

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

He drives the bare down, one by one, and less the cows pass through. Then follows them along the lane, as once he used to do.

MRS. GALLUP'S TRIBULATIONS

BY M. QUAD.

THE dinner table Mrs. Gallup had remarked that a huge vase off the hen house door, the rain-barrel needed a new hoop and

Mr. Gallup ought to have been very much startled and upset, but he wasn't. He scratched his head and made a hurried sound, and took the camphor bottle off the bureau and sniffed heartily at its contents.

Mr. Gallup evidently didn't. He took a second sniff at the camphor bottle, and then turned and went out into the kitchen and from thence to the woodshed, to find an old bootleg from which to cut a hinge for the henhouse door.

Mr. Gallup walked down the path leading to the barn and turned aside to the henhouse. One of the leather hinges on the door had worn out, and he was knocking the pieces off with

his hammer when Mrs. Gallup arrived. Although in a drying condition, she had gone back to the bedroom for the camphor bottle, and by its aid had ventured forth.

"Samuel," she began as she sat down on an old box with her back to the structure, "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, and we can't help ourselves. I'm about to be tickin'."

"There's—there's another thing I wanted to talk about," said Mrs. Gallup, as she wiped her eyes and choked back her sobs.

"You'd bin gone about an hour," said Mrs. Gallup, in a stronger voice, "and I was jest sayin' to myself that I'd probably live twenty years yet, when the Lord suddenly called me. Yes, Samuel, a warnin' was sent me that I must prepare to spread my golden wings and flap from alith away."

Mr. Gallup didn't know when she went, being busy at the door. He had probably forgotten that such a woman existed when she called to him, half an hour later, from the kitchen door.

"Samuel, you watch out for tramps and tin-peddlers while I run over and tell Mrs. Robinson that I'm goin' to set empins to-night and she kin buy all she wants to-morrow if they don't sour on me!"—Detroit Free Press.

SQUIRE RUFUS SANDERS.

A Mighty "Confusion" in the Rocky Creek Country.

See Scroggins and His "Tremendous" Big Gold Find on the Old Stinson Place—A Job That Sent Old Man Abernethy Back to Georgy and to Becky Ann.

(Copyright, 1904.)

If the foot-killer hasn't give up his job and went out of the business he ought to navigate around through Georgy and Tennessee, and then come down into the Rocky Creek Country for new recruits.

One day about three weeks ago it leaked out all of a sudden and came to my ears that Blev Scroggins had found a tremendous big pile of gold over on the old Stinson place. Seemingly how news had come from Blev, naturally of course I was bound to put a little salt on it to kill the fishy smell.

"Now in so far as I know, Rufe, there ain't gold enough on the old Stinson place, or anywhere in forty miles around, to paint the left wing of one goldbug. I ain't no free silver man."

"You will recollect no doubts, Rufe, that I bought the Stinson place from old man Abernethy, which you must likewise also remember he married Becky Ann Stinson. When old man Gray Stinson went the common way of all human flesh he left the home place to Becky Ann, and consequently when old Abernethy got Becky Ann he got the Stinson dirt along with her."

"Now according to the way me and Andy have figured it out, Rufe, old man Abernethy would get the news back there in Georgy, where he moved his washin soon as he unloaded the old place on me," Blev went on in layin down the facts to me.

"There is so infernal much pomp and purple and fine linen in the church nowadays till it makes a poor man feel as bad out of place as a bobtail dog at a log walkin'."

"If it ever comes to pass that you might run short on material for preachers and poets and philosophers and politicians, all you have got to do is to back your cart down to Rocky Creek and load up and drive out."

"There is somethin' wrong with a man when politics will make him mad and religion makes him cry."

"The man that plays the fiddle ain't quite as bad as the man that plays the devil."

"I have come back all the way from Georgy and drif' right on down here to see you, Mister Scroggins, about that gold you found buried on the old Stinson place," say'd old man Abernethy, nervous and excited like.

"Did the old man bury that gold down there in the back side of the garden?" says Blev.

"Right exactly there, according to Becky Ann's remembrance," says old man Abernethy.

"Was it buried in a big, low, squat stone jar?" says Blev.

"Well by the shades of George Washington, you and Becky Ann know a blame sight more about that gold than I do," says Blev, "cause I have never said as yet. Some Gipsy horse traders come along by here, and one of the old women took a forked stick and went out in the garden, and when she come back she showed there was a big pile of gold buried somewhere around there, which she would show me the very spot for four bits. I give her the four bits—mostly from the fact that she was old and pore and feeble, you understand—"

"You can take my spade and grubbin hoe and go right on down into the bowels of the earth after it," says Blev, and the old man had to take the job or either back square out and show his hand.

"I have put in my orders for a two-horse auger to bore me a few wells around the place," says Blev to old man Abernethy finally at last he had give up the fight, "and if you will remain over and wait a week or two I can loan you all the machinery and you might go on down deeper and deeper till you find that old stone jar and the yaller stuff."

"But by that time it seems as if the old man had found out that there was somethin' dead up the creek and he wouldn't take any more draggin from Blev. Everybody in the settlement had found out by now that a man by the name of Scroggins had set his hook for suckers, you understand, and caught the biggest one in Georgy. Old man Abernethy got his back up higher than his shoulders and lit out the next mornin on his return to Georgy and Becky Ann. When he drif' off me and Blev and Andy give him the grand horse laugh, and the other boys kept the tune runnin till he passed on out of the Rocky Creek regions."

"This is the man in this green and wicked world, the hellus and broke-down politician—that will never do anything for the good of his country till he dies."

"Genius is a mighty good thing no doubts in its place, but it won't pay off the feed bills nor buy a new frock for the baby."

"Swap your pinter dog for a cat that has fits, and then let the cat die."

"There is somethin' wrong with a man when politics will make him mad and religion makes him cry."

"The man that plays the fiddle ain't quite as bad as the man that plays the devil."

Justification. Jones—Have you heard that Smith is trying to get a separation from his wife? Brown—No, on what grounds? Jones—Crucially. He says that she eats biscuits in bed.—San Francisco Call.

Her Request. She—I don't believe you love me at all. He—Why, Ethel, I'd die for you! She—(pertinently)—That's easy enough to say. Why don't you go and prove it? —Harper's Bazar.

In Swamps. "Mercy on us!" cried the investor. "Do you have earthquakes here?" "Be easy," replied the land boommer. "We run out of quinine yesterday, and that's only the town marshal havin' a chill."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Professional Amenities. Dr. Killen (indignantly)—What do you think? Shroods, Undertaker, offered me twenty per cent. on all the business I would put in his way. Dr. Pilem (dryly)—You'll be a rich man yet!—Punch.

Not Wasting Time This Summer. Wiggles—What do you think of this new woman movement? Waggles—I think of it just as little as possible.—Somerville Journal.

Enough of the Lamb. Mary had a little lamb. The lamb was very tough. Under the circumstances. A little was enough.

Chap Excursions to the West. Bountiful harvests are reported from all sections of the west and northwest, and an exceptionally favorable opportunity for those desiring to visit these desirable regions is offered by the series of low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line.

Don't Drag Your Feet. Many men do because the nerve centers, weakened by the long continued use of tobacco, become so affected that they are weak, tired, listless, etc. All this can be easily overcome if the tobacco user wants to gain and retain manhood, nerve power, and enjoy vigorously the good things of life.

Stim (giving him a flower)—"Sweet as the giver?" He (wishing to be very complimentary, indeed)—"Oh, sweeter far!"—Punch.

Back to Georgy and Becky Ann. Now of all the diggin and sweatin that was ever read of or writ about, Blev Scroggins got it from old man Abernethy during the next three days. The old man cried his level blindest in every way he could think of to back down and out. But Blev told him it would never do for him to go back to Georgy and Becky Ann without that gold.

"You can take my spade and grubbin hoe and go right on down into the bowels of the earth after it," says Blev, and the old man had to take the job or either back square out and show his hand.

"I have put in my orders for a two-horse auger to bore me a few wells around the place," says Blev to old man Abernethy finally at last he had give up the fight, "and if you will remain over and wait a week or two I can loan you all the machinery and you might go on down deeper and deeper till you find that old stone jar and the yaller stuff."

"But by that time it seems as if the old man had found out that there was somethin' dead up the creek and he wouldn't take any more draggin from Blev. Everybody in the settlement had found out by now that a man by the name of Scroggins had set his hook for suckers, you understand, and caught the biggest one in Georgy. Old man Abernethy got his back up higher than his shoulders and lit out the next mornin on his return to Georgy and Becky Ann. When he drif' off me and Blev and Andy give him the grand horse laugh, and the other boys kept the tune runnin till he passed on out of the Rocky Creek regions."

It is a Fact. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills. LOOK FOR THIS LOCK THE BEST SCHOOL SHOE MADE.

Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co., St. Louis. Prices for Cash. 5 to 7 1/2 - \$1.25, 8 to 11 1/2 - \$1.75, 12 to 14 - \$2.00.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited. The Largest Manufacturers of Pure, High Grade Cocos and Chocolates.

Industrial and Food Expositions in Europe and America. Caution: Beware of cheap imitations.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited. The Rising Sun Stove Polish. For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish. For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish. For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

Lewis' 98% Lye Powdered and Perfumed. The strongest and purest Lye made.

WE LEAD IN LOW PRICES, OTHERS FOLLOW. NEW LUMBER YARD. B. R. WHITE. Near Southern Pacific Depot, Opelousas, where a full and complete stock of Atchafalaya Red Cypress and Long Leaf Yellow Pine, Lumber, Shingles and Siding.

St. Landry State Bank, Of Opelousas, La. Capital, : : \$75,000.00. Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent.

ICE and Bottling Works, ANDREW MORESI, : : Proprietor. ICE AND CARBONATED DRINKS, Made from Distilled Artesian Water, Opelousas, La.

Washington State Bank, Capital, \$50,000, Washington, St. Landry Parish, La. DIRECTORS: Phillip Jacobs, Leon Wolff, T. C. Gibbens, Julien Claude, J. P. Russell, Jas. J. Carrier, Geo. W. Curtis.

GEM SALOON, R. MORNHINVEG Watchmaker, MAIN STREET, OPELOUSAS. Watches, clocks and jewelry repaired and warranted.

JAS. O. RAY, Physician and Surgeon, OPELOUSAS, LA. Office at his father's residence.

FELIX LINA, Fashionable Barber, Main Street, Opp. the Courier Office, OPELOUSAS, LA.

SCHWARTZ BROS. & CO., Wholesale Dry Goods, Notions, Etc., 106 Magazine St., bet. Canal and Common Sts., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

SMALL FARMS FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN. Lot 1, Section 45, T. 2, S. R. 1, E. 124 65, 100 acres.

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.

B. BLOOMFIELD, Commissioner U. S. Circuit Court for the Western District of Louisiana.

J. P. SAIZAN, Physician and Surgeon, OPELOUSAS, LA. Office on Main street, next to Posey's drugstore.