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ROBT WHEATSTONE

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Post Office - Oak Ridge, La

Will practice in Richland and West Carroll Parishes. Collections a specialty.

The Richland Beacon.

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

JUNE

VOLUME XX.

RAYVILLE, RICHLAND PARISH, LA., JULY 2, 1888.

NUMBER 23

NATURE, THE MASTER-POET.

All hail to the bard who as King must stand—
A monarch by title true;
From the sun's space to the grains of sand,
"A waken' awake" be ye glad to-day,
All things are songs in this master's hand!
And the strain is nobler than books have told,
Than choirs have breathed, or organs rolled,
Or can float from mellowed chains of gold
For Nature's singer, too.

Four themes he hath through the changing year,
And one is the chant of spring.
"The filled with life, 'tis filled with cheer,
"The heard in bird-notes blithe and clear:
"An establish tomorrow love for thee;
"For I'll clothe you with blossoms gay,
And I'll deck your hills with blossoms gay,
And joy to the world I'll bring."

Again his lines have a softer swell,
And a rhythm more full and sweet:
"Tis of gleaming summer the measures tell,
As ringing they go over hill and dell:
"I've brought you grain; let its glory be
"An establish tomorrow love for thee;
Let your lines be rich as the fields you see
"Stretched laughing around your feet."

And next there sweepeth a harvest hymn
O'er autumn's golden smiles;
"Tis heard in the swaying of fruit-bent limb,
"Tis echoed by swallows that dart and skim:
"Bring home the sheaves that the land hath borne;
Heigh ho! the yellowing spikes of corn;
Let the woods respond to the hunter's horn:
"Wreathes every home with smiles."

At last he sings of the storm-king's might,
And the metre is staid and slow.
The wide-spread page is of dazzling white,
And this chorus we read in its dazzling light:
"Be pure, be pure as the flakes that fall
"O'er the resting world like an angel pall,
And hide with their beautiful foldings all
"The evil that lies below."

Thus ever repeating but never the same,
Come the songs in endless rhyme:
Now joy, now fear, now praise, now blame,
Now seed, now harvest, the words proclaim.
Sad fate has the soul that ne'er can read
The trace of the master on sky or mead,
Whose ear cannot the grand symphonies heed
That are breathed by the bard sublime.

—Charles M. Harger, in the Journalist.

"BOBBY SHAFTO."
ANNABEL DWIGHT.

It is a bright and delicious June morning.
The sea beyond the gray cliff line
is flashing a million jewels beyond the
rays of the sun. From my seat at the
piano I can see a dozen swallows sailing
the blue surface. My canopy in the
best window is going crazy over his own
music; and I run out on the ivory keys
a nonsensical air of my own composition,
and sing loudly the equally nonsensical
verses of nursery fame:

"Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
With silver buckles on his knee,
He'll come back and marry me—
Pretty Bobby Shafto."

The front door is wide open, also the
door from hall to sitting-room, and a
masculine voice, expressive of much
amusement, says:
"Lucky Bobby Shafto!"

I wheel about on the stool, and there
stands a young man dressed in a dark
flannel suit, hat in hand, laughing at me.

"I haven't the honor of your acquaintance,"
I say, rather flippantly.
"He steps over the threshold and makes
me a low bow, as he replies over his
"Bobby Shafto, at your service."
"Nonsense!" says I, laughing a little
in spite of myself.

"At any rate," he pursues, quite seriously,
"my name is Robert Shafter, and that,
and you will admit, is very like Bobby
Shafto. I called to ascertain if I could
procure lodging here for the season. The
hotel clerk thought that I might. There
is not one comfortable room left at the
Elys."

I have ascertained by this time that he
is rather nice looking. His hair is light
and curly; his nose is large, but he has
very pleasant, dark blue eyes, a long,
curling moustache, and a square chin,
clef in the centre.

"Please be seated," I said, remembering
my manners of a sudden. "I will
speak to Aunt Jane."

seem to have some pleasant understanding
between them which I do not comprehend.
Even Aunt Jane unbends in the magic
of his frank speech and laughing voice.
We are very good friends, but I am
perfectly thunderstruck, when, at the
end of a month's acquaintance, our lodger
makes me an offer of marriage.

I am nineteen years old, and have
never had a lover; but I have very
romantic ideas of what a lover should be,
and Robert Shafter falls very short of
my ideal.

So I reply decidedly in the negative,
and endeavor to explain to him what
manner of a man I intend to honor
with my heart and hand.

He does not seem as despairing as a
rejected lover should.
Indeed, I think he is very much
amused at what I say, for he shrugs his
shoulders and walks away, laughing.

I am provoked and disgusted with his
levity, and treat him with much dignity
and coolness for a day or two; but this
seems foolish in the face of his frank,
jolly manners, and soon we drift back
into the old pleasant comradeship.

I can see the land-stair, from our
piazza, but, being rather near sighted,
I cannot distinguish Mr. Shafter from
the other musicians.

I never go over to the hotel when the
band is playing; I prefer to listen to the
music swinging luxuriously in my hammock.

There is a cornet soloist—Reede—
whose playing I greatly admire; and I
implore our lodger to bring him over to
the house some day; but he will not
promise. I decide in my own mind that
he is jealous and afraid that I will fall
in love with Reede. I have unbounded
self-confidence, and do not consider that
the great musician has probably scores
of admiring friends and lovers.

One never-to-be-forgotten day I take
one of my girl friends for a row along
the shore in my little boat. Lizzie is a
quiet, solid, unpretentious girl, who
loves me and believes in me in spite of
my arrogance and vanity. We row along
where the bathers from the hotel are dis-
porting themselves in the water.

Presently I catch sight of Robert Shafter
swimming toward us.
He is laughing and blowing the water
from his mouth at a great rate, and in a
spirit of mischief, I began to pull away
—"Why, that is Reede, the cornetist,"
says Lizzie in some excitement.

"Oh, no," I reply, very decidedly,
"it's our lodger, Mr. Shafter."

We have no time for discussion, for
immediately Robert Shafter throws up
his arms with a cry of pain and goes
under.

I know, of course, that he is attacked
by a swimmer's cramp, and my heart
leaps to my throat. I put my oar into
Lizzie's hand and go overboard after him.
This feat requires no heroism on my part,
as about one-third of my life has been
spent either in or on the water. When
he comes to the surface I catch my
fingers in his curly hair and draw his head
up to the level of the boat's gunwale,
and with the help of Lizzie who is strong
and robust, get him into the boat.

In the meantime another boat has been
sent out from the shore which follows us
as we row swiftly back to the little
wooden pier at the foot of the garden.
The boat contains two men, who carry
Mr. Shafter up to the house.

I leave Lizzie to fasten my boat, and
hasten into the house and up to my
chamber to take off my wet clothing. I
am trembling from head to foot with a
strange, new excitement. Robert Shafter,
in danger of his life, seems suddenly
dear to me. When, at last, I regain
some command of myself, I slowly de-
scend to the sitting-room. They have
put Shafter into the little bed-room,
opening from the sitting-room, and have
brought him back to consciousness.

There is a very handsome young lady
sitting by the bed. He holds her hand
in his, and they are talking very earnest-
ly together. I am terribly jealous right
away, and grow more so when the young
lady comes out to me and introduces her-
self as Miss Bradford, and thanks me
warmly for what she calls my brave con-
duct.

"Mr. Reede is my very dear friend,"
she says, gracefully, "and there are others
who will be proud to make the ac-
quaintance of the noble girl who has
saved his life."
"I know nothing," I return, bluntly,
almost rudely. "Did I understand you
to say that the gentleman's name is
Reede?"
She laughs softly.

"To make arrangements for your wed-
ding, I presume?"
He does not answer directly; there is
only the faint "swish" of the incoming
tide as we lean over the piazza railing
in the white moonlight. Presently he
lays one smooth, strong hand over mine
and says softly:
"That is for you to say, Addie."

"For me?"
I try to laugh again, but fail most
miserably. Tears blind my eyes and a
sob is in my throat.

"Dearest, will you reject me a second
time? Cannot you care for me a little?"
"But, Miss Bradford?" I stammer.
He laughs and draws me within the
circle of his arms.

"Miss Bradford is my half sister and is
to marry a Boston merchant. She lent
herself to my little conspiracy against
you; for I have a theory that women are
often won through jealousy, and you
have proved no exception, my dear."

He kisses me with the most refreshing
coolness, and I am goose enough to make
no opposition.
So he really does prove to be, "My true
love, Bobby Shafto."—Yankee Blade.

Eau de Cologne Drinking.
We hear, from time to time, of per-
sons falling victims to morphinomania,
as the disease resulting from injecting
morphia has been termed, and it is al-
most unnecessary to remind the reader
of the fatal consequences ensuing to
those who indulge in laudanum or chloral.
But the very idea of drinking a
perfume would seem to be almost too
absurd to suggest. Yet, says the
"Temperance Review," medical men know
only too well how many of their pa-
tients, more particularly among the
weaker sex, take an excessive dose of
excess, and to such an excess
too, as to compel, in some in-
stances, their being reeducated to retreats
established for the treatment of dipsomaniacs.
When it is known of what
the odoriferous compound in question is
distilled, it will be readily admitted that
an incalculable danger may be the out-
come of a continual use of it as a stimu-
lant. The following is a recipe said to
be adopted in the manufacture of the
Farina family at Cologne: Twelve drops
of the essential oils, neroli, citron, berga-
mot, orange and rosemary, one drachm
of Malabar cardamoms, one gallon of
rectified spirits. We have only to mention
that spirits of wine, along with methyl-
alcohol, are resorted to by habitual
drunkards in the last stage of their
complaint to make it appear self-evident
that the strength of eau de cologne must
be greater than that of the wines and
spirits in common use, and that it is
consequently more deleterious in its
effect upon those who regularly imbibe
it. What, then, it may be asked, brings
about a craving for the fragrant prepara-
tion (we have used the word "craving,"
for liking one can never attain to it, if
we are to credit the confessions of our
observation), and why is it that ladies
form, as a rule, the largest number of
its devotees? The reasons are not far to
seek, and may be briefly summed up as
follows: 1. It can be purchased with-
out a receipt, and is sold in every shop
visiting a public house, a call at a neigh-
boring chemist's exciting no suspicion.
2. It can be indulged in with absolute
secrecy, even as in instances we have
known, where the drafter affects to be a
staunch teetotaler. 4. Few people are
aware that this article of toilet can be
abused to such an extent as to bring
about a condition of intoxication. Let
us at once say that the habit generally
commences by taking a few drops on a
lump of sugar, in order to produce an
unnatural buoyancy of spirits. This may
go on for some time without any apparent
deleterious effects, but in nine cases out
of ten the old, old story results.—London
Globe.

Ingenuous Frauds.
Two men named Berard and Fourcade
have been sentenced to six and twelve
months' imprisonment respectively for
having practiced a series of very ingenious
tricks on keepers of public houses in
Paris. They were in the habit of visit-
ing the landlords and offering them
barrels of excellent wine at greatly re-
duced prices. The liquor which they
gave the publicans to taste was superb,
and the bargain was generally concluded
on the spot. A few days afterward the
unlucky dealer found that the wine
which he had bought was detestable.
Since their conviction the men have
made a full confession. Berard used to
keep a small bottle of good wine up his
sleeve, and when he made a pretence of
filling the glass from the barrel he was
really giving his customer the contents
of this bottle to taste. The trick was
carried out with considerable address,
and was never detected by his dupes.
Another "lodge," to quote his own ex-
pression, was to pour into a barrel of
200 litres forty litres of first-class wine,
the remainder of the barrel was then
filled up with water, slowly inserted by
means of a pipe. The wine remained at
the top; the barrel was pierced high up,
and the buyer was again persuaded to
taste the liquor to show that there was
no deception. Delighted with his bar-
gain he put down the money then and
there, only to discover after a brief lapse
of time that he had been cheated out-
rageously.—London Telegraph.

Eslees Fight to the Death.
As Hardy Delong and his son Reuben,
who live on Black Lake, about eight
miles from Ogdensburg, N. Y., were
driving along the high way, they saw
a large bald eagle sitting on the fence.
He was covered with mud. His head
was cut and bleeding. Arming them-
selves with sticks they pushed him off
the fence. Though he fell upon his back
he showed fight with his talons, but the
men captured and put him in their buggy.
Upon closer examination they came to
the conclusion that this bird had been
engaged in a life and death struggle with
something to them unknown. They
then began a search, and in a field close
by found another bald eagle lying dead.
It also was covered with blood and cut
and torn about the head and body in a
way that must have caused his death,
and showing conclusively that he had
succumbed to the superior endurance of
the bird just captured. Both the live
and dead eagles were taken to Mr. De-
long's home. The dead bird measured
six feet six inches from tip to tip of his
wings. The live eagle was shut up and
fed, and has improved in strength quite
rapidly.—New York Herald.

IN A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

**THE CURIOSITY SHOP THAT ART-
ISTS BUILD AND WORK IN.**
Away From the World—What He
Does Up There—Clay, Plaster
and Marble—Death Masks.

It was an ideal. The very atmosphere
was different from that outside. Span-
ish moss hung in great wavy bunches on
the wall, while here and there were
photographs and medallions. Bits of
bright ribbons gave a coquetish effect,
and contrasted with the sombre drab of
the moss just as summer does with
winter. The mantel was covered with
pictures, bits of sculpture in clay and
plaster, and a score of sea shells. The
room was full of models, easels, casts
and busts.

"Where are your hammer and chisel,
and marble?" asked a reporter for the
Atlanta Constitution.
She sculptor laughed heartily.
"Now, how many people in Atlanta
do you suppose think that a sculptor's
first and only work is in marble, and
with a hammer and chisel? No, the art
is all in clay—every bit. Putting it in
marble is merely mechanical. It is just
as if we molded in clay, and then by
some chemical process could change the
clay into marble. There is no art in that—
it is all in the clay. After a death
mask is perfected, a mold in plaster
will be taken, and then it will be put in
marble."

"What is the use in changing it into
plaster? Why not take the measurements
direct from this?"
"It's too soft, and you cannot allow it
to harden, for it will crack and draw.
There is the death mask of Judge Loch-
rae. I am making a marble bust of
him, and it is being put into marble
now."

The mask referred to is in plaster, and
being taken of direct impressions from
the face of the dead, the mask is a vivid
reproduction—the whole effect being
heightened by the pallid color. The
features were perfect. The eyes were
closed as if in sleep, and the general ex-
pression is one of peace and of rest.

This was taken soon after death, and
the features are perfectly natural.
"That is taken," explained the sculp-
tor, Mr. Franze, "by impression, the
soft plaster being spread over the fea-
tures, and blown carefully into each
cave and wrinkle. That forms the
mold, and the cast is taken by simply
running in plaster."

"How do you make a medallion?"
"From photographs, and then perfect
them from life."
"Suppose the model is dead?"
"Then the best of all aids is the death
mask. This is true in making a bust as
well. But if we haven't that we get as
many photographs as we can—front,
three-quarters and profile, if possible.
Then we work in clay until it is as near
perfect as we can make it from what we
have to go by, and then get criticisms
upon the work from those that knew the
dead. After the clay model is perfect
the art work is complete."

"Is that clay in a solid lump?"
"Oh, no. We build a frame of straw
usually for a bust, and for a larger statue
a frame or skeleton of wood or iron.
Gas pipe is splendid."

"Where does the clay come from?"
"It is potters' clay from Ohio. I like
the New York potter's clay better,
though, and we shall begin using it
soon."

"Can you use the same clay over and
over?"
"Oh, yes. The same clay would last
a life time, but, of course, it is wasting
continually."

"Why not use the common clay?"
"It is never free from mica scales and
grains of sand. That ruins an artist's
tools. Then it is not so pliable nor so
cohesive."

"Where does the marble come from?"
"Italy. We can use only Carrara mar-
ble. For two thousand years and
there has been no substitute. By far the
closest imitation comes from Western
North Carolina, and I believe that if
they mine deeper, the marble will be
come as pure as Carrara."

Suicide by Self-Smothering.
Dr. D. F. Chadwick, of Binghamton,
writes to the Chicago Times to say that
the case of the man Ayres, who is said
to have committed suicide in Omaha by
holding his breath, is not the first one
of the kind that has come to his knowledge.
"I remember," says he, "to have heard
of no less than three such cases before,
though I have never been my good
fortune to be present at one of the
autopsies. Dr. Prieto, who was for many
years one of the best-known physicians
in the West, and whose word and judg-
ment were as good as anybody's, once
told me of a patient who came to him
when he was the physician in charge of
the medical springs in La Salle County,
Ill. The patient was a very great suf-
ferer from nervous troubles and had been
sent there by her husband, who was, I
think, a merchant in Chicago, but
whose name I have forgotten. One day
she attempted suicide by cutting her
wrist, but she was discovered before she
had lost much blood. Dr. Prieto or-
dered her placed under constant watch,
and she, after vainly trying to kill her-
self in many ways, finally said to her at-
tendant: 'If you think you can keep me
from killing myself you are mistaken,'
whereupon she turned over in bed and
by sheer force of will held her breath
until she was past recuscitation. The at-
tendant did not even know what she
was doing until a heaving of the bed-
clothes, caused probably by the involun-
tary action of the respiratory organs,
was seen, but it was too late to revive
the unconscious patient. Dr. Prieto,
when he related this incident to me,
said that he had heard of but one other
case—that of a woman of whom Dr.
Eastman, also an old Illinois practitioner,
had told him. It was Dr. Prieto's
opinion that a man could not exercise
will-power enough to commit suicide in
this manner, and I myself believed that
only women could do so until I read of
this Omaha case."

Compensation.
"Who hesitates is lost!"
is an adage old,
Fearful losses, to their cost,
Learn they must be bold,
But, since nothing new can be
Underneath the sun,
'Tis as old and true that she
Who hesitates is—won.
—Kemper Booklet in the Century.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Almanacs were first introduced in
1411.
In Mexico parrots are eaten, but they
are rather tough.

Small stuffed alligators are now used
as umbrellas stands.
Spiders roasted are a sort of desert
with the New Caledonians.

A truss for straightening crooked noses
is among the novelties in surgical in-
struments.
The first printing types were Gothic,
but they were modified into the present
Roman type about 1499.

A Macon (Ga.) colored man, after
sleeping continuously four days and
nights, awoke a raving maniac.
A passenger on a Missouri train was
shot at by a desperado, and was saved
by a plug of tobacco, which stopped the
bullet.

Miss Olive Green and Ivory White
were wedded in an Iowa town recently,
the Rev. Mr. Black performing the cere-
mony.
The commercial agents of govern-
ments were first distinguished by the
names of consuls in Italy in the fifteenth
century.

The Romans are said to have first used
feathers in beds, and feather beds were
in use in England during the reign of
Henry VIII.

Recently an Omaha couple were forced
to leave home to be married, for the re-
ason that the groom was the one person
in the county who could issue a marriage
license—so found he must either resign,
go elsewhere, or remain a bachelor.

James Moran, of Montrose, Mich.,
found a small piece of placer gold in the
gizzard of a chicken that he killed. A
search around the neighboring streams
showed evidence that placer gold may be
found there in considerable quantities.

Sheriff Franklin has shown the Carters-
ville (Ga.) Court a knife that is 128
years old. It is of the "barrow" pattern
and has the initials of the maker, M. F.
& S. The single blade is considerably
worn, but has a better edge now than
the finest knives bought these days of
adulteration and shoddy work.

The ancients were acquainted with
seven metals which they supposed to
possess certain mystic relationship with
the planets, and were represented by the
hieroglyphics by which the planets were
known. Gold was called Sol or sun;
silver, Luna, or moon; iron, Mars; lead,
Saturn; copper, Venus; tin, Jupiter;
mercury, Mercury.

The sole tenant of a lonely miner's
cabin that stands on the summit of Gold
Hill, opposite Buena Vista, Col., is Mrs.
Mary Mallen, noted throughout the
West as the only woman miner in the
State. She has lived alone on the moun-
tain for several years, spending her time
in prospecting for gold, but thus far
without apparent success.

Three years ago a harsh voiced man,
John Steiner by name, stood on State
street, Chicago, offering "twenty-four
sheets of note paper for a nickel." To-
day, it is stated, he is the owner of the
leading stationery store in a town of
15,000 inhabitants in Iowa; and he made
his start selling a quire of writing paper
for five cents on one of the busiest
streets in Chicago.

In October, 1888, a harness was stolen
in North Haven, Conn., and was found
in the possession of Charles E. Sparks.
He claimed to have bought it, but was
convicted of the theft, and sentenced to
the State Prison for three years and served
his time out. Frank Hicks when
he was dying in Claremont, Mass.,
wrote a letter confessing that he stole
the harness and sold it to Sparks for
\$12.50.

What Queen Elizabeth had for dinner
we can only guess; but it is not likely
that her English subjects had much var-
iety of vegetable food. Shakespeare
has plenty to say about beef, mutton and
veal. He says very little about
vegetables. We have the line, "And
greasy Joan doth keel the pot"—that is,
put keel into the pot—keel being the
sole word of the Saxons, who called the
month of February Sprout-keel, as the
time when the great potage herb be-
gan to sprout, and we have some few
other such allusions. But it would seem
almost as if vegetables had not yet made
their way into the national diet.

A Wonderful Tunnel.
An engineering work that has taken
over a century to construct can hardly
fail to offer some points of interest in
its history, and illustrate the march of
events during the years of its progress. An
instance of this kind is to be found in a
tunnel not long since completed, but
which was commenced over one hundred
years ago. The tunnel, or adit, as it
should be more strictly termed, is at
Schemnitz, in Hungary. Its construc-
tion was agreed upon in 1782, the object
being to carry off the water from the
Schemnitz mines to the lowest part of
the Gran Valley.

The work is now complete, and it
forms the longest tunnel in the world,
being 10.27 miles long, or about one
mile longer than St. Gothard, and two
and a half miles longer than Mont Cenis.
The height is nine feet ten inches and
the breadth is five feet three inches. The
tunnel, which has taken so long in mak-
ing, has cost very nearly a million
sterling, but it appears to have been well
spent; at least, the present generation
has no reason to grumble, for the saving
from being able to do away with water
raising appliances amounts to \$75,000 a
year.

There is one further point, however,
worth notice, for if we have the advan-
tage of our great-grandfathers in the mat-
ter of mechanical appliances they cer-
tainly were better off in the price of
labor. The original contract for the tun-
nel, made in 1782, was that it should be
completed in thirty years and should cost
\$35 per yard run. For eleven years the
work was done at this price, but the
French revolution enhanced the cost of
labor and materials to such an extent
that for thirty years little progress was
made.

MYSTERIES OF A DAY.

CURIOUS EVENTS FOUND NOTED
IN THE PAPERS.

Securing a Room—Stole His Wife—
Bosoms in Pads—A Mysterious
Disappearance—A Bad Spell, Etc.
Etc.

FEW days ago a
Boston lady was in-
formed by her serv-
ant girl that a box
of flowers had been
left at the door for
her. Being occupied
at the time, the lady
told the servant to
open the box, sprin-
gling the flowers with
water, and put them
on the ice, adding
that she would attend to them when she
went down to tea. The