Two Villages.

Over the river on the hill
Lieth a village quiet and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze.
Over it, sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses low and sweet
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore,
And in the road no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Ne'er a sound on smith or mill;
The houses are thatched with grasses and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut,
All the village lieth asleep,
Never again to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill—
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing longs to go
Up to that home from this below,
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth praying, this answer fall—
"Patience! This village shall hold you all!"

—*Every Other Saturday.*

Charity in Masquerade.

As the phrase goes, I always feel very much put out whenever I hear the complaint: "There are no really good people, now-a-days." One might suppose that the present time was the worst since the creation of Adam, and that his descendants, everywhere were inhuman alike. I feel inclined to reply: "It isn't at all true, although there are knaves enough in the world, and our own country has more than its quota of rascals." A bad deed is quickly known everywhere, but a noble action, one truly brave and unselfish, is slowly advertised. Why then should I be silent when I learn of a good man's act of goodness? Let me now tell of such a deed which happened not long ago.

It was a bright summer day in Vienna, and the grand Prater was thronged with people in holiday attire. Beneath the superb trees, in this noted public garden, old and young, rich and poor, strolled about and many strangers came to share in the festivities. Where so much cheerfulness abounds, he, too, has something to hope for, who ask's charity's bestowal from his fellow man; hence a large crowd of beggars, organ-grinders and harp-players were assembled there, all seeking to earn a few coins from the passers-by.

For several years there had lived in Vienna a pensioner, whose bounty from the government was so small that it scarcely allowed him the necessaries of life. He would not beg, so he took his violin, which his father, a Bohemian, had taught him to play, and stood under a famous old tree in the Prater, while his trained poodle sat before him with an old hat in his mouth, into which fell whatever pieces of money the people were inclined to give. On this holiday, the veteran stood there and fiddled, and, as usual, the dog sat before him with the hat in his mouth, but the people passed by, and the hat remained empty.

Could they but once have looked at him they must have had pity. Thin white hair scarcely covered his head; he was wrapped in a soldier's threadbare coat. He had fought in great battles, and many a scar had he received in remembrance of them. Only three fingers on the right hand held the bow. A bullet had carried off the two others, and almost at the same time another rifle ball had shattered his leg.

But the holiday-makers never noticed him, although he had bought strings for his violin with his last earnings, and was striving to play his old marches and dances with all his might. Sadly and mournfully the old man gazed at the crowds of people, at their happy faces, and at their gay costumes. Every laugh seemed to stab him; to-night he would have to lie down hungry on his straw bed in the garret. His poodle was better off, for he might perhaps find a bone in the street, with which he could allay his hunger.

It was getting late in the afternoon The pensioner's hopes were as near setting as the sun, for several of the people were leaving. A deep look of sadness came over his weather-beaten, scarred face. He little thought that a well-dressed gentleman was standing not far from him, who had been listening and looking at him with an expression of the deepest pity. When at last it seemed fruitless to remain, and his tired fingers could no longer guide the bow, nor his leg hear him, he sat down on a stone, supporting his head on his hands, and shed a few bitter tears.

The gentleman, leaning against the trunk of a tree, had seen how the wounded hand had wiped the veteran's tears away, so that the eye of the world might see no trace of them. It seemed as if the tears had touched the stranger's heart, for he hastily stepped forth, and giving the old man a gold coin said, "Lend me your violin for a moment." The poor soldier looked up in speechless gratitude at the gentleman, whose German was as awkward as his own fiddle-playing. Nevertheless, he understood him, and gave him his violin. It was not such a very poor one, but the fiddler played it badly. The gentleman tuned it as true as a bell, and said, "Now my good fellow, you take your money, and I will play." Then he began to play so beautifully that the fiddler looked at his violin with curiosity, and thought it never could be the same instrument for the tone seemed to pierce through the soul, and the music to roll out like pearls. It seemed at times as if angels' voices were rejoicing, and then as if deep tones of sorrow came out of it, which so moved the heart that all eyes filled with tears.

And now the people remained standing looking at the gentleman, and listening to the wonderful music; every one saw how he was playing for the poor man, but no one knew him. The audience grew larger and larger; even the carriages of the richer people stopped, and every one discovered what was the intention of the foreigner, and gave liberally. Gold, silver and copper fell into the hat, according as the giver felt disposed. The poodle began to growl; was it from pleasure or anger? He could hold the hat no longer, so heavy had it become.

"Empty it, old man!" cried one of the spectators, "It will soon be full again."

The old man did so, and sure enough he had to empty it again once more into his bag, in which he usually put his violin. The stranger stood there with beaming eyes, and played so that bravoes rang out one after the other. Every one was charmed. At last the violin broke out into the splendid air of the song, "God Preserve the Emperor." All hats and caps were immediately removed; for the Austrians loved their Emperor Francis with all their hearts, as he truly deserved; and the enthusiasm of the people reached such a height that they all suddenly began to sing. The violinist played until the song was ended; then he placed the violin in the pensioner's lap, and before the old man could say a word of thanks he was gone.

"Who was that?" cried the people.

A gentleman stepped forward and said "I know him well, he is the accomplished violinist Alexander Boucher, who has been employing his art in the service of charity. Let us never forget his noble example."

He then held his hat, and again the money poured into it for the benefit of the old pensioner. Every one gave, and when the gentleman had emptied this money into the poor man's bag, he cried, "Three cheers for Boucher!" "Three cheers!" cried the crowd, and the pensioner folded his hands and prayed that choicest benisons might descend upon the home of his amiable patron.

Vagaries of the Insane.

A lunatic at the Morris Plains Asylum was mute for five years. Even the physicians thought he had lost the power of speech. One day he caught two of his fingers in a washing-machine, and they were horribly mangled. To the astonishment of every body who heard him he exclaimed: "By the great and jumping Moses, a devil is better than an inventor." That was three years ago, and he has not spoken since. Another patient, a boy in the same institution, is a lightning calculator. The most intricate problems are solved by him in fractions of a minute. The boy believes that his head is filled with little blocks with figures upon them, and that they instantly fall into different positions and work out the problems. He thinks his brain, in fact, is a multiplication table. His insanity seems pardonable, for only a few sane men can compete with him as a mathematician. Every day he soaks his head in water to prevent the blocks from rattling, and occasionally he begs for oil to put into his ears so that the imaginary squares will slip upon each other more easily. —*Morristown Jerseyman.*

A Prominent Preacher's Boyhood.

In a lecture entitled "From Anvil to Pulpit" Rev. Robert Collyer says: "My father had $4.50 a week to keep his family on, and we got along with surprising regularity. I was the eldest of the family of children, and was always glad of that. At that time provisions were not nearly so cheap as now; there were no cheap schools, and the schools were not very common, and such as they were you had to pay for them. Yet that good mother made that income stand good enough for all. We lived on oatmeal and milk in plenty, with just a bit of meat when we could get hold of it; a mug of tea and white bread on Sundays, brown bread the rest of the time. My mother would make soup on Sundays, and would say to us boys, 'Now, boys, he who drinks the most soup shall have the most meat.' We would drink as much as we could carry; then she would say, 'Well, you can't eat any more; we will save the meat until to-morrow.' With such a training as this it is no wonder that I hardly know what you mean by indigestion."

Phenomenon Explained.

Westerner—"Yes, siree; it's true, too. The grounds on which Virginia City stands has moved thirty inches since '75."

Stranger—"Well, I suppose it's all right, but it doesn't seem possible."

"Of course it's all right. I've got the measurements to prove it."

"How do you account for the phenomenon?"

"Well, I don't know. It always was a go-ahead place."—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

Meat Food for Nervous People.

Pork is good for nervous persons, but is not easily digested. Wild game is excellent. Fish is good for nervous people. Eggs boiled just enough to harden the white are easily digested. It is a mistake about people eating too much. The majority do not eat enough. Nervous dyspepsia comes from working too hard and not eating enough. When a man begins to suffer from overwork he should eat plenty of good bread and butter, drink two quarts of milk a day, and eat plenty of good meat. When such a person resorts to a vegetable diet he grows weaker and loses his nerve power.

Galvanic Treatment of Rheumatism.

Some very small batteries have been constructed by an Austrian house, for curing neuralgia in and around the mouth. As described, they consist of a silver tube about half an inch long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter, in which are placed five sets of thin discs of zinc, paper and copper, as in any ordinary voltaic pile; the ends of the tube are closed with silver disks, which are screwed in, pressing the plates closely together, and the silver is perforated with numerous holes, allowing the liquid to enter on all sides. To use this little battery, it is dipped for a moment into salt water and then placed between the gums and the cheek where the neuralgia is, one pole being against the gum and the other against the cheek; it is easily renewed by taking it apart, washing it and replacing the paper disks with new ones. Half an hour is said to be sufficient to cure the pain by this means.

Low Water in Wells a Cause of Typhoid Fever.

Dr. Henry B. Baker, Secretary of the Michigan State board of health, has collected statistics throughout the State regarding the cause of the great prevalence of typhoid fever during part of 1881-82. He finds a close relation between the prevalence of this disease and low water in wells. The theory is that when the water is low it is less pure, and the germs of typhoid fever develop more abundantly and become more concentrated in the well. The remedy would seem to be thorough filtration and other purification. Shallow wells are equally as dangerous as where the water is low. Some facts regarding the impurity of shallow well water have been made known by the analysis of the water in 418 of them in England. They certainly show, as a rule, a frightful state of contamination, the organic carbon amounting on the average to .258, and the organic nitrogen to .070 in 100,000 parts of the water. One of the purest shallow wells contains only .053 organic carbon, and .003 organic nitrogen, whilst a very bad specimen contains as much as .931 organic carbon and .940 organic nitrogen. The enormously large proportion of the latter points distinctly to animal contamination, and this sample is, indeed, a great deal worse than any of the 76 samples of land drainage from sewage farms. In many places in our own country shallow wells are to be found, and there can be no doubt they are a frequent cause of disease.

A Historical Gold Cup.

A curious law suit over a gold cup, which, though no larger than a good-sized cream pitcher, is worth $40,000, is now pending in Paris. The treasure was presented by James I. to the Duke of Castile, Spanish Ambassador to England in 1604, in return for distinguished services to the crown. The Duke was a pious man, and on his death bequeathed the cup to the Convent of Medina de Pomar, near Burgos. The deed accompanying the gift stated the conditions on which it was made, which were that, under no circumstances, even with the consent of the Pope, should this communion cup be sold or even loaned, under the penalty of a right arising, in that case, to his heirs to reclaim it from the convent along with a lot of other valuable presents. Three centuries afterwards, that is to say, in November, 1883, the Baron Picho, a well known French collector of art curios, wrote to the Duke de Frias, a descendent of the Ambassador already named, that he had purchased in Paris, from a Spaniard, an enamelled saint-ciboire of the fourteenth century; that the vender had assured him that it had once belonged to the family of the Duke, and that as some of his friends questioned its authenticity he would be grateful for any information on the subject that he might possess. The Duke, supposing that the cup must have been stolen from the convent, wrote to the Superior about it. Now, as a matter of fact, the convent had sold the cup, through the intermediary of the Spaniard, to the French Baron, and when the Duke's letter reached the Abbess her first reply was evasive. She finally confessed, however, that she had made the sale with the collusion of a priest. Suit was immediately instituted by the Duke to recover the treasure from the purchaser. The cup is of massive gold, and not only is the workmanship of wonderful quality, but it is set with precious stones and ornamented with two remarkably clear enamels representing the martyrdom of St. Agnes. Around the foot was a Latin inscription reciting the reasons of the royal gift.—*Philadelphia Pr*

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Matrimony in Japan.

Marriages are arranged by the respective parents, assisted by a man and his wife (mutual friends of the families), as an intermediary. The statement sometimes made that the wife in Japan is a mere chattel, to be lightly acquired or disposed off, is absolutely false. Divorces among the better classes are scarcely more frequent or more frequently sought for than in many parts of America. The tricky divorce lawyer would starve in Japan. If a divorce is demanded, the matter must be laid before the families of the couple, with the intermediary spoken of, as arbitrators, and neither the man nor the woman can be released from the marriage vow without their concurrence.—*Dr. D. B. Sommors.*

Spanish Beauties.

The dress of the Sevilleans—especially of the women—if somewhat less picturesque than is found among their cousins of the Orient, is far better adapted for the exhibition of beauty of form and feature. The ungraceful veils with which the Mohammedan Mauresque conceals all her beauty but that of the dark, lustrous eyes, in the Andalusian Mauresque has been etherealized to a scarf of soft, clinging lace, which encircling the face and falling in graceful folds about the throat and shoulders, only heightens the beauty it may have once been intended to conceal. The plainest of countenances is softened and idealized by this sort of veil; the beautiful become bewitching. No shapeless jacket and baggy trousers and clumsy slippers hide or distort the exquisite beauty of the lithe and slender forms, the graceful droop of the shoulders, the high-arched instep of the little foot, or the supple grace of the carriage. The small feet of the Andalusian, so much be-snug, are no figment of the poet's brain. It is one of the first things a stranger observes, and is particularly observable in the children, whose dainty little feet seem scarcely stanch enough to support the plump little legs above them; and the shops where children's shoes are sold one might easily take for emporiums for dolls' outfits. Nor has the romancist very much exceeded the limits of truth in his rhapsodies on Andalusian beauty. Plainness of feature, except among the old and hard-worked, is the exception. The beauty of the women, if not of the highest type, is of a very gratifying quality; but the beauty of the children seems something almost miraculous.

Life at Patti's Castle.

Footmen in livery were stationed on the porch and assisted Madame—as I find she is always called here—and her five guests to alight. There was a marked absence of ceremony, and every one was made to feel at home at once. Wood fires burned in the great open fireplaces, and there were maids and men servants in every room while the unpacking was going on. At dinner, over which Patti presided with wonderful grace and tact, there were fireworks and music by a band from Swansea, the festivities continuing until midnight. At 9 o'clock the next morning breakfast was served in the conservatory. Madame looked as fresh and happy as a child. No sooner was breakfast begun than the footman brought in the letter-bag and gave it to Madam, who unlocked it and distributed the mail. No excuse is needed for reading letters here—sensible fashion—and so for a while every one was busy. Every one, too, would read out whatever he or she thought would be interesting to the others, so that it was more like a family party than anything else. The morning was chiefly devoted to correspondence and lounging around. After lunch the ladies changed their wrappers for warmer dresses and the gentlemen donned coats, hats and gloves, while the horses were being brought around for all to take a drive. Patti started off in her high T-cart, driving and handling the lines like a coachman. Wherever we made our appearance, no matter what they were doing, the people would stop their work and "drop a courtesy." As we drove along the old people would flock to the doors and dip and drop, while even the babies playing in the road would scurry away and then bob up and down with the solemnity of marionettes. The lands of Craig-y-Nos must be almost a domain, for in all our drive that day we did not go outside of the courtesying of the Patti tenantry.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Women in China.

ong Chin Foo writes as follows in the Brooklyn *Eagle*: From a financial standpoint, raising daughters in China is far more profitable than raising sons. There is almost a sure return for every dollar invested and frequently heavy interest in the former, while the latter are often accompanied with loss. Wives are not bought in China. The young husband simply makes a sort of genteel redemption in presents to the good mother-in-law for the trouble incurred in bringing up her daughter. These innumerable courtesies and frequent redemptions often cost the unfortunate husband 100 per cent. more than the wife would bring if put up at auction. Even then there are many who would pay double nount expended to return their wives without comment on the bargain. Most American writers labor under the erroneous impression as to Chinese social life, suggested in the trite remark "the Chinese are partial to male infants and that the females are not much thought of." These I quote from Gutzcaff. There, is, perhaps, no nation except Turkey in which the females are less seen and less known than China. Their absolute seclusion from public gaze, both in the street and at home, makes them strangers to their own race. This is so true that I can safely say that married men in China do not know the opposite sex, except through their own wives. Womanhood is so sacred that it is shut in and begirt by prejudices and customs more completely than by a Chinese wall. A wife, daughter and mother in the Middle Kingdom are like the Lares and Penates of the early Roman household.

Women associate with women and men with men upon all occasions and under all circumstances. This is stringently carried out in all well regulated Chinese families. Even brothers and sisters are not allowed to eat at the same table, but have their separate servants and meals. In China private dwellings are built in such a manner as to prevent visitors of the opposite sex from meeting or even seeing the women of a family. Under these circumstances it might seem difficult to describe the condition of the Chinese women and their treatment. But this condition and treatment are formulated by the common law of China. They have been taught, generation after generation, at school and fireside, and have become the public and private law of the land. Exceptions are treated as misdemeanors and are punished accordingly. The girl of Pe Chi Li is brought up on the same basis as her sisters in Shanghai. Of course, this training is widely, if not diametrically, different from that followed in christian countries. Yet the enforced seclusion is no greater than that which prevails in France, Spain and Italy, and the fashionable compression of a girl's feet is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the voluntary compression of the waist and vitals so noticable in America.

Fashion Notes.

The overskirt is moribund.

Coiffures grow higher and higher.

Dress bodices are cut to produce square shoulders.

The popular craze in Washington is mandolin playing.

Stringless bonnets are worn by youthful women only.

The fine embroideries on fine bonnets are marvels of artistic work.

Corsage bouquets are very large, and worn in the centre of the bosom.

Sleeves with a sagging puff at or above the elbow are coming in vogue.

Full belted waists grow in favor for wash dresses, both white and colored.

Fans of large and unique forms are the only ones that should be used for wall decorations.

Large bows of wide ribbon or of piece goods, generally soft silk, adorn many summer frocks.

Chartreuse is a color that embraces many shades of green, from old bottle to pale cress green.

The latest version of the gable roof bonnet is the Judie poke, small but pronounced and very chic.

Absinthe and pale coral is a French colony combination much in favor on the other side at present.

Embroidery, flowers, feathers, and tinsel are the combinations found in dressy summer bonnets.

Egyptian and Arabian fancies in furnishing and decorating rooms are the caprice of the moment.

Velvet bonnet strings are being laid aside for those of lace and gauzy stuffs, especially gauze ribbons.

A cluster of water green feathers looks well as the only trimming of a fine black straw bonnet, the lining and strings being of black velvet.

Dresses composed entirely of black lace, real Chantilly, Llama, yak, or woolen lace, piece lace or laize and robe dresses, are all the rage in Paris.

Woolen net or tulle-de-lame is a novel fabric and is made in all colors; but being a loose, transparent material, it requires to be laid over silk, which shows through.

A pretty novelty in jackets, likely to prove a favorite with young ladies, is made of stockinette, which is embroidered by a new patent process after the jacket is made up.

A Barrel Hammock.

The season for hammocks is here, says a writer in an exchange, and I will tell you how to make a comfortable, inexpensive one. Bring your old flour barrel from the cellar or storeroom, knock it to pieces, clean and paint the staves. Procure a rope four times in length of the place where it is to be suspended, and in size a little larger than a clothes line. Now halve the rope, double each piece in the middle, and commencing two yards or so from the end, weave it over and under each stave about three inches from the end of each one, which will bring the rope crossed between each; do both sides the same and your hammock is complete. One end of the rope should be fastened up higher than the other. At first this may not seem firm, but when there is any weight on it, the rope becomes "taut" and secure.

MOMENTOUS MATTERS.

Dr. Crichton Browne states that headaches are increasing among children in England attending schools where methodical and effective ventilation is carried out, and such headaches can only be traced to the incidence of intellectual work upon brains of low educability or badly nourished; and so easily fatigued and exhausted. Headaches in children used to be rare, and were regarded as almost always importing organic disease of the brain, but they are now of daily occurrence.

In the central agricultural districts of Russia, the whole number of inhabited houses is nearly 2,000,000 and of these only about 75,000 are built of stone. In the manufacturing provinces there are 6,800 stone houses in a total of 1,400,000 dwellings. These figures give an idea of the extent to which wood is used for house-building in Russia, and the demand is pretty constant, for fire is so frequent that, according to trustworthy estimates, wooden Russia is wholly burned down about once in every seven years. A great deal is also used in the construction of boats to ply the Russian waters, as one-quarter of the entire number of vessels thus employed are destroyed annually.

Much has been said of the great opportunity which will be presented to this country for increasing our foreign commerce in the event of war between England and Russia when the extensive merchant marine of those nations will be classed as belligerents, and vessels sailing under the American flag will be exempt from any annoyance of seizure, search, or capture. But there is a trade which the United States ought to secure nearer home, and which it would seem could be obtained by the proper effort by our merchants and manufacturers without much delay. That is the trade with South America. Investigation shows that last year the exports from all South American countries amounted to $312,769,000 and the imports to $296,587,000. The United States only secured one-sixth of this trade, while England had one-third and France one-fourth. Of the small proportion which this country obtained the imports into the United States were two-and-a-half times as great as the exports: that is, we bought nearly $75,000,000 of South American products while we sold only $30,000,000 worth of our own. In regard to England and France, their exports and imports with South America were nearly equal. The United States can and do produce nearly everything required by these South American states, and there seems to be no good reason why we should possess so small a fraction of their extensive trade.

A decision has been rendered in the federal court at Des Moines, Iowa, by Justice Miller of the United States supreme court, of interest to married men. Welker Given, private secretary to Gov. Sherman, sued a telegraph company for $10,000 for failure to deliver to him promptly an important message. The message notified him of a lucrative editorial position that probably would have been offered him if he could have responded in time. Mr. Given was out of the city when the message was received, and, instead of sending it to his office in the capitol, where his whereabouts were known, the message was delivered to his wife, who did not know where he was. A further delay also occurred in retransmitting the message to him, so that when he received it the position had been offered to another. Justice Miller decided for the defendant, holding that the proper place to deliver an unofficial message was not at the private secretary's office, but at his home, to those who were most interested in what concerned him. Remarking on the fact that plaintiff's wife did not know where he was, the court, with a touch of humor, said that this case would suggest hereafter that men should be on very confidential terms with their wives.

An extremely novel and puzzling problem in the variations of ships' compasses was solved in Baltimore recently by Captain Levi Crowell, of the schooner Jacob M. Haskell. The case, which is a most remarkable one, is thus related by the captain: "The schooner, laden with pig iron, from Pensacola for New Haven, was struck by lightning on February 27 last and lost her mizzenmast off the Tortugas. She reached Key West in distress March 1 and sailed again as soon as her new mast was ready. Up to the time of her being struck with lightning we never had any trouble with her, but, from that moment we were always in difficulty. With each revolution of the wheel the compass would move either to the right or left a point, so that the helmsman on dark nights was always chasing the compass instead of using it for a guide. When she reached New Haven I sent her compasses to Boston for adjustment, but no sooner had she got to sea than the same trouble was experienced. As soon as I reached Baltimore I had an examination made. The compasses when removed were found perfect in adjustment. I then had her wheel condemned and sent to Boston, where the schooner was built, for a duplicate wheel. That came and was put in, and since that moment there has been no trouble."

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Opelousas, Sept. 6, 188 .

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Refreshment Saloon adjoining, completely stocked with the purest and best of liquors. Also BEER ON ICE. ☞ Highest market prices paid for Hides, Wool, Poultry, &c., and all Country Produce.

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IS OFFERED by the Central St. Landry Protective Live Stock Association, for evidence that will lead to the apprehension and conviction of any persons guilty of stealing horses or cattle belonging to any member of said Association. A record of the brands of members of the Association may be seen at the house of the Secretary, Jno. M. Ware, in Bellevue, or at the Clerk's office in Opelousas.

JNO. M. WARE, Sec'y.
JNO. E. PELTON, Pres't. o 11

D. G. PARKER,
DENTAL SURGEON,
Office at Residence,
Court Street, Dr. Thompson's old place,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Will spend first week in each month at Vermilionville, La. mh 25

DR. J. DERBANNE,
DENTIST,
Washington, La.
All calls from the country will be promptly answered. Jy 15-3m

DR. A. J. BERCIER,
DENTIST,
Opelousas, La.
All calls from the country will be promptly answered.

DR. ROBERT M. LITTELL,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at the Drug Store, sign of the Big Mortar, Main Street, Opelousas. a5

HOMERE CHACHERE, M. D.
OFFICE
With Dr. P. J. Parker,
Main St., Opelousas. a25

GEORGE K. BRADFORD.
Surveyor & Attorney in Land Cases,
Lands Bought and Sold on Commission,
Rayne, St. Landry Parish, Louisiana.
AS correspondent of Drummond & Bradford, attorneys and counsellors-at-law, of Washington, D.C., will practice with them before all land cases in Louisiana, and before all departments, bureaus and commissions in Washington. my 8-6m

JAS. M. WHITE,
Contractor, Carpenter & Builder,
OPELOUSAS, LA.