

WHEN BABY WANTS TO PLAY.

On Sunday afternoon I like a quiet, restful nap. And lounging on an easy couch give Time a pleasant sleep. Forgetting all my office cares and troubles of the shop. Into the haven of the weary, cozy dreamland, I drop. But that I never quite succeed I scarcely need to say. For 'tis about the time and hour when baby wants to play.

THREE BLACK BAGS.

The Part They Played in the Lives of Several People.

As I often say to my wife, when she blames me for forgetting her little commissions, it's a queer thing, is the mind, and great is the force of habit. I never forgot to do anything I'm in the habit of doing, but as Tilly usually attends to the shopping herself I'm not in the habit of calling at the butcher's or the grocer's on my way home from business, and therefore—well, therefore, I don't call three times out of five that she tells me. Don't catch it! No, not overmuch, anyhow. For one thing, we haven't been married very long, and Tilly agrees that it's only reasonable I should have time to learn to be more careful, and, for another, if it wasn't for the hold a habit has on me, I doubt whether we should be married yet, or at least we shouldn't be living in our own house, with the furniture all bought at a large discount for cash. I am a clerk in the service of a firm of colliery and quarry owners at Lington, and every Saturday morning I go out to Westerby, a village some thirty miles off among the moors, to pay the quarrymen their wages. It's an awkward sort of journey. I have to start by the first train in the morning, which leaves Lington at six, change at Drax, on junction with the main line, leave the main line again at Thurley, some ten miles farther south, and do the rest of the distance in the brake van of a mineral train. The money (nearly one hundred pounds, mostly silver) I always carry in a little black leather bag, one of those bags, from sea to shore every day, which may contain anything from a packet of sandwiches and a collar to a dynamite bomb, and it's my habit when in the train to put my bag on the rack facing me. I rarely keep it on the seat by my side, and I don't like to put it over my head. If it has to go there because the opposite rack is full I am always uneasy about it, fancying I shall forget when I get out. I never have forgotten it yet, but one Saturday in November, 1903, I did something which might have been worse. I took the wrong bag when I left the train at Thurley. It happened in this way: On Friday night I went out with Tilly to a party, which broke up so late that I had only just time to change my clothes and get a sort of apology for a breakfast before catching my train. Consequently I slept all the way from Lington to Drax, and at Drax I stumbled, only half awake, into the first third-class compartment I came to. Three of the corner seats were occupied and I took the fourth, though there was no room on the opposite rack for my bag. I couldn't put it on the seat by my side, either, because the man opposite to me didn't care to disturb him. I ought, of course, to have kept it on my knees, but it was rather heavy and I was very sleepy, so I just slung it over my head, settled myself down and dropped off again almost before the train was clear of the station. I didn't wake up until we stopped at Thurley, and even then I fancy I should have slept on if the two men at the far end of the compartment had not wanted to get out. "What station is this?" I asked, sitting up and drawing my legs from across the door to let them pass. "Oxford," I supposed. "No, Thurley," said one, and up I jumped in a hurry, took my bag, I thought, from the rack opposite me, and got down on the platform just as the guard whistled the train away. "You ran it a bit fine that time, mister," remarked the man who had saved me from being carried past my destination. "I wonder if that other chap meant going on?" He was as fast asleep as you. "Oh, he's all right," said his companion. "He's booked for London. I heard him say so when he got in." I felt much refreshed when we arrived at the quays. After I had had a wash and done full justice to a second breakfast at the "Miners Arms" I felt ready to face my morning's work of making up the men's pay sheets. Then, as I felt in my pocket for my keys, my memory began to entertain a vague suspicion that that bag was somehow unfamiliar to it. However, my key fitted the lock and as I turned it my suspicion vanished, but only to be replaced a moment later by an astounding certainty. Instead of resting upon the familiar brown paper packages of silver and little canvas bags of gold, my eyes were dazzled by a many-colored lideness, which shone forth from

the inside of that bag as soon as it opened it. "Diamonds, by jingo!" I cried as I started back in amazement. I thought it best to keep my discovery to myself. The bag, I guessed, was probably the property of a jeweler's traveler—a traveler in a large way of business, too, thought I, as I peered into it in the least expected corner of the office and found it almost full of what, little as I knew about precious stones, I felt certain were valuable jewels. Rings, brooches, bracelets, loose stones, at least one necklace, a gold watch and chain, some bank notes and a considerable sum of sovereigns were all mixed up together in a chaotic confusion which seemed at least inconsistent with their habits. I began to doubt whether it was consistent with honest possession of, at all events, the contents of the bag on the part of my late fellow passenger—the man who was booked for London, and who had been asleep when I left the train at Thurley. No doubt he was awake and also aware of his loss by this time. What a state of mind he must be in, too. But, just as I was trying to ruff his state of mind a murmur of gruff voices and a shuffling of heavy feet in the yard outside reminded me that it was time to pay the men. Hurriedly summoning the foreman, and telling him that a mistake had been made in supplying me with money, I went down into the village, and, after some trouble, succeeded in collecting enough silver and copper to serve my purpose. Then with that precious bag out of sight between my feet, I paid the men. As soon as I had finished my task I returned per mineral train to Thurley, and there I broke my journey. On calmly reviewing all the circumstances of the case in the seclusion of the brake van I had decided that the police rather than the railway authorities ought to be first informed of my mistake, and the inspector to whom I told my story agreed with me. "I am very glad you came straight to me," said he, turning the contents of the bag out on his desk. "If you can't hold your tongue for a week or two it's just possible we may catch the gentleman who put this nice little lot together." "You think they have been stolen, then?" I asked. "Think!" he repeated, smiling at my simplicity. "I know, my boy. And when where, too; though, unfortunately, not by whom. Run your eyes over this."

"This" was a list of jewels and other valuables missing from Erlingthorpe, Lord Yerbury's place, where, the inspector said, a well-planned robbery had been carried out the Thursday evening. "You seemed to have nailed a lot," he went on; "but we may as well go through the articles sent in, and see if we did so, and found there was nothing missing except the money I had taken to pay the men. "Now, look here, young man," he went on, eyeing me keenly; "I'm not in charge of this case—yet—but, if you'll do as I tell you, I hope I may be in the course of a few days. There's a tidy reward offered for the recovery of the property, as you see. That, I take it, you've earned already; but are you game to help me catch the man? There's a further reward for nabbing him, which, of course, I can't touch—officially—and don't particularly want. My aim is promotion. Do you understand?" "I think so," said I; "and I am willing to help you all I can. What do you want me to do?" "Nothing," he replied; "just literally nothing. Go home. Keep a still tongue in your head and a sharp eye on the agony columns of the London papers, and wait till you hear from me. I'll take charge of these articles and give you a receipt for them, but don't be surprised if you see them still advertised as missing." A few days later the inspector set his trap. It took the shape of an advertisement begging the gentleman with whom "G. C." inadvertently exchanged bags to communicate with G. C. at the address he would find in G. C.'s pocketbook. Personally, I didn't think our fish would be foolish enough to rise to this bait, but my friend the inspector was more hopeful. "Luckily for us, Mr. Corner," said he, when I took advantage of my next visit to the quays to call upon him, "there's always a sort of warp or twist in the mind of the habitual criminal which prevents him from believing in the honesty of other folks. Now, not a soul but you and I and the chief constable knows those jewels are as good as back on Lady Yerbury's dressing-table, or wherever she's in the habit of leaving 'em lying about. Therefore the line and cry after them's not likely to die away yet awhile, and there'll be a genuine ring about it which should persuade our unknown friend that you've got 'em and mean to convert 'em to your own use, as we say in the profession, but, being an amateur, don't know how to go about turning 'em into more cash than the reward comes to, and that, consequently, you are anxious to come to terms with him. See?" For a month Lady Yerbury's diamonds were sought in vain and for a month "G. C." continued to appeal to his late fellow traveler, also in vain, but at the end of that time his patience was rewarded by the appearance of an advertisement, telling him if he really meant business, to write to "B. H." at a given address. The letter I wrote at the dictation of Inspector Bland was more cautious than incriminating, but as it produced a reply which the inspector deemed satisfactory it was followed by others less carefully worded, until at last it stood pledged to personally deliver, for the consideration of two thousand pounds, the stolen jewels to one Benjamin Hurst, whom I was to meet at a public house in Chillingham. Now, I don't pretend to be braver than the average man of peaceful and ordinary habits, and when I saw what sort of a house the "Spotted Dog" was I began to wish I had refused to have anything to do with Inspector Bland's scheme. The little company of disreputable-looking loafers hanging about the bar eyed me curiously as I entered, and when I asked the landlord if Mr. Hurst was in, one of them raised a general laugh by offering to carry my luggage up to him. "No larks, Bill," said the landlord, sternly. "Mary, show the gentleman to Mr. Hurst's room." I found Mr. Hurst a decidedly hearty rascal. He began by grumbling at the

hardness of the bargain I was driving with him, and swearing at his lack of generally. Then, being perhaps emboldened by the conciliatory manner I thought it prudent to adopt, he tried to make better terms, offering me first five hundred pounds less, and finally insisting that he ought at least to be allowed to deduct from my two thousand pounds the sum I had used to pay the men. Mr. Bland had allowed me a quarter of an hour for negotiations. At the end of that time he proposed to make a raid upon the house. "And mind," he began, said in his jocular way, "we don't mind the property still in your hands, Mr. Corner. It would be a pretty kettle of fish if we had to prosecute you for unlawful possession, wouldn't it?" In accordance with these instructions I haggled with Mr. Hurst a little while and then allowed him to have his way, whereupon he, having satisfied himself that the bag which I restored to him still contained his spoils, handed me nineteen hundred pounds sterling in what afterwards turned out to be very creditable imitations of Bank of England notes. "I suppose you don't want no receipt?" he growled. "No, thank you," said I, "I think we mutually dispense with that formally. Good morning!" I turned to leave the room as I spoke, but before I could unlock the door it was burst open from the outside, not, unfortunately for me, by the police, but by the man whom the landlord had called Bill, a powerful ruffian, who promptly knocked me down and knelt upon my chest. "Quick, then, get out of this," he cried. "It's a plant. No, no. The window, you fool," he added, as Mr. Hurst, bag in hand, made for the door. "The police are in the bar already." As Mr. Hurst opened the window he cursed me with much volubility and bitterness, and as soon as he was outside on the leads he did worse. "Stand clear, Bill," he cried, and his friend obeyed him. I scrambled to my feet, but immediately dropped again with a bullet from Mr. Hurst's revolver in my shoulder. I am not at all sorry that Mr. Hurst fired at me, as Inspector Bland says it was much easier to convict him of attempted murder than to prove he actually stole those jewels, and the inspector doubts, too, whether he would have got fifteen years if merely charged with receiving them. But I do wish he hadn't hit me. However, even the pain my wound still gives me is not without its compensation. It prevents me from feeling any twinges of conscience when I reflect that my furniture cost Mr. Hurst his liberty, for Lord Yerbury took it for granted that he was the thief, and paid me the extra reward he had offered for his apprehension. Inspector Bland won the promotion he coveted, and is now stationed at Lington. His wedding present was characteristic. It was a black bag, with my initials on either side in white letters about six inches long—All the Year Around.

**A CLOSE BUYER.**  
How Mr. Putterby Got Change for Half a Cent's Worth of Pumpkin.  
"Mr. Putterby, my old-time neighbor of forty years ago, was what we call in the country close fisted," said the man from the rural districts. "He could drive the closest bargain of anyone I ever met, and could keep house with the least buying. One of our coins in those days was the old silver twelve-and-a-half-cent piece, variously called 'ninence,' 'York shilling' and 'bit,' according to the part of the country you were in, and it was the existence of this coin that enabled him to make a growing triumph in the way of a close trader. "A farm boy came along one day with a load of pumpkins which he was peddling about the village at a cent apiece. Mr. Putterby, after examining them, thought he would invest, but half a pumpkin was all that he cared to buy. "But a whole pumpkin is only a cent," said the boy. "How are you going to pay me for half a one?" "The easiest thing in the world," said Mr. Putterby, and so a pumpkin was cut and he took one of the halves under his arm, and handed the boy a shilling. "Now give me the twelve cents change," and taking the twelve coppers from the astonished boy he walked away with his purchase. "N. Y. Sun.

**THE PISO COMPANY.**  
The above is the style of the firm which manufactures Pisto's Cure for Consumption and Pisto's Remedy for Catarrh, at Warren, Pa. The Pisto's Cure was recently incorporated, succeeding E. T. Hazlett, under whose name the business has been conducted for many years. In fact the business was established when \$25 was paid for the first barrel of sugar, which was its first sale; other things were proportionately high, as most of the Pisto's Cure now sold for 25 cents as was then for \$1.00. While the firm has been a very persistent advertiser in newspapers, its aggregate output annually has been comparatively small, so that the steady and rapid increase in sales to their present large proportions certainly indicates that Pisto's Cure for Consumption possesses high merits, and is a remedy for coughs, colds and throat and lung troubles generally. The pleasant taste of the cure has doubtless contributed materially to its popularity. Growth in business has necessitated the invention of numerous labor-saving machines. Notable among these are apparatus for washing, filling, corking and sealing bottles with which three men easily turn out 2000 bottles an hour. In the advertising department improved machines in the bindery finish 100,000 Pocket Book Almanacs in a day with only twenty operators. Each man puts together a thousand cartons daily which are filled with a dozen Pisto's Cures for Consumption by another man in the same space of time. The Pisto Company gives steady employment to a small army of workers, of both sexes, and its uniform liberal treatment of employees is a topic of much favorable comment among the citizens of Warren. Altogether the prosperity of the company appears to be peculiarly deserved.

**FARM AND GARDEN.**  
**ABOUT SUBIRRIGATION.**  
How Farmers on the Plains Can Practice It to Advantage.  
Wherever the irrigation is necessary to the production of a crop, it will be found to be of great advantage, at the time of seeding, to make ditches and furrows at short intervals, and then to so check the water in these ditches that it may stand in small bodies at a level above the general surface of the ground to be irrigated. If the water is held constantly in these small reservoirs during the growing season, it will not be necessary to flood the ground so often, and if the soil is sufficiently porous, it may be possible to give the crop all the moisture it needs without surface application. Wherever this plan is practicable it has been found to be of the greatest advantage, as the ground is kept mellow and friable while flooded land becomes so hardened that plants make but little growth in it. If a field has a steep sidehill slope, it is best to bring the water into it by a supply ditch on the highest part, as shown at a in the sketch, and conduct it by a series of dams or drops b, b, b, b, to the lowest part of the field. Then run ditches c, c from above each drop, and by a contour or equal level line of the field, diking these ditches up to keep the water above accidental high places. These ditches should be permanent. They should be near together at the top of the field, the intervals widening as they near the lower edge, as the seepage from the upper ditches will necessarily make the ground more and more moist toward the lower edge of the field. The field should be made as long as possible along the course of these ditches, and the ditches should be made as near parallel as the ground will permit, so as to obtain as large and regular an area between ditches as possible. Whenever it is necessary to flood growing crops an opening can be made in these permanent ditches at points where the grade line of the ditch intersects a slight knoll. This will prevent washing of dikes and the consequent digging up of crops to repair these breaks. From these openings the water should be conducted in zig-zag courses, in furrows prepared at the time of seeding, thus preventing washing, and keeping the water as much as possible away from the crowns of plants until it soaks into the soil. A hedge or ditch should be placed at the end of each of these field laterals, and then it is possible for the farmer to so regulate the supply in each part of the field that a sufficient supply may be at the roots of every plant, and very little or no water goes to waste at the ends of the field laterals. By this method a comparatively small quantity of water can be made to supply a large area. The system is simple, and can be applied in many sections not equipped with regular irrigating works. A modification of it can even be adopted on the plains of the central west under windmill irrigation.—J. R. Patterson, in Orange Judd Farmer.

**PROFITABLE FISH FARMS.**  
A New Industry Now Being Developed by Progressive Farmers.  
The practice of raising food fish for market has become of late a very profitable industry, and in some parts of the country is being carried out on an extensive scale. The equipment of a fish farm, as it is called, is a very simple and inexpensive operation. Land which would be valuable for ordinary farming may be used for the purpose, the only requirement being a plentiful supply of good water. On one of two or three acres, a running water. The best site for a farm is a hilly or mountainous district where the water runs swiftly and is interrupted by waterfalls, since this serves to aerate and refresh the water. The fish farms are usually provided with three ponds, each of which is reserved for fish of about the same size. As the fish grow, they are changed from one pond to another. The fry is usually bought at the state or other hatchery and placed in the first pond. The food for the fish is the principal expense. There are a variety of prepared fish foods on the market, but it has been found that the fish fed with prepared food have a decidedly better flavor. A plan very generally adopted is that of planting the ponds with an abundance of fresh water shrimp. These grow very quickly and soon provide a plentiful supply of wholesome food. It will be seen that the fish require little attention, and the consequent income from such a crop is almost clear profit. In the season the product of fish farms sells in the market at one dollar a pound, and out of season, if it is permitted by law, a much higher price may be realized.—Scientific American.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.  
W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes  
All our shoes are equally satisfactory  
BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.  
Rising Sun Stove Polish  
DO NOT BE DECEIVED  
Ely's Cream Balm  
FREE TO AGENTS

**FRANK J. DIETLEIN,**  
Watchmaker, Jeweler and Engraver,  
New Store. New Goods. New Styles. New Prices.  
OPELOUSAS  
Ice and Bottling Works  
Ice and Carbonated Drinks  
St. Landry State Bank  
Capital, \$75,000.00

**Washington State Bank**  
Capital, \$50,000,  
Washington, St. Landry Parish, La.  
Money loaned in any amount on approved security. Collections on all points in St. Landry and adjacent parishes promptly made. Deposits received subject to check. Foreign and domestic exchange bought and sold, and all banking matters in general given careful and prompt attention.

**In Poor Health**  
means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

**Brown's Iron Bitters**  
It cures Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Neuralgia, Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

**SMALL FARMS**  
FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.  
These lands have been patented by the United States, January 15, 1884, under a re-survey executed by Geo. N. Bradford, U. S. Deputy Surveyor, and are choice uplands.

**FOR SALE.**  
I WILL sell for cash or on easy terms the following described property, viz: 1. A plantation in Bellevue containing about sixty-six arpents, all thoroughly fenced and drained, with tenant house and outbuildings, known as the Natchez plantation.

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