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with an engraving of the horse's teeth at differ-  
ent ages, with rules for telling the age. A val-  
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IS ALWAYS

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# Opelousas Courier

—IS THE—  
BEST NEWSPAPER  
—IN THE—  
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Standing squarely and uncompromisingly  
upon the Democratic  
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# Opelousas Courier

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people.

Their welfare is its welfare, and  
it will ever be found defending  
their rights with all of its  
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the price of one, it is money  
saved!

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was consolidated on the 2d of  
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rates have not been increased  
while the price of subscription  
has been reduced to \$2 a year.

THE COURIER being by odds  
the best paper in the empire Par-  
ish of St. Landry is therefore the  
cheapest.

Get Our Prices for Job Work

# "FOOL NOTIONS."

Squire Rufus Sanders Still Fresh  
and Quaint.

The Smartest and the Best of People  
Have Fool Notions—A Few From Aunt  
Nancy Newton—Blev Scroggins Starts  
the Procession—Andy Lucas and His  
Mark—"An Under-bit in the Left."

(Copyright, 1895.)

About the most strangest thing in  
this world to me is how many smart  
people take up fool notions. It ain't no  
sign for common that a man is a natural-  
born fool because he takes  
up fool notions.

Me and you, my  
friends and fel-  
low citizens, and  
most everybody,  
have our own  
fool notions.

The fact is I  
have took notice  
that rate smart  
people are more  
probable to have  
weak spots on  
that line than any-  
body else.

The onlyest man I  
ever saw that didn't  
have any fool notions  
never had a lick of  
sense to start on.

Aunt Nancy's Fool Notions.

You mought saddle up right now and  
pitch out and ride three hundred miles  
before you could find another woman as  
smart as my Aunt Nancy Newton. She  
has never went off to college and she  
don't put on frills and fancy fashions  
to speak of. She is what I call a plain,  
old-fashion, flint-and-steel woman. But  
when it comes to havin' sense—plenty of  
it and some to spare—my Aunt Nancy  
is right there. And yet still at the  
same time, that dear, delightful old  
gal can take up more fool notions, it  
seems to me, than any one woman in  
the whole discovered country.

If Aunt Nancy was to turn in tonight  
and dream about crosin' high and  
muddy waters—freshets and floods and  
the like of that—she wouldn't sleep no  
more in a week. She says it is a dead  
certain sign of death in the family for  
anybody to dream about crosin' muddy  
waters. But if a death in the family  
comes to pass every time I had  
dreamt about crosin' floods and freshets  
and muddy waters the Sanders genera-  
tion would of faded out years and years  
ago. So that is just simply one of Aunt  
Nancy's fool notions.

I was buildin' of a new house last  
summer in one of the most loveliest  
spots on the broad bosom of the earth  
perhaps. There is a big oak grove all  
around and a spring right down there  
under the hill.

"You will have to take your eye  
saw, and cut them trees down," said  
Aunt Nancy the first time she driv by.

"It will never do to leave 'em standin'  
there. They will draw lightning, Rufus,  
they will draw lightning as certain as  
the Lord made little apples."

Well, I never have cut them trees  
down, and what is more I never will.  
They have been standin' right there for  
a hundred years, I reckon, and they  
never have drawn any lightning yet.  
And so far as I can see there ain't no  
particular reason why they will start to  
draw in of now. But at any rates,  
that is one more of Aunt Nancy's fool  
notions.

If Aunt Nancy was to run out of a job  
on a Thursday night—as smart and  
stirrin' as she is—she would set down  
and smoke her pipe and hold her hands  
and play with the children a whole en-  
tire day before she would start a piece  
of work on Friday. "It's bad luck,  
Rufus, it's bad luck," she says, and that  
is the onlyest reason she can give. The  
Good Book tells us to work six days  
and rest on Sunday, but it don't say  
nothin' about takin' Friday for luck.  
Every day is workin' day with me, ex-  
ceptin' Sunday, and I have had more good  
luck than any man in the settlement.  
Whereas, accordin' to my dology, that is  
another one of Aunt Nancy's fool notions.

And then Aunt Nancy she runs every-  
thing by the moon. She regulates the  
weather, and sows her garden seed, and  
plants out her flowers, and sets her hens  
and kills her hogs all accordin' to the  
size and shape and stage and general  
appearments of the moon. As to me,  
it takes my level blamdest to keep up  
with the sun, and I don't know one turn  
of the moon from another. But the  
weather changes with the seasons, and  
the garden seed come up, and the chick-  
ens hatch off, and the flowers grow at  
our house the same as they do over at  
the Newton place. So there we are  
with one more of Aunt Nancy's fool  
notions.

Finally at last, accordin' to my figu-  
ration, it would take a hamper basket and  
a good big book to hold all the sense  
and all the fool notions that Aunt  
Nancy has got in her head.

The Procession Proceeded.

It ain't so very often—maybe not more  
than once a year—that my friend and  
fellow servant Blev Scroggins breaks  
out in a fresh place, but whensoever  
he does turn loose he can take up some  
of the blamdest biggest fool notions of  
any rate smart man I ever saw of.

One day last week Blev come by my  
house drivin' four mules to a big wagon,  
and hit empty. Him and his wagon and  
mules was raisin' more dust and noise  
and confusion along the big road  
than a drove of wild steers on a stamp-  
ede. I wonder in my soul what in  
creation was comin' to pass, but Blev  
he driv up and stopped to tell me the  
news.

"I am goin' over here in the hill  
country to move Jule Nabors this  
mornin'," says Blev. "I reckon no doubts  
you wonder how it comes to pass that  
an all-well, iron-bound, moss-covered  
Democrat like me can hook up his mules  
and go and move a rantankerous Third  
party idiot like Jule Nabors. But you  
will see the pint when I give you the  
mainest facts in the case. Little Bunk  
Weatherford has sold his place to  
Handy Stribblin' and bought the old  
Turner place where Jule Nabors is now  
livin'. In the main time Handy Strib-  
blin' sold out to the Widder Brantly,  
and the widder she rented her place out  
to Tance Stringer, and so forth and so  
on. Now Tance Stringer is crowdin' the  
widder, and the widder she is crowdin'  
Handy Stribblin', and Handy he is  
crowdin' Little Bunk Weatherford, and  
Little Bunk is crowdin' Jule Nabors.  
You see Jule Nabors is at the head of  
the procession and holdin' down the

whole shootin' match. He is the onlyest  
Third party man in the line, and as to  
a man on the fence or up a tree it looks  
like he won't move his pegs more for  
pure cussedness than anything else.

"Naturally of course it ain't my  
funeral, Rufus, but by gattins the pro-  
cession must proceed. It ain't fair and  
it ain't right for one sorry man like Jule  
Nabors to block up the business of a  
settlement in that way. Little Bunk  
and Handy and the widder and Tance  
Stringer are all ready to move and  
dead crazy to start, and whilst  
I ain't got nothin' particular to do with  
the case I am sick and tired of so many  
people fussin' and foolin' and fiddlin'  
around on account of Jule Nabors. From  
last reports it seems as if Jule has  
rented land from old man Mose Trame-  
mel, and the onlyest reason he can give  
in now for soothin' the procession is  
that he can't get no wagon team to  
move with. That is the news that come  
to me last night and I am now on my  
way to the hill country. When I get  
there Jule Nabors he will move and the  
procession will proceed." And Blev he  
drove on.

It was after supper that night when  
Blev come thunderin' by on his return  
back from the hill country, but I held  
him up and got the latest news.

"By gattins, Rufus, I moved him and  
the procession can now proceed in regu-  
lar order," says Blev. "Jule made out  
like he want ready and tried his blam-  
dest to turn me back. He took the studs  
and bucked and kicked and snorted and  
cavorted. But I told him it want no  
use, I had come over to move him, and  
he had to move. I couldn't make that  
long trip with a four-mule team for  
nothin' and daburn him, I moved him.  
I know it want my funeral, and you  
mought maybe say I took up a blame  
fool notion, but it had to be did, Rufus—  
it just simply had to be did."

I will leave it for you to say as to  
whether Blev was right or wrong in  
takin' the job to move Jule Nabors. And  
I will say that he was dead right about  
one thing. It was my private opinion  
that he had went and took up a blame  
fool notion.

"An Under-bit in the Left."

Years and years and years ago—when  
we was only chunks of boys—Andy Lu-  
cas had a rare nasty fight one day at  
school with a youngster by the name of  
Bunch Marlowe. It was a fair fight  
with nothin' but the weapons which  
mother nature had give them, and the  
way they hit and scratched and chewed  
and bit was a plum sight to see. The  
performance went on fast and furious  
till finally at last Bunch bit a plug out  
of Andy's arm, and Andy he bit a three-  
cornered slice out of the other boy's left  
ear.

"Dadblame him, I put a clean, smooth  
underbit in his left ear," said Andy, as  
we went on home that evening, "and  
henceforward from now on that is my  
mark. If I ever come up to be a man  
and have any stock around me I will  
mark every blasted one of 'em with an  
underbit in his left."

Time went on and Andy waxed big  
and strong and devilish accordin'. By-  
and-by he married off and settled down,  
and presently he got some stock around  
him. It was now time for him to pick a  
mark and put his stock in it, and he  
marked everything with "an underbit  
in the left." The last time I was over  
to his house me and Andy went out to  
the lot and down in the pasture to see his  
stock.

"I have now got thirteen hogs and  
nine sheep and twenty-three goats and  
four cows and three calves and one man  
in my mark, Rufus," says Andy, "and  
every blame one of 'em wears an  
underbit in the left."

Curious like, ain't it? I know you  
think so. Me too. But that is only one  
of Andy's fool notions.

Remember now, and don't make no  
mistakes in regards to fool notions and  
fool people. They don't come together  
by a whole tremendous big lot. But in  
this present day and generation mighty  
nigh all the people—particular the  
smartest and the best—most in gen-  
erally always have some few fool no-  
tions.

# NEWS NOTES FROM EUROPE.

Vodka, which being interpreted is  
Russian brandy, is now to be found on  
all Parisian bills of fare.

Mr. Asquith, late English home sec-  
retary, has broken with all precedents  
by appearing as counsel in a law case.

France has solved the problem of ap-  
plying the rule for compulsory military  
service to priests by assigning them to  
ambulance work.

From Turin 89 brothers of the order  
of St. Francis of Sales and 20 sisters  
were sent out in October as missionaries  
to South America.

Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch,  
who married Czar Nicholas's sister Xenia  
a year and a half ago, has consumption,  
and has been ordered to the Caucasus.

A concession to build a carriage road  
from Teheran to Bagdad and also to  
build electric railroads in the suburbs of  
Teheran has just been granted to a  
German contractor.

At Berlin the academy of arts is pre-  
paring an exhibition of the paintings of  
Adolf Menzel, Andreas Achenbach and  
Julius Schrader, who are all now 80  
years old and still painting.

# MULTUM IN PARVO.

Whatever is pure is also simple.—  
Willmot.

Good taste is the flower of good sense.  
—Poincelot.

Truth is everlasting, but our ideas of  
truth are not.—Beecher.

A heavy purse in a fool's pocket is a  
heavy curse.—Cumberland.

Almost always the most indigent are  
the most generous.—Stanislaus.

# A HUMAN LEOPARD.

Black Spots on Hands, Face and  
Body.

The Inexplicable Affliction of a Child,  
whose Mother—Physicians Unable to  
Determine the Cause.

From the Constitution, Chillicothe, Mo.

A reporter on the Evening Constitution was  
making the usual routine for news one  
morning, and had just left the city hall when  
he was acrossed by W. C. Wright, a highly re-  
spected pioneer citizen of North Missouri,  
who has lived in Chillicothe a number of  
years. The reporter asked Mr. Wright if  
he could not relieve the monotony of the  
morning by furnishing a live news item,  
and to the astonishment of the news-  
gatherer, the face-looking gentleman replied:  
"Well, yes; I can give you a sensation, if  
you desire it."

The reporter grabbed his note book and  
asked Mr. Wright to proceed.

"It is a miracle," he began.

The reporter became excitedly interested.

"Yes, continued Mr. Wright, 'I have  
noticed a number of interviews in the Con-  
stitution with people who have experienced  
remarkable results from the use of Dr.  
Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and  
may think those statements are exagger-  
ated, but when you have heard my story,  
you will conclude that those cures are com-  
mon.'"

"And what was the matter with you?"  
asked the reporter, doubting that the robust  
farmer in front of him had ever seen a  
sick day.

"I don't know," said Mr. Wright, "and  
never found anybody who did. It was in  
1894, when I was about 15 years of age, that  
black spots began to break out on my hands,  
and to the astonishment of my mother and  
lost some more money than I can now  
remember. I was the most uneasy,  
restless, irritable, sensitive person you have  
ever seen. I could not sleep, and I was  
restless, but made everybody around me  
leprosy and was losing my mind. I could  
not sleep to save my life. I had no appetite  
and no energy."

"The original cause of my ailment was  
over-exercising, over-eating, having over-  
worked myself by lifting heavy boxes, and  
this was augmented by a case of malaria  
and the loss of my wife. The strained ten-  
sion of my nerves, and the loss of my wife,  
and my blood so thin and appetite so  
scant, that I despaired of my life. Then  
when the black spots came.

"I began to improve the first week. That  
was my first cure. Now I have a craving ap-  
petite, can sleep nine hours without misg-  
ing a wink and have not been troubled  
with nervousness for nine months. That's  
my miracle. Is it not worth telling to the  
world?"

The reporter acknowledged it was miracu-  
lous, and the interview ended. A few  
stains of brownish tint can still be recog-  
nized on Mr. Wright's body, but otherwise  
he is a perfect specimen of healthy looking  
manhood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not looked  
upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a  
prescription. An analysis of their prop-  
erties shows that they contain iron, in com-  
bination with the most valuable elements  
found in nature, and they are a  
perfectly specific for such diseases as  
anemia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus'  
dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, ner-  
vous debility, indigestion, constipation,  
palpitation of the heart, pale and yellow  
complexions, and the tired feeling result-  
ing from nervous prostration, all diseases re-  
sulting from a weak and impoverished  
blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc.  
They are also a specific for the peculiar  
diseases of females, such as suppurations,  
irregularities and all forms of weakness.

They build up the blood, and restore the glow  
of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are  
for sale by druggists, or may be had by  
mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Com-  
pany, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box,  
or six boxes for \$2.50.

# His Point of View.

Old Dr. Grimshaw (to medical student)  
—And now, remember that to a  
physician humanity is divided into two  
classes.

Student—And what are they, doctor?

Old Dr. Grimshaw—The poor whom  
he cures and the rich whom he doctors.  
—N. Y. World.

# Honors Even.

"You can claim first blood, anyhow,"  
said the early customer at the meat  
market, who had leaned up against the  
chopping-block and soiled his clothes.  
"Yes, sir," replied the butcher, slapping  
a fresh steak on the scales, "but  
you've got the first round all right  
enough."—Chicago Tribune.

# Witely Solicitude.

Watte—Does your wife object to  
your poker playing?

Potts—Oh, not violently. All she  
asks of me is that I will start for home  
as soon as I find myself a good winner.  
—Indianapolis Journal.

# Attractive.

"Is she pretty?"

"No; but she has a prepossessing  
bank account."—Pack.

# How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward  
for any case of Catarrh that can not be  
cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

J. C. GENT & Co., Props., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.  
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe  
him perfectly honorable in all business  
transactions, and financially able to carry  
out any obligations made by their firm.  
WESS & TAUX, Wholesale Druggists, To-  
ledo, O.  
WALKER, KIRWAN & MARVIN, Wholesale  
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,  
acting directly upon the blood and mucous  
surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bot-  
tle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Tex look on any married woman's face  
should convince the girls that the men are  
not worth the exertion necessary to catch  
one.—Athens Globe.

If a praying machine were invented many  
would use it if it did not take too much time  
from business to wind it up.—Texas Sit-  
ings.

The Pilgrim.  
(Holiday Number.) Full of bright  
sketches—poetry and illustrations—  
by bright writers and artists. Entirely  
original, new and entertaining. 30c per  
copy. Write to Geo. H. BEAUFORD,  
Publisher, 415 Old Colony building,  
Chicago, Ill.

FOR PARENTS—"I wish, Bobby, that I  
could be a boy again." Bobby—"I  
wish you could—fitter than me."

It is no sure sign that the west is a pol-  
ished country because so many people sour  
the plains.

A COUGH SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED.  
"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a simple  
remedy and give immediate and sure relief.

When a tunnel is projected, it is gener-  
ally put through.

# USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Graham gems or rolls are among  
the most reliable of breakfast dishes  
when properly made. The secret of  
success in baking anything made of  
graham flour is to have the oven as hot  
as possible without burning.

—Cupped Potatoes.—Peel, boil and  
mash potatoes, season with salt, pep-  
per and cream. Wet a tea-cup, press  
a thirdful full of the mashed potato into  
many times as there are gems, place  
each in turn on a buttered tin, rub  
over with beaten egg and brown in a  
hot oven.—Country Gentleman.

—Almond Ludding.—Blanch and  
chop three ounces of sweet almonds, put  
them into a small sauce pan with half  
a pint of rich milk, and let cook for  
half an hour. Mix in four ounces of  
stale bread crumbs, an ounce of but-  
ter, three ounces of sugar, two ounces  
of flour, two beaten eggs and the juice  
of half a lemon. Stir well, turn into a  
mold. Serve with cold sauce.—Home.

—Meat Croquettes.—Chop any cold  
cooked meat very fine, add a third  
much cold mashed potato, a raw egg,  
and a tablespoonful of melted butter  
to four cups of material. Pepper and  
salt to taste. When thoroughly mixed  
flour the hands and form into round  
flat cakes. Keep in a cool place until  
needed. Then heat a little dripping or  
lard in the chafing dish, lay in the cro-  
quettes and fry a fine crisp brown.—  
Orange Judd Farmer.

—A mustard plaster made according  
to the following directions will not  
blister the most sensitive skin: Two  
teaspoonfuls mustard, two teaspoonfuls  
flour, two teaspoonfuls ground  
ginger. Do not mix too dry. Place  
between two pieces of old muslin and  
apply. If it burns too much at first  
lay an extra piece of muslin between  
it and the skin; as the skin becomes  
accustomed to the heat take the extra  
piece of muslin away.—Boston Budget.

—Pumpkin Pies.—Four cups of  
steamed pumpkin, two quarts of milk,  
eight eggs, two cups of white sugar,  
two teaspoonfuls of mixed mace, nut-  
meg and cinnamon. Beat the yolks of  
the eggs light and add the sugar to  
them. Press the pumpkin through a  
colander, stir in the eggs and sugar,  
add the spice and the whipped whites  
of the eggs. Use very deep pie pans,  
and after flouring them and lining  
them with paste, cut slashes here and  
there 'so the paste will not puff up too  
much.' Stir the pumpkin custard well  
before pouring into the pans.—N. Y.  
Ledger.

# TO CLEAN CARPETS.

A Preparation That is Said to Be Exce-  
llent.

A clean barrel that will hold twelve  
gallons is required. Put into the bar-  
rel three gallons of lukewarm water  
(soft water is best), then add half a  
pint of ammonia. Take an iron kettle  
and put in three pints of water and six  
ounces of soap bark, which you will  
find at a druggist's; boil twenty min-  
utes, then strain into the barrel. Shake  
very thin five bars of good soap and  
put in a boiler with one gallon of water,  
and boil until soap is all dissolved, then  
add one pound of pulverized borax and  
boil ten minutes, stirring all the time.  
Then pour it into the boiler and add  
eight gallons of soft water, stir well  
and let it stand until cool and it is then  
ready for use. Brussels carpets can be  
cleaned nicely with this soap, also in-  
grain carpets which are soiled, if they  
have no dust under them. Take two  
pails of water; with a brush put on a  
little of this soap, and scrub with  
warm water, one breadth, not over one  
yard in length at one time, then with  
another brush and the clean water,  
scrub it over to rinse it, then proceed  
with the rest until you have cleaned  
the whole. It should be done on a  
sunny day, unless you have heat in the  
room.

An excellent scheme for cleaning in-  
grain carpets and art squares is to  
shake the carpets free from dust, then  
spread them on the bare floor, make a  
good suds with this soap, and with a  
stiff brush scrub the carpet, one  
breadth at a time, after you have  
cleaned a place, have a pail of clean  
water and scrub it well to get the suds  
out. This takes out grease and dirt.  
It is equally good for cleaning child-  
ren's and men's clothing. Lay the  
garment on a clean board, and scrub  
with a small brush, which you can  
purchase for a dime, then rinse.—De-  
troit Free Press.

# FOR GIRLS TO REMEMBER.

New Woman May Not Always Find Her  
Ideal Husband.

From the masculine point of view one  
would beg young ladies to consider the  
following axioms:

1. A girl can not expect a man to be  
made on purpose for her.

2. A girl that cherishes an ideal man  
that is half a woman courts certain un-  
happiness.

3. Every feminine gift has its mascu-  
line counterpart; and they are never  
the same. Therefore a girl should  
look for unlikeness not likeness.

4. The "friendship of chums" can  
never be arrived at by the man trying  
to become a woman, or by a woman  
trying to become a man.

5. The happiest marriages are those  
which develop and intensify the mental  
distinctions due to sex—not efface  
them.

6. In love and in marriage it is the  
ideal which awakens and which pre-  
serves affection.

7. Every girl should, therefore, find  
out what is the ideal wife as commonly  
accepted by men of worth, and should  
aim at that ideal.

8. A wife's duties depend largely on  
the income. If a girl marries on a  
small income, she must not mind  
having to do some of the household  
work.

9. In essentials, though the "new  
woman" may be more literary and  
more artistic than her mother, she can  
certainly do no better for the good of  
herself and the general happiness of  
the world than follow in the footsteps  
of the old, or former, woman.