Opelousas Courier.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH OF ST. LANDRY.

Published on Saturday by
LEONCE AND L. A. SANDOZ,

OPELOUSAS, - - LOUISIANA

One of the keepers in Bushey Park, England, lately discovered two fine bucks lying dead in a ditch with their horns locked together. Both animals had received severe body wounds.

American clams are being planted along the English coast. Thus, facetiously observes an exchange, the New World pursues its glorious mission of rejuvenating the old.

The Washington *Star* thinks "there is much to sustain the contention that the greatest cause of dissatisfaction in the army and the consequent desertions from the service is the menial employment at which the men are frequently set and their treatment while so engaged by the subordinate officers in charge. Soldiers are not dogs, and even dogs will desert if too many indignities are heaped upon them."

Russia is at present in the throes of a temperance campaign, which the central Government does not seem to be seconding to any extent, if one may judge by the news from the department of Kiev. In that section thirty-six villages sent petitions to St. Petersburg demanding the abolition of all liquor selling establishments within their boundaries. Thirty-five of these petitions were rejected, but the thirty-sixth being accepted the inhabitants of the village thus deprived of its drink turned out and beat to death the man who had drawn up the petition. They said he had been altogether too eloquent.

In a recent work on "The Physiology of Bodily Exercise" Dr. F. Lagrange says that fencing, apparatus gymnastics and riding school lessons may be safely prescribed for the idle person "whose brain languishes for want of work." But for "a child overworked at school, for a person whose nerve centers are congested owing to a persistent mental effort in preparing for an examination, for such we must prescribe long walks, the easily learned exercise of rowing, and feeling better, the old game of leap frog and prisoner's base, running games, anything in fact, rather than difficult exercises and acrobatic gymnastics."

While Europe, with five times our population and four times our wealth, has added in twenty years over eight billions to its national debts the United States have reduced their national debt by nearly two billion dollars. Europe spends annually $887,000,000 for military expenditures, including pensions, whereas we says, "this is the lesson of liberty, these are the fruits of freedom, and the great republic, without debt, without an army, without a navy, goes on in the great race of prosperity and industrial supremacy, distancing those heavily-loaded competitors." It cannot be many decades before this lesson will be learned by the vast population of Europe, who will throw off the incubus that is getting too heavy to be borne by people who do not forget that they were once free under their tribal chieftains before the rise of the splendid monarchies of to-day.

When we study the progress of agriculture we find, says the New York *Times*, most conspicuous illustrations of the tendency of production to exceed the demands of consumers. Corn, for instance, has increased in quantity far ahead of the increase in population. In 1874 the area in this crop was 41,000,000 acres; in 1886 it had grown to more than 75,000,000 acres, an increase of 85 per cent. During these twelve years the population increased only 36 per cent. The same excess has occurred in the production of cattle and hogs and the salable products of these staple agricultural products. It is not difficult to discover the cause of this great and disproportionate increase. The extension of railroads in the great corn and cattle growing regions has forced a vast increase in the population, and has led to the cultivation of enormous areas and the production of enormous crops and herds of cattle with the inevitable result of depressed values.

The passion for heavy ordnance in England, at the best little more than a fad, has, so the *Times-Democrat* thinks, "led that country to go to extremes in the making of guns, and its costly and disastrous failure should be a timely lesson to other powers. Seven guns were made, weighing each 110 tons, sixteen inches in caliber and calculated to throw a projectile weighing 1800 pounds fifteen miles with 800 pounds of powder. The cost of each of these guns was $150,000, and with only test and practice use four of them are already permanently useless, although none had ever been subjected to half an hour of steady firing. It is said by experts that under the best conditions the life of a gun of this kind could not extend beyond the seventy-fifth shot. This would make the expense of each discharge at least $2000, plus the cost of 800 pounds of powder and an 1800 pound projectile. The guns are also condemned as ponderous and awkward, and hereafter it is unlikely that any gun of more than sixty-five tons will be made."

BIG NAVAL GUNS.

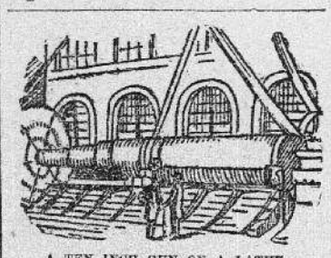
LEVIATHAN ARMAMENT FOR OUR MEN-OF-WAR.

A Walk Through the Great Gun Factory at the Navy Yard in Washington—Process of Gun Making.

I have been down to the navy yard and looked over the leviathan machinery which finishes our largest and finest guns, says a Washington correspondent of the New York *Press*.

Henceforth, for many years, the navy is to be the fashionable and favorite arm of our service, because it will have no more to do than the army and will be assisted in doing nothing by being toted all around the terrestrial seas on the handsomest and largest ships of war that ever floated. We are considerably behind in these marine vehicles yet, but we are rapidly catching up.

Already we have on the sea a fleet of admirable cruisers, and the Cushing, just launched, promises to be the fastest war vessel afloat. Besides these naval crickets, some of which are by no means contemptible, we have three big ships coming into the water soon—the Maine, 6000 tons; the Texas, 7500 tons, and the Monterey 8400 tons. The last two will each carry in its principal turret two twelve inch guns, capable of throwing a bolt as large as a man twelve miles!

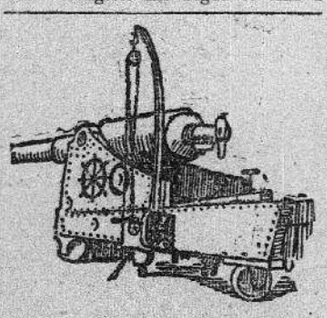


A TEN INCH GUN ON A LATHE.

In reply to questions Senator Hawley gave me some facts and suggestions about big guns, and added. "But go down to the gun factory at the navy yard, you can there learn more in an hour than I can tell you in a week."

So I went, and at the very doors of the largest of the half dozen tremendous buildings, old and new, in the navy yard, which constitute the gun factory, I was fortunate enough to meet Lieutenant J. Fremont, a son of the Pathfinder who marked passes across the Rockies, and who, by the way, is now once more sojourning here. Young Fremont is studying the stately art of gun making, and he kindly showed our party about, making intelligible what would otherwise have been obscure.

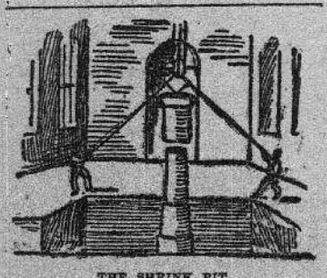
Everywhere throughout these buildings are manifestations of tremendous activity and energy. Throngs of workmen are busy with lathe, drill and forge, plane and triphammer. The process has gone steadily forward which was begun in 1886, when Hawley's committee reported in favor of the Washington Navy Yard as the most eligible site for a national gun plant, and no change of administration has imperilled the appropriations. Congress has begun to take a



EIGHT INCH BREECH LOADING GUN.

pride in it, and if two or three hundred members who have never yet seen a big modern gun would visit the factory it would be an invaluable object lesson in patriotism.

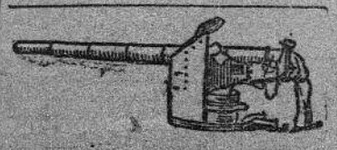
The antique building of mammoth proportions and grotesque form, which a year ago was a dismantled anchor foundry, is now crowded with the colossal lathes and elephantine hammers. Old tools hitherto thought effective have been superseded by those of latest design. Lathes, with the cradle larger than the hull of Columbus's Pinta, stretch themselves across the shop, and in them will shortly be rocked the great ten and twelve inch guns, twenty-five and thirty feet long. The yard has now more than a thousand employes, and the number will be doubled as soon as the ponderous machinery comes that has been ordered.



THE SHRINK PIT.

This is the only great gun factory in the country, though they are threatening to put in plants at Watervliet, N. Y.; Bethlehem, Penn., and some point west of the Rockies. Already the original steel casting of the guns finished here are made at Bethlehem, where they are welded by the open hearth process from native ore. A year ago we depended on England for these huge lumps of steel, but Mr. Fremont voiced the general opinion that the Bethlehem steel now furnished is the best made in the world. Here the rough pieces are turned in the immense lathes to a true and symmetrical exterior, and are then conveyed to the boring machines, where, at a rate of twenty revolutions a minute, they are gradually converted into tubes.

After the bore has received its finish-



ARMSTRONG QUICK FIRING GUN.

ing touches it is again placed in the lathe for a final turning, after which it is placed in the rifling machine, which cuts the spiral grooves in its interior with the utmost precision. The gun now needs its numerous jackets, which consist of short cylinders of steel, so nicely adjusted that they will just slip on the gun when expanded one-twentieth of an inch by heat, and upon cooling will shrink firmly into place and bind the cannon more tightly together to resist the sudden expansion due to the ignition of such large amounts of powder. The lathes are of various sizes, ranging from thirty to seventy-two feet in length, and are at present engaged upon the eight inch and ten inch guns, with the prospect of shortly turning the twelve inch gun, the plans of which have met with the approval of the Naval Board. The ten inch guns are over twenty-seven feet in length, firing a projectile weighing 500 pounds, using a charge of powder weighing about 250 pounds with an effective range up to ten miles. Better things, of course, are expected of the sixteen inch monster.

We paused by the side of a tremendous ten inch gun, slowly revolving and losing, at each revolution, a part of its epidermis—dropping it in unbroken shavings of steel that curled round and round and disappeared beneath. "Ten feet long," said Lieutenant Fremont, "twenty, thirty feet long, and one was the other day brought up to my room sixty feet long—a splendid curl, in its way quite a bit of decoration.

"By the way," he went on, "this is our own unlucky gun. We allow the jackets to expand only four-hundredths of an inch, which isn't a great margin—about the thickness of a sheet of letter paper—and when we stood this big fellow up on his business end and lowered the hot jacket into place it stuck about four inches from the end. It would neither go on nor off, so it was ruined, and we had to cut the jacket off, bit by bit. Now we are preparing the tube for another. Well, the odd part of it is, this gun is No. 13."

I asked Fremont when they were going to begin to make the sixteen-inch guns ordered. "It is doubtful," he said. "Some ordnance officers don't believe they ought to be made at all. A twelve inch gun will pierce any armor that floats. What, then, is the need of a sixteen inch? They may be useful on fortifications, and it is understood that the army will make some for New York harbor, in turrets on Sandy Hook, Coney Island and Dry Romer shoals. We are making about fifty guns here now, and shall increase the number."

Quite a unique bit is the gigantic steam crane, which, instead of swinging round a central focus, reaches from side to side of the shop, and travels horizontally hundreds of feet, on tracks thirty feet above the heads of the men. To see a gun thirty feet long and weighing thirty tons calmly travel directly over mechanics who are indifferently busy below, is calculated to stir the blood.

The new workshops are a marvel of convenience and contain many labor saving pieces of machinery, which are indispensable with the present rate of progress of the work. All material is brought directly into the rear of the shop by the locomotives on a special track, and is lifted from the cars by the ponderous steam crane and conveyed to any part of the building, and is deposited on its lathe ready for turning, all in the space of a very few minutes and with the assistance of three workmen only.

An immense "shrink pit" occupies the center of the shops, and it is here that the sixteen-inch gun and all others of the "built-up" class will receive their overlapping jackets of steel. The jacketing of a gun is an exceedingly interesting sight. It is supported in an upright position in the centre of the pit, the jacket, heated to a degree sufficient to expand it to a width slightly larger than the outside diameter of the tube, is lowered with the utmost precision by the steam crane into position; another section is slipped on, and another, till the required number are all in place, those on the outside overlapping the seams of the first layer. After this process is completed the guns are returned and then sent to the proving grounds at Annapolis, where they undergo severe tests and experiments to determine their range, power of penetration and charge required.

The work here is not confined to the heaviest ordnance, but includes carriages, turrets, projectiles, shields and all equipments, and the mountings of Gatling guns and secondary batteries. Just now is being turned out a cannon ten feet long that is shot from the shoulder like a rifle, twenty shots a minute, and admits of very rapid and accurate aim. It is an instrument to create a good deal of amusement in the devil's realm if news of it has got there.

I asked General Hawley about the sixteen inch gun. "It is very likely that we shall make some," he said, "though the 'life' of one of those giants is only one hundred rounds or so. One might never be fired more than half dozen times during a battle. It would be held for decisive moments, but whatever it hit would have to get out of the way."

Mummy Cats.

There arrived recently at Liverpool 180,000 mummy cats which, after having lain in their sacred burial place at Beni Hassan in Egypt for 3000 years or so, are now about to fill their final and probably most useful function of fertilizing English land. We give below sketches of four of the heads of these extraordinary objects. Farmers are indebted for this excellent lot of twenty tons of fertilizer to the lucky accident which befell an Egyptian who fell into a pit which

proved to be a subterranean cave completely filled with mummy cats, each one being separately embalmed and wrapped up after the usual fashion of Egyptian mummies. Pussy of B. C. 2000 was a sacred object to a section of the ancient Egyptians, and when a cat died—as even a cat eventually must—it was buried with as much honor as any human being. The finder, having reported his discovery, laborers were soon at work and turned out tens of thousands of the mummies. Some were taken by the farmers of the place, others went to a merchant in Alexandria, who shipped them to Liverpool, where another merchant, a local dealer in fertilizers, bought the consignment at about $19 a ton. The auctioneer, adding insult to injury, knocked down the lot of 180,000 cats with the head of one of them as a hammer. To such base uses may the gods of Egypt come!

Stories of Spain's Youthful King.

The young King of Spain, as is well known, has been brought up in a strictly family way, and very much as any other young person of good birth in his kingdom. His mother has very sensibly forbidden the lugging in of the royal features of his life any more frequently than the absolute necessities of the strict rules of Spanish court etiquette required, and except on the occasion of State ceremonials young Alphonso has been attended almost entirely by his mother and by the stalwart peasant nurse who has been his companion from his earliest babyhood to his present comparatively mature age of four years. During his illness she and the Queen were constantly

THE KING OF SPAIN.

at the little fellow's bedside, and about the only other living creature so constantly in the room was a cat. The young King before his sickness, had begun to tire of the baby playthings that had been at his command, and seeking other toys, let his fancy light upon a Maltese cat that he saw somewhere about the palace. The animal at once became a creature of distinguished consideration in the royal household. It answered to the name of Perico. The ribbon upon its neck was tied there by the King himself, and when he was taken sick the King insisted that pussy should be in the room with him. So, for a full month the faithful cat was constantly in the sick chamber. Naturally the animal became a great favorite, and one of the high ladies at the court made for it an embroidered cushion.

Another story from the sick room, and one that has more of the flavor usually found in stories of royal infants, George Washington and other lofty personages, deals with a little crippled girl whom the King had met on one of his walks or rides about with his nurse before he was taken sick, and to whom, seeing often again, he had taken a fancy. It came to be that whenever the King in his outings saw the little cripple he would make one of the ladies of honor descend from the carriage and carry some little gift to her. When he had been sick for a while he said to his mother one day:

"What will become of my little cripple and what will she eat, now that I go out no more!"

"Bread," said the Queen, "like all the poor people; that is, if she can get it."

"I am too little to command," said the King.

"As it is to do good," replied the Queen, "I will permit you to give orders."

The King, at this, said nothing, but the next day he had taken to the little beggar the bon-bons some one had sent to himself.—*New York Sun.*

Boarders Not Taken.

First Cat—"Ain't there room for me?"
Second Cat—"I don't keep boarders."
—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A Natural Mistake.

Monkey to Dude—"Come in here, where you belong."

Taught the Dog to Steal.

Contracting Agent Smith, of the Omaha Railroad, claims to have discovered the plan by which a gang of boy paper thieves have been so successfully operating in upper town. Annoyed by the repeated loss of his *Pioneer Press*, which the carrier was accustomed to leave on the doorstep of his residence on Walnut street, Mr. Smith recently arose in time to get the paper when the carrier arrived. He marked it on the inside with a blue pencil: "This paper was stolen from ——" left in the usual place on the step and went back into the house to await the approach of the thief. Ten minutes later, having heard no sound of any one approaching, he looked out and was dumbfounded to find the paper missing. He laid a similar trap the next morning, and sat in the parlor window to watch. The carrier had not been gone two minutes before a big Newfoundland dog trotted into his dooryard, took the paper in his mouth and ran off. The gentleman followed the dog around the corner and saw three boys meet the animal there, take the paper, and direct the dog to another dooryard. After collecting the papers the boys took them home to their mother, had the creases ironed out, and sold them on the streets downtown.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

ANTIPODEAN FARM LIFE.

COMFORTABLE EXISTENCE OF THE NEW ZEALAND SETTLER.

The Bush Farmers a Race of Giants—Purchasing Land on Easy Terms—Snug Farmhouses.

For solid comfort and quiet enjoyment of life, there could hardly be a more enviable lot than that of a bush-farmer in New Zealand. The climate is truly temperate. The greatest summer heat never exceeds eighty degrees, and there is so little frost in winter that tender plants—like geraniums and heliotropes—remain out and actually blossom all the year round. Yet it is not at all an enervating climate. The bush-farmers are a race of giants, and all domestic animals grow to a great size, and are of prime quality.

The bush-farmer usually buys his land from the Government, on deferred payments, or else gets a perpetual lease. That means that he pays a very low rent for it until he has saved enough money to make it his own, when he pays from $5 to $10 an acre for it, and gets a title guaranteed from the Government, which cannot afterward be questioned by anybody. He can buy from twenty acres to 620. Most of the bush-farms are about 150 to 200 acres, and that makes a very nice little property indeed.

The land, when bought, is covered with what is called "virgin bush"—that is, primeval forest, cypress and yew trees, 100 feet or 150 feet high, with a dense undergrowth of smaller vegetation, tangled and matted together by canes and wild vines and creeping brambles. It is all very lovely to look at, but it has to be got rid of before the land can be used, and unless there is a sawmill handy, where the timber can be sold, the only thing to do with it is to fell it and burn it. This takes two years before it is thoroughly done, but by that time the land—which is exceedingly rich—is covered with a magnificent crop of grass, and the farmer is already in a position to start his dairy and to rear young stock for market.

The bush farmer builds his own house of totara slabs, with the rugged brown bark left on, and a good roof of thatch, made of the rushes which abound on the edge of the bush. Timber costs nothing, so he need not stint himself for space. He generally begins with four good-sized rooms, besides a loft overhead, and a cook's hut outside. He makes his own furniture, too, unless he has some household goods which he brings with him in a bullock dray. Many of the farmhouses in the bush are extremely snug inside, with every domestic convenience, and all sorts of little comforts and refinements. In the rougher ones, the furniture is limited to plain tables and benches of sawn timber, with bunks against the wall to sleep in, and the cooking utensils are only two in number—a frying-pan and a "billy" or tin pot, for boiling or stewing. But even such primitive habitations as these are by no means to be despised. They are warm and wholesome, and when kept clean are really very comfortable. Outside, the bush-farmer usually plants some scarlet geraniums, honeysuckles and climbing roses, which soon spread all over the house and convert its rough slabs and thatch into a bower of beauty.

Food abounds on bush-farms, and the universal rule there is for men, women and children to eat three square meat meals a day. The bush is full of wild cattle, wild pigs, wild goats and wild birds, so that there is no butcher's bill to pay, and the larder is always supplied with plenty of the best at the cost of a charge of powder and shot. Then every creek swarms with eels—which are a favorite article of diet—and an excellent vegetable, called Maori cabbage, grows all around. All that the farmer has to buy is flour, sugar and tea, and these are to be got cheaply enough at the nearest village store and carried up to the farm on a pack-horse, or on the farmer's own back. The sturdy folks there think nothing of carrying a "swag," weighing 100 or 150 pounds, for fifteen or twenty miles in a day. The farmhouse is usually well stocked with hams, bacon, smoked beef or mutton, and all description of stores; and if any number of visitors arrive, they are heartily welcomed, and pressed to eat and drink as much as they like.

When once the bush is cleared and the land paid for, the profits of the farm are considerable, and the bankers say some of the snuggest accounts they have are those of the bush-farmers.—*Once-a-Week.*

An Indian Snake Yarn.

A remarkable snake story current throughout British India is thus summed up in an article on "The Naja-Kallu, or Cobra Stone," which Professor H. Henzoldt, Ph.D., of Columbia College, New York, has written for *Harper's Magazine.* "Some cobras—perhaps one in twenty—are in possession of a precious stone which shines in the dark. This stone the snake is in the habit of carrying about in its mouth, regarding it as a treasure, which it carefully preserves and defends with its life. At night the cobra deposits the stone in the grass and watches its, as if fascinated, for hours; and woe to him who then approaches, for the cobra is never more dangerous than when occupied in this manner." The Professor tells how he secured one of these precious stones by tricking its serpent owner; and how he accounts scientifically for the seeming marvel of "The Naja-Kallu."

Spots on the Moon.

All over the eastern part of Asia the spots in the moon's disc are believed to be a rabbit or a hare; the Chinese in particular look upon them as a hare sitting up and pounding rice in a mortar. Most of the Siamese take the same view; some few, however, see in the moon a man and a woman working in a field. Curiously enough, the North American Indians have almost the same superstitions as the Chinese; and on old monuments in Central America the moon appears as a jug or vessel out of which an animal like a rabbit is jumping. The South American Indians, on the other hand, believe that a girl who had fallen in love with the moon sprang upward to it, was caught and kept by it, and that it is her figure which is seen on the moon's face. The Esquimaux have an original superstition. They say that one day Aninga, the moon, chased his sister, the sun, in wrath. Just as he was about to catch her, however, she suddenly turned round and threw a great handful of soot in his face, and thus escaped him; and of that soot he bear the traces to this day.

HAD I MY WISH.

Had I my wish, the world should hold
One nook entranced in fancy's mold;
One little spot where bud and vine
Made nature drunk with beauty's wine,
Where happy love could ne'er grow old.

And here in simple ways grown bold
We'd laugh at fame, nor sigh for gold;
Our lives should be a song divine,
Had I my wish.

And when each day's delights were told
And twilight came across the wold
I'd look into your face benign
And feel your lips pressed soft on mine,
While on and on the big earth rolled,
Had I my wish.

—*Chicago Mail.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The onion is a scentury plant.

If the peacock could see his feet he would never brag of his tail.

There is quite a difference between being wrapped in silence and rapped into silence.—*Dansville Breeze.*

A man never knows he is a fool, because when he learns that much he is no longer a fool.—*Washington Star.*

"I think we ought to have the fuschia for our national flower." "Why so?" "We have a great fuschia before us."

A sign on Tremont street, Boston, reads: "Fresh Eggs, 28 cents;" "Strictly Fresh Eggs, 30 cents."—*American Grocer.*

The gentleman who discovered that his wife was putting her pin money in the bank against a rainy day now calls it her safety-pin money.—*New York News.*

A household paper tells how "to get grease out of white marble." Petroleum producers prefer to get it out of the ground.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

Perhaps the biggest bore of all,
Who most our temper sours,
Is he who says "he has no time,"
But talks for three long hours.
—*Terre Haute Express.*

First Physician—"Any unusual symptoms about that last case of yours?" Second Physician—"Yes, he paid me fifty dollars on account yesterday."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Hitherto Patient Boarder—"Mrs. Starvem, I can stand having hash every day in the week, but when on Sunday you put raisins in it and call it mince-pie, I draw the line."

De Jinks—"It's sad that Goodfellow absolutely throws his money away. Do you believe it?" Swipesoff—"Well, I heard he lent you some last night."—*Paris Edition Herald.*

"It is really astonishing what immense progress the art of photography has made these last years. Why, you really don't know your friends' pictures when you see them."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

It is estimated that 110,000,000 European eggs were eaten in the United States last year. Our people are good Republicans, but they do have a lingering affection for the monarchical yolk.

"Do you want the earth?" inquired the haughty hotel clerk of a meekly complaining guest." "No," was the reply, "you can keep it a while longer till I ask you for it."—*Washington Post.*

She—"I am afraid, George dear, that when you speak to papa, he may be very angry." He—"I think not when I show him this bank book." She—"Oh, George! Let me look at it first."—*Time.*

"Maria," said Mr. Bronson at midnight. "Go in to Willie and make him stop blowing that tin horn. This is no time for that!" "That's not Willie. It's the new nurse snoring."—*Epoch.*

He stole a kiss from an artless miss:
"You're a heartless thief," quoth she.
"I'm a 'heartless thief,' but you're the thief
That stole my heart," saith he.
—*Puck.*

Merchant (after refusing an applicant for work)—"I'd like to employ you, but you see how it is. I hope you appreciate the situation." Applicant—"I could appreciate it better if I had it."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Stewardess—"Madam, I've attended to you the best I knew how, supplied every want, but you are still unsatisfied. What do you want now?" Sea-sick Lady Passenger—"I want the earth."—*Boston Courier.*

Miss Trimount—"And to think that, after all these thousand of years, there should be so much water in the sea! One would suppose it would have dried up long ago." Miss Kornpakir—"Yes, that's so. But then, you know, it has heaps of salt in it, papa says the way salt preserves things is wonderful."

In the New Hebrides there is a babel of tongues, but the Presbyterian missionaries have reduced twelve of them to writing. The seventeen missionaries laboring on the group are all busy with the work of translation.

The statue of Rev. Mr. Beecher, which is to be placed in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is now being cast in bronze. It is to be of colossal proportions, nine feet high, and representing the preacher in soft felt hat and cape.

A. P. McNeil,
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER,
OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for all manner of buildings, on the most reasonable terms. Contracts taken for all kinds of work, in brick, iron, stone and wood. Material furnished for repairs and construction if desired. Plantation and country work attended to with dispatch. All work first class and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders directed to P. O. Box 67 will receive prompt attention. ja5tf

C. D. STEWART,
CONTRACTOR, CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

Will contract for the erection of buildings of all kinds, furnishing all material if desired. Work done promptly and at reasonable rates. Orders through the postoffice given prompt attention. Estimates and plans furnished. Having special facilities for obtaining LUMBER AT REDUCED RATES, I will give my patrons the benefit of the same.

NEW SHAVING SALOON

HAVING recently built and refurnished throughout, my Barber Shop, I am now prepared, with increased facilities, to serve the public in first-class style in my new quarters between Brand and Moriarity's. Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, &c., done in the highest style of the art. Give me a call. E. A. BODEMULLER.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE
TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE

A CENTRALLY located and desirable business stand on Main street, Opelousas, consisting of building suitable for residence and small store, being the property next to the postoffice. This property will be sold very cheap for cash, or half cash and balance on terms to suit purchaser. Apply to Mrs. Edmund C. Dupre.

OPELOUSAS
Female Institute
OPELOUSAS, ST. LANDRY PARISH, LA.

This Institution is undenominational, practical and progressive. Discipline firm and based on sound principles ennobling and developing character. Honor and self respect promoted. Methods of training and culture thorough. The curriculum prepares the pupil for University or practical life. Certificates and Diplomas conferred. Buildings comfortable and commodious. Patronage solicited. For further particulars apply to
MRS. M. M. HAYES, Principal.
Or REV. F. W. LEWIS, First Assistant.
Feb 9tf

B. A. LITTELL,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office at Littell's Drug Store, Main St.,
OPELOUSAS.

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

DR. V. K. IRION,
DENTIST,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Office on Market street, adjoining Black & Morris.

Dr. J. A. Derbanne,
DENTIST,
WASHINGTON, - - - LA.
All calls from the country will be promptly answered.

LEONCE E. LITTELL,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Office Corner Court and Bellevue Sts,
OPELOUSAS, - - - LA.

S. D. ESTILETTE. | G. L. DUPRE.
ESTILETTE & DUPRE,
—ATTORNEYS AT LAW—
Office corner of Court and Vine streets,
OPELOUSAS, LA.

W. C. PERRAULT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND AUCTIONEER.
OPELOUSAS, : : LOUISIANA.
Will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him.

E. NORTH CULLOM,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in Opelousas, La
Will practice in all the Courts, State and Federal, held in Opelousas and Crowley.

JOHN H. CLARKE,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
161 Canal Street, next door to Holmes,
NEW ORLEANS.
Old Photographs and Daguerreotypes copied any size and color in all styles.
Having established in New Orleans, nearly thirty years ago, the first Photograph Gallery in the South, he always remained in the same house. Persons sending pictures to copy can rely on having them done in the finest and most artistic manner.

SOUTHERN PHARMACY,
JOSEPH E. ESTORGE, Prop.
Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals.
613 Magazine St., Corner Josephine,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Physicians' Prescriptions a specialty.
Country orders promptly and carefully filled.

JOSEPH M. MOORE,
Attorney at Law,
HAS resumed the practice of his profession and will practice in the Courts of Saint Landry and Acadia. Office on Bellevue street, near corner of Market, Opelousas.

C. W. DUROY,
Attorney at Law,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Office on Landry street, between Court and Market streets.

SAMUEL M. PETERS.
BRICKLAYER.
Every description of brick work done on short notice, and at most moderate prices. Construction of chimneys, tombs, etc., and whitewashing a speciality.
Residence on North street, near C. Dietlein's grocery, Opelousas.

H. D. LARCADE,
Tinsmith.
Bellevue Street, near the Bridge,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
All kinds of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron work done on short notice and at reasonable prices. Guttering and repairing a specialty. Makes and repairs evaporator syrup pans.

J. B. SANDOZ & BRO.,
Have a large stock of
Carriages, Hacks, Buggies, Cigs
Which they are selling at the
—LOWEST LIVING PRICES.—
CALL AND EXAMINE.

L. A. BLACK. J. L. MORRIS.
BLACK & MORRIS,
General Fire Insurance and Real Estate Agents,
Office: Cor. Market and Landry Sts.,
OPELOUSAS, : : : LA.
The following old and reliable companies represented: Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, of England, Home and Niagara Insurance Companies, of New York; Fire Association, of Philadelphia; and Home, Hope and Mechanics' and Traders' Insurance Companies, of New Orleans. 7s