

Opelousas Courier.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH OF ST. LANDRY.

Published on Saturday by Leonce Sandoz, LOUISIANA

Collectors of autographs remark that, while the typewriter never will supplant the holograph letters altogether, it will make them scarcer and more valuable.

The increased use of commercial fertilizers is indicated in the establishment of 400 factories in the United States that annually place on the market \$20,000,000 worth of fertilizers.

France shows symptoms of becoming weary of the duel, and may indulge in legislation hostile to this form of recreation. The fact is, explains the sarcastic San Francisco Examiner, that the duel has of late become dangerous.

The largest amount of iron tankage in the oil country of Pennsylvania at any one time was 43,000,000 barrels, representing an investment of not less than \$29,000,000 for labor and material, and not including pipes and pumps to make it available. Notwithstanding this effort to find storage for all the oil produced, a great deal of it flowed on the ground and was lost.

The Boston Cultivator says: "War and agriculture are naturally antagonistic. There is a reason for this, especially since gunpowder came into vogue as the great destructive war agency. Nitrates are an important constituent of gunpowder. Even the smokeless powders contain them. Nitrates are the most important element of plant food. Think how many crops have grown poorly while war has been waging in useless smoke the material through which they would have become thriving and prolific."

The New York Independent believes that the cultivation of athletics at girls' schools and colleges is likely to receive some stimulus from an award made by the United States Treasury Department to Miss Bertie Burr, of Nebraska, for rescuing two young women from drowning. Miss Burr, who learned how to swim at Lesell Seminary, (Auburndale, Mass.), will receive, not the silver medal awarded for heroism, but the gold medal only granted for cases of extraordinary daring and endurance.

There are 250,000 women in New York City, exclusive of those in domestic service, who support themselves and are without male protectors. There are 343 trades open to them, but many of them are compelled to accept whatever wages may be offered or starve, or fall. There are trained sewing women who work nineteen hours a day for twenty-five cents. Boys' new trousers bring thirty-five cents a dozen; ordinary trousers from 12 1/2 to twenty-five cents a pair, and shifts from 6 1/2 to 12 1/2 cents.

A gentleman came ashore in North America the other day who has been living at Rio Janeiro for nearly twenty years. He has read English papers; his wife is an English woman, and although he was born in the State of Maine, his South American life and business show their effects. "Why do you go out to Chicago to hold the convention?" he asked, "and what's all this nonsense about having a world's fair there? I thought the place was pretty well burned down. They can't have got it into shape for people to be comfortable there." And he did not like it, adds the New Orleans Picayune, when there was mention made of Myber Van Winkle.

White husbands are fashionable just at present among the Indian maidens in Washington State, alleges the New York Tribune, and the noble red man is the worst kind of a wall-flower, much to his disgust. In one camp on the Grand Ronde River there are seventeen marriageable Indian girls, and they all want white men for husbands and shun their would-be lovers in the camp. The father of one of the girls makes an open offer of 200 head of good horses to the young white man who will marry his daughter. The old Indian says, however, that he will not accept any kind of a "hoodlum" for a son-in-law; the man must be of good character and address, and able to give his Indian bride a good home.

Flying machines for use in war have engaged no little attention of late on the part of inventors. Maxim, the designer of the famous gun, claims to have produced one which can be controlled. He declares that he can fill his aerial car with explosives and hover in it over the city of London, holding that great metropolis at ransom to the extent of as many millions of pounds as he chooses to mention. Thus situated he can announce his terms by dropping a small package containing a statement of them and his ultimatum of "Cash or Crash!" His contrivance is a cylinder of aluminum containing a three-fourths volume, its collapse being prevented by strong ribs inside. It is propelled and steered by electric gear, and is further sustained and balanced by the wings of a great aeroplane, with an automatic arrangement of a compensatory nature that brings the machine immediately back to the horizontal when it tends to vary.

George met him at the door before the maid could answer the bell. "Is Miss Bergen?" the caller began, with a questioning smile, offering to shake hands. Mr. Parfitt ignored his hand. "She is not at home," he said, deliberately, with no trace of his accusing conscience in his displaced face. To admit Hugh Dudley and hear him and Constance chattering and giggling for two hours in the parlor was too much. He wouldn't have it. The young man's face fell perceptibly. "What will she be at home?" he faltered, embarrassed between his disappointment and his awe of Mr. Parfitt's stern looks. "I have not the remotest idea," George responded. Would the fellow keep his teeth uttering mendacious lies! Not but that the cause was good and sufficient, but he was not accustomed to lying.

THE SONG OF PEACE.

A song is stir in the air, I seek to drink it in With the coo of the doves rich and rare, But still the battle's din Rings in my ears and deafens me; I cannot hear the strain. The noise of the world, its misery, Throbs like a bitter pain. But new and then, as in despair I seek to rend the bonds, Comes a burst of harmony on the air To which my heart responds, And then the echo of the fray A moment ceases to cease. Though the wondrous harmony dies away, That moment brings me peace. And then I pray I may retain A peacefulness of heart, Or riches of the heart, For that sweet song will give me rest, And banish all distress. The flowers of God and the gold of the West Will be my happiness. —Flavel Scott Miner, in Harper's Bazar.

HIS DAY AT HOME.

BY EMMA A. OFFER.

"I can't say I enjoy George's sick days at home," said Mrs. Parfitt. "He's sure to be poking into things and making himself generally disagreeable. Dear boy! he isn't that way any other time. I'll warrant you, Conny!" Mrs. Parfitt shot a humorous glance at her husband's extremely pretty young cousin, who stood in street attire, waiting for her—"that he won't want to give me the money for my new jacket to-day at all. But there's the Carpenter's reception Thursday, and—Wait for me! I'll try it."

And Mrs. Parfitt ran down stairs, with a radiant smile. She found her husband in the library. He was young and comely, but a strip of red fannel on his throat, a shawl untidily worn, and a gloomy expression of countenance did not improve him.

"I'll stay at home, dear," said Mrs. Parfitt, "if there was anything I could do for you."

"There isn't," said her husband, shortly. "This beastly cold has got to wear itself out."

"Conny and I are going out for a little shopping, then. And if you can let me have the money for my spring jacket now, George? I'm a little late about getting it as it is, you know. It's the tan one, with a striped satin lining—awfully pretty—at Bright's."

"I don't know anything about any jacket," George snapped. "I'm harassed enough in mind and body, Kate, without your persecuting me."

"In mind?" said Mrs. Parfitt, patient, resigning herself. "This was one of George's days at home. 'Yes, in mind!' He threw off his shawl, and set up and glowered at her. 'What do you think about Hugh Dudley and Constance, anyhow?'"

"Hugh Dudley and—Constance?" Mrs. Parfitt started a little. "That's what I said. He's coming here all the time, isn't he? What's he coming for?"

Mrs. Parfitt looked into her lap. A smile dawned on her fresh lips. "I—really, I—she murmured. "I feel responsible for Constance," said George, scowling impartially at everything. "I asked her here, and if she does anything to—disgrace the family, I shall feel to blame for it. Hugh Dudley! Would Uncle Joe or Aunt Agnes want her to marry Hugh Dudley? A mere—mere—no fit term presenting itself. 'I don't like him!' Mr. Parfitt proceeded, warmly. "In the coffee business! And I don't believe he knows who his grandfather was!"

Mrs. Parfitt looked oddly demure. "Isn't the coffee business creditable, George, dear?" she queried. "And the Dudleys are a very good family, George, really. 'I don't!' George retorted. "Hugh Dudley!—when, with the slightest encouragement, Thomas Danforth—"

"Oh! Mrs. Parfitt murmured. "You needn't think that has set me against Hugh Dudley, though. It hasn't—it hasn't at all. It isn't merely that Tom's a friend of mine; it's the difference in the fellows. Tom's a brick—a brick, Tom Danforth is!" said Mr. Parfitt, with an emphasis which amounted to fierceness. "And for Constance Bergen to deliberately take up with the worst man of the two, when she might have the better, it galls me! I'll never invite her here again, mind you that—not any body else."

He flung back into his chair. "I think Conny will—perhaps—be living here before long, dear," his wife rejoined, mildly. She had retreated to the hall. "And you—won't give me the money for my jacket?"

"No!" said her husband, emphatically. He heard the front door close directly, and said to himself that he was more than glad to be alone.

He supposed that Constance was up stairs, but he was in no mood for talking to Constance—far from it. He was thoroughly and indignantly out of patience with her.

He went into the kitchen and asked the cook to make him some ginger tea immediately. Returning, he saw from the window a sight which caused him to utter an exasperated growl. Hugh Dudley was driving up briskly in his road-car—the cart and his well-groomed horse and his own good-looking face all shining in the rays of the morning sun.

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"I have not the remotest idea," George responded. Would the fellow keep his teeth uttering mendacious lies! Not but that the cause was good and sufficient, but he was not accustomed to lying.

"I'm sorry, Hugh Dudley declared. He lingered, looking touchingly unhappy, only Mr. Parfitt was not touched. He looked as though he was waiting to shut the door, and the visitor retreated down the steps, and into his cart. Ellen had the ginger tea ready. It was not strong enough, and too sweet.

And when Ellen, having been somewhat gruffly informed of it, had made some atonement, Mr. Parfitt drank it, and resumed his shawl and his chair and his uncomfortable reflections. The door-bell rang again. George thought he knew the ring. Sure enough, it was Tom Danforth!

"Laid up?" that young man demanded, coming in breezily, big and broad-shouldered and bright-eyed and cheerful. "Too bad! On your lungs! Have you tried a capsicum plaster? I can get you one in five minutes if you want me to."

"It's in my head," said George dismally. But he smiled his pleasure at Tom Danforth's appearance, and wrung the young man's hand and took his coat and hat. "I'm glad you came—glad to see you! Stay to lunch, won't you? Have this foot-rest, Constance is home—"

"Up stairs," he said, in a breath. "Just wait," he ended, eagerly. "I'll go get her."

But he came back sulky. "She went out with Kate, it seems," he explained in an injured manner. "I didn't know it. They're always gadding about. Have some arachnoid or something?"

"Cordial at this hour of the day?" Tom protested, looking the soul of reassuring good nature and betraying no excitement at the fact of Constance's absence.

He even took up a newspaper. "He doesn't care," George mused, gloomily. "May be he isn't in love with her after all."

And he sat and eyed his stalwart friend, and thought what a husband he would have made for Constance, and how blind and contrary and exasperating they all were and how helpless he himself was to arrange matters as they ought to be arranged.

"He fell into unhappy silence. 'Has the cashier of the Freeborough Bank really come off with the funds?' said Tom, with his handsome nose in the paper. 'There's a rumor to that effect. Stewart's his name. He's rich enough anyhow. He ought to be—'"

The bell again. It was Mrs. Parfitt, looking pretty and pink checked after the fresh air, and as blithe as though going to the Carpenter's reception in her old beaded wrap were not going to be a horrid necessity. "Oh, you, Tom!" she cried, cordially. "I am so glad! Poor George is so wretched with that cold, and you can cheer him up!"

"I don't need cheering up," said George, huddling his shawl closer. "Where is Constance?"

"Conny? said Mrs. Parfitt, brightly. "Oh, we met Hugh Dudley in his cart, and he took Conny along with him. What a stylish turnout he has!"

Mrs. Parfitt unpinned her bonnet. "He did, did he?"

Her husband switched in his chair so violently that his elbow knocked the ginger-tea cup to the floor.

Tom picked it up. "If that scamp has taken the money, if it will burst the bank?" he said. "It's a shame!"

"What bank?" Mrs. Parfitt questioned. And an animated discussion ensued. Mrs. Parfitt knew the defaulting cashier's daughter; Tom Danforth had known his brother, George, who knew more about him than either of them, contributed nothing to the conversation.

He leaned back and shut his eyes, three distinct vertical lines showing between them. He confessed to himself that he was entirely out of temper; but he had—certainly he had—ample cause for being so—ample distracting cause. He began to think about going up and going to bed as a temporary escape from his afflictions.

"And I'm sorry enough for Sally Stewart—there's Conny!" said Mrs. Parfitt. "Said she shouldn't be gone long."

Constance came sweeping in. Her stylish long dress trailed after her with fine effect. Her slight coat was open, and showed the white silk vest of her dress. Her little hat set back prettily on her fair hair which was blown into many straying tendrils.

George thought, with a mental groan, that she had never looked so lovely. "Oh, Tom, you!" Constance cried, quite as Mrs. Parfitt had done.

And then, not at all as Mrs. Parfitt had done, she gave him both her hands and—it was no hallucination, it was a fact—and let him kiss her.

She turned upon her cousin with her blue eyes sweetly dewy. "Do you like it, George?" she said. "Are you glad? I know you like Tom. Aren't you pleased? We'd have told you before, but we've only been engaged a week, and nobody but Kate has known it so far."

"I thought I wouldn't blurt it out," said Tom, standing, flushed and beaming. "I thought I'd let Conny tell you, you know."

"Are you two engaged?" George roared. He sought vainly to get his wife's eye. "Then how about Hugh Dudley?"

"Mr. Dudley!" said Constance, vaguely. "Oh, George! You haven't thought that Hugh Dudley wanted me or I him! Why, it's all about Grace Quinby. They were engaged, you know, and then they had some ridiculous trouble or other; and Grace and I have been so chummy ever since I've been here that Mr. Dudley came right to me with it. He's been here two or three times to tell me things to tell her, and I've told her all of them, for Grace was foolish and hasty, and it really wasn't Mr. Dudley's fault at all, and I've been anxious for them to make it up. And now they have. He came this morning to get me to go there with him, and he met me on the street and we went. And Grace came to cry when she saw him, and I came away, and—"

was a temptation, and—I'm awful sorry," said Mrs. Parfitt, pleadingly. "Where's my pocket-book?" said George. "You shall have that jacket. I meant you to all the time. I'm overjoyed and rejuvenated and cured, and I'm going down to the office."—Saturday Night.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

By years of exposure to atmospheric temperature, hardened steel loses hardness.

A new application of electricity consists in determining by the conductivity of milk the presence of adulteration.

Steel not only loses its magnetism, but becomes non-magnetic when heated to an orange color.

A remarkable strike has been made in the Eclat mine, Creede, Cal. The ore runs high in silver. Specimens assay over \$800 a ton.

When a lamp is first lighted leave the flame low until the metal of the burner is heated. Then turn as high as possible without smoking. This secures a steady flame.

A small cabinet containing an alarm clock, a three-candle-power lamp, a medical coil and a gas-lighter, all operated by electricity from four cells of dry battery, is among the novelties recently devised.

Silvanus Thompson says that the sudden slamming on of the armature of a permanent magnet is liable to deteriorate the magnetism; and that the sudden detaching of the armature is of advantage to the magnet.

The Government authorities at Washington are experimenting with a vegetable rarily called the "jumping bean." If placed on the move, jumping about, turning over, and performing all kinds of acrobatic tricks.

Dymond has recently succeeded in extracting from lettuce an alkaloid which closely resembles belladonna in appearance, taste, and smell, but which in a dose of five grains, is without injurious effects. The alkaloid corresponds in formula closely to hyoscyamine.

Too quick a discharge buckles the plates and a very sudden discharge draws the paste out of them. When fully charged plates which have been removed from the electrolyte are to be replaced, the liquid put in should have the same specific gravity as it was before.

Coal is mined in Turkey, in Heracles and Kozlu, both on the Black Sea and about 100 miles from Constantinople. The mines at Heracles are controlled by the Ottoman Government; the Kozlu mines by a private firm, Kurtchi & Co. The coal obtained is inferior in quality to the English mineral, especially to the Cardiff and Newcastle coal.

Few people have an idea how thin a sheet of veneer may be cut with the aid of improved machinery. There is a firm in Paris which makes a business of cutting veneers, and to such perfection have they brought it that from a single tusk thirty inches long they will cut a sheet of ivory 150 inches long and twenty inches wide. Some of the sheets of rose-wood and mahogany are only about a fiftieth of an inch in thickness. Of course, they cannot cut all woods so thin as this, for the grain of many varieties is not sufficiently close to enable such fine work to be done, but the sheets of box-wood, maple and other woods of this character are often so thin as to be translucent.

Feats of Human Vision.

"I do not suppose this world looks alike to any two persons," said Thomas McHenry at the Southern. "A dozen of us were looking at the moon the other night. To one it appeared the size of a five cent piece, to another much larger than a cart wheel. To one it appeared a well-rounded globe, and to another a flat circular piece of brass. I noticed this diversity of human vision once in Galveston, Texas. I saw a man named O'Dell shoot a fellow gambler named Quinlan to death. He fired four shots from a large revolver. At the trial one man testified that Quinlan had a knife in his hand at the time of the shooting.

Another thought it was a cane, while a third expressed the opinion that it was a billiard cue. I was standing facing him when he was shot, and would make oath that his hands were open and carried nothing. Those who testified were disinterested spectators, and told us the stand what they honestly thought they saw. The shooting began in a season. Quinlan ran out, followed by O'Dell, who kept shooting. Some thought one shot was fired in the saloon, others thought three, yet all were looking right at the two men. You often hear people say that what they see they know; but they don't. They have no assurance that they saw right. A man who implicitly believes his eyes is liable to fall into grievous error."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Where There's No Will There's a Way.

A prominent business man of northern Ohio recently expressed to one of the cashiers of a city bank a novel idea of leaving his money so that there might be no contest after his death. He has a wife, three sons and a wayward daughter and purposes keeping his property in municipal bonds. His plan is this:

He has divided his bonds into three parts, after providing for his wife, and put them into three separate boxes at the safe deposit vault; the keys he has put into envelopes marked for each one of his sons. For his daughter he has deposited with a trust company certain securities which will yield her \$100 per month as long as she lives, the principal to revert to the sons equally, share and share alike, at her death. On his mercantile and manufacturing interests he has likewise arranged a very clever scheme. He has divided outright to his three sons all the mercantile and manufacturing property, share and share alike, but they have in turn executed to him a lease of the same during his life for a nominal consideration, so that he has the control of everything so long as he lives.

This man says no will can be drawn which will stand every test and that the above scheme is the only practical thing a knower of where there are family complications.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are people who think their neighbors' houses need painting because they do not wash their own windows.—Ram's Horn.

Drawn by the Webfooted Cows.

The webfooted cows who inhabit the marshes along the St. John's river id Florida—I know that they are webfooted, for Captain Lund says so, and Captain Lund never lies—argue of some use after all, it seems, and this is the how and the wherefore of it.

In the merry month of April the water in the St. John's gets very low, and the two big steamboats, Frederick De Bary and City of Jacksonville, which go up and down it during the winter season, are sometimes hard put to it to get over the numerous bars. If it were not for the webfooted cows, Captain Lund says—and Captain Lund never lies—they would never get up to Sandford and Comfort Cottage, and would have to come North a month or more before they could be of service.

The worst bar of all is Volusia Bar, and here four times a day, at the hours when the steamboats are due, a number of Floridians put in an appearance with from four to eight yoke of the gay and festive kind, almost too thin to cast a shadow, hitched up for business.

Then follows a scene such as few steamboat men have ever witnessed. The cows are hitched to the boat by three stout chains, the drivers raise a shout, and with all steam on and a mighty tug-of-war, the stout iron steamboat is dragged through the mud and sand and landed in deep water again.

Captain Lund says he has a set of iron tires which he puts on the paddle wheels the first of May, which enable him to take short cuts across the country, thus shortening the distance by about one-half, and as Captain Lund was never—no, never—known to draw the long bow or to tell a story which was not strictly according to Hoyle, down go the tires across country and all.

And yet there are people who persist in going to Europe strange sights for to see. It is one of the wonders which no man, and not very many hundreds of women, can fathom.—New York Herald.

New Shaving Saloon.

HAVING recently built and refurbished throughout, my Barber Shop, I am now prepared, with increased facilities, to serve the public in First-Class Style my new quarters between Broad and Striaty's Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, etc., done in the highest style of the art. Give me a call. E. A. BODEMULLER.

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Leonce E. Littell,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR. OPELOUSAS, LA. Dr. A. J. Bergeron DENTIST. Office corner Landry and Union Streets, OPELOUSAS, LA. He uses the new local anesthetic "Cocaine" in painful operations without extra charge.

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CONTRACTOR, CARPENTER & 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 post office 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.

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JAMES O. RAY,

Physician & Surgeon, OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA. Office at father's residence. Feb'y 6, 1892, ff.

OPELOUSAS Female Institute

OPELOUSAS, ST. LANDRY PARISH, LA. This Institution is un denominational, practical and progressive. Discipline firm and based on sound principles of training and developing character. Honor and self respect promoted. Methods of training and culture thorough. During the entire course of the school for University or practical life. Certificates and Diplomas conferred. Buildings comfortable and commodious. Patrons solicited. For further particulars apply to MRS. M. M. HAYES, Principal.

The Last Gun of the War.

Some interesting stories have been published lately about the firing of the last gun of the war. D. E. King, of Atlanta, asserts that the last shot was fired in the vicinity of Macon, and he makes the following statement: "I was in the First Ohio Cavalry, and belonged to General Wilson's command. We reached Columbus, Ga., on April 17th, 1865, and stayed there three days, after which we marched to Macon. While on the march we were fired at frequently by houts or bushwhackers, and the advance guard, after some little reconnoitering, would return the shots and advance. I was an orderly under General Alexander, who had charge of the advance forces, and when we were within seven or eight miles of Macon we were met by a party of gentlemen, citizens from Macon, who asked us not to enter the city as an armistice had been declared.

"I went myself to General Wilson and notified him of what the delegation of citizens said. He went forward and had a talk with them. I overheard everything that was said. General Wilson said that he had not been officially notified of the armistice, and that he intended to establish his headquarters in Macon that night. He told the citizens that he would not allow his soldiers to disturb anything or anybody, but that his entrance to the city would be peaceable. He was informed that the Confederates had forces stationed across the river from Macon and beyond the railroad where he would enter.

"We proceeded to the city, and after entering it we could see the Confederate camp to our right. While marching through the streets, three shots directed at our column came from the Confederates without effect and we proceeded on the march. I do not remember the date we entered Macon, but it was between the 20th and 30th of April, 1865. These are the true facts connected with the firing of the last gun during the late unpleasantness."—Atlanta Constitution.

A St. Beater.

The highest velocity ever given to a cannon ball is estimated at 1626 feet per second, being equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is 1000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds. Therefore, if a cannon ball were fired due west, and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.

H. D. LARCADE,

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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.

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