

Opelousas Courier.

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OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

The wholesale merchants of Cincinnati have started a fund to supply their country customers with railroad tickets. Ten merchants have subscribed \$5000 each.

Most persons will be surprised when they hear that the report of the Railway Age concerning the amount of railroad track laying in the United States for the first six months of 1889 shows that of the total number of miles of track laid, namely, 1523, the South is to be credited with 909.

A budget speech, says the Montreal (Canada) Witness, is a strange place to look for a statement of the value of advertising. Yet a very important one is found in Mr. Goshen's budget address before the English Parliament, during which he attributed the increase in the use of cocoa to its being better advertised than coffee.

"The derisives of Egypt do not seem," states the New York Voice, "to accept their defeat at the hands of the British, but are pushing on just the same. It will not be a great disadvantage if they force the issue and compel England to occupy Khartoum and practically annex Egypt. If she does not do this she must back out of Egypt altogether. France will then enter and the latter state will be worse than the first, for France has not and never has had a successful colony."

For some time the United States War Department has had under consideration the removal of about 400 Apaches, including the members of Geronimo's band, and a number of Indian scouts who served in the campaign against Geronimo, to a new reservation. The Indians desire high, cool lands where they can farm and raise cattle and a part of the Cherokee reservation on Smoky Mountains on the line between North Carolina and Tennessee, meets with most favor and the Massachusetts Indian Association offer to purchase the necessary land for the Indians. It is thought that the Apaches can be made self-supporting and law abiding in three years.

At Castle Garden, New York city, there are many theories of a great decline in European immigration to this country during the first half of the current year. It is said to be owing to the reduction of the surplus population of several countries of Europe by the immigration of past years, to the difficulties encountered by many immigrants in finding employment here, to the new inducement offered to settlers by several South American Governments, to the action of our consuls abroad in preventing undesirable persons from leaving for New York, and to the strict enforcement here of the contract law. The falling off in the arrivals at Castle Garden during the first half of the year as compared with those in the corresponding period of last year was rarely 37 per cent. or from 239,325 to 173,678, and this falling off was from all the European countries from which immigrants come to the United States.

From a comparison of the various statistical tables it appears that the occupation most conducive to longevity is that of merchants. Next to these in expectation of life come farmers, then follow in succession doctors, lawyers, clergymen, shopkeepers, and hotel keepers. It may be mentioned that among hotel and saloon keepers, brewers and wholesale liquor dealers the deaths from consumption, heart disease, and zymotic diseases are comparatively few, while the rate for nervous diseases and diseases of the liver is extremely high. Brokers follow next to hotel keepers as regards average length of life, and then mechanics, while the very last on the list, ranking even after those engaged in occupations which are classed as "hazardous and unhealthy," are clerks and persons engaged in similar wholly sedentary occupations. The statistics show that one of the chief causes of the short duration of insurance for this class is the prevalence among them of consumption, which causes the death of almost one-third of the total number.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says: "When October 12, 1892, shall have come, four hundred years will have elapsed since Columbus discovered America. In commemoration of this event Italy, Spain and the United States will each provide befitting ceremonies. The native country of the great discoverer proposes to erect a statue 150 feet high. Spain, that furnished the substantial backing for the American enterprise, seems to have a still higher appreciation of the efforts of the bold Genoese, and will dedicate a monument 250 feet in height. Our own country, the product of Columbus's bravery and privations, will indulge in the usual style of dedication—an exhibition. As Havana now provides a sheltering place for the remainder of the navigator it is not unlikely that the Pearl of the Antilles will recognize the quarter-centennial in a befitting and proper manner. And since Columbus discovered Haiti on his first voyage, it may be possible that Hispaniola will duly celebrate its own anniversary by erecting a monument to the discoverer of the island."

INTO THE SILENT LAND.

Into the silent land! Ah! who shall lead us thither? Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather, And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand. Who leads us with a gentle hand, Thither, O thither into the silent land! Into the silent land! To you, you boundless regions of all perfection! Tender morning visions of beautiful souls! Who in life's battle firm do stand, Shall bear hope's tender blossoms Into the silent land!

THREE AT ONCE.

"Hattie! I have accepted three of them." "Three what? What do you mean?" "Why three lovers, of course—three proposals." "What! All at once?" exclaimed Hattie, her eyes full of consternation. "To be sure, I have," answered Lucy, her bright face beaming with merriment. "Why not three as well as one? It will come all to the same thing in the end." "But, Lucy, dear, isn't it a shame to go so far?"

"Not a bit. Not one of them cares a pin for me. Didn't I tell you they would all at me like flies at tracheae as soon as they heard I was rich. Well, there's Major Bowring. He was the first. Oh, dear! I laugh whenever I think of it. I laughed for a quarter of an hour after he left me. Then came the Hon. Francis Newlands, and after him Mr. Sandeman, the cheese factor. So I simply took them all, one after the other."

"But aren't you afraid? Won't there be complications, and—oh, Lucy! you dreadful girl, what would you do if two of them were to meet you at once?" "I'll manage it all right," said Lucy, carelessly, as she flung off her hat—the prettiest little Parisian hat in the world—and sat on the sofa at her cousin's feet. "The only one I can't bring down," she went on, "is Godfrey Cunningham. At one time I thought he was going to be one of my lovers, but for the last fortnight he has deserted me. He has always been with you. Why are you blushing, Hattie? Do you think that he cares for you?" she asked eagerly, as she looked into her little cousin's pale face, over which a faint rose blush was stealing. "You looked so pleased just now. Tell me, Hattie, is it true?"

"You needn't say a word, Hattie; I know. And if it does come, I wish you joy, darling; for he's the only one of them all that's worth a straw." "I suppose auntie will want us to go up to Glasgow with her to-morrow?" said Hattie after a pause. "Yes," said Lucy; "I told all my lovers I should give away the whole of to-morrow, but I've given them appointments for Thursday; the Major on the beach at half-past 10; the fine gentleman in the lane that runs up the hill at half-past 11, and the cheese-man on the beach at half-past 12. I'll take him on the way home to lunch. I had no idea to be such good fun. I'm going to run down to the postoffice. Good-by, little one."

Left to herself, Harriet Graham allowed her book to fall into her lap, and sat idly gazing out of the window at the scene before her. There lay the Frith of Clyde, shining clear blue in the summer sun, dotted with white sails. Near at hand were the trim lawn, the white road skirting the sea, and then the whiter beach. Except the twitter of birds the only sound in the air was the continual murmur from the sea. For the Clyde is unlike an English watering-place as a Highland dale; it is a manufacturing town. The substantial Glasgow builds his "house at the salt water," or takes one furnished, and inhabits it from June to September, in peace and quietness. There are thousands of those houses, great and small, "each in its nook of leaves," along the long winding shores of the Frith and the lochs.

Mrs. Mackenzie, a distant connection of the girls, had taken one of these houses, called "Bracken Brae," near a village called Drumsynie, and the two cousins, both orphans, were her guests. While Harriet was still gazing over the blue water, Godfrey Cunningham was slowly proceeding along the dusty road on his way to Bracken Brae. Godfrey was now the sole representative of one of the oldest and poorest families in the South-west of Scotland. Godfrey held a commission in a cavalry regiment, but he was continually debating with himself whether or not he was too old to change his trade and "go into business."

Like several others, the Lieutenant had come to Drumsynie, attracted by the report of Lucy Graham's wealth. The money had come from an uncle of her father's, and people said that the sum reached six figures. And Lucy Graham was a nice girl; there was a little doubt about that—all, rather handsome, bright, good-natured, and fond of fun. But Godfrey could not keep his eyes off the little pale maiden who lived with Lucy as friend and companion, under the shadow of her cousin's wealth. Her gentle nature and sweet, expressive face had fairly won on the young soldier's heart, and now he was seeking her with the intention of telling her that fact. For the moment, poverty and care were forgotten.

Godfrey found the girl he loved sitting in the garden, hidden by a great hedge of fuchsias. For a while he was very silent; he could not "lead up" to the subject by any avenue he could think of, and so at last, apropos of nothing, he burst out with: "Do you think poverty is a very dreadful thing, Miss Graham?" "It is sometimes hard to be poor," answered the girl, absently. "It is a hard and poor life I have to offer you; but if you thought you could share it with me—Hattie! I love you. Will you marry me, Hattie?"

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Cunningham?" asked the girl, as she turned her large brown eyes full upon him, and tried to keep her lips from quivering. "I am, indeed," he replied, as he met her gaze. "I thought—at one time—it was my cousin you—you seemed to care for."

Godfrey's dark face flushed as he answered: "It is true that I sought your cousin's acquaintance; and it is true that I thought of doing so on account of her wealth. It would have saved—that is, but never mind."

"But tell me about what it would have saved; I want to know," broke in Hattie. So the story of the fallen house was told. "And I did like Miss Lucy," went on Godfrey; "but how could I see you and not love you? You won't deny me, Hattie, my own?"

In another hour Lieutenant Cunningham left Bracken Brae with a light in his eyes as if he had won an Empire.

By an immemorial custom, young ladies who have been brave enough to bathe in the sea before breakfast have the right of sitting on the beach all forenoon with their hair spread all over their backs like an enormous fan—to dry of course! Lucy Graham, enjoying the benefit of this custom, along with a novel, at half-past 10 on Thursday morning, when Major Bowring's stiff figure and purple face made their appearance. The Major made his way to his mistress's side with a look like a man who had just been struck by lightning.

"My dear Miss Graham!—or Lucy!" he surely say now—how really charming you look this morning! I'm not flattering you now, really, 'pon my honor. I never saw you look half so well."

The gallant officer's further intentions were frustrated by an unaccountable shyness on Miss Lucy's part, and the appearance of a couple of giggling girls from behind the rocks. Lucy and her Major chatted on for a few minutes, and then she said: "By the way, Major Bowring—"

"Won't you call me Tom, Lucy?" interrupted the lover, with quite an arch look in his little pig-like eyes. "The girl only smiled in answer to this tender appeal, and went on: "I heard such a stupid, disagreeable report in Glasgow yesterday. It was most annoying. People have been saying that I am very rich—quite an heiress, in fact. I wonder who could have started such an absurd rumor."

The Major stared at the girl, as if she had mesmerized him. "But you are rich! Your granduncle left you a hundred thousand pounds; I know it for a fact!" "Oh, dear me, no!" cried Lucy, laughing heartily; "what an absurd idea!" "Miss Lucy Graham," said the warrior, solemnly, "do you assure me that this is true?" and as he spoke he glanced at the dainty morning costume of the young lady beside him.

"Of course I do. What put that absurd nonsense into your head? But, dear Major Bowring, dear Tom—that doesn't make any difference between you and me, does it?" "But indeed it does, Miss Graham," returned the officer, excitedly. "Pon my honor, I don't know what to say. It's deuced awkward. I—I in fact—it never would do—never. I've nothing but my pay, you see; and—"

Here Miss Lucy's handkerchief went up to her eyes, and the gallant Major could hear the words, "heartless—a poor girl—the very next day—deserted like this—the very next day—and also something very like a sob." "Go away! you heartless, cruel, bad man!" came from behind the delicate little handkerchief. "The Major rose with a sense of relief, and after a dozen steps glanced back. Miss Graham was peeping from behind her handkerchief—and she was laughing! He gasped; his face grew to a deeper red; he struck his stick on the ground—and left Drumsynie for the next steamer."

In half an hour more, Lucy was walking through the romantic dell beside the Hon. Francis Newlands. He was a youngish man, carefully dressed in summer tweeds. An eyeglass was the most noticeable thing about his face. "Yes, we shall be so happy," the girl was saying in a low, murmuring voice, "and I am only sorry for your sake that I have no fortune."

"That's a good joke, my dear Lucy, upon my word!" "Lucy opened her blue eyes innocently. "It's no joke at all, I assure you. Did you imagine I was an heiress! If you did you imagined a vain thing, most certainly."

"Why, Lucy, it is well known that you are an heiress. Everybody knows it." "Everybody knows more than I do, then, I am sorry to say."

The Hon. Francis Newlands looked abstractedly at his watch, and suddenly exclaimed: "Well, you see, my dear Miss Graham, you always knew I had no money. We can't marry without it. I don't want to tie you down to a long engagement."

The money was a sad dispensation of Providence, but it could not be helped. Therefore Mr. John Sandeman heaved an elephantine sigh, and turned to his fiancée with a smile on his face. Lucy was thunderstruck. The man was going to hold her to her word! She had never contemplated such a catastrophe. "Oh, this is awful!" she said to herself, as her betrothed slipped his hand into hers, as a matter of course. She gently drew her hand away. "The sooner the better," she whispered to herself; then aloud, but in a very subdued tone:

"Mr. Sandeman, I fear I have been very much to blame, and I hope you will forgive me. The truth is, I was only in jest when I accepted your offer the other day. It was very wrong. I—you must forgive me. I am very sorry."

Mr. John Sandeman rose, and held out his hand magnanimously. He had found his tongue. "Miss Graham," he said, "I forgive your little jest freely. It was only a joke on both sides, wasn't it? We never meant to be serious. But I hope we shall always be friends—the best of friends, Miss Graham."

And Mr. Sandeman performed a wonderful bow which proclaimed "Finis," and, with satisfaction visible on his countenance, departed.

"So even he was glad to be rid of me," she thought. Poor Lucy! her feelings were very bitter just at that moment. The blow she had struck so bravely at her mercenary lover had proved that they were worthless; but she had also discovered how little she was thought of by her. She felt mortified.

The way, to tell the truth, very nearly crying, when she caught sight of the jolly, sun-burnt face of Tom Denniston, second mate of the Strathgairn, whom she had known from her childhood. He was coming quickly near her. "Oh, Tom, I'm so glad to see you!" "Are you Lucy?" returned Tom, as his face brightened up, and he sat down beside her. He thought Lucy Graham had never looked so handsome. There was a touch of feeling, too, in her eyes he had never seen before. "Are you really glad to see me, Lucy?"

"Of course I am, you stupid fellow." "Lucy, do you know what I heard just now—that it is all a mistake about your granduncle, or whoever it was, leaving you that mountain of money—that, in fact, you are not rich at all. Is it true?" Lucy nodded, without looking up.

"Oh, Lucy!" cried Tom, his honest eyes all in a blaze, "then there's a chance for me. I couldn't speak when I thought you were so wealthy. It would have looked mean. But I have loved you all my whole life, Lucy!" Here the sailor dropped on his knee that he might look up into the girl's eyes and read his fate there. She just glanced up at him, and her eyes fell before his—a thing they had never done before.

"Yes, Hattie, that will be best," Godfrey Cunningham was saying to his sweet heart as they sat together on the rocks, with the waves lapping at their feet. "The castle and shooting will let for three hundred a year. I will leave the army at once, and take this offer of Grigg's. A hundred is all I can expect at first. I may wait a long time without getting a better start. The worst of it is my mother having to leave the old place."

"But I don't think she need leave it, Godfrey," replied Hattie, as she blushed, and rested her forehead on her lover's shoulder. "You know our Uncle Peter left a great deal of money."

"No; my father was the favorite. Lucy would not take more than ten thousand pounds. It was all I could do to make her take that. Really I feel quite ashamed to be so rich." Hattie then continued: "Are you displeased that I did not tell you sooner, Godfrey? It was so delicious to feel that you cared for me for myself alone, and to look forward to telling you."

"I can hardly take it in yet, dearest. Why did you and Lucy change places?" "It was only the wild girl's prank. She wanted to see how people would behave to her when they had thought she was wealthy and found it was a mistake. She always was a wisp-head, but she is the very best girl in the whole world. And now, don't you love me ever so much more?"

"No, you little tease; you know that is impossible."

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Paris has a female wrestler. Foulard silks are in demand. Lace wraps are very fashionable. Ecu tints of Chinese pongee are in favor. For whitewash goods the yoke bodice is the favorite. The white dresses being in favor there are many white parasols. The Empress Frederick's income is about \$350,000 a year. Three and a half inches is the fashionable height of a heel now. In most cases parasols match the prevailing tint of the toilets. The first woman pharmacist has made her appearance in Norway. The belle of the royal family is said to be Princess Victoria of Teck. For morning and afternoon toilets pompadour foulards are in vogue. Mrs. Bonanza Mackay is found of gray walking dresses and always wears a mantle. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is a strong advocate of daily exercise for girls. Among other fashionable shades of yellow, maize, or corn-color, has been revived. The tan-colored shoe is the feature of this season's foot wear for both men and women. Mrs. George W. Childs is considered one of the best dressed women in Philadelphia. Miss Alia M. Longfellow, daughter of the poet, is much interested in amateur photography. Mme. Meiba, the Australian prima donna, began to sing in public when she was only sixteen. The typewriting business nets from \$2500 to \$5000 to many a young woman in New York city. The West End dancings of London have four cricket clubs among them, with three others forming. Accordian-plaited skirts are in high favor in Paris, so their lease of life is likely to be extended. Dotted white mull, Swiss, and veiling gowns are in vogue along with striped and barred white dresses. Cashmere is the prettiest fabric in use that can be worn on dress occasions during the period of mourning. Patti, the famous opera singer, personally superintends all the details of housekeeping in her Welsh castle. The prettiest white dresses of the season are made of China silk and silk mull, the mull being used for the sleeves. The French style of mourning is more generally adopted in this country than the English, because it is less heavy. To cover a parasol twenty inches deep it requires two and one-quarter yards of material that is twenty inches wide. A woman in Lafayette County, Mo., has an apary of 195 hives. She expects to make 10,000 pounds of honey this year. The women of Boston have named a committee of fifty to carry out the plans for taking the city schools out of politics. English ladies fond of horseback riding often arrive at Hyde Park, London, at eleven o'clock and do not leave until half-past one. Straw braids and stripes, composed of braided ribbons or straw embroidery on an open ground give pretty trimmings for hats and bonnets. A guild of the King's Daughters has been formed in England. The order is patterned after the one in this country and has proved a success. Thirty years ago the Empress of Russia, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Cumberland had to get along with \$3 a month each pin money. The white and cream silk warp materials are more dainty and endurable than ever. They are particularly desirable for seaside and watering place use. Women are said in England to seek death according to the following order: Hanging, abstinence, precipitation, drowning, cutting, poison. Queen Victoria is to personally superintend a great agricultural show in Windsor Park, and the visitors will be enabled to walk by twenty miles of pigs. The first woman postmaster appointed in the United States was the wife of Colonel Andrew Balfour. Her commission was signed by President Washington. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the novelist, is reported to have remarked recently that if she had known the penalties of fame she would never have written a line. The new small capotes are very flat and fit the top of the head closely. Some are mere puffs of tulle or of lace, with a flower in front and very narrow strings. The new industrial home for women who have renounced polygamy has been opened at Salt Lake City, Utah. Its support is provided for by the United States Government. The grived beroges come with interwoven and printed borders on plain colored grounds of delicate intermediate shades, blue, rose, gray, beige, green, bronze, purple, yellow and cream. A Bombay (India) newspaper announces two marriages, in one case the bride being aged two years and in the other fifteen months, while the bridegroom was thirty. This is the system which Pundita Ramabai is struggling against. Chicago women are looking after the working girls of that city. They have a home for self-supporting women, which has been patronized all the year by 250 women, and the Illinois Women's Press Association gives them frequent weekly entertainments. Mrs. Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, is young, beautiful, fairly educated and gifted. The most fashionable parlors in New York have open their doors to her, and the society women of the metropolis have hailed her with delight as a new sensation. Women are being regularly enlisted for national politics in England. Lord Salisbury recently made an address to the Primrose League, stimulating them to action; and Mr. Gladstone, not long since, in an address to the Liberal Federation, also called on the women to do all they could. Miss Jennie Slack, the sixteen-year-old daughter of William Slack, who lives southeast from Yillisca, Iowa, is a young lady that does credit to the blue-grass country. This season she has tended thirty-five acres of corn, milked six cows every night and morning, and helped in other ways about the farm duties.

WISE WORDS.

Fruging cures no evil, it is true, but it sometimes relieves the monotony of too much happiness. It is advisable to put our heart into whatever work we may have to perform, but it is wise to think well before we put our money in. Delusions are the natural consequences of ignorance. A lack of knowledge of a thing necessitates the invention of a theory to account for its being. When you see a person trying to play the fool, and you hear it remarked of him that he is a fool, you may take it as an evidence that he was created for the part. The chronically unhappy man who persists in trying to sour humanity, should get him to his closet with his woes and give the sunshine a chance to warm his neighbors. A man with a red nose is always suspected of men. He may also be wronged of men, for it may be that he is, instead of a heavy drinker, a sufferer from some painful malady. One strong, well directed blow sends the nail true to its home than do a dozen coaxing taps. One fit and earnest word carries more weight than does a whole yard of high-flown eloquence. When tossed on the angry waves of a sea of trouble a good motto is "Never give up the ship." But when the ship manifests a tendency to sink it is a wise move to swim out and not go down with the wreck. The trouble with people nowadays is they give much attention to the exterior, to the detriment of the interior. They think more of the sack than they do of the grain. The consequence is there is much poor grain parading in fine sacks. "Never a rose without a thorn" is an axiom possessing much truth. It follows, then, that the thorns were created for the purpose of protecting the treasures of the bush. So do we often find in human life that beauties of the heart and mind are preserved by the thorns of unshapely bodies, unbecoming faces or lack of wealth.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Keets in an Old Sloop-of-War. The purchaser of the old sloop-of-war Antietam, lying at the League Island Navy Yard, has discovered that he has a much richer prize than he at first suspected, although rival bidders from all parts of the United States forced him to pay the Government \$37,000 at a public sale before he could get possession of the hull. The Antietam was built on the day's-work system common in the Navy Department years ago at the old navy-yard pier, now the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and when the yard was abandoned the Antietam was towed to the back channel at League Island, where she had been rotting for fourteen years with her lower hull full of water. No one really knew what there was in her, although the records of the Navy Department gave a slight clue of what had been stowed in her hold since her arrival at the island. When the order came for the abandonment of the old yard, fourteen years ago, many huge anchors weighing many tons, ingots of brass, tin and other metals, and fathoms of chains, which cost the Government thousands of dollars, were hurriedly gathered up and thrown into the hold of the Antietam, where they have lain undisturbed until taken out by the recent purchaser. Although it is not accurately known how much metal has been taken out of her hull, the navy yard officials say that for three weeks wagon after wagon has been carrying away loads of material from her, which have been sold in this city at high prices, realizing not less than \$50,000. It is proposed to cut a ditch to the back channel, and an attempt will be made to tow the vessel out into deep water, and to Cow Bay, Long Island, where she will be burned, and the copper in her hull saved.—Philadelphia Record.

Hints as to Shaving. Never fail to well wash your beard with soap and cold water, and then rub it dry, immediately before you apply the lather, of which the more you use and the thicker it is the easier you will shave. Never use warm water, which makes the face of shavers tender. In cold weather, keep your razor (closed of course) in your pocket or under your arm to warm it. The moment you leave your bed (or bath) is the best time to shave. Always wipe your razor clean, and stop it before putting it away; and always put your shaving brush away with the lather on it. The razor, being only a fine saw, should be moved in a sloping or sawing direction and held nearly flat to your face, care being taken to draw the skin as tight as possible with the left hand, so as to present an even surface and to throw out the beard. The practice of pressing on the edge of the razor in stropping it soon rounds it; the pressure should be directed to the back, which should never be raised from the strop. If you shave from heel to point of razor, stop it from point to heel, but if you begin with the point in shaving then stop it from heel to point. If you only once put away your razor without stropping it or otherwise perfecting its edge, you may no longer expect to shave well and easy; the soap and damp so soon rust the fine teeth and edge. A piece of soft pads leather should always be kept with razors to wipe them with.—Medical Classics.

The stealing of an umbrella on a clear day is held to be a theft by an Omaha Judge; but the stealing of the same article on a rainy day is held to be justifiable on the ground of self-defense. We presume this decision was rendered in order to protect the court.—Lafayette Express.

NEW SHAVING SALOON. HAVING recently built and furnished throughout, my Barber Shop, I am now prepared, with increased facilities, to serve the public in first-class style in my new quarters between Grand and Moravia's streets, between Bay, Cutlers, Stumpwading, &c., and in the "Ephesian" of the art. Give me a call. E. A. BODENMULLER.

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