Lake Charles Echo.

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LAKE CHARLES, . . LOUISIANA.

THE WEEK PAST.

THE late Countess Danner, widow of Frederick VII., of Denmark, left her property, valued at nearly $4,000,000, for the maintenance of an institution for orphan and deserted girls of Denmark. The castle of Jagerspris, in North Zealand, will be the central building of the institution, and accommodations for six hundred or eight hundred children will be provided.

LUNACY is increasing in France out of all proportion with the growth of population. Official statistics show that in 1851 the number of lunatics and idiots there was, in round figures, 40,000; five years later we find 60,000; ten years afterward they numbered no less than 90,000; and the latest report shows that they have increased beyond 100,000. This remarkable growth of madness among the French is attributed to various causes—such as the use of absinthe, opium, tobacco, etc., and to the prevalence of religious, political and speculative fanaticism.

THE New York Herald says: There are about 110,000 Jews in this city, 200 of whom have become christians. Bishop Potter thinks this a very small proportion, and he has therefore issued a circular to the clergy of his diocese asking for increased contributions to establish missions among the Jews here. A Mr. Nathans, who was formerly a Jewish rabbi but is now a candidate for the Episcopal ministry, it is believed, would make an excellent missionary among his late co-religionists. It is said many of them come to him now for instruction.

OF the decision not to send the capitol statuary to the centennial the New York World says: "This is fortunate for the centennial. The sight of Washington trying to cover himself in a marble blanket is not calculated to foster due reverence for the father of his country; and Governor Winthrop, with his big ruff, looks more like John the Baptist balancing his own head in a platter than a landing pilgrim. As for the fierce figure of Ethan Allen, with its tremendous sword, no one ever saw it without wishing that it might become animated for five minutes, so as to give it an opportunity to smash Vinnie Ream's Lincoln and then get hanged for conspiracy."

THE Centennial managers have decided not to open the exhibition during evenings, stating that they "are afraid to undertake the expense of illuminating the immense building." A shrewd contemporary, familiar with the ways of the world, suggests that this decision, taken in conjunction with the closing of the buildings on Sunday, will give vice of every sort in Philadelphia a grand impetus. With little else worth seeing in that quiet Quaker town, the attending crowds will be thrown on their own resources for night amusements and Sunday recreation. It does look as though the saloons, gambling dens, cheap concerts, and worse, will contribute largely toward depleting the pockets of patriotic visitors.

IN Vienna the other day Dr. Rosentha delivered a lecture on the use of electricity as a safe means of detecting suspended animation in cases of apparent death. A corpse immediately after death can be so influenced by the electric current that it will appear to breathe, the breast will heave, and the face assume expressions of joy or pain. But where death has really come all this will cease at the end of two or three hours, and the electric current is then powerless, while, on the other hand, in case of only apparent death, electricity continues potent until animation is restored. So, if the movement of the muscles is seen three hours after the commencement of the electric treatment, it is certain that life is not extinct.

GEORGE P. BEMIS, late private secretary to George Francis Train, has instituted suits for back-pay against his late employer at Omaha. In the first suit, tried and won by Bemis, the plaintiff related the manner in which Train, at the head of a communist mob, captured the city of Marseilles, France, and held it for three days. When the Imperial soldiers retook the city, they halted in front of Train's hotel and the officers pointed the guns of the soldiers at Train and his private secretary, Bemis, on the balcony, waving French and American flags. Train never wavered, but wrapped the American flag around him, looked defiance at the threatening mob, and shouted, "Shoot, you miserable cowards!" The officers did not shoot, but the meute was squelched.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew—
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed—
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep right ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

Threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way—
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise them in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business—there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please;
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use—
For people will talk.

HARRY HART'S EXPERIENCE.

He was good looking. Diana knew it. Genteel. Diana knew that, too. She was both genteel and good looking herself. So when he came to see her, and made himself agreeable, she did not pretend that she hated him. Indeed, as the time went on, she made up her mind that a voyage down life's river in the same boat with Harry Hart would not be an unpleasant trip, and resolved to say "yes" when he asked her to have him. He was so nice, thought Diana, one could do anything for him. One could be proud of him, too, the fine, tall, brown whiskered fellow who knew so much. So her eyes glistened when they saw him coming; her whole face softened when he spoke to her; and her heart—ah! how soft that grew! Love makes one so tender, that it seems hard it will not stay with us forever.

In this case the rosy god lingered a whole summer through. Mr. Caleb Bloom knew this well enough; he also felt the influence of that "certain something" in Diana, which made her the sweetest of all women; but he was not good looking, and had not any power over the girl's heart.

His pleasing task was to follow the couple about unseen, and envy Harry Hart from his very soul. As for Harry, he prudently refrained from saying anything to commit himself; made love in such a way as might be understood and not repeated; and finally resolving that, after all, Diana was not rich enough for him, flitted away from Tulipgrove, under pretense of a short visit to town, and vanished from Diana's vision. To say that she was not hurt would be to tell fibs.

If she only could have had warning, she might have told him that she hated him, and had that reflection to comfort her; but it was too late now.

Harry had meanwhile, disported himself in society, and felt that he had escaped the country girl's meshes just in time. His conscience accused him of having ill-used her, and he pictured her pining for him, with her hair in disorder, and no bright bows in it. He rather dreaded the morning papers lest he should read of her demise—even, perhaps, of her suicide; and he wished that it was possible for him not to make himself charming to every woman he met.

"If I'd been such a fellow as Caleb Bloom, now," said Harry, looking into the glass, "why I might have gone jogging on without anything to reproach myself with; but we don't make ourselves. I can't help being handsome, any more than I can help the women knowing it."

So he put Diana's photograph away in his desk, and tried to forget her. It is hard, however, to forget some people. Her face flitted before him too often for his peace. The notes of her voice returned to him like well remembered music. Even when he courted Miss Guineagold, the heiress, he compared her with Diana, who would have nothing for her dowry. And when Miss Guineagold refused him with scorn, after smiling on him and encouraging him for several long months, he thought of the girl who had waited, as he knew, to hear him say, "I love you," and who had never heard it.

He had not been in love with Miss Guineagold, however. So he recovered from the blow of her rejection easily, and went courting in another direction. This time Diana unconsciously avenged herself. His second flame was a widow rolling in riches, and of a jealous turn of mind. She being an inmate of the same hotel at Brighton, saw him from the corridor, one day, vigorously kissing a photograph, which he afterwards hid in his desk. Being as unscrupulous as a jealous woman always is, she bribed the chambermaid to bring her the picture. It was Diana's. The widow, boiling with rage, at once cut her admirer dead.

It was Harry's hope to marry a rich woman; but he felt confident that he might find a prettier and younger one; and so, nothing dismayed, he set forth upon his search for a wife; wishing, with every new adventure, that Diana had been rich, and bemoaning his hard fate that he could not afford to marry a poor girl.

However, the rich ones were skittish, had other fancies, did not appreciate Mr. Harry Hart; either gave him no opportunity to ask a "yes," or said "no" outright; and five years after he had jilted Diana he found himself still a bachelor, his estimation of his own charms greatly lessened by his bad luck in the matrimonial market, and the small competence which had been his own dwindling away to nothing.

Still, Diana haunted him—a pale, faded vision, with two hands clasped over a broken heart—and still he kissed her picture, and believed himself to have adored her, and to be the victim of a cruel fate.

He had come to such a state of pecuniary despair, however, that he was about to offer himself to the landlady of his lodging house, who otherwise would soon have become troublesome in regard to her little bill, when a rich old uncle, dying without heirs, saved him from the sacrifice. He became the joyful possessor of a fortune, and independent thenceforth of both landladies and heiresses.

For a while, Mr. Hart reveled in the knowledge of this fact, and satisfied himself with food and drink and much riding behind fast horses, in the most fashionable coats devisable by his tailor; but, finally, even this palled; romance asserted her sway. Diana begun to haunt him once more; and at last he came to the heroic resolution of going at once to her native village, and offering her his hand, his heart, and his fortune. That she would accept him, he had no doubt. How could he? Women who loved once loved forever, the poets had declared; and if Diana had not loved him he certainly had tried to make her.

Therefore he packed up his most fascinating belongings, placed Diana's picture next his heart and started for Tulipgrove by next morning's early train. He reached the village at noon. How familiar it looked! Nothing seemed to have changed. The old elms nodded a welcome. The old people sat in their porches. The flowers in the garden might have done the same. And she—Diana—was she the same? Alas! her beauty might have faded; her broken heart might be visible in her eyes; she might be dead!

"Oh, no," cried Harry, as this last thought entered his mind, "no; she must live for me."

As he spoke he found himself approaching the church. It was a weekday, but it was full—or rather emptying itself of its fulness as fast as possible.

Something must have happened out of the usual order of things to occasion such an event. A wedding or a funeral only could fill Tulipgrove church on a week day. Suddenly a well remembered face flashed on him—Caleb Bloom's. He was struggling out of the crowd, dressed in his Sunday best, and looking about him for something. Harry collared him.

"Sir," cried Caleb—"Mr. Hart, I declare? How d'ye do?"

"Thank you," said Harry. "I'm very well; but I want to ask you—Diana?"

"Oh, she's there," said Caleb, pointing with his thumb, as Harry thought, towards the churchyard.

Harry staggered back.

"Not dead!" he cried.

"Dead!" cried Caleb. "Why, thank heaven, no. Here she is. Diana, here's Mr. Hart."

Mr. Hart turned his head. There stood Diana—Diana, as of old, only very plump and rosy, and holding in her arms a baby of some five weeks old, in glorious white christening robes. She nodded and smiled courteously upon Harry, and smiled after another sort upon Caleb.

"It's our second, Mr. Hart," she said, with matronly pride. "Our first was named Caleb. You'll see him in a moment coming with his grandma. This is Diana—his pa would have it so. A boy and a girl we have now. Wouldn't you like to hold her a minute, Mr. Hart? I don't believe she'll cry. She's as good as gold."

But Mr. Hart declined the pleasure, and returned to town by the next train.

AT Wilmington, North Carolina, last week, a lot of confederate currency and bonds and of state war bonds, redeemable in confederate currency, was sold. The state bonds brought from five and one-half to nine cents per $1,000; the confederate bonds three and one-half cents, and the currency one-half cent.

THE GRAND TURK.

Oriental Kiosk on the Centennial Grounds—Lazy Workmen.

The Philadelphia Times says: Curiosity-seekers on the grounds have their attention divided mainly among three objects: The Japanese dwelling, the Japanese bazar, and the Turkish carpenters. There are five of the latter engaged in erecting a structure fourteen by eight in size, the general appearance of which will be that of the oriental shops in Jerusalem.

They sell here, during the exhibition, chess-boards, paper-weights, napkin-rings, and innumerable other fancy articles manufactured in Jerusalem of wood from the Valley of Hebron, Mount of Olivet, Nazareth, the banks of Lake Tiberias, and other places sacred in the regards of Christians. The "boss" is David Jamel, who speaks excellent English, having been educated in Bishop Samuel Gobat's Episcopalian school on Mount Zion. The bishop's mission is the conversion of Jews and Mahometans, and both his church and school are well patronized—so Mr. Jamel says. The latter's companions are Greek Christians, but can twist their tongues around little but Arabic. The man who walks up to the party determined to have some fun at their expense turns away disappointed, for they are intelligent, agreeable and sagacious. Several of them were at the Vienna exhibition, and Mr. Jamel asserts that that affair wasn't a "continental" to what the centennial is and will evidently be. "Why didn't you decide to exhibit in the Turkish building going up here beside you, Mr. Jamel?" "O you see, the Turkish commission wanted to skin us by taxing us forty or fifty per cent. on the profits, and so Mr. Smith—" "John Smith, I presume?" "No, Mr. Richard Smith, of McKellar, Smith & Jordan, this city, whom I met in Jerusalem and guided to the sacred spots thereabout, acted exceedingly kind toward us, and was the means of securing us this pretty littly grass plot from your commission."

They are all in native Syrian costume. The trowsers are of woolen or cotton cloth, and look like a potato bag with two round holes cut in the bottom for the feet to pass through, the mouth being fastened around the waist with a many colored woolen sash. A waistcoat decked with large round buttons covered with black cloth, an overcoat of Occidental style, a red skull cap (the fez), with a large black tassel hanging from the center of the crown, and shoes and stockings of the same familiar make as that of the overcoat, comprise the remainder of their fantastic costume, which attracts such a crowd about the wearers that, were they not so lazy, their work would be greatly delayed. Mr. Jamel's person derives an air of majesty from an additional garment covering it cap-a-pie. It is a yellowish woolen cloak, with remnants of gold embroidery about the shoulders, and might pass for a resurrected robe of Nebuchadnezzar. Beneath the fez-cap is worn a second skull cap of white linen. This is kept on when the outer one is taken off for the sake of comfort or politeness. It would doubtless require a longer time for these Syrians to erect the main building than for so many Yankees to do it.

The "boss" does nothing but smoke a short wooden pipe and act as a cicerone to the curious gazers standing around. As to the four others, while two of them are lounging in a little tent near by, erected for shelter against the April breeze, another squats on his haunches at the foot of the planing bench, smoking a cigar and looking dreamily into the clouds which he puffs forth, and the fourth, after making three or four feeble shoves of his plane, pulls out a bag of Turkish tobacco with a packet of rice-paper and proceeds to manufacture a cigarette. It is safe to say that for every half dozen movements each Turk gives his tool he smokes a cigarette, a cigar, or a pipe of tobacco. Mr. Jamel expects, nevertheless, that the little shop will be completed before things are ready in machinery hall for the opening day.

SHAM MEERSCHAUMS.—Meerschaum shavings and dust are used when compressed for making inferior or imitation pipes. Forty-one thousand hundred weight of this waste are annually consumed in Vienna in the production of pipes, cigar-holders, etc., and the imitation has been carried to such perfection that connoisseurs sometimes find it difficult to distinguish these articles from similar ones of the genuine substance. Of the meerschaum itself, 12,000 cases, each weighing fifty or sixty pounds, and worth £35 a case, are used up in Vienna alone. In working up the shavings and dust into materials, about sixty women are employed in Vienna in sorting, sifting, washing and cleansing the refuse and rubbing it through silken sieves.

GRAVE AND GAY.

..A physician boasted at dinner that he cured his own hams, when one of his guests remarked: "Doctor, I'd sooner be your ham than your patient."

..Schoolmistress—"Johnny, I am ashamed of you! When I was your age I could read as well as I can now." "Yes, but you'd a different teacher to what we've got."

..Esquimaux theologians reverse heaven and hell, placing the penitent and saved in a world underground, and keeping the sinners above, where they are frozen.

..A STRAY CURL.—

It hung o'er her shoulders divinely,
A curl of magnificent gold;
I thought, as it lay there supinely,
Of tresses that German girl sold.
I envied the curl so reposing,
Like sunshine or ambient pearl;
But while I was dreamily dozing
It fell with a quivering whirl—
And that curl—ah! my dream was then ended—
It lay there aghast on the floor,
While its owner in ignorance wended,
'Mid silence, her steps to the door!

..The requirement of four months county residence as a qualification to vote is said to disfranchise six hundred Methodist ministers every year in New York.

..Minnesota possesses a singular murder law, under which the most deliberate murderer, if he pleads guilty, escapes the gallows, though he may be hanged if he stands a trial and is convicted.

..You may never have thought of it, but it is utterly impossible to get downright angry without raising your voice. Control your voice and you are sure to control your temper.

..Some mean fellow, after saying that there is one physician to every eight hundred inhabitants, adds that they begin this way, but after awhile there are not o many inhabitants.

..Jones was heard to pathetically remark, as he came past the corner of Main street, "Oh, if I were only a box of starch I should get nearer to the bosoms of men and other people than I shall ever get as I am!" Starch is apt to have a stiffening effect on things.

..Extreme old age is childhood; extreme wisdom is ignorance, and so it may be called, since the man whom the oracle pronounced the wisest of men professed that he knew nothing; yea, push a coward to the extreme and he will show courage; oppress a man to the last and he will rise above oppression.

..The spirits materialized George Washington at a seance in Indiana the other day, and when one of the spectators asked him whether he was really the great hatcheter, our first president replied, "Dot ish der kind of Hans ich am."

..Anecdote of Lord Macaulay's remarkable memory—when he was less than three years old his nurse sang "Sing a song o' sixpence" to him. During the course of a long and busy life, for more than fifty years, no one sang it to him again, yet he was able to repeat it whenever called upon to do so.

..Annie Besant, the English radical heroine, has started a petition to parliament praying that no further grants of money to or for the royal family or any member of it shall be given under any circumstances whatever. The signatures have run up into the neighborhood of eighty thousand, and, when presented, it will be the largest petition ever sent to that body.

..Wood burns because it has the proper stuff for that purpose in it, and a man becomes renowned because he has the necessary stuff in him. Renown is not to be sought, and all pursuit of it is vain. A person may, indeed, by skillful conduct and various artificial means make a sort of name for himself, but if the inner jewel is wanting, all is vanity and will not last a day.

..He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion, but beware of him who jests at everything. Such men disparage, by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.

..Spring sports have begun. The golden-haired child is abroad and she trundleth her hoop against your stomach. Again the resounding whack of shinny is heard, and the volant clinker knocketh off the crystal head of the calm and useful lamp-post. The vivacious kite scareth the inquiring steed; the sidewalk is surrendered to the geometrical intricacies of hop-scotch, and democratic youths mumble-the-peg in the clean dirt. Once more the hero of our national game hieth to the diamond field and smilingly offereth his other eye and remaining three fingers as a sacrifice. Hail, gentle spring—this is invigorating.