

The railroads of Australia, with the exception of two small lines, are owned by the Government.

The recent loss of an eye by Prince Christian von Schleswig-Holstein, through the bad aim of his brother-in-law attempting to shoot a bird, recalls some similar misfortunes. Napoleon I, while hunting pheasants in Fontainebleau, shot out the eye of the most general of his marshals, Nicholas Massena, Duke of Rivoli and Prince of Essling. Massena, however, was even a greater courier than general, and immediately declared that the shot had come from the gun of Marshal Berthier. Berthier at once declared himself the cause of his comrade's misfortune. This diplomatic attempt to shield the Emperor greatly pleased his Majesty, and he rewarded both marshals with favors and presents.

Julian Ralph has written an article on Chicago for Harper's Magazine, in which he says: "Chicago will be the main exhibit at the Columbian Exposition of 1893. No matter what the aggregation of wonders there, no matter what the Eiffel-Tower-like chief exhibit may be, the city itself will make the most surprising presentation. Those who go to study the world's progress will find no other result of human force so wonderful, extravagant or peculiar. Those who carry with them the prejudice begotten out of political rivalry or commercial envy will discover that, however well founded some of the criticism has been—especially as to the spirit of the Chicagoans—the development of the place has not followed the logical deductions. Those who go clear-minded, expecting to see a great city, will find one different from that which any precedent has led them to look for."

It is not only in the United States, learns the New York Post, that defaulters continue to live luxuriously on small incomes without exciting suspicion. Herr Pfinsch, who committed suicide the other day after robbing the Budapest (Hungary) Savings Bank of \$500,000, had been stealing right and left for years. He bought an estate, built a magnificent chateau upon it, entertained guests in princely fashion, subsidized a theatre for the amusement of himself and his friends without a penny of honest money to his credit, and on an exceedingly modest salary. And yet nobody thought of suspecting him or examining his books, although he was cashier of the establishment. When he shot himself, and the truth came out, everybody was profoundly astonished. A clearer case of directors who did not direct could scarcely be made out.

An eminent lady missionary in Burma recently gave Dr. A. J. Gordon an instructive but somewhat startling chapter of her experience. In one of her tours, she came upon a village where cholera was raging. Having with her a quantity of a famous painkiller, she went from house to house administering the remedy to the invalid, and left a number of bottles to be used after she had gone. Returning to the village some months after, the missionary was met by the head man of the community, who cheered and delighted her by this intelligence: "Teacher, we have come over to your side; the medicine did us so much good that we have accepted your God." Overjoyed at this news, she was conducted to the house of her informant, who, opening a room, showed her the painkiller bottles solemnly arranged in a row upon the shelf, and before them the whole company immediately prostrated themselves in worship.

The abandoned farm of New England is so the New York Post alleges—fast taking its place with the mortgaged farm of Kansas—in history. As the mortgage is lifted so the word "abandoned" is erased with a return of agricultural prosperity, which, however, in New England seems to depend on manufacturing industry, to the region interested. In a descriptive catalogue of abandoned or partially abandoned farms in Massachusetts, issued under authority of law by the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, it would appear from the tenor of the replies to questions that the condition of farming property is much better than has frequently been represented. Of 113 such replies received on October 1, 1891, fifty-eight stated that inquiries for and values of farm property were increasing, forty-two that there had been no appreciable change, while only thirteen stated that they were decreasing. Again, on November 1, of ninety-nine definite replies to the question, "Do you think farmers anticipate an increase of prosperity in their business in the near future?" seventy-nine said yes and twenty no. Except in two counties the towns reporting show an aggregate increase in population since 1865. A decline in population generally appears in the towns of the counties containing abandoned farms and having no important manufacturing industries.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If Fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve—if grief we must
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.
If those who wronged us own their faults,
And kindly pity, pray
When shall we listen and forgive?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if stern Justice urge rebuke,
And warn from memory borrow,
When shall we chide—we dare?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.
If those to whom we owe a debt
Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if our debt fall on our hope,
And plead his ruin through,
When shall we weigh his bread of faith?
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.
If Love, estranged, should once again
His gentle smile display,
When shall we kiss his proffered lips?
To-day, my love, to-day.
But if he would in anger regress,
Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
When shall we weep—if weep we must
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.
For virtuous acts and harmless joys,
The mind's will not stay,
We've always time to welcome them,
To-day, my love, to-day.
But cry, resent, and angry words,
An unavailing show,
Come far too soon if they appear
To-morrow, love, to-morrow.
—Charles Mackay, in Boston Journal

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

It was a very small house in the heart of a crowded city, and yet, small as it was, three families made a home there. The first floor, and the one that brought the most rent, was occupied by James Saunders, retired sea captain, who was supposed to possess a gold mine, at the very least, and who had undoubtedly "feathered his nest" well in many years of prosperous voyaging.

The basement floor was distinguished by a sign over the door, and a shop window, wherein were displayed the wares of a grocer—George Davis—on a very small scale; a grocer who bought by the basket and box, and sold by the half peck and pound.

Upstairs—there was only one story above the first floor—Nanette lived with her mother, Madame Hillien. Nanette had been ten years in America, and was employed by a milliner, who made good use of Nanette's nationality when her customers suspected her of being anything but a French milliner. Madame Hillien was yellow and wrinkled, and wore an old saque of dingy colors over a black silk petticoat, and a cap of elaborate construction over very rough, gray hair. Nanette was a clear brunette, with eyes black as sloes and soft as velvet, cheeks like the heart of a crimson rose, teeth like pearls, and the triggest little figure ever balanced on two pretty feet. With scant means and her French tastes Nanette was always well dressed. Her print gowns fitted her to a nicety, her hair glossy and abundant, was always arranged becomingly, and there was never anything tumbled or soiled to mar Nanette's toilette.

Two men, at least, adored Nanette; George Davis in heart-sick silence; Captain Saunders with the audacity of wealth and position. Captain Saunders sent always to Madame Hillien such preserves and fruits as opened wide the eyes of the favored few to partake of them. He had always a friend in port, just arrived from Italy, from Cuba, from Liverpool, from China, from any point where the long arm of commerce pushes her vessels; and these friends would always have foreign dainties to tempt the gold from the purse of the generous captain. It was whispered that fabrics only suited for feminine wear, jewels, fans, trinkets also came to the captain's room, but of these he said nothing. Boxes of oranges, jars of ginger, boxes of macaroni, tempting morsels from all lands were carried up the flight of stairs to Madame Hillien, but of India muslins, Canton crapes, and silk, rings and bracelets the captain said never a word.

Still the face of George Davis grew longer and paler day by day, as the sight of his rival's prosperity was forced upon him. It was true that Nanette loyally purchased every pound of tea and peck of potatoes at the grocery in the basement and presented her cash with the smile of an angel. True, too, that she never passed the grocer without a smile and sometimes a little blush. For the grocer was only three-and-twenty, with a blond beard and eyes as blue as a patch of summer sky, while the captain was nearly sixty, with grizzled red hair, a skin like mahogany, and eyes of no especial tint, unless it was sea-green. But the captain had a long bank account, and could go gallantly and fondly, while the grocer only spoke with his eyes, and wondered vaguely how long two could live upon profits that were half starvation for one.

else than the cuffs of Monsieur Davis," said Madame Hillien, severely. "In my country maidens do not look at young men."

"But, mamma, when I must look at him every day how can I but see him? Do I not buy of him sugar and tea and all that we have to eat?"

"If you were wise you would not be compelled to buy food in a little store like this. Listen: Monsieur, the captain, has told me that if he marries he will buy the whole house. Ah, think of a whole house!"

"But we are comfortable in three rooms."

"Bah! We live! But comfortable? You have no sense, Nanette! Twice already has the captain spoken to me. You will lose him."

"Let him go! I have my work and we have five hundred dollars in bank. Why should I marry an old horror like that?"

"He is not horrible."

"No, you are right. He is kind and good, and I am sorry he will love me when I cannot love him."

He set out from his far-off reservation in his native costume, but before he had been in the towns many days he acquired an ambition to wear the white man's clothes. The people who had him in charge coaxed him to retain his Indian garb, fearing that the picturesque of their change would be destroyed by the change. But the chief was stubborn and had his way. On the night chosen for his appearance before an Ottawa audience he came on the platform dressed in a Prince Albert coat, broadcloth trousers, muslin gaiters, flowered waistcoat, white shirt, a gaily handkerchief around his neck and a battered brass warming pan in his hand, which he carried with considerable pomp.

The audience enjoyed him and his kettle immensely. At first nobody understood why he carried it. Then it was explained in an interval during which the chief was got out of the hall into a dressing room. A Hudson Bay Company agent who had got into a tight place up in Rupert's Land, as the region was called then, and had been rescued by this chief looked about his post for something with which to reward the Indian. He had traded all his stuff for skins and could find nothing left which he could spare, except his brass warming pan which had been sent out to him by an affectionate but deluded maiden aunt in England. Arguing that it would please the heathen anyway, he polished it up and presented it with great formality, telling him that it was a mark of high distinction among white men to own such an article, and that few among them had attained that honor.

The chief was delighted. He carried it with him on all special occasions and an effort to explain the true circumstances to him was repulsed as lies, for the Indian could not be persuaded that they were anything else but covetous attempts to get his badge of distinction from him.—New York Tribune.

Sand-Storms of the American Desert. As would be inferred from its temperature, the desert is a land of fearful winds. When that volume of hot air rises by its own lightness, other air from the surrounding world must rush in to take its place; and as the new ocean of atmosphere, greater than the Mediterranean, pours in enormous waves into its desert bed, such winds result as few in fertile lands ever dreamed of. The Arabian simoon is not dearer than the sand-storm of the Colorado Desert (as the lower half of this region is generally called). Express trains cannot make head against it—trains, sometimes, they are even blown from the track! Upon the crests of some of the ranges are hundreds of acres buried deep in the fine, white sand that those fearful gales scoop up by carloads from the plain and lift up high to fling upon the scowling peaks thousands of feet above. There are no snow drifts to blockade trains there; but it is frequently necessary to shovel through more troublesome drifts of sand. Man or beast caught in one of those sand-laden tempests has little chance of escape. The man who will lie with his head tightly wrapped in a coat or blanket and stifle there until the fury of the storm is spent, may survive; but woe to the poor brute whose sweet feet cannot bear it betimes to a place of refuge. There is no facing or breathing that atmosphere of alkaline sand, whose lightest whiff inflames eyes, nose and throat almost past endurance.—St. Nicholas

Our Biggest Gun. The twelve-inch breech-loading rifle which has just been sent overland from Washington to San Francisco, Cal., to form a part of the armament of the new armor-clad coast-defender Monterey, represents the biggest achievement in gunmaking yet undertaken for the United States Navy. The new gun is so big that it had to have a steel girder car built especially for it. The gun weighs a trifle over fifty tons, is thirty-six feet long and will hurl a projectile weighing 860 pounds. The propulsive power of this tremendous missile is furnished by a charge of 430 pounds of brown powder; the velocity is 1941 feet per second and the muzzle energy as shown by tests made is 22,460 foot tons. Equipped with two of these monsters and two ten-inch rifles like that of the Miantonomoh, the Monterey will be one of the most formidable coast defensive battleships ever constructed. The Bethlehem Iron Works and Carnegie; Phipps & Co. are working night shifts of men in order to complete her armor plates on time. It is cheering to know that in two months the Pacific coast will be protected by a vessel able to fight anything that floats.—New York Press.

Suspended 175 Feet High by His Mitten. Nils Johnson, a workman at a Monson slate quarry, had a close call a few days ago. His business is to swing the boom of one of the derricks. In swinging over the pit with a chain attached, the hook of the chain caught in the wrist of his buckskin mitten, dragging him out over the pit, where he hung by his mitten over a depth of 175 feet. He did not dare to try to grasp anything with his other hand for fear the bent iron shank slip from the chain or the mitten give way, so he hung motionless till his fellow workmen came to his rescue and slowly and steadily swung the boom to a place of safety.—Eastern States.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO MAKE BREAD. After twenty years' practical experience in handling dough I have no hesitancy in saying that for making bread of the choicest quality—bread that is sweet, nutty-flavored and nutritious—there is no simpler, easier or better method than the one I follow, writes Emma P. Ewing. This is the formula:

To each pint of luke-warm water, composed of sweet milk and water mixed in equal proportions, I add half a teaspoonful of salt and a half-ounce cake of some reliable compressed yeast, thoroughly dissolved in a little cold water, and stir in flour with a wooden spoon until a dough is formed of sufficient consistency to be lifted in a mass from the mixing bowl to the moulding board, where I work in flour until it becomes smooth and elastic and ceases to stick to the fingers or the moulding board. I then put the dough into a pan, well-greased with butter, brush lightly with melted butter, cover with a bread towel and blanket and set to rise for three hours or until light, when I form it into loaves or rolls, put in greased pans, brush and cover as before and set to rise for an hour or until light.

Put these loaves in an oven whose temperature is about 380 degrees, or in which a spoonful of flour will brown nicely in two minutes, and when thoroughly baked take them from the oven, remove from the pans and place in such position as will expose the greatest amount of surface to the fresh air and allow any gas or steam that may be in them to escape and thus prevent their sweating and becoming soft.

Dough that is made with good flour and yeast and mixed and kept at a temperature of seventy-five degrees—which is the correct temperature for perfect bread-making—will almost invariably become light in a mass in three hours after being set to rise the first time and in loaves in one hour after being set to rise the second time, and will usually be ready to bake in four hours from the time the yeast is mixed with the flour. A loaf of bread weighing from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half, to be thoroughly baked, requires to remain in the oven when at the proper temperature from forty-five to sixty minutes.

Never use sugar or grease in bread, as they both detract from the quality and flavor, but people who persist in having their bread roll "shortened" with butter or lard, stated approximately, as one measure of wetting and three and a half or three and three-quarters measures of flour; and a pint of wetting, which weighs a pound, is usually sufficient to make dough enough for two loaves of bread that will weigh from a pound and a quarter to a pound and a half each, according to the brand of flour used.—Chicago News.

Salsify. This excellent winter vegetable, says Eliza R. Parker in the Courier-Journal, is not as generally used as it should be. It is not only nourishing and wholesome, but is very palatable, and may be prepared in a variety of ways. From its similarity in flavor to the oyster, it is called oyster plant, and when made into soup or fried in butter is quite similar to fresh oysters. It is not at all difficult to cultivate, and may be left in the ground and dug as wanted, or taken up in the fall and stowed away in the cellar for winter use.

Creamed Salsify—Scrape one dozen salsify roots and throw in cold water for half an hour. Put in a saucepan of boiling water, and a teaspoon of salt, and boil thirty minutes. Take up, drain, cut up, and pour over cream sauce.

Salsify Soup—Take one dozen salsify roots, scrape, and cut into slices; cover with boiling water, and boil slowly one hour; add a quart of milk. Rub two tablespoonsful of flour and one of butter together, add a little mace and nutmeg; stir into the soup; let boil up once, and serve.

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PENSIONS!

ACT OF JUNE 27, 1890.—Pensions soldiers and sailors of the war of the rebellion who served 90 days and were honorably discharged from the service, and who are incapacitated for performance of manual labor, and for the widows, children, dependent parents, fathers and mothers. All pensions under this Act will commence from the date of filing the formal application (after the passage of the Act) in the Pension Bureau. No application for pension under this act will be good unless filed in the Pension Bureau on or after June 27, 1890, (date of the Act) or if not in the form, substantially prescribed by the Secretary. The rates: For dependent father or mother, \$12; the widow, \$8 and \$2 additional for each child of soldier under sixteen years; and if the widow dies, the child or children can draw such pension. The soldier is entitled to any rate from \$5 to \$12 per month, according to inability to earn a support. A pensioner under existing laws may apply under this one, or a pensioner under this one may apply under other laws, but can draw only one pension at the same time. This law requires in a soldier's case: (1) An honorable discharge. (2) That he served at least ninety days. (3) A permanent physical or mental inability to earn a support, but not due to vicious habits. (It need not have originated in the service.)

IN CASE OF A WIDOW: (1) That the sailor or soldier served at least ninety days. (2) That he was honorably discharged. (3) Proof of death, but it need not have been the results of his Army or Naval service. (4) That the widow is "without other means of support than her daily labor." (5) That she married soldier prior to June 27, 1890, the date of the Act. DEPENDENT PARENTS' CASE. (1) That the soldier or sailor died of a wound, injury or disease, which, under prior law, would have given him a pension. (2) That he left no wife or minor child. (3) That the mother or father is at present dependent on her or his own manual labor, or the contributions of other present means of support than their own manual labor, or the contributions of others not legally bound for their support." The benefits of the first section of the Act of June 27, 1890, are not confined to the parents of those who served in the war of the rebellion, but are extended to all parents whose pensionable dependence has arisen on account of the death of a son who served, since said war, in behalf of the United States, as well as for disabilities contracted before or since discharged. (4) That in case a minor child is insane, idiotic or otherwise permanently helpless, the pension shall continue during the period of such disability, and this proviso shall apply to all pensions heretofore granted, or hereafter to be granted, under this or any former statute, and such pensions shall commence from the date of application therefor after passage of this Act. The rules and regulations of the Department will govern all applicants attorneys.

HART H. SANDOZ, U. S. Pension Claim Agent.

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