

The Girde of Friendship.

She gathered at her slender waist
The beauteous robe she wore;
Its folds a gold nelt embraced,
One rose-lured gem it bore.

ETHEL'S HUSBAND.

Ethel Vane was a young beauty of
eighteen—a beauty of the most radiant
blonde type, with eyes that seemed like
liquid wells of blue light.

But one day Miss Vane entered into
her relative's presence with very rosy
cheeks and a deep sparkle in her eyes
which Eudocia had never seen there before.

"Miss Eudocia," said she, "I am
engaged to be married."
"Are you?" said Miss Eudocia, with
a little gasp, as if she were swallowing
castor oil.

"Oh, that's nothing," said sancy
Ethel. "I made up my mind that I
liked him in three days."
"I think you are running a great
risk," Ethel said, Miss Eudocia Eames.

"Oh, no; I shall not," laughed Ethel.
But in spite of this war of words, the
young couple had scarcely settled down
after the honeymoon, before Miss
Eames came to visit them, with a fear
ful array of Saratoga trunks, hand-

DUET WITH A FISH.

A Sandwich Islander Kills a Shark in a
Hand-to-Mouth Encounter.
Every soul on board crowded to the
side to witness the duel. It was
bound to be a war to the death. One
or both of the combatants must die.

"Yes!" uttered the other woman
with a chuckle of malicious satisfac-
tion. "But don't think that you are
to keep him, in spite of your blue
eyes, and yellow hair and pretty pink
cheeks. I was pretty once in the days
that are past. I have the first right
to him, and I mean to have him.

"Oh, come away," she faltered, with
trembling voice and a changing color.
"I am afraid of that woman."
And together they took refuge in
the library beyond, locking the door to
bar themselves effectually from all in-
trusion.

"But I love him!" wailed Ethel.
"More fool you!" cried Miss Eudocia,
fairly losing patience. "What! after
he has trifled with you—deceived you—
blighted your whole life? Come
home with me, I say! Don't let him
glorify over the ruin he has wrought!"

"Get your things!" said the old maid.
"Come home with me! Leave him
forever!"
"Get your things!" said the old maid.

"What geese we have been!" cried
Ethel, radiantly.
"Such circumstances did look rather
suspicious," said Miss Eames, blankly.

TOBOGGANING.

Graphic Account of a Dangerous Sport
Popular to Canada.
Tobogganing, says a Montreal letter
to the New York Sun, is studied like
a science. Originally, any hill with a
straight road and a good slant would
do for the sport; next, the tobogganers
began to build big mounds of snow on
top of the hills, upon which to give
their boards a strong and swift start.

A high ridge of snow separates the
slides from the path up the hill, and
along this path the men drag their
queer sleds, while the women gladly
follow, all asserting that each time
they climb the hill and the easy flight
of steps up the scaffold they feel
fresher and more eager for the sport
than on the previous journey.

"What shall I do?" Oh, dear! what
can I do?" gasped Ethel; and Miss
Eudocia could feel that her hands
were as cold as ice.
"Get your things!" said the old maid.

"How much do you want to settle
this case?"
"Ten yards of calico," promptly re-
plied the woman.

"It's the boy who is raising a fuss,
sir. He says he got the bite and I got
the dress, and he isn't satisfied."
"Well, what do he want?"
"Three sticks of candy will console
him, sir, or if they don't he'll have to
take it out in complaining."

The capannucci was one of the pec-
uliar carnival institutions of the Flor-
entine boys of old, as dear to their
hearts as is the election-night bonfire
to our young New Yorker of to-day.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

It is said that at the Court Opera at
Vienna, tiny incandescent lamps, sus-
pended by fine swinging wires, give
the effect of swarms of fireflies flash-
ing and flitting about in a tropical
forest. By switches the current is
turned off and on at the pleasure of
the operator, and the effect is electri-
cal in other than a literal sense.

Some of the conclusions of science
would indeed be appalling but for their
practical harmlessness. Thus geologists
assert that if the continents and the
bottom of the ocean were graded down
to a uniform level, the whole world
would be covered with water a mile
deep, so much greater is the depression
of the ocean-bed than the elevation of
the existing land.

For some considerable time past the
Astronomer Royal and his assistants
have been weekly reporting the signifi-
cant fact that the recorded sunshine
during the seven days has been, upon
an average, nil. Prima facie it is only
photographers who need be affected by
this intelligence. What can it possibly
matter to the world at large if there is
no sunshine enough about to discolor
a piece of sensitized paper? As a mat-
ter of fact, however, the discoloration
of sensitized paper is but one of the
many processes due to the chemical
energy of the sunlight. And a pro-
longed absence of sunlight is a very se-
rious matter. Its effects upon the
health are direct and perceptible. We
get no ozone, and we become dull and
listless, as if we had been sitting up all
night. When this out of tone and be-
low par, we are consequently deficient
in that vital energy which would
otherwise enable us to shake off any
ordinary ailment. Nor is this all. Ab-
sence of sunlight for any consider-
able period is almost invariably fol-
lowed by epidemic outbreaks. When
the sun is active, fifth of all kinds purifies
as it collects. When there is no sun-
shine the filth collects, accumulates in
masses, and ferments. These ferment-
ed accumulations are a source of pos-
sible danger as soon as the sun resumes
its activity. Decomposition under a
bright sun is comparatively harmless.
Slow decomposition in the dark is es-
pecially hostile to health. We need no
chemist to tell us this; but, at the same
time, it is as well to bear the chemistry
of common life in mind. When the
Astronomer Royal reports a total ab-
sence of sunshine we ought to be espe-
cially careful, and it may be added,
children suffer more from the absence
of the sun's rays than do adults. Adults
have only to keep alive; children
have to keep alive and to grow, which
entails a double amount of chemical
work. Now, if there be no sunshine,
we can best supplement its absence by
exercise. And yet, strange enough,
the absence of sunshine is regarded by
most mothers as a sufficient ground for
keeping children within doors. It is,
on the contrary, the very reason why
they should be sent out and kept out
as much as possible.—London Observer

"What do you know of bee culture
in Russia?"
"Little Russia and Lithuania, the
great linden forests render bee-keeping
very profitable. The finest honey I
ever saw is produced in Kovno. Largest
quantities come from the governments
of Yekaterinoslay and Pollova. There
are over 450,000 hives in those two
districts. Kaluga produces annually
about 1,760 poods of honey and 3,500
poods of wax. A poor contains about
thirty-six poods. The annual produc-
tion in the Don Cossack country
amounts to \$50,000 in round numbers.

"In Volhynia and Bessarabia the
combined yield of honey reaches a val-
ue of nearly \$200,000 a year. The
annual yield of the whole empire is
not far from \$400,000, or about 18,000
tons. To this must be added nearly
5,000 tons of wax, worth \$2,000,000.
This is about all consumed in Russia,
the exports being very small.

Self-help, be it ever so wisely and
thoroughly carried out, can never ab-
rogate the duty and privilege of friend-
ly and benevolent assistance. It will
not even limit the necessity of it; for
human nature is essentially dependent
as well as independent, and life fur-
nishes abundant opportunities for the
exercise of all generous impulses with-
out injury, provided the rightful con-
ditions are obeyed. In infancy our de-
pendence upon others is complete; as
we advance in life it gradually de-
clines; in healthful maturity it reaches
its lowest point. Yet even here it is
by no means vanishes. We are still de-
pendent upon one another for happi-
ness in a thousand ways, and contin-
ually need the helping hand as well as
the sympathizing heart.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Censure is the tax a man pays to
the public for being eminent.
The readiest and surest way to get
rid of censure is to correct ourselves.
Volatility of words is carelessness
in action. Words are the wings of
action.
All the wincing in the world can
never set a razor's edge on that which
has no steel in it.—Fuller.

He must expect to be wretched who
pays to beauty, richness or politeness
that regard which only virtue and
piety can claim.
A hypocrite may spin so fair a
thread as to deceive his own eyes. He
may admire the cobweb, and not
know himself to be the spider.

Genius is a great thing without
doubt; but if you have a capacity for
hard work you have so good a substi-
tute for genius that you can't tell the
difference between the two.

Sunlight and Human Health.
For some considerable time past the
Astronomer Royal and his assistants
have been weekly reporting the signifi-

The Intelligence of Birds.
Dr. Charles C. Abbott describes in
Science some interesting experiments on
the intelligence of birds. When he
produced branches on which birds had
built their nests and thereby caused
the foliage to shrivel up so that the
nests were exposed, the birds aban-
doned the nests, although they had al-
ready laid their eggs. But in a case in
which the nest already contained young
birds, the old birds remained, not with-
standing the exposure of the nest, until
the young ones were able to fly. He
placed a number of pieces of woolen
yarn—red, yellow, purple, green and
gray in color—near a tree in which a
pair of Baltimore Orioles were building
a nest. The pieces of yarn were all
exactly alike except in color. There
was an equal number of each color, and
the red and yellow pieces were pur-
posely placed on top. The birds chose
only the gray pieces, putting in a few
purple and blue ones when the nest
was nearly finished. Not a red, yellow
or green strand was used. Dr.
Abbott concludes from his observations
of the building of birds' nests that the
female bird is exacting, obstinate and
tyrannical, and not at all disposed to
give in to the wishes of her lord and
master. The site of the nest is select-
ed after careful examination of suitable
locations by both birds.

The men of an Australian tribe liv-
ing near the Flinders and Albert rivers
are absolutely bald.

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