Opelousas Courier.

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An extraordinary number of young ladies are now becoming missionaries.

In Missouri fifty-seven per cent. of the males of voting age are foreign born, in Wisconsin fifty-two per cent., in Indiana twelve per cent. In those States, with Ohio, Illinois and Michigan as a whole, thirty-three per cent. of the males of voting age are foreign born. There are nearly 26,000 colored voters in Ohio, 13,000 in Indiana, 18,000 in Illinois and 6000 in Michigan, but comparatively few in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The New York Times maintains that "agriculture is the most profitable industry in existence. The silver mines that are now getting a dollar's worth of silver, as measured by common business standard, for seventeen cents, are not more profitable than a good farm well manured. Taking the present prices of all farm products and the cost of them, the profit is quite as good as those of the richest mines, but, while every dollar taken from these is reducing the deposit, the farm is inexhaustible and will continue to yield its profits as long as the world exists in its present form, and after that time has elapsed there will be no farms required. But as the mine is made to pay only by the most skillful working by scientific mining experts, so the farm must be worked in the same way or it cannot be made as profitable as it may be."

If recent statistics as to the condition of agriculture in the arid States and Territories, and particularly as to practical results of irrigation, are to be depended upon, remarks Frank Leslie's Weekly, we may expect that the movement in favor of the National policy of irrigation will be materially strengthened. The report submitted to the census office shows that nearly thirty million dollars of capital is invested in productive irrigation, and that the returns have been over sixty-five millions of dollars, or about 218 per cent. The estimated value on June 1st, 1890, of irrigated farms which originally cost $77,500,000 was nearly $297,000,000. That is to say, the irrigated lands are worth now four times their original cost. There is a vast expanse of territory now comparatively useless, owing to its arid condition, which, with the introduction of irrigating methods, could be made fertile and productive, and it is becoming a question whether Government aid may not properly be given in furtherance of a system which has proved, according to the statistics given, so immensely beneficial.

A feature of life insurance in the West, notes the New York Post, is the growing inclination of women to take out endowment policies that they may have an income to fall back upon when old age overtakes them. This, it seems, is the motive of most women who insure themselves. Occasionally one of them insures her life for the benefit of heirs, but such a practice is rare among those who are compelled to work for a living. Not many years ago a woman who took out an insurance policy was thought to be unusually "progressive," but nowadays she may carry a heavy risk without exciting much comment. A well-known Milwaukee heiress, Miss Lizzie Plankinton, has her life insured for $30,000, and the wife of a prominent Chicago insurance man pays premiums on a policy of $50,000. An incident of the extension of the business among women is naturally the appearance of female agents in competition with men. In Milwaukee there are two young women who make a comfortable living as insurance solicitors, and they find many patrons in their own sex.

A scheme of the Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco to collect $100,000 from the Chinamen in California, by taxing them one dollar apiece for "protection" against the Geary law, has collapsed. The companies, it will be remembered, advised their countrymen not to register, and had promised them that that the law should be repealed or at least fought to the bitter end. It leaked out, however, that these officers were not so earnest in their opposition to the Registration law as they appeared to be, and that when the fund was once in their hands they would recall their edict against registration and tell their dupes after all to credit their names and pay the fifty-cent. tax for photographs to the authorities. As soon as the San Francisco Chinamen got wind of the state of affairs, some of them registered and filed their photographs. The Presidents immediately called a meeting to consider what action should be taken in the face of this open revolt. It was reported to them also that the Chinese laborers throughout the city were refusing to pay the dollar assessment, and this unwelcome news was as potent as the acts of registering in bringing the officers to their senses and causing them to recall their recent proclamation.

UNCONSCIOUS SERVICE.

The bee"—she sighed—"that haunts the clover
Has nature's errand to fulfil;
The bird that skims the azure over
Bears living seeds within his bill:

"Without a pause his flight pursuing,
He drops them on a barren strand,
And turns, unconscious of the doing,
The waste into a pasture land.

"I, craving service—willingly, choosing
To fling broadcast some golden grain—
Can only sit in silent musing
And weave my litanies of pain."

I, making answer, softly kissed her:
"All nature's realm of bees and birds,—
What is such ministry, my sister,
Compared with your enchanted words?

"The seed your weakened hand is sowing
May ripen to a harvest broad,
Which yet may help, without your knowing,
To fill the granaries of God!"

—Margaret J. Preston, in Lippincott

THE TWO COUSINS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"WHO is that talking in the hall?" tartly demanded Mrs. Jennifer, and little Lucilla, running to the door, to take a bird's-eye view of matters through its yawning crack, returned with the satisfactory information:

"It's Cousin Olive, saying good-by to Mr. Walbridge!"

Mrs. Jennifer contracted her showy black eyebrows slightly.

"Is Elise there, too?"

"Why, no, mamma—don't you remember Elise went out for a walk?"

Mrs. Jennifer said nothing more; but to one used to the interpretation of dumb show, a world of meaning might have been deciphered in the swift way in which her needle flew in and out of the cambric ruffle she was hemming.

"Olive!" she called, sweetly, as the closing of the front door gave notice that the visitor had at last taken his departure; and by way of answer, a bright faced young girl presented herself in the door-way—a girl with shining brown tresses tied with blue ribbon, soft brown eyes, and a fresh, blooming complexion, like the pink blossoms that cluster on the kalmia bushes in May.

"Well, aunt?" she said.

"I've been wanting to speak to you for some time, Olive, dear—sit down," purred Mrs. Jennifer. "Your uncle's circumstances are not what they were, as I suppose you are aware?"

"I did not know it," said Olive, slightly changing color.

When people are quite dependent on the bounty and good graces of others, they are apt to be slightly sensitive.

"He has been obliged to expend a good deal of money of late, and—I knew you would be perfectly willing to do all you could, if you knew his situation—"

"Certainly, aunt!" said Olive, nervously twisting her fingers together.

"And of course, in a large family like ours, every additional member is felt as an additional burden."

"But, aunt," burst out Olive, "I don't understand you. What do you mean? What is it that you want me to do?"

"Pray don't speak so loud, Olive!" remonstrated Mrs. Jennifer, wildly elevating her eyebrows. "You are so brusque—so startling. I was only going to tell you that Mrs. Parkman mentioned to me yesterday that she wanted a new hand, and that—"

Olive Martin bit her lip—the hot color started up to her cheek.

"A dressmaker, aunt?"

"And why not?" calmly retorted Mrs. Jennifer. "It is the duty of every young woman to do something to earn an honest livelihood."

Olive thought of her Cousin Elise, white handed and elegant, who did not even make her own bed or dust her own room; she remembered the two damsels whose business it was to wait upon Mrs. Jennifer and her younger daughters. She knew that although her own father had died in wretchedly destitute circumstances, yet the time had been when he helped Mr. Jennifer in such a manner that the latter had solemnly promised never to forget the benefits rendered to him; and she also knew that upon that father's deathbed, Moses Jennifer had resolved to take his place toward his orphaned child, so long as they both should live.

"Does my uncle know of this?" she asked, suddenly lifting he frank brown eyes to the crafty face of the matron.

"Certainly!" calmly lied Mrs. Jennifer, without so much as a conscience-stricken blush.

"Then it is settled," said Olive, with a certain gasp in her throat. "I will be a dressmaker!"

"Is this really and actually your wish, my dear?" asked kind Moses Jennifer, when Olive told him of her determination that evening.

"Is it not yours, uncle?"

Mr. Jennifer looked up with a little startled glance as the question was asked.

"My wish is for whatever will make you feel happy, child!" Moses answered, for in his secret heart he believed that Olive Martin was not content in his family, and deeply regretted the circumstance.

After Olive had left the room he turned to his wife.

"She doesn't seem so crazy after the idea as you gave me to suppose, Margaret!" he said.

"You can't always judge by her manner, Moses," answered the subtle wife, who would have deluded the serpent's own self had she been in Mother Eve's place in Paradise. "I am sorry to be obliged to say so, but I do think she is a little inclined to be deceitful!"

"Poor child, poor child!" muttered Moses Jennifer. "We must remember, my dear, that she is fatherless and motherless!"

Mrs. Jennifer rolled up her eyes sanctimoniously.

"I've always endeavored to act a maternal part toward her, Moses," she sighed.

But not until Olive Martin was safely installed in Mrs. Parkman's work-rooms did Mrs. Jennifer breathe freely.

"She was actually luring Clarence Walbridge away from Elise under my very eyes and nose!" thought the virtuous matron. "Clarence Walbridge, who is the best parti in town. Well, there's no end to the pretensions of these country-bred girls. I wonder what he could possibly have seen in her big eyes, and melancholy, pursed-up mouth! But now Elise will have a fair chance, poor dear!"

And Miss Elise Jennifer was duly posted in what she ought to do and say upon the occasion of Mr. Walbridge's next visit—a washed-out pink and white beauty, with freckled cheeks, flaxen hair, frizzed into the similitude of a yellow cloud, and very red lips, which she was perpetually biting, to preserve their coral bloom!

"I'll do my best, ma," said Elise, "but I never know what to talk about when I am with Mr. Walbridge!"

"Pshaw!" quoth Mrs. Jennifer. "I'm sure Olive Martin could talk fast enough."

"But Cousin Olive knows more than I do," confessed innocent Elise.

Mr. Walbridge came as usual that evening, and was simperingly welcomed by Elise Jennifer, in a becoming blue silk dress, with a rose in her yellow fossy hair and blue knots of ribbon fluttering wherever a blue knot could possibly be placed.

"Is your cousin at home?" the young man asked, rather unceremoniously, and Miss Elise recollected her lesson.

"Oh, don't you know," quoth she, artlessly, "Olive has left us?"

"Left you?" echoed Clarence Walbridge, more disappointed than he chose to own to himself. "What for?"

Elise lifted her brows, looked at the carpet, and tried to assume an arch expression of countenance.

"Of course I can't be expected to know certainly," she said, "but mamma and I both had our suspicions. In short, I don't know really how to explain, but I've reason to suppose she has gone away to be married."

"To be married?"

"Some faithful cavalier, I believe, who knew her in the days before her poor dear father died—it's all very romantic, and we're so sorry to lose her!"

"What is his name?" bluntly asked Mr. Walbridge.

Elise hesitated—her lesson had not embraced this point, but she knew she must say something, and lispingly answered:

"Mr. John Smith."

At this moment Mrs. Jennifer came in all smiles.

"I am so busy since my niece left us," she said, blandly. "I miss her terribly; but of course it was my duty to oppose no obstacles since Mr. Darcy had been so faithful!"

"Mr. Darcy!"

"Yes, the young gentleman in question."

Elise turned the color of carmine, but she had not presence of mind to extricate herself from the gulf of misrepresentation into which she had fallen, and Mr. Walbridge quietly laid all these things up in his mind.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Elise, when her visitor was gone, "how could you say his name was Darcy, when I had told Mr. Walbridge it was John Smith!"

Mrs. Jennifer looked blank—but hope, that "springs eternal in the human breast," came to her relief, most fortunately.

"Oh, I don't believe he noticed it," said she. "Darcy is a better name than Smith—we'll stick to Darcy for the future, my love!"

And Clarence Walbridge, who had somehow allowed himself to become strangely interested in Miss Martin's blooming face and lovely, pleading eyes, went straight to Mr. Jennifer's office.

"He, at least, can speak the truth," he thought, "which is more than one can venture to assert of Mrs. Jennifer and the fair Elise."

"Walbridge came to my office this afternoon," said Moses, bluntly, at dinner, as he plunged his carving fork into the juicy depths of a sirloin of beef. "He asked me where Olive Martin had gone. Do you know, wife, I believe he really is interested in the little thing, and it would be a first rate thing for her, for —"

"What did you tell him?" breathlessly interrupted Mrs. Jennifer, pausing in her occupation of preparing the dressing for a plate of lobster.

"Why, I said she'd gone to learn dressmaking at Mrs. Parkman's, to be sure. What should I tell him?"

"Oh, Moses!" groaned Mrs. Jennifer.

"Oh, papa!" shrieked Elise.

Honest Moses stared helplessly from one to the other.

"What do you both mean?" he demanded. "What have I done?"

But he could get no satisfactory information from either of the ladies.

Olive Martin was busy over the puffings of a blue satin skirt, when Mrs. Parkman came into the room.

"A gentleman to see Miss Martin," said she, primly. "As a general thing, it is against my rule to allow my young ladies to receive company pertaining to the other sex, but—"

But Olive escaped from the room before the lecture was half over, to see Clarence Walbridge in the shop without.

"Well, Olive," he said, gayly, as he took both her hands in his, "you see I have found you out!"

"Found me out?" she repeated, blushing very much, and looking radiantly pretty.

"Tell me honestly, Olive!" he pursued, "is it John Smith or Mr. Darcy?"

"I don't know what you mean!"

And he explained to her the story that had been related to him by Mrs. Jennifer and Miss Elise.

"It is false!" cried Olive, with sparkling eyes and reddened cheeks. "How dared they invent such tales about me? I left Uncle Jennifer's because my aunt hinted to me that my maintenance had become a burden, and that I ought to support myself. I could not eat the bitter bread of dependence, Mr. Walbridge. And I do not know what motive they could possibly have had for giving such a false reason for my departure."

"I can guess!" said Clarence Walbridge, shrewdly. "But we will leave that question for future discussion, Olive. There is another one which is of much more present importance to me!"

"What is it?" Olive innocently asked.

"Whether or not you will become my wife?"

"Mr. Walbridge!"

"My own darling little Olive! But you need not speak. I know from your eyes that it is 'yes!'"

And so ended probably the first courtship that was ever happily consummated in Mrs. Parkman's work-rooms and Mrs. Jennifer's show-rooms.

Mr. Jennifer was the only member of the family who was really pleased at his niece's good luck, matrimonially speaking. Elise and her mamma had somehow fallen into their own trap—nor was it a pleasant sensation.

But Cupid protects his own.

NAVIGATION'S "DAY MARK"

PLACING DISTINGUISHING AND CARING FOR BUOYS.

Each Buoy is Placed and Marked Under a Careful System—Whistling Buoys and Bell Buoys.

ALL who have visited the approaches to a seaport town have noticed the numerous buoys and marks which are placed there as aids to navigation.

Tugging and jerking at their chains as the tide sucks in around them, or lying quietly upon the placid waters of some sheltered bay, are black buoys and red buoys, buoys with horizontal black and red stripes, buoys with black and white vertical stripes, and ding-donging bell buoys. Well out to sea lie much larger buoys, called mammoth buoys, gripping the sand with their iron claws.

Though these marks and buoys may seem to have been put haphazard here and there, each has a meaning. The place that each shall occupy is carefully chosen for it, and its arrangement is governed by a careful system.

These aids to navigation, which are called "day marks" in contradistinction to the lights and beacons, fall under the jurisdiction of the Lighthouse Board.

The coast of the United States, including the lakes and navigable rivers, is divided into sixteen districts. A naval officer is in charge of each. Under his direction all the buoys in his district are placed.

In all the districts similar buoys mean the same thing, and a buoy that has a particular distinguishing color on the coast of Maine has the same significance if in the Bay of Mobile or off the coast of Oregon. So the mariner who sails into Boston Harbor is guided and directed exactly in the same way as he who enters the Golden Gate.

Not only are the colors and positions of the buoys given on the Coast Survey Charts, but the Lighthouse Board publishes a yearly list, which is distributed gratuitously for the benefit of commerce, in which each of its about five thousand buoys is located and described.

Coming into port from sea, the first buoy that we pass may be a mammoth buoy. I say "may be," because these buoys are only used in special cases, such as to mark the approaches to channels over bars or shoals that lie at a considerable distance from the coast. The entrances to most harbors do not require any such special marks.

The buoys that designate the channel, and which lie on either side of it, are red and black. The red buoys, which all have even numbers, must be left on the starboard or right hand in passing in from sea, while the black buoys, always with odd numbers, must be left on the port hand.

In case there are two or more channels, they are distinguished by a difference either in size or shape of the buoys.

If there should chance to be an isolated rock, wreck or any obstruction which has a channel on either side of it, it is shown by a buoy painted with red and black horizontal stripes.

Buoys with white and black perpendicular stripes lie in mid channel, and indicate that they must be passed close to avoid danger.

Finally, buoys surmounted by triangles, cages, and so forth, are an indication that there is a turning-point in the channel.

There are, in addition to the buoys already mentioned, two other kinds which are also fog signals, namely, the whistling buoy and the bell buoy.

The whistling buoy is used off the coast to mark dangerous outlying shoals or other obstructions to navigation. It is surmounted by a locomotive whistle, which is made to sound by the rushing through it of air admitted and compressed by the rising and sinking motion of the buoy. These buoys are well adapted to turbulent waters, as the more violent the sea the louder the sound caused. Like some restless spirit chained to the ocean's bed, they can but sadly moan their fate under smiling skies and unbroken seas; but when buffeted by the waves and tempest-tossed, they shriek their lamentations fiercely, and warn the mariner to beware the spot they mark. They are not pleasant neighbors. Their sound is frequently heard at a distance of ten miles, and under very favorable circumstances it has been heard fifteen miles.

The bell buoy consists of the bottom section of a buoy floating in the water, on which is mounted a framework bearing a bell which, instead of the ordinary tongue and clapper, has a small cannon ball supported on a platform just underneath the bell's mouth. This ball rolls to and fro with every motion of the sea.

These buoys are used in harbors and rivers where the water is smoother than in the roadsteads, and where it is not necessary that their sound shall be heard a great distance.

Ordinary buoys, not of the whistling or bell variety, are made of either iron or wood. Those of iron are hollow, with air-tight compartments, and are of three shapes, called respectively nun, can and ice buoys. The nun buoy is almost conical in shape; the can buoy approaches the cylindrical form, and the ice buoy is very long and narrow, and resembles the spar buoy in form.

The wooden or spar buoys are sticks ranging in length from twelve to sixty feet, and painted according to the uses to which they are to be put. The lower end is fitted for a mooring chain.

A buoy has many vicissitudes, and is exposed to many dangers. Passing steamers run down the iron buoys and rip them open, or cut off big pieces of spar buoys with their sharp propeller blades.

As the iron buoys are made in compartments, they are seldom sunk by such collisions, but their line of floatation is often so lowered that they have to be replaced.

Again, despite the fact that the United States laws punish by a fine of one thousand dollars any one who is convicted of unlawfully injuring any work for the improvement of navigation—and this in addition to other penalties provided for by the different States—the very people for whose benefit these buoys are laid often unlawfully make fast their vessels to them, and drag them out of position.

Again, the ice, floating down in masses, parts the mooring chain, or tears the mooring anchor from its hold, and carries the buoy far out to sea, to break upon the horizon of some astonished mariner.—Youth's Companion.

FORTUNES ON THE DOCKS.

HEAPS OF VALUELESS-LOOKING STUFF WORTH MILLIONS.

Millions of Tons of Iron Ore Find Their Way to Lake Erie Ports—A Gigantic Industry.

WHEN the great transportation hall of the Columbian Exposition next year is filled with representations of systems and methods of moving the world's products it will have a few, says a Cleveland (Ohio) letter to the New York Advertiser, that will surpass in unique and peculiar interest the sight that may be seen daily at the ore ports of Lake Erie.

The discovery of extremely rich and almost inexhaustible deposits of Bessemer ore in the Lake Superior districts a quarter of a century ago, as well as more recently, has been followed by the growth of a commerce that is unrivaled of its kind in the world, and nowhere to-day will such mountains of rich ore be found heaped ready for the transforming fire of the furnaces as at Cleveland, Ashtabula, Fairport and Buffalo and at South Chicago, on Lake Michigan.

The ore, being less bulky than coal, can be carried farther than the coal in the journey toward each other, so that but little ore is reduced in the upper peninsula of Michigan. Much of it meets the coal at Chicago and Cleveland, but the greater part is carried to the Mahoning Valley and Western Pennsylvania furnaces. As the lakes are open for navigation but seven months in the year, it is necessary to find a storage place for the ore required to supply the furnaces during the winter months. Accordingly, at Cleveland, Ashtabula and Fairport miles of docks have been built, lining the narrow rivers that put into the lake at these points, and here, during the summer, is unloaded hundreds of thousands of tons of iron ore and gradually forwarded to the furnaces by rail.

It is almost impossible to appreciate the magnitude of this great traffic without a walk along the docks between great ranges of iron ore hills, thirty and forty feet in height, only a few railroad tracks separating them like narrow valleys, and overhead a great steel frame work of ore hoisting machines. The rattle of the steel buckets as they are raised from the holds of the great black hulled vessels by the docks and go creaking on the cantilevers back to whatever point the engineer has elected to dump them startles one, and the stranger dodges involuntarily as they rush backward and forward over his head.

Half hidden behind the ranges of red, brown or sparkling gray ore, the colors varying with the qualities, is the pony engine operating each set of hoisting machines, puffing and hissing away, adding a familiar element to the strange scene. Now a train of flat cars comes creeping along, drawn by a snorting switch engine. In each car are a dozen fills of those great ton buckets, looking like such a light load, as compared with the heaping coal cars so usual in other places, yet testing the strength of the gondolas quite as fully. A red dust rises and falls, and the laborers are covered with it. Their clothes are ocherous red, boots the color of the tanbark piles they knew as leather, and sweat furrows are down their dusty faces and through the rust tinged beards.

The unloading of a vessel at one of these docks is rapid work. All the lake ore carriers have six and many of them eight hatches, and when they come to the dock a hoisting machine is put to work in each. The great buckets are filled below, while the others are drawn up and emptied, sometimes being carried back on the overhead railway of the cantilevers three hundred feet or more. Thus it is possible to take two thousand tons—enough to load one hundred and fifty ordinary flat cars—from a vessel in six or eight hours.

Few persons can appreciate what 1,500,000 tons of ore means without having it put in some more familiar shape. The docks at this port, where that amount or more is received every year, have a river frontage of over two miles, and are from 150 to 285 feet deep. Here is heaped hills of fine red and brown hematite, like so much ocherous gravel, or the coarser lumps of sparkling gray magnetic ore, varying widely in quality and price.

The casual observer as he walks along can distinguish but four or five, or at most half a dozen, grades of ore. But experts know that these immense conical piles are strictly classified, and that upward of eighty different grades have their place in the market lists. But how much is 1,500,000 tons of ore? Loaded on flat cars thirty-five feet long and carrying fifteen tons each it would make a train 700 miles long, or more than five times the distance from Cleveland to Pittsburg! Yet this is but about one-third the iron ore laid down at Lake Erie ports every summer. The total would more than fill two trains of such flat cars extending from Chicago to New York City!

Besides this great ore traffic, which annually amounts to $20,000,000 or more in value, there is shipped from the ports of Lake Erie an immense amount of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, to Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth and smaller points, where it is stored for shipment farther west during the winter months. This requires a very different set of docks, and in extent they exceed the ore docks. Cleveland leads in the amount of bituminous coal shipped, handling over 1,000,000 tons annually.

The coal docks are over two miles in length, but narrow, and the coal is usually loaded directly from the cars by means of derricks that handle great buckets holding half a ton or more. The work is slower than that of loading ore or unloading it, but a new device has just been erected here that promises to makes it easy to dump a whole carload into a vessel at once, and if it succeeds the work will be greatly expedited. Without this the Cleveland Docks can handle 1000 ordinary carloads of coal a day, and the total shipments from the port each reach 70,000 carloads, or enough to make a train over 450 miles long! Nothing could better illustrate the magnitude of these great interests than that stupendous fact.

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F. J. MONTROSS, Prop'r; BILOXI, MISS

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, substancially, 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 $6 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 or sailor'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.)

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 PARENT'S 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; being "without 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 where 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 herefore 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 and attorneys.

Under Act of June 27, 1890, pensions are granted to Soldiers and Sailors disabled from old age, infirmity, etc.

NOTICE!—Dr. W. R. Lastrape having recently been appointed U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions at Opelousas, La., it is now of special interest to claimants of Pensions to come to me and make out their applications, so they can now be examined without having to sustain the expenses of going to New Orleans for medical examination, at which place they have heretofore been obliged to go.

HART H. SANDOZ,

U. S. Pension Claim Agent.

Office with Hon. John N. Ogden, Opelousas, La.