

News comes from Copenhagen, Denmark, that the city has just been joined to the capital of Sweden by a telephone line. As the crow flies, the distance between Copenhagen and Stockholm is something over three hundred miles, but the line is probably much longer, especially as the first part of it is necessarily a submarine cable beneath the Sund.

The official Gazette of Fekin published six columns in a recent issue in which were enumerated the emoluments and honors conferred on the 428 physicians who attended the Emperor's mother in her recent serious illness. The Gazette protests against the doings of the Buddhist priests, who, during her illness were continually denouncing the locomotives, to whose smoke and whistling they ascribed her illness.

Those who read juvenile literature of thirty years ago will recall the queer pseudonym "A. L. O. E." which appeared on the books of Miss Charlotte Tucker. A London cable records the death of this lady in India, where she was engaged in missionary work. She had the gift in an unusual degree of interesting young readers, and many of her stories are so good that, in the estimation of the San Francisco Chronicle, they are worth reprinting for a new generation.

Reports received at the War Department of recent small-arm competitions among the troops in the Far West show conclusively, relates the Washington Star, that the noble red man as represented in Uncle Sam's military service does not compare very favorably with his pale-face brother in the matter of sharpshooting. There is a popular idea, gained from Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales and even more modern literature about the "dusky denizens of the forest," that all warriors are superior marksmen. Army statistics prove that this is a romantic delusion, so far as the Indian soldier is concerned.

A man in Penobscot County, in Maine, paid a fortune teller a fee of \$1 to tell him who had stolen his flock of geese, relates the Trenton (N. J.) American, and received the required information, and the additional news that the geese had been killed and dressed for market by the thief. He went home full of wrath and determined to make it hot for the offender, and was met at the doorway of his home by the missing fowls, who fled in from an adjacent swamp. The fortune teller "can't most generally always tell the truth, and in this case a wretched man was narrowly saved from making a "goose" of himself, and perhaps getting himself into serious trouble by listening to the wicked lies of the pretended seer. As a rule, the only one who can tell who stole the geese is the one who stole them.

The Manufacturers' Record has published two pages of letters from bankers in all parts of the South in regard to the general condition of business, but especially as regards the financial position of Southern farmers. Without exception these letters say that the enforced economy of the last two years has caused a complete change in Southern farm methods; that the farmers are giving more attention to diversified agriculture, and that they are now well supplied with corn and provisions, which will prevent the heavy drain of former years for Western food-stuffs. Summing up these reports the Manufacturers' Record says: "They show that the whole economic policy of Southern farm interests is undergoing a change and the credit system is being superseded by a cash basis. The low price of cotton for the last few years forced upon the farmers the necessity of raising their own food-stuffs, and added to this was the decision of bankers and factors to advance much less money on cotton than formerly. The result has been a change that for the time being, while passing from the credit with its liberal buying to a cash system requiring the closest economy, there has been less trade throughout the South than we have had for many years. Merchants are carrying small stocks and buying only as needed; farmers are paying off their debts to such an extent that without exception these letters from bankers say that the farmers are less in debt than for years. The money that formerly went North and West for provisions and grain has been retained at home, and the full result is that this section is probably less in debt to its own banks and less in debt to the North and West for supplies than in any year since the war ended."

THE COMING OF NIGHT. The loitering Day looked backward, smiling, And slipped out through the west, Where rosy, misty forms beguiling Besought her for their guest: "Oh, follow, follow through the west! Our golden portals wide are swinging For thee alone, for these. And wistful voices clear are ringing Across the darkling sea, In eager welcoming to thee." Aloft her silver censor holding, The star-eyed Night drew close, Her mantle round the hushed earth folding, More sweetly breathed the rose, As Night with tender tears drew close. Her dusky sandals softly gleaming With wandering threads of gold, Broiled by vagrant fireflies, seeming Beneath each wing to hold A fairy spinning threads of gold. With silent footfall, weaving slowly A mystic slumb'rous spell, She came, and something sweet and holy The weary earth befall. When woven in the slumb'rous spell. —Celia A. Hayward, in Lippencoit.

ON THE BRINK. BY FRANCOIS COPPEE. HEN Lucien de Hern saw his last piece of money raked in by the banker, and got up from the roulette table where he had just lost the remainder of his little fortune which he had brought there for his final effort, he was seized with vertigo and narrowly escaped falling to the floor. With a weary brain and trembling legs, he threw himself upon a long leather sofa which surrounded the gambling table. For several minutes he looked vaguely about these private gambling rooms where he had spoiled the most beautiful years of his youth, recognized the worn features of the different gamblers, cruelly lit by the great shaded lamps, heard the soft clinking of the gold upon the green table, felt that he was ruined, lost, and remembered that he had at home, in the drawer of the commode, a pair of pistols which had once been the property of his father, General de Hern, when he was a captain; then, only worn out with fatigue, he fell into a profound sleep.

When he awakened, his mouth dry and parched, he ascertained by glancing at the clock that he had scarcely slept a quarter of an hour, and he felt an overwhelming desire to breathe the fresh, cool, night air. The hands of the clock pointed to a quarter of an hour of midnight. As he arose and stretched himself, he remembered that it was Christmas eve, and with an ironical play of the memory, he saw himself a little child and putting, before he went to bed, his shoes in front of the fireplace.

At this moment, old Drouski, a pillar of the place, a typical Pole, wearing a rusty, long coat, trimmed with braid and large ornaments, approached Lucien and muttered these words through his gray beard: "Send me five francs, sir. It is now two days since I have not led the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. You may laugh at me, if you wish, but I will cut off my right hand if soon, at midnight, this number is not the one." Lucien de Hern shrugged his shoulders. He had not even enough in his pockets to give to that beggar, whom the frequenters of the place called "ses cents sous du Polonais." He passed into the ante-room, took his hat and coat and went down the staircase with a feverish agility.

Since 4 o'clock, when Lucien went into the club, the snow had been falling steadily and the street—a narrow one in the centre of Paris, with high houses on either side—was white with snow. In the calm, black-blue sky the cold stars scintillated. The ruined gambler shivered in his furs and began to walk rapidly, turning over always in his mind those hopeless thoughts and dreaming more than ever of the box of pistols which awaited him in the drawer of his commode; but after having taken several steps, he stopped suddenly before a heart-rending spectacle.

Upon a stone bench, placed according to an old custom near the large door of a private house, a little girl scarcely six or seven years old, dressed in a black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had fallen, asleep there despite the cruel cold, in a pitiful attitude of fatigue and dejection, and her poor little head and tiny shoulder had dropped into corner of the wall and were resting upon the icy stone. One of the old wooden shoes with which the child was shod had fallen from the foot, which was hanging down, and lay drowsily before her.

Mechanically Lucien de Hern put his hand to his vest pocket, but he remembered that a moment before he did not find even a franc, and that he could not give a fee to the club waiter; nevertheless, pushed by an instinctive sentiment of pity, he approached the little girl, and he started, perhaps, to raise her in his arms and to give her a place of shelter for the night, when he saw something glisten in the shoe which had fallen from her foot. He bent over it; it was a twenty-five-franc piece. A charitable person—a woman, no doubt—had passed that way, had seen on that Christmas eve that shoes that had fallen in front of the sleeping child, and recalling the touching legend, she had carefully placed there a great gift, so that the little abandoned child could believe yet in Santa Claus, and should retain, in spite of her unhappiness and misery, some confidence and some hope in the goodness of Providence. Twenty-five francs! There was in it several days' rest and wealth for the beggar, and Lucien was upon the point of awakening her to tell her of it, when he heard near his ear, like an hallucination, a voice—the voice of the Pole with his thick and drawing accent, that murmured low these words: "It is now two days that I have not led the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win."

I will cut off my right hand if soon, at midnight, this number is not the one." Then this young man, twenty-three years old, who was descended from a race of honorable people, who bore a superb military name, was possessed with a mad, hysterical, monstrous desire; with one look he assured himself that he was really alone in that deserted street, and bending his knee and pushing his hand tremblingly into the fallen shoe, he stole the twenty-five-franc piece.

Then, running with all his strength, he returned to the gambling house, climbed the staircase with a few strides, pushed open with his fist the padded door of the cursed room, and reached it just as the clock was striking twelve placed upon the green cloth the gold piece and cried: "I stake it all on 'seventeen'!" Number seventeen was the winning number.

With a turn of the hand Lucien placed his double funds on "red." Red was the winning color. He tried all of his money again on the same color. Red came the second time. He doubled his preceding stakes twice, three times, always with the same luck. He had before him now a cup of gold and banknotes, and he scattered them over the table frantically. All the combinations brought him success. It was a chance never heard of before. Something supernatural. One would have said that the little ivory ball jumping into the pigeon holes of the roulette table was fascinated and magnetized by the gambler and obeyed him. He had recovered in a score of plays the few miserable notes of a thousand francs, his last resource, which he had lost at the beginning of the evening.

At present covering with several hundred francs at a time, and served always by his fantastic luck, he was in a fair way to regain all, and more than his family fortune which he had in so few years squandered. In his haste and desire to play he had not taken off his overcoat; already he had filled the great pockets with rolls of notes and gold pieces; and not knowing where to heap up his gains he thrust paper and gold into the pockets of his inside coat, his vest and trousers pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief, every place that could serve as a receptacle. And he played always, and he gained always, like a madman, like a drunken man! and he threw his handfuls of gold upon the table at hazard, with a gesture of certainty and disdain!

Only there was something burning in his breast like a red-hot iron, and he thought constantly of the little beggar from whom he had stolen. She is still in the same place! Yes, must be there! Immediately, yes, when the clock strikes one, I swear to myself that I will get away from this place. I will take her home with me; she shall sleep in my bed to-night; I will bring her up and I will settle a large amount on her; I will love her as my daughter, and I will take care of her always, always! But the clock struck one, and a quarter past and half past, and a quarter to two, and Lucien was still seated at that infernal table.

At last, one minute before two, the head of the house got up abruptly and said in a loud voice: "The bank is broken, gentlemen; enough for today." With one bound Lucien was on his feet and, pushing aside recklessly the curious who surrounded and regarded him with an envious admiration, he went out quickly, rushing down the stairs and running to the stone bench there. From a distance, by the light of a gas jet, he could see the little girl. "Thank God!" he cried, "she is still there." He approached her, and seized her tiny hand.

"Oh, how cold she is. Poor little thing!" He took her in his arms, and raised her to carry her. The head of the house fell back without awakening her. "How one sleeps at her age!" He pressed her against his breast to warm her; and, seized with a vague inquietude, he tried, in order to draw her from this heavy sleep, to kiss her on the eyelids, as one does to awaken gently a loved one. And then he perceived with horror that the eyelids of the child were half-closed, and that the eyeballs were glassy, set and sightless.

His brain whirled with a horrible suspicion; he put his mouth close to that of the little girl; not a breath came from it. During the time Lucien had gained a fortune with the money stolen from the little beggar, the poor child without a home had died, died from exposure to the cold. Feeling in his throat a horrible choking sensation, Lucien tried to cry out, and in the effort that he made he woke up from this nightmare and found himself on the club-room sofa, where he had fallen asleep a little before midnight, and where the waiter of the gambling room, in going out about 5 o'clock, had left him sleeping, out of pity for the ruined man.

A misty December sunrise lighted up the window panes. Lucien went out, shaved his watch, took a bath, breakfasted, and went to a recruiting office, where he signed a voluntary engagement in the First African Infantry. To-day Lucien de Hern is a lieutenant, he has only his pay to live on, but he gets out of it very well, being a steady officer and never touching a card; it would seem also that he finds it possible to save something out of it, for the other day, at Algiers, one of his comrades walking a little behind in a hilly street of the Kaspa, saw him give something to a little sleeping Spanish girl in a doorway, and he had the indiscreet curiosity to see what Lucien had given to the child. The inquisitive one was much surprised at the generosity of the poor lieutenant. Lucien de Hern had put in the hand of this indigent child a twenty-five-franc piece.—Translated for Boston Transcript.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS. HOW TO TREAT CHAMOIS SKIN. Considering what a useful thing a chamois skin is, it is astonishing that there is so much ignorance as to the proper way of keeping it in order and lengthening its term of service. Chamois skin should never be left in water after being used, but should be wrung out and hung up to dry, being spread out carefully, so as to leave no wrinkles. They should not be used to wipe off colors, as paint stains form hard spots, and it makes the skin wear out sooner. Chamois was never intended to wipe the face and hands with, which makes the skin become greasy. Never put a chamois skin into warm water; anything above lukewarm water will curl it up, making it become thick, tough and useless. To bring back chamois that has been ruined by grease or paint, or used as a towel until it resembles a dirty old rag, the following is recommended: Take a bucket of clean water which has been made fairly but not too strong with ammonia; soak the skin in it over night, and next morning rinse it out in pure water, after which use pure white castile soap and water freely. The whole operation, aside from the soaking, need take no longer than a quarter of an hour, and it makes the skin in reality better than it was before, having freed it from impurities.—New York Mercury.

KEROSENE IS A USEFUL CLEANER. Headlight oil is double refined petroleum, or refined kerosene. It is purer and cleaner than the cruder and cheaper oils, and has not so strong an odor. It is for this reason better for household purposes, although kerosene is as good in other respects. For laundry work the oil is becoming well known. The clothes are put to soak over night in warm soapsuds. In the morning clean water is put in the boiler and to it is added a bar of any good soap, shred fine, and two and one-half tablespoons of headlight or kerosene oil. The clothes being wrung from the suds, the finest and whitest go into the scalding water in the boiler and are boiled twenty minutes. When taken from the boiler for the next lot, they are sudsed in warm water, collars, cuffs and seams being rubbed if necessary. Rinsed and blued as usual, they will come forth beautifully soft and white. Knit woolen underwear, woolen socks, etc., may safely be washed in this way.

The secret of washing successfully by this method is the use of plenty of soap and warm water to end the clothes. If too little soap be used the dirt will "curdle" and settle on the clothes in "freckles." A teaspoonful of headlight oil added to a quart of made starch, stirred in while it is hot, added to the starch before the hot water is poured upon it, will materially lessen the labor of ironing and will give to clothes, either white or colored, especially muslins and other thin wash goods, a look of freshness and newness not to be otherwise attained.

For cold starch add a teaspoonful of oil for each shirt to be starched. Rub the starch well into the article, roll up tightly, and leave it for three-fourths of an hour, then iron. To clean windows and mirrors add a tablespoonful of headlight or kerosene oil to a gallon of tepid water. A polish will remain on the glass that no mere friction can give. If windows must be cleaned in freezing weather use no water at all. Rub them with a cloth dampened with kerosene; dry with a clean cloth and polish with soft paper.

A few drops of kerosene added to the water in which lamp chimneys are washed will make them easier to polish. To break a glass bottle or jar evenly put a narrow strip of cloth, saturated with kerosene, around the article where it is to be broken. Set fire to the cloth, and the glass will crack off above it. Tarnished lamp burners may be rendered almost as bright as new by boiling them in water to which a teaspoonful of soda and a little kerosene has been added. Then scour with kerosene and scouring brick and polish with chamois or soft leather.

To remove paint from any kind of cloth, saturate the spot with kerosene and rub well; repeat if necessary. To remove fruit stains, saturate the stain with kerosene, rub thoroughly with baking soda and leave in the sun. To renew woodwork and furniture, rub with kerosene and then with linseed oil. To clean a sewing or other machine, oil all the bearings plentifully with kerosene, operate the machine rapidly for a moment, rub the oil off and apply machine oil.

To remove dandruff, rub kerosene well into the roots of the hair; the dandruff can then be combed or washed out easily.—New York Press.

RECIPES. Indian Pudding.—Soak one quart of milk, thicken with one cup of meal, two eggs, one spoonful of flour, one cup of molasses, salt and ginger to taste. When cool add one pint of cold milk or do not stir it. Bake slowly for two or three hours. Noodles for Soup.—To one well beaten egg add a pinch of salt an flour enough to make a very stiff dough. Roll thin, dredge with flour and let stand for an hour. Make it into a roll and cut into thin slices. Mix together to loosen and dredge with flour. Popovers.—Two eggs, one cup of milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs very little—just sufficient to mix them, then add milk and salt, then the flour; mix until smooth and put into the hot greased pans. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

SECRET OF THE TROLLEY. THE ELECTRIC SYSTEM FOR PROPPELLING STREET CARS. The Mysteries of the Mechanism Are Below the Floor of the Car—Generating the Motive Power. As that electric system for propelling street cars, known as the trolley, has already superseded horses on many lines, it will doubtless interest many persons to learn just how the mysterious force to which man has given the name "electricity" operates in producing a motion of the cars. Of course, everybody knows that electricity is generated in power houses situated in various parts of the city, and is conducted along the wire which runs in midair above the tracks, but that the mechanism is below the floor of the motor car by which this wonderful fluid is utilized in the way desired the majority of people do not know.

The fact that power sufficient to move so large and heavy a mass finds entrance through the slender trolley pole seems almost incredible. This is not remarkable, since nothing is possible known about this force, except that it may be called a force, except such facts concerning its properties and actions as have been gathered by experience and observation. To explain without the use of obscure technical expressions the properties and actions which move an electric car is not easy. In order to give an idea of the power required, however, it will be necessary to explain a few terms in common use.

The weight of one pound falling through one foot in a second does one foot pound of work—this is one thirty-third of a thousandth of a horse power. A horse power is somewhat more than one horse can perform. It is said, however, that certain draft horses in England can accomplish this. An ampere is a fixed, determined quantity of electricity flowing through a wire in one second. A volt is the force or pressure required to push the ampere through the wire. One ampere pushed through a wire by a force of one volt represents an amount of work called one watt. A watt is one seven hundred and forty-sixth of a horse power, and it requires from three to four horse powers, or 3001 watts, to move a car weighing 7500 pounds at the rate of about eight miles an hour upon a level track.

This power in the form of electricity easily enters into a car by means of a cable from the overhead wire through the trolley pole, and thence to a brush on the motor, which is situated between two of the car wheels and below the floor of the car; then, going through the motor, it either comes out through another brush and back to the station by another wire or passes through the axle and wheels to the track and back to the station through a wire which is underground down the centre of the track. The brushes are two small pieces of carbon or copper which make contact with a part of the motor and allow the electricity to enter and leave.

The essential parts of the motor and the forces which cause the car wheels to turn may be explained as follows: There is an iron frame shaped to the form of a two-legged stool with an oblong seat. The legs are wound very closely with a continuous piece of silk on rubber covered wire, as a spool is wound with cotton, leaving a short space unwound on each leg at the end which rests upon the floor. This stool is inverted and electricity allowed to run through the wire. Now, while the current is going around both legs a force will exist between the ends left unwound. This force, although strong, is similar to the weak force between the poles of an ordinary horseshoe magnet. If a large knife be passed between the uncovered ends, resistance is offered and the knife is drawn through with some difficulty.

In the motor two such frames may be cast in one piece end to end, each being connected to the adjoining leg of the other by a curved bar of iron, forming a partly closed circular space in the center. Place a wire, with the electricity running through it, within this space in a position parallel to the direction an axle would take were this space a wheel. Then this wire will be forced in a direction, according to which way the electricity flows through it, sidewise toward either seat.

A number of coils of such wires are wound longitudinally upon a frame resembling a fishing float or bobber, which is held within this space upon holders which enable it to revolve. Each length of wire, extending lengthwise upon the frame, takes the direction of the wire mentioned above. This wire is so wound that the electricity going through it may take opposite directions upon opposite sides of the frame. Thus, pressures in opposite directions will be exerted upon opposite sides of this frame, causing it to spin like a top or like a coin spun by opposite pressures of the fingers.

At the end of the bobbers is a small cylindrical arrangement composed of a number of copper plates arranged radially around a centre and separated from each other by some substance which prevents the flow of electricity. Against these copper plates the brushes are pressed by springs. The ends of the coils on the bobber frame are connected each to a separate copper plate, each plate serving for two coils, one from each of two coils, so that the coils are all connected. Beyond this arrangement a toothed wheel is fixed upon the ends of the bobbers. This wheel gears with a second, which gears with another wheel fixed upon the axle of the car. The brushes are connected by cables to the coils on the stool frames and press also against the copper plates.

The electricity enters one of the brushes and, dividing, part goes through the coil, on the two stools and part through those on the bobber, which is thus set revolving, and the car moves.—New York Advertiser.

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PENSIONS! Act of June 27, 1890.—Pensions soldiers and sailors of the war of rebellion who served 90 days and were honorably discharged from the service, and who are incapacitated for performance of manual labor, and for the widows, children, dependent parents, fathers and mothers. All pensions under this Act will commence from the date of filing the formal application (after the passage of the Act) in the Pension Bureau. No application for pension under this Act will be good unless filed in the Pension Bureau on or after June 27, 1890. (Date of the Act) or if not in the form, substantially prescribed by the Secretary. The rates: For dependent father or mother, \$12; the widow, \$8 and \$3 additional for each child of soldier under sixteen years; and if the widow dies, the child or children can draw such pension. The soldier is entitled to any rate from \$5 to \$12 per month, according to inability to earn a support. A pensioner under existing laws may apply under this one, or a pensioner under this one may apply under other laws, but can draw only one pension at the same time. This law requires in a soldier for sailor's case: (1) An honorable discharge. (2) That he served at least ninety days. (3) A permanent physical or mental inability to earn a support, but not due to vicious habits. (It need not have originated in the service.) CARE OF A WIDOW.—(1) That the sailor or soldier served at least ninety days. (2) That he was honorably discharged. (3) Proof of death, but it need not have been the results of his Army or Naval service. (4) That the widow is "without other means of support than her daily labor." (5) That the married soldier prior to June 27, 1890, the date of the Act. DEPENDENT FATHER'S CASE.—(1) That the soldier or sailor died of a wound, injury or disease, which, under prior law, would have given him a pension. (2) That he left no wife or minor child. (3) That the mother or father is at present dependent on her or his own manual labor; being "without other present means of support than their own manual labor," or the contributions of others not legally bound for their support. The benefits of the first section of the Act of June 27, 1890, are not confined to the parents of those who served in the war of the rebellion, but are extended to all persons whose pensionable dependence has arisen on account of the death of a son who served, since 1811, in behalf of the United States, as well as for disability contracted before or since discharged. (4) That in case a minor child is insane, idiotic or otherwise permanently helpless, the pension shall continue during the period of such disability, and the provision shall apply to all pensions heretofore granted, or hereafter to be granted, under this or any former statute, and such pensions shall commence from the date of application therefor after passage of this Act. The rules and regulations of the Department will govern all applicants and attorneys. Under Act of June 27, 1890, pensions are granted to Soldiers and Sailors disabled from old age, infirmity, etc. NOTICE.—Dr. W. R. Lastrapes having recently been appointed U. S. Examining Surgeon for Penions at Opelousas, La., it is now of special interest to citizens now to come to me and make out their applications, so that they may now be examined without having to sustain the expenses of going to New Orleans for medical examination, at which place they have heretofore been directed to go. HART H. SANDOZ, U. S. PENSION CLAIM AGENT. OFFICE with Hon. John St. Ovide, Opelousas, Louisiana.