and piercing one of the largest veins, is an arrow, in all probability the cause of its death, and which probably struck it as it stood on the banks of the creek, into which it rolled in its death agony. Its sides still show the marks of a saddle, and its flanks are cut as by spurs used with desperation, but no brand or other mark gives a clue to its rider. In removing it from the stream one hoof was unfortunately broken off, but with this exception it is perfect. It is now on exhibition in Stringtown, and is shortly to be presented to the Smithsonian Institution, though several agents for dime museums have endeavored to secure it for their enterprises.—Philadelphia Times.

In 1868-69 there were 12,836 acres of vineyards in Victoria, Australia, and 1,209,442 gallons of wine were produced.

GREATEST OF VOLCANOES. THIS IS MAUNA LOA IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. It is the Most Important of Modern Volcanoes—A Great River of Lava 100 Feet Deep.

On a recent map of Hawaii, the largest island of the Hawaiian group, a number of black marks, some narrow and some very wide, extending from a common center in the interior to many points of the compass, some of them reaching the sea, forty to sixty miles away. These marks represent the areas that during this century have been covered by lava, flowing from the greatest volcano in the world. In 1887 Mauna Loa gave two terrific displays of the most intense volcanic activity. The average interval between the eruptive periods of the volcano is about eight years. Mauna Loa, which means "The Great Mountain," is by far the most important of modern volcanoes. Several years ago Captain C. E. Dutton, of the Ordnance Corps in our army, made a careful study of the Hawaiian volcanoes. He says that a moderate eruption of Mauna Loa represents more material than Vesuvius has emitted since the destruction of Pompeii. The great lava flow of 1855, which extended forty-five miles toward the sea, with an average breadth of 45 miles and an average depth of 100 feet, would nearly have buried Vesuvius. The flows of 1833 and 1881 were little less. The first eruption in 1857 lasted two weeks, and the molten lava flowed for twenty miles down the gentle slope of the mountain, its lower edge entering the sea. In this way Hawaii is gradually growing, the great lava flows encroaching upon the sea and enlarging the coast line.

Although all the twelve islands that form the Hawaiian group are of volcanic origin, it is only in that island which gives its name to the group, and which is larger than all the rest put together, that volcanic energy is now displayed. The greatest number of Mauna Loa's lava flows have been toward the northeast or northwest coast of the island, but the stream of 1887 reached the southwest coast. Unlike most other volcanoes, the streams of melted matter which roll down Mauna Loa's sides do not issue from its summit, but from great fissures in the side of the mountain, sometimes thousands of feet below its top. The main axis of the stupendous mountain mass is about seventy-five miles long, and the mountain slopes very gradually toward the sea on all sides. Instead of being a cone, which is the usual form of a volcano, Mauna Loa is a great dome-like elevation. The reason is that the outpourings from the bowels of the earth which have formed it have been in the molten state so completely liquefied that they could spread over a large surface, while the more solid matter issuing from Vesuvius and many other volcanoes remained near the place of vent, and consequently built up the mountains in the form of peaks. Mauna Loa is nearly 14,000 feet high, and the ascent along the most accessible route to the summit can easily be made on mules. The slope of the mountain is so gradual, that it takes, along the usual route up the mountain, twenty miles of travel to gain an altitude of 9500 feet. It has been observed that the great eruptions of Mauna Loa have generally been preceded by intense activity at the summit orifice—the emissions there, however, never overflowing the great lava walled basin in which they are confined. After the main eruptions there is perfect quiescence in all parts of the mountain. Captain Dutton's theory is that within the mountain an accumulation of eruptive energy and material is constantly in progress, which at first seeks an outlet through the summit orifice; but at the accumulation goes on the mountain itself is ruptured. The lava is discharged, and the volcanic energy is for the time being depleted. Eleven years ago a great stream of lava for some months poured down the volcano's northeast slope and advanced steadily over the plains, some of them almost level to the coast, some forty miles away. It was making straight for the pretty village of Hilo, and the inhabitants concluded at last that there was no hope of saving their town. In the last days of its flow its progress was much less rapid, but still it kept pushing on at a rate of 300 yards a day. All the portable property in the town was packed up and the people prepared to move at a moment's notice. The stream of lava split in two long arms, and appeared to be about to encircle the town. The two branches had reached the outskirts of the town, when suddenly, without any premonition, the flow stopped and the movement was not renewed.—Geographical Magazine.

Roses Where a War Was Waged. One of the Wars of the Roses, the fiercest and deadliest of them all, was fought on a field where, curiously enough, a rose peculiar to the spot grows, or used to grow. It is a rare plant now, and the reason is explained by Mr. Leadman in his account of Yorkshire battles, "Prelis Eboracensis," published by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co. After describing the terrible conflict at Towton on Palm Sunday, 1461, he says: "I cannot conclude this story of Towton Field without an allusion to the little dwarf bushes peculiar to the Field of the White Rose and the Red." They are said to have been plentiful at the commencement of this century, but visitors have taken them away in such numbers that they have become rare. Such vandalism is simply shameful, for the plants are said to be unique, and unable to exist in any other soil. The little roses are white, with a red spot on the centre of each of their petals, and as they grow old the under surface becomes a dull red color.—London News.

Great Britain's Finest Flock. What was once one of the finest flocks of sheep in Great Britain has recently been dispersed. It belonged to the Marquis of Bristol, and was one of the oldest, as well as best, Southdown flocks in existence. Its register has been kept for eighty-four years. Some of the ewe lambs sold for nearly twelve dollars each, and ram lambs for about thirty-three dollars. Some of the yearling ewes brought over twenty dollars each, and a number of older ewes sold for nearly fifty dollars each. One of the rams brought about one hundred and seventy-five dollars. The flock brought about fifteen thousand dollars.—American Dairyman.

Peaked-Headed People. Dr. Junker, the African explorer, had a good opportunity for studying the fancies of the Mangbattu in matters of personal adornment. They, like most other tribes visited by him, made a practice of tattooing the breast and belly while leaving the face untouched. The execution of the chosen patterns is in each case a matter of many years, and every individual design represents an individual period in the life of the tattooed person. Men and women alike, in common with many other tribes south of the Welle, paint their bodies with the dark juice of the gardenia and redwood powder mingled with fat. The favorites of the princes employ most of their leisure



in covering themselves from crown to sole with the most varied and startling of painted designs. A Mangbattu of especially fastidious tastes shows his daintiness most remarkably in his hairdress. "With astounding care and the greatest variety," says Dr. Junker, "they build up on their heads these wonderful structures—most tedious and elaborate bits of work, to which, however, the vain young men of the better classes patiently submit. Everything that women of civilized countries accomplished in this particular, is far behind the marvelous forms of those hair phenomena." The head band, and accompaniment of the style of elaborate hairdress consists of thin black cords wound tightly around the forehead from the base of the nose to a line three or four inches above, and made fast to the back of the head. The head bands, as well as the hairdress of a Mangbattu remains undisturbed usually for weeks in succession. The bands are put on the heads of unwashed children, and have a perceptible effect on the development of the skull. Dr. Junker saw many Mangbattu children whose heads had thus been rendered peaked to the extent of extreme deformity. "Experience, shows, however," says Dr. Junker, "that such artificial malformations of the skull do not effect the mental faculties so long as the top of the skull, and with it the brain, is allowed to develop unhindered in some one direction. The Mangbattu tribes prove the truth of this assertion, for they stand without doubt on a much higher plane of life than many other native people which do not use the head bands."

The Earth and Its People. E. G. Ravenstein, recently in the American Spectator, gave an estimate of the world's present and possible population, which is certainly instructive and interesting. The fertile land of our planet, Mr. Ravenstein estimates at 29,000,000 square miles, and the bare grass land at 14,000,000 square miles, and the desert at 4,180,000. The present population of the world he gives as 1,468,000,000, and estimates that there is an increase of eight per cent. with each decade. The desert lands, he says, could sustain one person to the square mile, poor grass lands ten persons, and the fertile area 207 easily. On this assumption the earth could support about 6,000,000,000 human beings, and reckoning the increase each decade at eight per cent. the earth would be full 130 years from now. In the meantime, however, it is possible that the science of agriculture may be advanced so as to permit the number supported to be larger, and consequently, the earth's age greater.

Queen Victoria's Prize Cattle. Her Majesty, the Queen, exhibited a lot of Aberdeen-Angus cattle at the recent fair of the Royal Northern Agricultural Society of Great Britain, at Aberdeen, and was fortunate enough to secure several prizes. Among her stock was a famous polled cow, which in point of size has been at the head of the show cattle of this breed for several years. The weight of this enormous cow last year was "over a ton" and she is said to have been improving since that time.—American Dairyman.

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