Opelousas Courier.

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OPELOUSAS, - - LOUISIANA

The agricultural capital of Europe has doubled since 1840; that of the United States has increased over sixfold.

It is worth while now and then to pause and consider, soliloquizes Foster Coates in Frank Leslie's. New York contains within its borders more Hebrews than there are in Jerusalem, more Irishmen than there are in Dublin, more Germans than there are in Hamburg, and more Italians than there are in Rome.

Nicaragua has enacted laws that bears very hard on the alien, notes the San Francisco Examiner. The underlying idea seems to be to have the alien furnish the money for a government devoted mostly to his own oppression. When Nicaragua shall have acquired the largest standing army in the world and the largest navy it may be able to execute these laws. In the meantime much satisfaction may be derived from contemplating the fact that such august enactments adorn and glorify the statute books.

The Adjutant General of the United States, in his recent report, expresses himself quite strongly against the Indian as a soldier. He makes a good scout, and that is about the best that can be gotten out of him. Says the report: The Indian is not very adaptable to discipline at best, and to station him as a soldier near the reservation is fruitful of discontent, because he will compare the restraints of military life with the freedom and indolence of his brethren on the reservation. A lack of knowledge of the English language, a strong repugnance to work, illiteracy and no familiarity with athletic sports are also against the Indians' development as an arm of the regular army.

It is said that the introduction of physical training into the public schools of Boston has been followed by most beneficial results. It has now been tried long enough to be able to predicate something about its effects. In 1890 the Swedish educational system of gymnastics was introduced, and since then the pupils have been compelled to go through certain exercises every day. At the opening in September of the present school year comparisons were made between the bearing and physique of the scholars today and their appearance of three years ago. It was the unanimous opinion of the teachers that their charges had become much more graceful in carriage, stronger and more robust. In the high school there has never before been a brighter and healthier lot of boys. The system in vogue is thorough. Each teacher receives a lesson in the exercises every two weeks, and the scholars devote fifteen minutes a day to "physical culture."

Various cities in Germany have established municipal eating houses as a means for minimizing begging and to relieve the worthy poor of the necessity of accepting food given in charity. Our Consul at Chemnitz, James C. Monaghan, in a report to the State Department, gives a most favorable account of an institution of this kind in that city, as the result of a visit. "The food is substantial," he declares. "To a hard-working man with appetite sharpened by exercise, the dinner is excellent. The meats, vegetables, etc., are properly cleaned and prepared before they are cooked. Everything is kept clean, and smells sweet and wholesome. The people, who look hearty, gather in large rooms on benches placed by long tables. Besides the dinner, the midday meal, supper is served to those who wish it." From the list of the food given, observes the Boston Herald, it appears to be substantial and excellent in kind and variety, and that the institution is appreciated is evidenced by the fact that last year 435,360 dinners were sold. The food is sold by the portion, and an ample dinner never costs more than ten cents. The establishment is so practically managed that it yields something of a profit to the city: the expenditures last year were $15,557.28, and the receipts were $17,501.68, leaving a balance of $1944.40. At our municipal lodging house here in Boston, meals and lodging are paid for in work. Our custom of giving out free soup at the police stations through the winter has little to commend it. It is demoralizing and encourages vagrancy and pauperism. The bounty often goes to unworthy recipients, and instances have been related of keepers of cheap boarding houses obtaining supplies for their tables regularly in this way. On the other hand, many who may really need the food are too sensitive to receive it in charity. It would be much better to sell the soup at cost, together with bread and perhaps other simple kinds of food.

SUN AND FLOWER.

No sun shall ever fling
His beams, but worlds shall glisten;
No poet voice shall ever sing,
But worlds shall wake and listen!
O, suns, shine on the worlds that see!
O, sweet-voiced poets! sing to me!

No flower shall ever nod
In winds from sweet lands blowing,
But that the hidden lips of God
Shall kiss it into growing.
O, flower! a-bloom by land and sea,
Toss one of your white leaves to me!
—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

THE BRISTOLMAN'S TRAP.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

IT was in the days of the black flag, and of the nimble keel coppered to the bends, and of that square of blood-red bunting which, when run aloft to the main-topmast-head, signified "No quarter!" A round-bowed Bristol trader, a bark of about four hundred and sixty tons, three months out from the Avon and bound to Savanna la Mar, lay helpless off that Jamaican port in what is known to sailors as a "sheet calm."

The water floated like a breast of liquid glass, and a solemn, long-drawn heave of swell ran through it. The Bristol trader, in strict correspondence with her proportions, rolled very uncomfortably indeed from side to side, bringing her wide spaces of canvas into the mast with many savage sounding whacks, until the atmosphere all about seemed filled with the noise of exploding artillery.

The heat was intense; the hour about two in the afternoon. The dark blue land about Blewfield's Bay swam in the steamy haze, and writhed as though it lived.

Seaward the junction of heaven and water was scarcely distinguishable in the parched and brassy air. The land went sloping into mere films, and nothing showed upon the face of the ocean save a large cutter-rigged vessel, lifting and sinking upon the swell at the distance of about two miles away from the Bristol trader in the direction of Blewfield's Bay.

"Mr. Jenkins," said the master of the Bristol ship, "drop the hand-lead over the side and observe the vessel's drift."

This was done, and the rate of drift reported.

"Sir," said Mr. Rogers, the captain, to his mate, "it is not my intention to founder upon a bottom of coral or go to pieces on St. John's Point. Clew up and haul down everything light, and let go the anchor."

These orders were duly executed. The seamen made the decks busy with their figures in active motion, and the chain cable roared hoarsely as the weight of the big anchor swept it through the hawsepipe.

Some half-dozen male passengers—women there were none—lounged upon the little poop in the sultry shadow cast by the awning. It was disheartening to see the narrow entrance to Savanna la Mar almost within reach of a twenty-four pounder's throw of its ball, and be as little able to enter it as to walk to it.

"How long is this going to last," exclaimed a planter.

"Perhaps a week, sir," answered Captain Rogers, a large, short, purple-faced man who hated to be asked questions.

The planter rolled the yellow "whites" of his eyes to the heavens and tossed his hands, with a malediction betwixt his teeth.

"What's that yonder, coming round that corner of land?" exclaimed another passenger, pointing to the line of coast which the rolling cutter lay becalmed abreast of.

Captain Rogers went to the companion-way, picked up the ship's telescope and levelled it.

"A piccaroon!" he exclaimed; and the roar of his voice went in thunder along the decks as he bawled to his liveliest to tumble up and load the carronades, and to see all ready with the small arms, and to stand by to sink the scoundrels should they dare attempt the ship. But it was speedily evident that the pirate's quarry was the cutter, and not the Bristol merchantman.

The piccaroon was a long, black schooner, setting very low on the water, heavily rigged, showing not an inch of canvas as she stealthily crawled over the burnished blue heave to the impulse of her long oars, or "sweeps," as though she were some gigantic marine reptile forging her way through it with movements of her antennæ.

The cutter rolled helpless, with an occasional blazing flash sunward as she lifted her wet, sparkling copper out of the water. On a sudden, however, and as though the men aboard her had but just waked from sleep, down dropped her swinging, big mainsail, oars were thrown over, and she made in the direction of the Bristol trader, slipping her cable as she rounded, without stopping to buoy her anchor.

But the piccaroon buzzed fast in her wake. A puff of white cloud occasionally broke from her bow, and the black ball, ill-aimed, went skimming ahead of the cutter in the direction of the Bristol merchantman like a parched pea along a table.

Before the cutter had measured half a mile the pirate was alongside and lashing the vessels together for boarding, as a spider revolves a fly in its web before trotting aloft to dine off it in its hole.

There was some small crackling of blunderbusses and pistols, shouts faint in the distance, a little lifting of white smoke. The business was then ended, and with true pirate celerity the schooner was making for the blue heap of coast with the unhappy cutter towing and rolling and flashing in her wake.

This thievish piece of work had been watched with helpless wrath by Captain Rogers and his ship's company, and with no small alarm by the passengers. The captain said he could swear to the schooner; she was the wickedest of all the piccaroon pets of those waters. He pronounced her name, and his face was full of blood with temper as he did so.

An hour later an inshore breeze sprang up. The anchor was swiftly catheaded to a cheery chorus, and the Bristol trader was steered for the narrow passage to receive a pilot for Savanna la Mar.

By sundown the ship was moored in harbor, and everything was made snug for the night. A considerable number of vessels happened to be assembled in the port, and the picture was one of beauty and color when, on the sinking of the sun and to the blast of a heavy piece of ordnance, some score or two of radiant streaks of bunting descended fluttering to the deck from peak and masthead.

At 8 o'clock Captain Rogers went ashore to smoke a pipe in a hotel that was much frequented in those days by seafaring gentlemen. He entered a hot, long room in which already a number of captains, mates and such folk were assembled. The atmosphere was thick with tobacco smoke.

Much was made of Rogers, as a man newly arrived from England. One thing leading to another, our captain presently referred to the piccaroon incident he had witnessed outside the port.

"That schooner was undoubtedly the Santa Margarita," exclaimed a shipmaster.

"The cutter was from Kingston," said another. "All the owner has in the wide world was in her. He is a ruined man, I fear," and he fetched the table a mighty thwack with his great fist as he heaped a variety of sea blessings upon the pirate schooner.

"The impudence of that Santa Margarita," exclaimed a mate, a quiet, sober-faced man, "goes beyond all invention! She walks off with the droghers as a boy with apples out of a field, and stoops to such filthy mean work as plundering the poor John Canoes."

"She was playing just the same pranks when I was last here," said Captain Rogers. "Has there been nothing with a pennant at its masthead washing about these waters of late? How is it that the epaulets are allowing this little cruiser to have it all her own way?"

"The Firefly was down here on a cruise three or four weeks ago," said one of the captains, "and chased the Margarita for six hours. I'd have thought she would have loitered till she'd snugged the gang of cutthroats under her own hatches."

"She was called away to carry despatches," said some one.

"The Firefly's not a patch on the Margarita in sailing," exclaimed a shipmaster. "I'm junked if she didn't scandalize her mainsail out of sheer bravado when the Firefly was winking at her with a bow-chaser a couple of miles astern dead in her wake!"

"That's where it is!" cried Captain Rogers. "If it was not for the greased lightning of the beggar's keel I'd offer my ship to chase her with, and take my chance of a shindy at home for detention if I was long in catching her. But bless me, gentlemen! There's nothing in this port, there's nothing commanded by any of you, that's going to look at her in a breeze of wind; whilst in a dead calm—why, she came buzzing out this afternoon from round the corner like a ten-oared galley to the thrust of her long sweeps!

"Yet we ought to nab her, friends," he concluded, "we ought to nab her. Her existence is a standing degradation to the red flag of our country. A thought occurred to me this afternoon whilst I was watching her walking off with the cutter. Are we all true men here?"

He rose as he spoke the words and took a critical survey of the people around about him. Indeed, he had need to be wary; for often it happened that the piccaroons of those days were secretly owned or employed by persons who were esteemed of good standing and credit in the West Indian colonies.

But all the people in the long room this night were Englishmen and sailors; every man could have named the ship he belonged to. Being satisfied on this head, Captain Rogers communicated his scheme.

It was very warmly received. The offers of assistance were far in excess of the requirements of the little conspiracy. For an hour or so the matter was debated, and the company then dispersed, with the understanding that all was to be in readiness by sunset next evening.

At the hour when the sun sank next day, a large sloop, hoisting her mainsail and stay-foresail, floated quietly out of the harbor through the narrow passage before a weak offshore breeze. The vessel was about five-and-twenty tons burthen, rigged with one mast, and had been lately employed in carrying sugar along the coast. She was unarmed; her flush deck swept clear from the taffrail to the "eyes."

The night that followed sundown was one of rich tropic beauty. The moon was at her full. Her wake flowed in a river of greenish splendor across the black surface of the water; but the night beam was so clear and piercing that the eye easily followed the hard, firm sweep of the line of the horizon.

When the sloop had gained an offing of about two miles the weak breeze scanted, then fell dead, and the hush of the night, solemn with its beauty, came down upon the sea.

The sloop let go her anchor, but kept her sails hoisted; and the whiteness of the cloths in the light of the moon was like a beacon of white fire delicately burning a long way off on the ocean. It was remarkable that though about midnight a light breeze sprang up, the sloop showed no disposition to get her anchor and make a second start for her destination, wherever that might be.

Her sails trembled in the wind. They were useless, yet she kept them aloft. Seemingly her notion was to be under command so as to get away at any moment by slipping, as the cutter had done before the piccaroon walked off with her.

Sometimes a single figure stumped the deck; sometimes three or four. Time after time one or another of those figures would carefully sweep the sea line, more particularly in the direction of the land, with a binocular glass. But all remained silent and motionless out upon the sea. Nothing stirred but a few shreds of steam white vapor sailing athwart the stars, and the water wrinkling under the delicate brushing of the breeze.

Thus passed the night. The dawn broke in a violet gleam along the eastern seaboard. Presently up rose the sun, and the wide scene of ocean and distant shadow of land was flashed out blue and brilliant into the wide, tropic day.

It was then that the stout, red-faced man, dressed in a wide straw hat and an old monkey jacket, ceased in his walk to and fro on the sloop, and picking up a telescope, knelt down and pointed it.

"At last!" he exclaimed, addressing another stout, red-faced man alongside of him, clothed in a plain sleeved waistcoat and an old pair of Wellington boots. "There they are, Perzen! and about time, too! A pretty long job of waiting this has been, certainly!"

The other man took the glass, directed it, and stared long and keenly through the lenses.

"Yes," said he, "there they are, right enough."

The object at which he pointed the telescope was a mere black speck as yet in the thin blue haze upon the sea under the land. But she developed her bulk apace as she came along, urged by a number of long oars which rose and fell at her sides like hairs of gold.

She was a low, long, black-hulled schooner, unquestionably the indentical piccaroon which had excited the wrath of Captain Rogers. She showed no color, and her sails were furled, for the weak draft of wind that now blew was right in her teeth as she came heading direct for the sloop.

The two stout, red-faced men walked the deck together, and seemed to give no heed to the approaching craft. They were the only persons visible, and might, for the matter of that, have formed the entire crew of the little vessel. The schooner drew alongside, and when she was within a half-dozen cables' length some twenty or thirty men came tumbling up out of her main hatch, and in a trice her decks were full of people.

Beauties they were! Never had the eye rested upon a choicer assemblage of scoundrels. They were black, white and yellow; chocolate-colored Spaniards, renegade Englishmen tawny with fierce usage of the sun, draped in as many costumes as there were men—in red and blue and white shirts, in colored breeches, in grass hats, with sashes round their waists, deadly weapons strapped to their hips and the butt-end of pistols gleaming on their breasts.

In perfect silence, without the preliminary courtesy of so much as a hair, the schooner approached. The motions of the rowers were directed by signs by a tall, scowling desperado who stood near the main rigging. The long sweeps were tossed inboards, the helm put down and the vessel, in tragic stillness, ranged alongside the sloop. Then the hush was broken by the tall ruffian shouting orders to lash the two vessels together.

At this instant the stout, red-faced man, who was indeed no less a personage than our friend, Captain Rogers, put a whistle to his lips and blew shrilly. Both men then whipped off their clothes to their shirt-sleeves and sprang for a couple of cutlasses concealed behind the mast.

In a breath, in response to the summons of the whistle, a whole mass of powerful men came pouring out of the hatch of the sloop. They were armed to the teeth, and as they rushed up they delivered one of those vast, hurricane "hurrahs" which, as delivered by British throats, have been known again and again to paralyze the enemy.

"Now, my friends," roared Captain Rogers, "now we have them! Total submission or no quarter!"

The fine old fellow sprang for the rail and was followed by the mass of men, all of them captains and mates of merchantmen, except some half-dozen able seaman.

Never was there a deadlier, more heroic boarding rush. It was an affair of about five minutes only. Howls and yells, cuts and thrusts, the gleam of brandished steel, the crackling of pistols, followed by some dozen of the miscreants jumping overboard, while the rest were driven, bleeding and shrieking for mercy, down the hatch.

There are aged men who still talk of this memorable capture. By three o'clock in the afternoon the little sloop and her prize the schooner had floated safely through the narrow passage and entered the harbor of Savanna la Mar where, their arrival being confidently expected and eagerly awaited, they were received by thunderous salvos from the guns of the numerous merchantmen.

Seven of the captured pirates, the most desperate cutthroats of the gang, were gibbeted along the coast and dangled in chains for many a long month afterward. The rest were variously disposed of.—Youth's Companion.

Power.

The recent record breaking performances of ocean-going steamships have been done on American coal from Pocahontas, Va.

It would take 720,030 rowers, working at their oars in eight-hour shifts, to develop as much power as the steamship Lucania's engines.

The first electric railroad for coal carrying purposes has just been completed from Buck Mountain to Eckley, Penn.

The initial installation of the Niagara electric power arrangements provides for 15,000 horse power. More can be obtained almost beyond limit.

The Tivoli waterfall, which provides light and power for transmission to the Rome of the dead Cæsars, furnishes as yet only 2600 horse power.—New York Recorder.

A Rare Celestial Phenomenon.

Two of the four moons of Jupiter occasionally exhibit a rare phenomenon. They cross between us and that planet's disc as dark objects, although it is positively known that their sunny sides are at that time presented to us, and, in consequence, should appear no less brilliantly illuminated than the immense globe that holds them in position. It is the third and fourth satellites that make these dark transits. The first sometimes crosses as a brownish mass, but the second has never been known to cross in anything but most brilliant attire.—Chicago Herald.

FLYING OVER THE OCEAN.

A CONTEMPLATED AERIAL TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Professor Hazen's Hope, a Balloon With a Big Bucket, a Life-boat and a Pilot Car.

PROFESSOR HAZEN, of the United States Weather Bureau, is going to make an aerial voyage across the Atlantic. He will travel with a balloon. It will be directed by means of propellers and a rudder, and it is expected to stay afloat two weeks or more, though the trans oceanic trip may require only fifty hours.

The balloon will be a small one comparatively speaking. Professor Hazen considers that an envelope containing 100,000 cubic feet should be plenty big enough for a vogage to Europe. If enough cash for the purchase of such a one cannot be got, the attempt may be made in a balloon of 50,000 cubic feet.

The chief difficulty met with in aerial voyages is leaking of gas. But science has recently learned how to construct balloons that will not leak. The material used is goldbeaters' skin, which is obtained from a part of the intestines of the ox, called the 'cæcum."

The goldbeaters' skin comes in small sheets, the biggest obtainable being twenty-two by ten inches. It looks somewhat like oiled tissue to the eye, but it is not porous. Six layers put together make about the thickness of letter paper, with nearly the same weight as silk. However, four thicknesses will serve for a balloon, the sheets being overlaid upon each other in such a way that there are no joints or seams. The first step in the construction of the balloon is to make a cloth bag of exactly the size required, which is oiled and inflated. Then the goldbeaters' skin is laid over the outside of it, one thickness at a time, being made to adhere in a manner which is yet a secret. Finally the cloth bag is taken out, and you have your balloon.

The balloon will be filled with hydrogen, which has a lifting power of seventy pounds for each 1000 cubic feet. The bag, contemplated to hold 100,000 cubic feet, will thus have a total lifting power of 7000 pounds. It is estimated that the whole aerial machine, including the net, basket, drag rope, anchor, etc., will weigh 800 pounds. Three men will add a weight of 450 pounds, and 250 pounds more may be allowed for provisions and water. This reckoning leaves a margin of 5500 pounds, which would be taken along as ballast in the shape of sand and in bags.

At a great height the gas has a tendency to escape at the neck of the bag. In order to avoid that contingency Professor Hazen intends to have a small balloon hitched alongside of the big one, the necks of the two being joined together. When the hydrogen flows out of the large neck of the bag it will enter the little one and will not be lost. The sun shining on a balloon heats it and causes the gas to expand, so that it is apt to escape at the neck. The gas can be returned to the big balloon by simply pulling down the small one.

At times it is desirable to keep at a low level when the high current is in the wrong direction. Professor Hazen's plan is to lower a large bucket from the basket near the sea. This could be filled with water by means of a small pail as fast as weight might be required to hold the balloon down. The big bucket could readily be emptied from the car, when desired, by opening a valve in its bottom.

It is most important that the aeronaut should be able to place his balloon at any level of the atmosphere he pleases. Of course, the currents of air at various elevations commonly flow in different directions. There may be an unfavorable wind at 1000 feet, and at the same time just the right breeze may blow at 10,000 feet. Professor Hazen thinks of taking with him a small pilot balloon, which may be run up to the height of a mile above the great gas bag, so as to ascertain the direction of the breeze at a higher level without taking the trouble to ascend in order to find out.

The attempt will not be made without trying a preliminary voyage from Denver to New York, or, perhaps, from San Francisco to New York. If that can be accomplished there should be no difficulty about crossing the ocean. To come back across the Atlantic would not be practicable, because the air currents are in the opposite direction. In order to return by balloon it would be necessary to go all around the world, reaching San Francisco by way of the Pacific.

It is proposed to employ means of a simple nature for directing and propelling the balloon. There will be no complicated machinery, but merely a rudder and propellers. The latter will be worked by man power, very likely by the feet, bicycle fashion. Probably the propeller shaft will be made to project both ways, having a screw in front, thus getting double power and incidentally preserving the balance.

Professor Hazen thinks there is no reason why balloon voyages around the globe should not be made some day. He believes that the North Pole will eventually be arrived at by aerial navigation.

The professor's air ship, holding 100,000 cubic feet of gas, will cost $5000 or $6000. He can get one with a capacity of 50,000 cubic feet for $3000. One of his ideas is to make the basket a life boat, so that it will serve for a journey by water in case of accident to the balloon.—Boston Transcript.

Novel Insurance.

The latest development of the insurance business is interesting. You can buy suspenders which entitle your next of kin to $500 if you are killed while wearing them, and there are also hats which entitle your heirs to a similar amount if you are found dead with one on your head. If the hat is found by your side, both it and the insurance are "off."—New York Dispatch.

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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, 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'sor 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 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. Lastrapes having recently been appointed U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions at Opelousas, La., it is now of special interest to Claimants of Pensons to come to me and make out their applications, to th y 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 directed to go.

HART H. SANDOZ,

U. S. PENSION CLAIM AGENT.

☞ *OFFICE with Hon. John N. Ogden, Opelousas, Lousiana.*