THE LOUISIANA COTTON-BOLL.

DEVOTED TO THE COTTON PLANTING INTEREST, IMMIGRATION, EDUCATION, AND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

VOL. I. NO. 27. VERMILIONVILLE, ATTAKAPAS, LOUISIANA, JUNE 11, 1873. PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

The Louisiana Cotton-Boll.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. Y. GILMORE, Editor and Proprietor,

AT

Vermilionville, Attakapas, La.,

At the crossing of the New Orleans, Mobile & Texas, and the New Orleans, Opelousas and Shreveport Railroads.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

$4 per annum, or $3 in advance.

A copy each of the COTTON-BOLL and the SUGAR-BOWL furnished for one year for $5, payable in advance.

Rates of Advertising:

One inch one week $1 50, and $1 00 for each subsequent insertion.

Monthly and yearly advertisements inserted at following rates:

Space.	1 mo.	2 mos.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos.
One inch....	$ 4 00	$ 6 00	$ 8 00	$12 00	$20 00
Two inches..	6 00	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00
Three " ..	10 00	14 00	18 00	30 00	50 00
Four " ..	12 00	16 00	28 00	35 00	62 00

Longer transient advertisements in the same proportion.

Yearly advertisements charged $10 per inch additional for space used over four inches.

News of the Week.

DOWN EAST.

—The case of McDonald, the Bank of England forger arrested in New York, will probably go before the United States Supreme Court before the British officials get him in custody.

—James A. Coe, a promising young broker at Boston, is charged with "irregularities" involving $200,000. His method was to alter the figures of stock certificates, raising certificates for one, two, and three shares, to one hundred, two hundred, and three hundred, respectively.

—Of the sloops of war ordered built by the last Congress, one will be given to the Norfolk navy yard and one to that of Charleston.

—A proposition has been made to tunnel the Hudson, so as to admit of the passage of railway trains from New Jersey and New York without change of bulk.

—To practice homeopathy is in the estimation of Boston doctors "conduct unbecoming and unworthy of an honorable physician."

—The strike of Rhode Island factory men for a reduction from 16 to 10 hours a day, has failed.

—A great struggle is said to be prevailing in Shawoken, Penn., for the possession over ten thousand acres in the anthracite coal regions, valued at $20,000,000. One party has burned three houses which the other side erected, and retaliation is now threatened. O. H. Wheeler, of New York, represents one side and the Reading Railroad the other.

OUT WEST.

—The St Louis tobacco fair opens June 3, with prizes of $10,000.

—A special from Fort Sill, Indian Territory, says that great excitement prevails among the Wichita Indians on account of the murder of their principal chief, Isadawah, by the Osages recently. The chief was out hunting alone and the next morning his headless body was found with a bullet hole in the back. One hundred yards away, the head was found stripped of the scalp. Isadawah was a great friend of the whites. Seventeen years ago one of his warriors killed a sentry at Fort Arbuckle and the chief promptly brought the head of the assassin to the Fort. It is believed that the Wichittas and their allies will immediately take the war path against the Osages in spite of all efforts to restrain them.

—A company of Colorado scouts and sharpshooters is to be raised to fight the Modocs. Gen. Schofield announces his readiness to accept their services.

—One thousand St. Louis ladies petition the City Council for the repeal of the social evil ordinance.

—Correspondence from all parts of Southern Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and Iowa, predict a large and excellent wheat crop, but short crops of oats and corn.

—Commissioner Meachem, wounded in the Canby massacre, is rapidly recovering.

—A special dispatch from Austin, Texas, says that grasshoppers in innumerable numbers have made their appearance in that State, and are laying waste all vegetation. In some localities they have entirely destroyed the corn, consuming it down to a level with the ground. They seem to be moving northward, and it is feared that Missouri, Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska will be visited.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

—In the latest intelligence from Peru is a brief statement to the effect that of 80,353 Coolies shipped from Macao to Peru during the past 12 years 3,327 perished from shipwreck, and five per cent. of the whole from suicide or sickness.

—The Emperor of Morocco has escaped a French invasion by paying damages done by his roving subjects in Algeria, and the expense of France's preparation for war.

—The Shah of Persia has reached Moscow, minus his three wives, whom he considerately left at home to mind the children.

—The latest from Sumatra reports an army of 10,000 Atchinese advancing on the Dutch capital.

—London papers state that the clergy and Jesuits of Belgium are making great efforts to organize a pilgrimage into the heart of France to the celebrated Shrine at Paraylemonial, there to pray for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope.

—A resolution for the admission of Prince Edward's Island into the Canadian Confederation on the 1st of July has passed the Dominion House of Commons.

—An election riot took place in Merido, Mexico, in which thirty persons were killed and fifty wounded.

—Spain promises to be as uncertain in its war reports as Mexico has been for years past. There seems, however, to be little doubt that on the 5th the Carlists, under Gen. Dorregary, at the end of a four days' retreat, turned upon their pursuers and defeated them with great loss. Encouraged by this victory, Don Carlos himself appeared in Navarre, the 14th and took command of an army said to number 15,000 men. His cause is further aided by a loan of 400,000,000 reals placed at London. There is intelligence of Carlist victories in Aragon.

—Among the one hundred or more failures which have occurred at Viena during the panic, there was no bank involved of any importance. The houses that went down are reported to be all small concerns. The cause of the crisis seems to have been an inflation of bank stock and railroad securities, and widespread speculation drawing too rapidly on the resources of the new era of prosperity which has come to Austria since Hungary settled down entirely quiet.

IN GENERAL.

—There have been engraved at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing of the Treasury Department a vignette of the late Wm. H. Seward, and another of the late Thos. Corwin, the former for use on checks for the disbursing clerks of the State Department, and the latter for the use of the Interior Department.

—The postmasters throughout the country will be furnished with the new official postage stamps next week.

THE LOST PICTURE.

BY MINNA MYRTLE MILLER.

It was but a little dreamy face—
There's many and many another one—
With a lovely pose and a charming grace,
And yet there is none that is like it—none.

Whose may find it with careless eyes,
'Tis not a shadow, a piece of art,
But something to look at, love and prize,
And press to your lips and hold to your heart.

Long and lovingly you must gaze,
And fancy the pure lips speak to you;
Fancy the saint-like eyelids raise
And the sweet eyes look you through and through.

Let your soul be filled with questionings sad,
And say: Is it best that she quit her play,
And wonder and wait and be never glad,
Calling me, calling me day by day?

Or is it best that she lift her eyes,
Confiding to those who are in my place,
That the smile clear-eyed on the sunny skies,
And laugh and sing and forget my face?

What if, under sorrow's sorcery,
Witching my idols day by day,
On a wide and silent forgetful sea
My darling's features should drift away?

What if, when I seek her with bounding sigh,
I shall find her not in the haunts of yore,
And a little specter, with mournful eye,
Shall stand in her place forevermore?

Let your tortured fancy have wildest scope,
Until it seems that your heart must break,
And then with a quick and sudden hope
Say: It is all for her dear sake.

There's many a picture under the sun,
With meek sad face and tresses bright;
And yet for me there is only one,
And that—I lost it yesternight.

THE TEA ROSE.

There it stood, in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked, its white leaves just touched with that delicious, creamy tint peculiar to its kind; its cup so full, so perfect; its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness—oh! when did ever man make anything to equal the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose—a young lady reclining on an ottoman, who was thus addressed by her livelier cousin. "I say, cousin, I have been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York, as to our consternation you are determined to do; you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I love flowers indeed; that is, I like a regular bouquet, cut off and tied up, to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing, which is needful to keep them growing, I have no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself easy as to that, Kate," said Florence with a smile; "I have no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum in view for my favorite."

"Oh, then you know just what I was going to say. Mrs. Marshall, I presume, has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was quite pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth; and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her green-house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like to give it to her, you are so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be? you have so few intimates here."

"Oh, it is only one of my odd fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing?"

"What? little Mary Stephens? How absurd, Florence! This is just another of your motherly, old-maidish ways, dressing dolls for poor children, making bonnets and knitting socks for all the little dirty babies in the neighborhood. I do believe you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys behind our house, than ever you have in Chestnut street, though you know everybody is half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this choice little bijou to a seamstress-girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?"

"Just the same as I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you not noticed that little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the opening buds? And don't you remember, the other morning she asked me so prettily if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled in that close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, and cook."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had to spend every moment of my time in toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick wall and dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold enjoyment to me."

"Pshaw, Florence; all sentiment! Poor people have no time to be sentimental. Besides, I don't believe it will grow with them; it is a greenhouse flower, and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner is rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good quality as this that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are his gifts to all alike. You will see that my fair rose will be as well and cheerful in Mrs. Stephens' room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people, one wants to give something useful—a bushel of potatoes, a ham, and such things."

"Why certainly, potatoes and ham must be supplied; but having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any other little pleasures or gratification we may have it in our power to bestow? I know there are many of the poor who have fine feelings and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example, I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye light up as she looked upon these things in our drawing-room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture she and Mary felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me! all this may be true, but I never thought of it before. I never thought that these hard-working people had any ideas of taste?"

"Then why do you see the geranium or rose so carefully nursed in the old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning-glory planted in a box, and twined about the window? Do not these show that the human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life? You remember, Kate, how our washerwoman sat up a whole night, after a hard days work, to make her first baby a pretty dress to be baptized in."

"Yes, and I remember how I laughed at you for making such a tasteful little cap for it."

"Well, Kate, I think the look of perfect delight with which the poor mother regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating: I do believe she could not have felt more grateful if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but have mercy on my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas all at once—so go on your way;" and the little lady began practicing a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

* * * * *

It was a very small room, lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor, there was a clean, but coarsely covered bed in one corner; a cupboard with a few dishes and plates, in the other, a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed it was the only article in the room that seemed so.

A pale, sickly-looking woman of about forty was leaning back in her rocking chair, her eyes closed, and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few minutes, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed her fine stitching, on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated and radiant with delight, as she bore in the vase with the rose-tree in it.

"Oh! see, mother, see! Here is one in full bloom, and two more half out, and ever so many more pretty buds peeping out of the green leaves."

The poor woman's face brightened as she looked, first on the rose, and then on her sickly child, on whose face she had not seen so bright a color for months.

"God bless her!" she exclaimed unconsciously.

"Miss Florence—yes, I knew you would feel so, mother. Does it make your head feel better to see such a beautiful flower? Now, you will not look so longingly at the flowers in the market, for we have a rose that is handsomer than any of them. Why, it seems to me it is worth as much to us as our whole garden used to be. Only see how many buds there are. Just count them, and only smell the flower! Now, where shall we set it up!" And Mary skipped about placing her flower first in one position and then in another, and then walked off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose-tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh, yes, truly," said Mary; "well, then, it must be place here on our new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it; it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work, and folded a piece of newspaper, on which the treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do—no, for it does not show both the opening buds; a little further round—a little more; there, that is right;" and then Mary walked around to view the rose in various positions, after which she urged her mother to go with her to the outside, and see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary; "though she had done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this seems the best of all, because it seems as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt; and so few do that, you know, mother."

What a bright afternoon that little gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's fingers flew the livelong day as she sat sewing by her mother; and Mrs. Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought as she sipped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with the first day. Through all the long cold winter, the watching, tending, cherishing that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought, that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty—a leaf, a bud, a new shoot—and constantly awakened fresh enjoyment in its possessors. As it stood in the window, the passer-by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then proud and happy was Mary; nor did even the serious and careworn widow notice with indifference this tribute to the beauty of their favorite.

But little did Florence think, when she bestowed the gift, that there twined about it an invisible thread that reached far and brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall, graceful gentleman, called at the lowly room to pay for the making of some linen by the inmates. He was a stranger and way-farer, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens, patrons. As he turned to go, his eye rested admirinly on the rosetree, and he stopped to gaze at it.

"How beautiful!" said he.

"Yes," said little Mary, "and it was given to us by a lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah," said the stranger, turning upon her a pair of bright dark eyes, pleased and rather struck by the communication; "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?" Oh, because we are poor, and mother is sick, and we never can have anything pretty. We used to have a garden once, and loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found it out, and so she gave us this."

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes—Miss Florence l' Estrange—a beautiful lady. They say she was from foreign parts; but she speaks English just like other ladies, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? is she in the city?" said the gentleman eagerly. "No; she left some months ago," said the widow, noticing the shade of disappointment on his face; "but," said she, "you can find out all about her at her aunt's Mrs. Carlyle's No. 10 —— street."

A short time after, Florence received a letter in a hand-writing that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned to know that writing. This letter told that he was living, that he had traced her, even as a hidden streamlet may be traced, by the freshness, the verdure of heart, which her deeds of kindness had left wherever she has passed. Thus much said, our readers need no help in finishing my story for themselves.—*Mayflower.*

The Shah of Persia and His Jewels.

Among the many notables whose presence is expected at the opening of the Vienna exhibition, not the least interesting to Europeans will be the shah of Persia commonly known as Nusser-ed-Deen, but whose real name, on the authority of Mr. Eastwick, is Nasiru'd diw Kajar. To most persons eastern personages and affairs are enveloped in a sort of traditional haziness, not without a certain charm. The present shah is about 44 years of age, well educated, speaks Arabic, Persian, French and English with ease, and is endeavoring to bring his kingdom into sympathy with the states system of Europe. He left Teheran, a few days since, was conveyed across the Caspian by a Russian escort, has by this time landed in Russia, and will proceed by train to St Petersburg, where he will be the guest of the czar till the opening of the exposition. After spending some weeks at Vienna, he will proceed to London, as the guest of the British queen. He will doubtless be feted at both courts, and perhaps subsidized by one or both ere he returns. Mr. Eastwick, who has seen the shah's jewels, estimates their value at $30,000,000. This is, no doubt, by fair the most valuable collection of precious stones in existence. Among these is the Darya a Nur, the sister jewel to the famous Kuh a Nur, which according to Persian tradition, was with it in the hilt of the sword of Afrasib 3,000 years before Christ. Rustam took it to Persia, Timour carried it away and Nadir Shah recovered it when he conquered the great mogul, took Delhi and carried away its treasures. The casket of jewels of the mogul was taken to Meshed by Nadir Shah, and continued in the possession of his descendant till Aga Mahomet, the founder of the dynasty of which the present shah is the fourth, overthrew the reigning monarch, and carried off his treasures to Teheran. It is not improbable that some of the most famous jewels of antiquity in this collection, and among them the sacred gems that once adorned the breast-plate of the Jewish high priest.

Pies.

The pie is almost an "institution" in America. A single New York bakery claims that it produces nine hundred pies an hour from one of its ten capacious ovens, and a total of fifty thousand pies daily, the year round, forcing the supply occasionally up to sixty-five thousand—probably on Fourth of July, or other festal occasions. Let the reader busy himself with imagining the total production of pies by this and all other bakeries of the country during a twelve-month! Nevertheless, these facilities would be inadequate to the popular demand, were the majority of our countrymen of a stomach as unbounded as that of the Dundee laborer, whom a Scotch journal commemorates. This extraordinary person, having not long since eaten nine large two-penny pies at a Dundee pie-shop within fourteen and a half minutes announced his purpose to eat, on the following Monday, twelve pies within twenty-five minutes; and, in fact, when the delicacies were put before him in the shape of a six-pound pile, fourteen inches high, he consumed half a dozen in five minutes, the next three at the end of eleven minutes, and the last three in six minutes more, having ended his repast eight minutes sooner than he designed—possibly owing to the pangs of hunger, since he expressed a willingness to occupy the spare moments with devouring another half dozen pies.

With this item of news in fresh remembrance, we chanced to read in a very old English newspaper the supper eaten many years ago, by Mr. Oakley, of Stanton, Derbyshire—a repast which makes the Scotchman's just recorded rather frugal by comparison. His first dish, says the report, was two quarts of milk, thirty eggs, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, three penny loaves, a quantity of ginger and nutmeg, and an ounce of mustard, all boiled together; his second course was "a piece of cheese and a pound of bread to it;" the third was a half pound of bacon, a penny loaf and a quart of ale, followed by three half-pennies' worth of gingerbread and a pint of ale; his fourth dish was a custard of two pound, an ounce of mustard, some black pepper, a pint of milk and three pints of ale to it. This banquet he finished in an hour, and then ungratefully complained of not having had enough; so, after running three hundred yards by way of an appetizer, he sat down with the rest of the company, who had witnessed his prowess, and drank pretty freely. Yet even this exploit is hardly equal to the marvel in digestion reported in the same ancient newspaper of a Truro porter, who, for a bet of five shillings, ate two pairs of worsted stockings fried in train oil, half a pound of yellow soap into the bargain. The losers of this wager might have been more cautious had they known that the same atrocious glutton once undertook to eat as much tripe as would make himself a jacket with sleeves, and was accordingly measured by a tailor, who regularly cut out the materials, when, to general surprise, the voracious fellow ate up the whole in twenty minutes. Compared with these performanes, some of the current prodigies of gormandism which the papers so often report are surely as trifling in amount as they are tame and uninventive in the character of their details.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Bribery in the Past.

In England for more than a century the shadow of suspicion of corruption has never been cast on the ermine of any magistrate. And yet no longer ago than the beginning of the last century, a lord chancellor, the earl of Macclesfield, was removed from office, fined and imprisoned for receiving bribes. And a century earlier the illustrious name of Bacon was soiled by the taint of a pecuniary corruption. It is not much more than 100 years ago—if the practice did not last down to the end of Lord North's administration— that members of Parliament were bought for ready money by ministers, in sums proportioned to their market value. John Wilkes, in his famous No. 45 of the "North Briton," declared that it was by bribery alone that the peace of 1763 had been carried through the House of Commons. It is on record by the evidence of John Ross Mackay, who was Lord Bute's private secretary, that this was literally true, and that the provisions of the treaty could not have been carried through the House without it. And Wilkes, writing from Paris, while in exile there, reaffirmed his assertion, affirming that the members of that House knew that it was extremely true as well as extremely scandalous. The precise sums which were paid to secure this end (certainly a very good one) were £1,000 to forty honorable gentlemen, and £500 to eighty not less honorable but less valuable members. The private secretary of Mr. Pelham, a Mr. Roberts, told a memoir writer of the last century (we think it was Wraxall) that he himself used to pay with his own hands the wages of these faithful servants of the minister, being from £400 to £800 each, conveyed in an expressive squeeze of the hand on taking leave of them at the end of the session. When the Duke of Newcastle succeeded to the premiership on the death of his brother, George II. demanded the book in which the record of these parliamentary benefactions had been kept, and put it into the fire and held it down with the poker with his own annointed hands until it was entirely consumed. So that it appears that Charles Surface had some reason for boasting as to his two ancestors, who had been M. P.'s, at the sale he made of his family portraits, in the "School for Scandal," that "he verily believed that this was the first time that either one of them had been bought or sold!" Not to go back to the old days of the French farmers-general, and the sale of justice in the old French courts, the fall of the dynasty of Louise Philippe was mainly owing to the notorious corruption of the legislature. Under the late Bonaparte the legislative bribery, if any, came from above, in the shape of imperial favors; and even his judges, though they could not venture to deviate from the course in political cases commanded by their maker, were never, we believe, accused of taking bribes. And no such imputation has ever been laid upon the present Assembly by its various enemies, or upon the administration of justice, that we have ever heard of.—*New York Independent.*

MR. QUIENHATTAUNOBA, an Apache sachem, recently commenced his preparation for embracing Christianity by killing his five squaws. The military proposed to hang him, but Gen. Crook interposed, and sent him on to a San Francisco fort, to be shut up forever.

THE Egypt recently landed in New York the largest number of passengers ever brought by one vessel—1706 in the steerage and 58 in the cabin, making with the ship's crew a living freight of nearly 2,000 persons.

CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

ORTHOGRAPHY OF WHISKY.—The word whisky is a corruption of the Celtic word "nisge," or water—a verbal root which appears in the names of the Wisk, Esk, Usk, Exe, Thames, and other Celtic rivers; and "grog" is connected with the name of the British Admiral Vernon. A sailor used to wear a grograin coat and the seamen gave him the nickname of "Old Grog," which was afterward applied to the rum and water, the use of which was introduced by him into the navy.

IRRIGATION BY CANALS.—It is more than 100 years since the Spaniards settled in New Mexico and introduced the practice of terrace irrigation. In the valley of San Antonio, Western Texas, the same system of watering land was commenced in 1718, and perfected in 1740, or 133 years ago. Preston, the historian, describes, or rather notices, irrigating canals in Mexico 500 miles in length, constructed by the unknown but more civilized people of this continent, who preceded the Indians found by Columbus. Our industrial development has not reached the point of digging canals 500 miles long to manure cultivated and impoverished fields; but we are rapidly hastening to that necessary work.

DECAY OF FRUITS.—The rapidity with which fruits decay after they have ripened is owing to the development of certain fungi. Of one of these, the well-known mildew *Mucor stolonifer*, Wyville Thomson says: "This species is often found on juicy fruits, covering them with white woolly patches scattered over with small black heads, and producing a very rapid putrefaction beneath the surface of the fruit. A number of delicate branching filaments form a rich network in the substance of the fruit filaments, which are easily distinguished from those of some nearly allied forms by their long, simple tubes without partitions. These delicate filamentous tubes, which are the parts first to appear and form the basis, as it were, of the fungus, are called the Mycelium, and are found in almost all fungi."

AN EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION.—The *Lancet* gives an account of an extraordinary operation in which the nerves of the left upper extremity, from their origin at the vertebral column almost to their insertion at the hand, were raised from their beds and subjected to stretching and pulling. The patient was a soldier who had been struck on the nape of the neck by the butt end of a musket, and following the injury there was the most violent contraction of the muscles of the upper extremity, attended by a loss of sensation in the skin over the same. This continued for nearly two years, when the operation was performed by making three long incisions, one on the arm, one in the axilla and one over the left clavicle; the nerves were raised, submitted to the manipulations described above, then returned, and when the wounds healed the parts were entirely restored to their normal state.

"KEEPING" ANIMAL LIFE IN ICE.—Some curious facts with respect to the freezing of certain animals have long been known. During his voyage to Iceland, in 1828 or 1829, Gainmard, having exposed in the open air a box filled with earth in which toads were put, opening it after a certain time, found the reptiles frozen hard and brittle; but they could be restored to life when put in warm water. Many ancient authors cite similar cases, and we can almost bring ourselves to understand how a great English physiologist might for a moment have given them the whimsical interpretation that he did. John Hunter fancied it might be possible to prolong life indifinitely by placing a man in a very cold climate, and there subjecting him to periodical freezing. The man, he said, would perhaps live a thousand years, if, at the end of every ten years, he were frozen for a hundred, then thawed out at the end of the term for ten years more, and so continuously. "Like all inventers," Hunter adds, "I expected to make my fortune by this scheme, but an experiment completely undeceived me." Putting carp into a freezing mixture, he observed, in fact, that, after being entirely frozen they were dead, past recovery. The case is the same with all other animals, as the late and very remarkable efforts of F. A. Pouchet have proved.

WHAT ARE CYCLONES?—Professor T. B. Maury, in a recent article on the subject, said: The word *cyclone* has frequently, but incorrectly, been used as significant of an enormous or very violent meteor, as if its application was to be confined to the devastating hurricane of the West Indies or the terrible typhoon of the China seas. It simply means a storm which acts in a circular direction, and whose winds converge, by radials or sinuous spirals, toward a centre, moving in our hemisphere in the opposite direction to that of the hands of a clock, and in the southern hemisphere in a contrary direction. Taking this as the definition of a cyclone, it seems clear, from observation alone, that all storms are to be regarded as cyclonic. Volumes have been written to prove that this is not the case. But we have only to examine a few series of weather-maps from week to week to see that, wherever you have an area of low barometer, into its central hollow the exterior atmosphere from all sides will pour, and that in so doing a rotary spiral or vorticose storm is generated. The tornado, the simoons, the dust-whirlwind, the fire-storm, even the slow and sluggish storm which moves on our Western plains as the laboring wheel of the steamship buried in a heavy sea, all attest that a body can not move on the earth's surface in a straight line. It is not more true with us that the Gulf Stream turns to the eastward, the Polar Stream to the westward, and the equatorial currents to the northward, than that every air-current, in obedience to the same law, should turn to the right of the line along which from any cause it is called to move. The meteorist has therefore only to ascertain by observation where the barometer is lowest, to know at once the direction of the wind from the circumjacent districts, far and near, or at least to test the mathematical law by a grand experiment.

TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.—The following is from the *Popular Science Monthly* for April: The first experiment was tried on a man aged twenty. He was beheaded at 8 o'clock in the morning; eleven hours later all traces of irritability had disappeared from most of the muscles of the body. Injection into the muscles was begun at ten minutes past 9 in the evening; the quantity of blood (which the operator took from his own veins) was enough for a limited part of the body; he therefore confined his experiments to the hand. Injection was made by the artery in which the pulse is usually sought, a little above the wrist, and of course, in the direction of the fingers; it was urged at first quite fast, then slowly. The blood, which went in bright colored, passed out dark from the vein, as is the case in life. The operation continued thirty-five minutes, and, ten minutes after that time, irritability had returned; a movement in the muscles of the hand could be artificially excited. With the second subject, injection of the blood of a healthy dog was made; the blood had been first deprived of its coagulable matter, and beaten up in the air; there was about a pound of it. The subject was a strong man forty years old. Death had occurred at 8 o'clock in the morning; at twenty-five minutes past 10 in the evening rigidity was complete, without a trace of contractability under the influence of stimulus. The arm was amputated, and at twenty minutes past 11 Brown-Sequard effected injection by the brachial artery. The skin at first took a livid color, but very soon the roots of the hair grew erect, giving the effect of goose-flesh, as it is called. This artificial circulation was so entirely successful that the veins on the back of the hand presented a bluish tinge; a beating like that of the pulse lifted the main artery of the wrist, muscular life revived; the fingers soon lost their stiffness, and forty-five minutes after 11 irritability had reappeared in the muscles of the arm; it was still perceptible at 4 in the morning of the next day.

The Loves of the Pigeons.

Pigeons always lays two eggs, and these produce a male and a female, so they are mated from birth, and, could they remain so they would be the happiest of the winged beings. But, alas! many accidents occur to disturb their joy and bring trouble and quarreling into their community, as Charley and May can testify.

They thought they would buy a pair of young pigeons; and Charley spent several half-holidays in making a large, commodious house for them, and putting a ledge on the outside for them to stand upon. This he painted very carefully; but on learning that they often rubbed their beaks upon the painted wood, and had been known to die in consequence, he as carefully scraped the paint all off again. The little creatures were brought home in a basket, and for some time they remained in their house, unable to fly, and were carefully fed by the children with rye and split peas.

At length Charley grew impatient, and thought he would give them some lessons; so he brought them out, placed one on each shoulder, and then coaxed them to fly off. Bob, a beautiful pigeon with a black spot on his back and tail, soon flew around the yard; but his little lady fluttered from May's shoulder to her head, and then to her hand, unwilling to try a longer flight. At length Bob coaxed her to the roof, one day, and thence to the ground. It was a long flight for her, and she lay there panting, when suddenly a neighbor's dog rushed upon her, and before Charley could reach her she was dead. Poor Bob flew back and forth in wider and wider circles. He searched for her all day long from every roof in the neighborhood, and came home to his lonely house at night; but early the next morning he flew off, unable to remain alone where he had once beeen so happy.

For a long time the children watched for his return; but months passed, and nearly a year after, they purchased another pair. These were pure white, and so young they could not fly. This time the children decided they would not teach them, but let them take their own time in learning. It seemed a long time, although it was not many days, before Bob put his head cautiously out, and peering around, flew up to the roof, then down again, cooing and coaxing lady-bird to try it too. She was very timid, but he stood by, encouraged and flew with her, and she, too, safely reached the roof.

How happy they were! From that day they almost lived out-of-doors, only going in to drink and sleep. Soon the water was taken from their house and placed in a large pan under a tree. They saw it, longed for it, but were a whole day deciding to try it. At length Bob flew down, tasted, called his mate, and stood on the edge of the pan to protect her while she drank. Then the pretty creatures tasted the grass, and finding it safe and pleasant to do so, often came down and walked around the grounds. Soon they commenced flying short distances—Bob always starting first and coming back for his lady-bird—until each morning saw them starting forth for a long and joyous flight. The little creatures were so pure, so graceful and winning in their ways that they were a joy to the whole family.

One morning they were missing. Late in the afternoon they returned, having spent the day in visiting. The next morning their visit was returned by a large white-and-black pigeon, which the children felt sure was their lost bird. He spent a pleasant morning—flying round and round and round with them to view their premises, and then went home. The next morning he came again, bringing a mate with him; but she soon went back and left him. But he decided to remain and win lady-bird for his own. All day long he chased poor Bob over the roots and away from his little mate; then he would stop and coo and talk to her in a most enticing manner. One moment the little coquette would listen and fly to him, pecking at Bob herself when he followed her; then again she seemed to repent for her cruelty and flew to him lovingly, when Blacky would chase them both. At length, after a weary day, she yielded to his importunity, came over to him, kissed, cooed and settled by him for the night. They spent one very happy day together; Blacky was loving and devoted, lady-bird coy and pretty, whilst poor Bob looked on disconsolate.

Early next morning loud talking and scolding in the pigeon-house drew all eyes to the windows. And there, behold, a new pigeon, brown-and-white speckled. He was large and pompous, and strutted round with a lordly air. Lady-bird was evidently a belle, and the fame of her beauty was daily bringing new suitors.

Speckle was a bird of quality. He evidently felt his own dignity and would not brook a rival. He at once entered the list with Blacky, determined to win or die. Poor Bob took this opportunity to try and coax lady-bird back to himself, but Speckle soon put him down. Between Blacky and Speckle the fight was more equal. It raged all day; but it was soon evident that Speckle was the stronger of the two, and at night he remained victor. Fickle little lady-bird, pleased with his prowess, crowned him with a kiss, and the happy pair retired together for the night.

Blacky returned next day and called his little mate, but she took no notice of him. Proud of her "conquering hero," she remained loyal to him, and, though polite and friendly to the many callers she received, she kept close to the side of her lord, and seemed happiest when alone with him. He was wholly devoted to her—brought her straws for her nest, while she remained within, weaving them together; and at night he slept outside to guard the entrance, wisely judging that "the price of safety is eternal vigilance." Poor Bob nestled beside him, occasionally taking a peep at his little darling; but as she invariably put out her head at such times and gave him a nip, he learned, after a time to restrain himself. He is fast recovering his peace of mind, and as we are told that lady-bird will probably have eleven sons and as many daughters in the course of the year, it is very probable he may yet mate with one of them, and thus become son-in-law to his former wife.—*The Young Folks.*

GLEANINGS.

JOSH BILLINGS is getting up a book of 840 pages with 100 illustrations by Nast.

CHICAGO hasn't a cent. in the till, but must meet little bills amounting to $640,000 within the next 20 days.

DURING the prevalence of the epizootic, San Francisco sports drive their regular ten-Chinamen tandem teams.

A PITTSBURGH witness couldn't tell his exact age, but thought he was younger than his mother.

IT is a poor alligator hunter that can't make $15 a day in Florida, at present prices of the "pelts."

THE Minneapolis Tribune thinks the only objection to Nebraska is that there are fully six weeks in midsummer when the sleighing is poor.

BRICK Pomeroy sunk about $250,000 in his efforts to establish himself in New York. Yet the New York edition of his Democrat still lives.

THE Chicago papers are down on the medical students because they cut up "subjects," and throw the pieces into the river, or anywhere into the streets and ditches.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, the famous fighting editor of the Paris Pays, who has killed 18 men in duels and has another one to kill next month, has been offered a place on the "Weekly Montanian," a sheet published in the wilds of Missouri. Six editors of that paper have died with their boots on during the past year, and the proprietors confidently expect that a first-class salamander like Paul will be a little more durable.

A DISASTROUS rice famine prevails in the island of Java, and the poorer classes are dying in great numbers from starvation. Some cases have occurred in which women have offered their children for sale to Europeans, so that, if they died, their little ones might be preserved from starvation.

WE have Fagins even in America. An old reprobate named Wolf was arrested in Cleveland, recently, for receiving stolen property, and several little children testified that he had been teaching them to steal, and that under his tuition they had already acquired considerable skill. But, instead of being sent to prison for life, he was let off with a fine of $50.