

Missionaries in Persia are free to prosecute their labors, but natives who profess conversion to Christianity run the risk of losing their heads.

A British sea captain says that the whales are increasing in numbers so fast that accidents to ships from running into them will be of frequent occurrence. A sailing ship under a five-knot breeze might as well strike a tree as an old bull whale.

An old Prussian law provides for the annual distribution of prizes amounting to 15 and 20 marks to such physicians and sanitary officials as shall have attempted, whether successfully or not, the resuscitation of apparently dead persons. In the last four years 85 such prizes were awarded, the number of those cases in which the attempted resuscitation was successful being 26.

The members of the New York Stock and Produce Exchanges are not particularly chirpy when they speak of the serious decline in the price of their tickets of membership. Stock exchange seats that were worth \$34,000 several years ago are now down to \$20,000, and produce exchange seats that climbed to \$4800 just after the new exchange was completed, are now floating about at \$1800.

The author of "Grandfather's Clock" died recently in University Hospital, London. The song is better known than the writer of it. Mr. E. C. Bertrand, who tried again and again but never afterward caught the public taste. He was an actor, a theatrical manager, and a dramatist. As has generally been the case with these music hall ditties, it was the publishers who made a little fortune out of the chance success of "Grandfather's Clock," not the author.

Reports constantly reach the United States Pension Office from different parts of the country about individual pensioners who appear to be in perfect health and are illegally drawing pensions. These charges are at once turned over to the Special Examiners for the localities where these persons reside, and are generally found to be without foundation. According to the Washington Post, a recent case was that of an officer of the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Va. After investigation of the case showed that the officer had been shot through the side of the head and the whole of his upper jaw carried away. The wound was so skillfully dressed, however, that it healed up, leaving only a slight scar on the side of his face, and beyond this scar and a slight imperfection in his speech there was no intimation of the fact that the entire framework of his face had been shattered. Another case reported was that of a prominent Ohio man who was said to be drawing a pension without cause. The special examiner found that while to all appearances the man was perfectly sound, he was still suffering from an old wound that he received during the war, and which unfitted him for any kind of physical exertion beyond walking about his house and rendering constant care and attention necessary.

The Chinese government, under the liberalizing influence of the new regime of the young Emperor, has adopted a curious and significant scheme of getting at the bottom facts about civilization outside the Flowery Empire. A dozen distinguished young scholars will be selected upon competitive examination, in which the chief test will be ability to describe and apprehend the meaning of novel things, and they will be sent abroad for two years to study foreign countries. Each will get a salary of \$250 a month and \$50 for an interpreter and all traveling expenses. Each will follow a particular bent in working up things he knows the most about. Monthly reports on topography, ethnology, commerce, habits, morality, industries, armaments, political institutions, etc., will be forwarded to Peking. At the end of two years the services of each will be utilized in the Chinese government in such departments as he studied to the most advantage, and those who have done best will get ennobled. When one considers some of the raw, untutored, and indifferent officials that America sends abroad, there rises just a scintilla of doubt whether the Occident really monopolizes all the civilization of the world.

The statisticians of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, Mr. J. R. Dodge, reports that the average value of our dairy products, including milk, annually during the previous five years has been \$400,000,000. This year the value of this product is estimated at \$480,000,000. This exceeds the value of our annual wheat yield by \$20,000,000, and comes next to corn, which is the most valuable of all our farm products. In 1890 the value of our entire dairy products was about \$30,000,000. The number of milk cows now in use for dairy purposes is 21,000,000. Mr. Dodge estimates that each of these will give at least 850 gallons of milk in the year. This would make the annual supply 7,800,000,000 gallons, of which about 4,000,000,000 gallons is consumed in butter-making, and 700,000,000 gallons in cheese-making. The quantity of butter produced is about 1,350,000,000 pounds, and of cheese 6,500,000,000 pounds. As to butter, 98-1-2 per cent. of our total product is consumed at home and only 1-1-2 per cent. shipped. This makes the average annual consumption 21-1-8 pounds per capita. Last year our shipments of cheese to the English market reached something over 85,000,000 pounds, valued at \$9,172,000. Yet, says the Cultivator, this magnificent industry is liable to be seriously crippled if the manufacturers of oleomargarine succeed in peeling the just laws enacted by Congress.

Building Monuments.

Through life we build our monuments Of honor, and perhaps, of fame; The little and the great events Are blocks of glory or of shame. The modest, humble, and obscure, Living unnoticed and unknown, May raise a shaft that will endure Longer than pyramids of stone. The carved statue turns to dust, And marble obelisks decay, But deeds of pity, faith and trust No storms of fate can sweep away. Their base stands on the rock of right; Their apex reaches to the skies; They grow with the increasing light Of all the encircling centuries.

Our building must be good or bad; In words we speak, in deeds we do; On sand or granite must be laid The shaft that shows us false or true. How do we build—what can we show For hours, and days, and years of toil Is the foundation firm below? Is it on rock or sandy soil? The hand that lifts the fallen up, That heals a heart or binds a wound, That gives the needed crust and cup, Is building upon solid ground. Is there a block of stainless white Within the monumental wall On which the sculptured skill can write: "He builded well, so should we all!"

POLISHING A FLOOR.

BY CALVIN.

My wife and I, with our three offspring, took up our abode for the summer in a pretty suburban cottage. The arrangement with our landlord stipulated that he should not be called upon to make any alterations or repairs. Our means are limited within very narrow limits, so like the two reasonable souls that we are, we determined to economize in all reasonable ways, but one little extravagance Cherry, my wife, insisted upon; that our dining room floor should be polished, and she was to be her own maid of all work and wished as few carpets as possible to care for.

Cherry is a willing, ambitious, brave-hearted creature, but lacking in muscular force. So when she proposed to shellac and polish the floor to save the expense of hiring a professional, I at once put my manly foot down with masculine emphasis on the subject. Like the generous, self-sacrificing soul that I am known to be, I declared I would bear upon my broad shoulders the responsibility of polishing the floor. Cherry made a gentle demurrer, but finally yielded to the point.

The next morning I began operations, rising with the sun in the enthusiasm born of inexperience. It proved not difficult to apply the starbug, but when I began to polish inch by inch, with the thermometer in a raging fever of one hundred degrees, my heart was dismayed, for the room measured, sixteen by sixteen, and to crawl over that amount of territory on hended knees was not pleasant to contemplate.

Filled with sad reflections on the deprivations poverty entails and with the sweat of honest toil trickling in rivulets from my noble brow, I sat down to rest, and, picking up a paper, my eyes chanced to see an article in the domestic column, headed "Hints for Amateurs in Polishing Floors." Immediately my attention was fixed upon this article. The writer assured her readers with the assurance of experience that the work of polishing could be greatly facilitated if the operator would fasten to the buttons of his or her feet a pair of stiff scrubbing brushes, and thus glide over the surface desired to be polished. After a little practice the person would become quite adept in the skating-like motion required and a brilliant polish would result, without tiring the back or bruising the knees. The plan recommended itself to me on the grounds of originality and brilliancy of conception, and I determined to test its feasibility.

Accordingly I hid me forth in search of brushes. I had a long and weary march ere I found brushes equal to the area of my rigid extremities, for though there may be differences of opinion as to the graceful formation of those members, no one can deny that they are built upon a noble design with no stint of material.

I argued, too, that the pressure of one hundred and eighty pounds avoirdupois was greatly in my favor, so with my brushes in place and with a light heart and eyes beaming with hope I began my experiment.

Contrary to expectations, I found myself unsteady when I stood on my brushes, so I concluded to cling to the wall for support till I became accustomed to my new mode of locomotion. I had been at work but a few minutes when my attention was diverted by the giggling of three little imps, as they sang out in their glee: "Oh! mamma, come, quick, quick! See papa walking on brushes." Mamma came, and soon retreated at my command of: "Cherry, keep those children out of here; it is bad enough to make a martyr of myself without being laughed at." Bessie, the eldest, began to whimper: "What makes papa so cross? He did look funny, didn't he, mamma?" "Hush! hush! come away!" Cherry answered; "papa is tired." I should say "papa was tired," and beginning to be cross, too, but, left to myself, I rallied my courage and went to work again. I determined to venture away from the wall, and had gained considerable self-assurance when in bounded our Newfoundland dog, with tail frisking and eyes alight with a humor I had never seen in them before. He seemed all at once to have developed a keen appreciation of the ridiculous, as he gambled about; and knocking against me, sent me sprawling on the floor. I regained my footing and roared in my deep bass, "Out of here, Rover! Hear, sir!" "Bow wow," answered Rover, in his merry bark, as he proceeded to gambol some more, leaving the marks of his dirty paws all over my floor.

In the despair born of desperation, I forgot my brushes, forgot prudence, forgot everything excepting the dog that I resolved to rout from the room, or die trying. Hither, thither, and yon I chased him, and finally he disappeared through a French window, smashing the plate glass by the way. The next I knew I was on the floor, a heap of shapeless ruins, destined never to arise again unaided. My ankle was crushed, but my spirit was not. "Help!" I roared.

With alacrity dear Cherry answered my call: "Why, Love!" "I am not Love," I ungraciously interrupted her. "I am a fool! Unhitch those brushes from my feet and bury, drown or burn them—anything so I shall never behold them again." Cherry, with sweet humility, humored me, and cast the offensive appendages away. She called in the neighbors, and with their united efforts, they lifted my 180 pounds and gently carried them to bed, where they laid at rest for eight weary weeks. The doctor came and set my ankle, he said. I only know I set my teeth while he seemed to be twisting and tearing my leg to pieces.

When I grew strong enough we figured the cost of my experiment. The humiliation and tears are not calculated; they cannot be measured by paltry dollars. (I wonder if there ever were known any dollars not paltry.) The following bill shows our pecuniary loss: To Dr. Pullandtwistem, for surgical services \$75 One plate glass for French window 10 Repolishing floor 25 Kitchen maid's services while Cherry nursed me 24 —[Arkansaw Traveler.] \$134

Ethan Allen's Pluck.

While Ethan Allen was a prisoner on his passage to England closely confined in his cabin he discovered that a pin or wire that fastened one of his handcuffs was broken. Extricating the pieces with his teeth he was enabled to loosen the bolt and set one hand at liberty, by the aid of which and his teeth he soon had both at liberty, and he was not long in liberating his feet. But fearing a discovery might lead to worse treatment, he replaced his irons, bolts and pins before the arrival of his keeper. It soon became a recreation for the general to take off and put on his irons at pleasure. One day the captain wishing to afford the crew some merriment ordered that Allen be brought on deck. Hoping to frighten him the captain said: "There is a probability that the ship will founder; if so what will become of us, especially you, Mr. Allen, a rebel against the king?" "Why," said Allen, "that would be very much like our dinner hour." "Why so?" said the captain, not reflecting that Allen was allowed to come on deck only when the captain went down into his cabin to dine.

"Well, you see," answered Allen, "I'd be on my way up just as you would be going below." This answer did not please the captain and he began a regular tirade of abuse against the American people. "In a short time," said the cabin, "all the rebels will be in the scuttled situation as yourself." This was such for Allen, and, raising his hands to his teeth, he soon snapped the bolts and pins, took off his irons and threw them overboard, seized the panic-stricken captain by the collar and threw him headlong upon the deck. Then turning to the affrighted crew he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "If I am insulted again during the voyage, I'll sink the ship and swim ashore." This exploit had such an effect on the captain and crew that no further insult was offered to the general during the voyage.

Japanese Railroads.

The Examiner reporter was talking last night to Heihachi Tanaka and Naom Oyatsumi, wealthy Japanese on a tour of the globe, who had arrived at the Palace, and the subject was railroads. "Roughly estimating," said the latter gentleman, "we have now about five hundred miles of railway in Japan and we are at this moment building railroads in twenty-four different places. Hitherto our roads have been detached and disconnected—a few miles projected here and there. We are now uniting these detached sections in continuous lines, and pushing out with other lines as well. Railway building is the topic uppermost with everybody. The Mikado is most enthusiastic regarding it. In the next five years we shall have many railroads constructed, and Tokio will be the great centre. It has five already. Both narrow and standard gauge roads are being built. We get the rails from various countries, but chiefly from England and Germany, as well as the cars and locomotives from the latter. As we are a very imitative people, however, we shall be able to make our own cars and locomotives in five years." Messrs. Tanaka and Oyatsumi left their home in Tokio in May, crossed the Indian Ocean, thence to Marseilles, Paris, London and the cities of this country. "We are now faster than ever adopting American customs," said they. "We are now wearing clothes in the same style and building the same kind of houses. We have street cars in Tokio, and are going to have more there and also in Nagasaki and other cities. The cars we get from America. We would have had more street cars ere this, but we use the Jirishika, or man-strength car. It is a cart on two wheels, drawn by a man. It is very convenient. Japan is the only country that has it." —[San Francisco Examiner.]

Street Travel in St. Petersburg.

A correspondent of the St. James Gazette writes: "If civilization is to be estimated by facility of locomotion, St. Petersburg is decidedly behindhand. The streets although very wide, are abominably paved with kidney-potato stones—a bad material to begin with, and here very badly laid down; and besides, there is very often a gutter in the middle of a street-crossing which would throw one off the tiny drosky but for the precautions taken by the natives. The drosky is, as a street cab, even worse than a Dublin car. It is like a very small victoria; the horse is slow, the driver is generally very stupid, there is barely room for two persons, and no protection against rain. As you stroll along the quays you are astonished at first at the number of couples driving in droskies, he with his arm around her waist; but this, you presently learn, is not because they are a-courting; it is a precaution against being thrown out. But no lady may drive in a drosky. "At nine o'clock in the evening, the fashionable hour for driving, the Islands, a sort of park laid out in drives on the far side of the Neva and reaching down to the sea, are thronged with carriages, in lines two and three deep, of the greater folk of St. Petersburg, who halt their carriages at the Point to get out and talk. The coachmen are all dressed alike, whether they drive private carriages or droskies, in a low-crowned black hat, and a blue bed-gown tied round the waist and thickly stuffed; it being just as much a consideration for a Russian Jehu to have a broad back as it is to an English footman to have height. The harness of the horses is peculiar—blue canvas reins, thin trappings with silver chains hanging about, especially over the horse's nose. But perhaps the horses would look somewhat cart-horse-like in English harness, for they are broadly built, with thick legs and flowing long tails.

THE SCIMETER.

The Mighty and Marvellous Weapon of India.

The Natives' Consummate Skill With the Keen Blade.

The high-class damascened and exquisitely tempered blades, the curved scimeters of extra hard steel and the keen weapons of highly finished durability came to India with those mighty conquerors of the East, the Mahometans, whose descendants under the victorious and peace-promoting British rule no longer follow the craft, disarming being the prevailing regime. The comparatively few sword blades of sterling quality nowadays are only to be found in the palaces of loyal princes, most of them heirlooms in their armories.

Before the great mutiny every native, even menial servants, carried a sword; the peasant at his plough wore the weapon of defence, so did the harmless wanderer in search of employ and the black soldier on short leave. It was a national appendage, due to the unsettled state of popular feelings and lawless incursions. The excited Moslem printed and shouted the great text of the false prophet, "The sword is the key of Heaven and Hell, while the quiet Hindoo frequented midnight meetings and brought his teghar or village sabre to a razor edge.

The quiet dweller in England will scarcely believe the prodigies performed in sword-cutting by these coarse, ill-looking bits of curved metal, costing no more than two shillings. The Englishman can excel in everything if he chooses to master the object. Not less than half a dozen, perhaps even a dozen, have attained such a swordsmanship with the Oriental weapon as to be acknowledged champions, the title of "master of the sword" (Sahib ul war) being bestowed on them by universal consent.

I had shot numerous wild beasts when I was told by an expert that my hunting education was very deficient, as I could not handle a scimeter to stop my game. I was told to exercise continually on a pillar of soft clay, and thus acquire the drawing cut at the proper part of the blade; then on a pillar loosely stuffed with cotton; then on a newly killed wild-cat or jackal, kneaded previous to the practice by the feet of a heavy man till the carcass became a loose, soft mass; then on a great pond carp, a fish clad with heavy, horny scales, like elastic mail, considered an AI feat to test man and sword.

Not long before I had seen a bold young Ghorka princeling dismount from his elephant, leaving it standing to await his return, and follow on foot, alone, an immense boar he had wounded with his rifle. On nearing the powerful brute it champed its foamy tusks to charge. He drew his kogkore, or ne-pause sword, and as it sprang at him the blade was buried across piggy's back, all but severing him in two parts. Perhaps readers will not credit my statement of village peasants with sword and shield attacking and slashing a full-grown tiger, when one of these powerful animals has strayed from the forest into their fields. Yet I have often known such encounters, a man or two always killed and several wounded, the tiger's skin spoiled, too, by the long, deep cuts of their teghars. I saw a champion swordsman, a native soldier, who went into the rose bushes alone with his other weapon—shield on shoulder. His cuts were masterly, but the bold man was soon struck down and severely mauled. A crowd came to the rescue and shot the beast. The hero recovered. —[English Mechanic.]

Learning the Lord's Prayer.

In the Middle Ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with one another, one of them resolved to revenge himself on a neighbor who had offended him. It chanced that, on the very evening when he made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle, in company with only a few men. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of this plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up.

At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said: "My lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?" The duke consented, and he and the chaplain knelt together in prayer. Then the merciful Christian said to the revengeful warrior: "Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer that our Lord Jesus Christ Himself taught His disciples?" "I will do it," replied the duke.

The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Then the duke was silent. "My lord duke, you are silent," said the chaplain. "Will you continue to repeat the words after me, if you dare pray them? Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." "I cannot," replied the duke. "Well," said the chaplain, "you must either give up your revenge or give up saying this prayer, for to ask God to pardon you as you pardon others, is to ask Him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the judgment day."

"No," said the duke, "I will finish my prayer. My God, Father, pardon me; forgive me as I desire to forgive him who offended me; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil." "Amen," said the chaplain. "Amen," repeated the duke, who had now thoroughly learned the Lord's Prayer.

VALPARAISO.

Things Noted by an American in a Chilean City.

The Peons; the Police, Militia and Fire Service.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press says in a letter from Valparaiso: I watch from my consulate windows the "peons" (laborers), some carrying boxes and bales which would stagger many of our porters, some riding on the "near" horse of a team of three, harnessed abreast, the driver or rider with bare legs and feet, but wearing a spur strapped to his left foot, which he industriously plies. Indeed, the animals (the quadrupeds) seem accustomed to the whip and spur, one of which is almost every moment administered, and to care little about them; the riders never speak to their beasts. The police and other mounted men ride steadily and apparently securely, but not in the American or English style. All persons here are alert and alert. That is especially noticeable among the young, even children, who are robust and "well set up." The hands and feet of both sexes are remarkably small and neat, even those of the laborers and mechanics being delicate and well formed.

The militia and fire services are efficiently discharged by young men, many of good position, who are well drilled. The fire service excuses from jury duty, as it did with us before our paid department. The orders of all kinds to the "bombers" (pumpers) are given by the bugle exclusively. In speaking of fires, I am reminded of a curious regulation of law or custom of the police. When a fire breaks out in shop or dwelling, the owner or occupant is promptly arrested, his guilt as an incendiary being presumed, and he is held for examination, or, in some favorable cases, held to bail, until he can explain the circumstances or prove how it was that he did not fire his own house or tenement. The presumption of innocence obtaining at the common law does not seem, at least in such cases, to exist here, that presumption being reserved and the guilty act assumed.

Speaking of local affairs, I saw some days ago a considerable body of the municipal police in full blue uniform, carrying rifles with fixed bayonets, white gloves, helmeted and with a drum or two marching in the centre of the city. On inquiring the reason for their parade, I was informed that it was for the purpose of making public a governmental decree. This was the reappointment for three years of the present efficient "intendente," or governor of this province. The decree for such purpose is read aloud by the officer in command of the detachment at several principal points in the city, and then published in the papers. I think it a good plan.

I want to tell the Detroit people how to secure their saddle horses on dismounting. Get a short strap with double buckles and strap the fore feet of the animal together just above the pastern. So they do here, where they ride a great deal, and then leave the horse standing for any time in the public street without tying.

A Millionaire's Passion for Horses. Stanford's only passion is for fine horses, and this taste he has gratified on his estate at Palo Alto in the heart of Santa Clara valley. There he has a large number of fine thoroughbred horses, and when he goes down to this country home it is his pleasure to sit in a large chair in the centre of a ring and see his favorite young flyers brought out for trial.

It was while watching one of these fast trotters—an animal which had the enormous stride of twenty-three feet—that the millionaire conceived the idea that in some part of his course the horse must entirely clear the ground and have all four feet in the air. So he decided to have his horses photographed while in motion. He secured the services of a skillful photographer named Muylbridge, and he arranged an ingenious system of cameras worked by electricity by which an instantaneous view of the animal was given as he passed the home line. About forty thousand dollars were spent on these experiments; but they overthrew all previous notions on the subject, and the work which Stanford had written and published, entitled "The Horse in Motion," is a valuable contribution to science. Senator Stanford has also done more than anyone else to improve the breed of horses in California, and to demonstrate that the climate of that State is superior to Kentucky for the breeding of swift trotting and running stock. —[Cosmopolitan.]

The Remnant was Sold. A lady walked into a city store a few days ago and inquired for the carpet department to which she was conducted. "You see," she explained, "I bought a piece of carpet for my parlor, and Samuel, my husband, says nothing! I do not want to get the remnant. I don't remember the clerk that waited on me, but I'd know the carpet if I set eyes on it." Three clerks were kept busy an hour and a half unrolling carpet for her identification, but the desired remnant didn't come to light. "Dear me, this is very disappointing," said the lady with a tone of vexation; "I felt sure I could find the rest of it." "When did you buy the goods, madam?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, twenty-two or twenty-three years ago. I know it was just about the time of Lee's surrender, and Samuel wished to celebrate, and—'Ah, madam,' said the clerk, 'I fear the remnant has been sold.'" —[Buffalo Courier.]

Poison by ivy may be relieved by applying the following: Dissolve a tablespoonful of copperas in two-thirds of a teacup of boiling water, and when cold apply with a cloth to the poisoned places.

The Princess of Wales. The Princess of Wales is as pretty as ever, and remains a standing proof of how popular a woman may become by merely looking pretty and saying nothing. Her deafness has increased so that she can scarcely understand any except familiar voices, and one of her daughters is always near her to repeat what is said to her. The same illness that left her lame took all the hair off her head, and nothing has been found that ever will make it grow. When she whirled past in her carriage, sitting very upright, with a little white veil coming to the tip of her nose, she is at her best; for elsewhere all these cruel physical defects—not the want of hair though—at once become obvious. —[London Letter.]

Emotions in Animals. Mr. Romanes enumerates the following emotions as observable in animals: Surprise and fear, (mollusca); social and parental feelings, industry, curiosity, (insects); jealousy, anger, play, affection, (fish, cephalopoda, reptiles); sympathy, (hymenoptera); pride, terror, (birds); grief, hate, cruelty, benevolence, (carnivora and ruminants); revenge and rage, (monkeys and elephant); shame, humor, deceit, (apes and dog).

OPELOUSAS FEMALE INSTITUTE.

Opelousas St. Landry Parish, La. This Institute will resume classes Monday, September 18, 1888, under the immediate supervision of Mrs. M. A. Davis, with competent assistants. The school year consists of forty weeks. TERMS OF TUITION: Preparatory Department, per month, \$2.00; Academic, \$3.00; Normal, \$4.00. Boarding, including washing, light and fuel, \$5.00. Embroidery, wax flowers, painting, drawing, etc., extra. Incidental fees, \$1.00. DISCIPLINE: The government of this school is strict but parental; no hard tasks or restrictions are imposed, but every student must comply with the rules and must prepare up to the measure of her ability, the lessons assigned. Our course of study and mode of instruction are to train the mind to habits of correct thinking and thorough investigation. No student will be allowed to enter higher classes without thorough preparation. Parents and guardians may rest assured that the manners, health and morals of the children and wards shall receive due attention. No deduction for absence, unless in case of protracted illness. The location of the town is beautiful and healthy. The boarding department is under the immediate charge of Mrs. Hayes. Boarders will provide themselves with blankets and towels. For particulars address: MRS. M. M. HAYES, Principal, July 28th to Nov. 27th.

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DR. A. J. BERCIER, DENTIST, Office corner of Laundry and Union Sts. OPLOUSAS, LA. He uses the new local anesthetic, "Cocaine," in painful operations, without extra charge.

E. D. ESTLETTE, G. L. DUPE, ESTLETTE & DUPE, Attorneys at Law, Office, corner of Court and Vine Streets, Opelousas, La.

B. A. MARTEL, Attorney-at-Law, Office, Courthouse, near corner of Laundry, Opelousas, La. Will practice in the Parish and District Courts and give attention to all business before Magistrate's courts.

LAURENT DUPE, Attorney and Notary Public, Opelousas, La. Office near corner of Court and Bellevue Streets, 99 posts Opelousas.

B. MARTEL, Dy. Clerk & Notary Public, Real Estate Agent, Opelousas, La. Will give special attention to the purchase and sale of lands in the parish of St. Landry, Calcasieu, Cameron and Lafayette (Attorneys), to the entry of homestead claims, and to all matters connected therewith. References: Hon. Geo. W. Hodge, H. H. Gerland, A. T. Tasson, ATT'Y. B. Estlette, Hon. B. A. Martel and J. O. Chouche, clerk of court.

W. C. PERRAULT, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, Opelousas, La. Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Office on Corner Court and Market Streets.