

Contrary to the commonly accepted belief, the percentage of feeble-mindedness is much greater in the male sex than in the female.

A movement has been started among a number of the progressive farmers of Georgia to have an exhibition of its agricultural products and resources next fall.

There has been an alarming increase in crime during the years between 1850 and 1890, as shown by the United States Census, rising from one criminal in 3442 to one in 757.

The antidote for the rinderpest which Dr. Koch is reported to have discovered in South Africa, if it should prove as successful as Pasteur's methods of eradicating diseases among animals, would, the New York Tribune believes, lead to larger results in promoting peace and prosperity in that part of the world than the most ingenious compromise which Mr. Chamberlain could devise for the reconciliation of foreign races.

Hot! the Germans got the reputation of being "slow" it is hard for Farm, Field and Fireside to understand "slowly," it says, "they are the most progressive nation on earth. Many of the things which in this country are looked upon as wildly radical have been in practical and successful operation over there for years. Government ownership of railways, postal savings banks, compulsory insurance for government employes and pensions after retirement for age, are all beyond the experimental stage in Germany. The recent official reports show that the railways are paying so well as to be a large source of revenue to the government, and reductions in both freight and passenger rates are contemplated."

The steady development of Siberia is about to bear fruit, and for the first time in the history of the world the tide of emigration is turning toward the east. Ever since the day that the erring couple were turned from the gates of Paradise, mused the Atlanta Constitution, their faces, and those of their children, have been turned westward, until now the shores of the Pacific have been reached, and west meets east. During this progress old lands have not only been thinned of their population, but have been utterly abandoned. It was reserved for Russia to make the first exception to the rule, not willingly, but under force of circumstances. The growth of the half-Tartar tribes on the Asiatic line into a compact empire, found its western boundary closed and walled. All the wiles of Russian diplomacy have only succeeded in the acquisition of a part of Poland. There confronted her there the German, the Austrian, the Turk, behind whom was England. The conquest of the far southwest is the dream of Russian statesmanship, but it must await the slow awakening of time. In the meantime, Russia has had free rein toward the east. Her Asiatic territory is even more vast than that of Europe. For a century the care of civilization have been pained with the terrors of Siberian exile. It was a deportation as terrible for princes as for peasant, return from which was as hopeless for one as for the other. Now, however, we are told that the work of the century is about to bloom in the opening up to the world of a country reclaimed from its original terrors. Cities, well-tilled farms, railroads, have all done their work, and instead of deportation to Siberia, we see the face of the voluntary emigrant turned that way. The emigrants of eastern Europe, finding that they were not welcome to America, have been induced to seek homes in Siberia, where the Government is doing all it can for them. It marks the first return of the human race toward its cradle, and it will have a big effect upon the future history of the world.

Balloon Lifeboats.
The big ocean greyhounds will soon, it is thought, be equipped with lifeboats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable. Cylinders filled with compressed gas will be placed in compartments of the lifeboats, and from these the balloons, which will be harnessed with cords to a hollow mast connected with the cylinders, is inflated. The mast, which is iron tubing, is adjustable, and when turned forward, the big balloon coils as small, oars proving quite unnecessary. The combination boat will double the power of the greatest service in saving people far out at sea. In a recent test it was shown that, even with the boat filled with water to the gunwales, the lifting power of the balloon prevented the craft from either sinking or upsetting.

Cat Hides to Fires.
The Torrent Fire Engine Company, of San Francisco, has a pet cat which attends fires. It is Dick's opinion to sleep upon the driver's seat on the engine, and when an alarm is sounded he nestles beside the driver and rides to the fire. In the past eight years he has missed but few alarms.

Let's sing about the good times—the happy times to be—
As sing the rivers rippling on in music to the sea!
As sing the birds—they know not why—when spring-time days begin;
So let us sing the sad times out, and sing the glad times in!
Let's sing about the good times, when every cot and old
Shall send a benediction to the living skies of God!
When the world's brighter beauty and a rarer grace shall win,
And life shall sing the sad times out and ring the glad times in!
Let's sing about the good times! They'll greet us on the way—
A rose upon the morning's breast—a sun throughout the day;
When life springs like a blossom from the color of the cloud,
And the world rolls on in music to the shining gates of God!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

IN LOVE WITH HIS ENEMY.

BY EUGENIA D. BIGHAM.

WOULD rather hear that old man talk about his early life than listen to a play at the first-class theatre, said an intelligent-looking gentleman, addressing the hotel clerk.

I glanced in the direction indicated by a nod of his head, and I saw a silvery-haired old man with a stout walking cane pass slowly by on the sidewalk. I was an utter stranger in the village, but a month of enforced idleness was ahead of me, and I determined to become friendly with the old man. This did not prove hard to do, for he was genial, and I have always had a liking for elderly people. Short and stout, ruddy of face, with perfectly white hair and whiskers, and blue eyes quick to light up with laughter, he was very good to look at. In talking, he had a trick of occasionally repeating the last words of a sentence, a habit amusing to strangers, but rather pleasing than otherwise on closer acquaintance.

When I had put myself on a fairly good footing with him, some two weeks after our introduction, I found him one afternoon in an easy chair on his front piazza. Sitting down on the steps, I leaned against a post and soon led him to talk about his young days. "Well," he said, "I will tell you the story straight, for I see you have had several second-hand nibbles at it already. "When I was a young blood, like yourself, I lived on a large plantation in Georgia, my father being one of the richest planters in his State. On the same road that our house faced, with about two miles of field and woodland between, was another extensive farm. This was owned by the Grantlands, a family who were our bitter enemies, though we had once been on the friendliest terms—yes, friendliest terms. The oldest son of that house had killed the oldest son of my father's house; that caused the enmity, bitter to the core. The young man had been bosom friends; one wouldn't go 'possum hunting unless the other went. I remember the morning when my brother's body was brought home, and my father stood by the corpse and swore eternal hatred of the whole Grantland family, and the rest of us partook of his spirit."

"Why, you married a Grantland, didn't you, Mr. Dearing, I asked. "Not so fast, young man, not so fast! You are like one of these electric machines; didn't have such in my day. "To go back to my story. Of course none of the Grantlands came to the funeral, and the young fellow who had done the killing had skipped the country. It was a fine thing for him that he got away, and his family took good care that he did not come back—good care, I tell you. They held their heads as high as we did, for none of them believed the killing had been intentional. We took our membership away from their church, going five miles further to another. They would not get their mail from the same office where we got ours, but sent fourteen miles to another office, and neither family would attend an entertainment in the neighborhood where the other family might be met. "All this went on, and at last I found myself twenty-two years old. Then something happened that was like gall to my taste—like gall. "Mr. Grantland had a daughter who was about eighteen years of age at that time, a girl named Hen'etta. Living so near together, of course there were times when members of the two families were obliged to see each other, and it seemed to me that I was forever seeing Hen'etta Grantland. I would see her, face to face, both of us on horseback, run across her at a picnic where I did not dream she'd be, and meet her in town at the home of some mutual friend. Pretty soon I found myself watching out for her, looking at her on the sly, wondering what it was in the set of her head that was so taking, why it was that her hair seemed to catch and hold the glint of the sunshine—and all the like of that, you know."

"It made me angry every time I found myself watching her, for I hated her, you see—hated the whole Grantland generation. Despite all, however, there was something about the girl that compelled me to look her way and to think about her. I just fairly despised myself for it, felt worse than a traitor—worse than a traitor. And father, he began to notice me; said he could see I was troubled. "It was one night when he and I were together on the front piazza, he smoking, that he asked me about it. We always were companionable, and I just made a clean breast of it; told him I wanted to go away, that it seemed to me I could not turn around but that Hen'etta Grantland was coming face to face with me, wielding a power over me a little short of torture. "Father pitched his freshly-lighted cigar into the flower yard and sprang from his chair. "Does she try to attract you—does she try?" he asked scoldingly.

"I became more unhappy than ever, and was continually brooding over schemes to heal the breach between the two families—hate the breach. Hen'etta was I to make Hen'etta as much as you are conscious of my existence? So I thought I would make my father so lonely that it would make him wheel round and tell me all about Hen'etta's death and the things I had done afterward, ending with the bold statement that I loved Hen'etta and could not help it. "To this day I wonder that my father did not tell me to the floor with a chair, for he was a quick man. He stood and looked at me pretty much as he would have looked at a cur that had dared to bite him. Then he turned on his heel and went away, took his hat and left the house—went straight to the woods. Needn't ask me how I felt; mean enough, that's certain, mean enough—mean enough. He didn't come home to dinner, and I did not eat any. Toward night I saw him coming down the spring hill from the direction of the family burying ground, and I knew where he had been last, if not all day. My elder brother had been his idol. "You can talk about bravery, but I tell you it took bravery to make me face my father at the supper table a few minutes later. He said next to nothing during the meal, and his hands trembled when he passed the plates. I do hope I'll never again feel like I did during that meal. After it was over the big horn was sounded, a very unusual thing at such an hour, and the hands from all over the plantation came pouring up to the house. They gathered close about the back porch, and the house servants and the family were on the porch. "I felt like running—felt like running; didn't know what on earth was coming; felt like I was to be cursed and sent from home. Father stood close to the old water shelf, and I here's what he said, the words fairly burning into me: "I have called you together to put you on notice that the trouble between Mr. Grantland's family and mine is at an end. Hereafter there will be peace. My family will dine here next Thursday; and the day following his hands and mine will have a barbecue in the spring grove. You may go to your places. "I can't tell you how we all dispersed; but amid the pleased ejaculations of some of the servants I found myself wiping the tears off my face before the whole crowd. Perhaps I was shedding tears because mother was sobbing; never could bear to see her cry. "Well, this about ends my story. The bag of gold dust and nuggets that fell to me helped to buy this house, young man. And you needn't think we're lonesome when you pass by here late in the day and see two old folks sitting close together, for they're Hen'etta and me. We haven't been enemies now for many years—many years." —Waverley Magazine.

"I found that, that was created me like the sand under her feet—never noticed me at all. Father walked up and down the porch as if driven by the wind, but halting so idly in front of me he said: "You would better go away. How would you like a trip to the gold mines among the Rockies? The mountains might put you straight. Suppose now you go. I am sure your mother could get your things together by Thursday." "The idea pleased me, pleased me no little, and when Thursday came I was on my way to the Rocky Mountains. I pretty soon fell in with a party of young bloods like myself, and for a while I did not bother much about my attractive enemy—not much. All the time, though, I was traveling just as directly as I could toward an event that would bring her vividly before my mind, and would show me in a white light a truth I was then looking at through a very foggy atmosphere—very foggy. "Perhaps it was two months after I left home I became separated from my party during a hunt and was lost. It was an unhappy experience, young man. I hallooed until I was hoarse, climbed a tree and tied a handkerchief to its highest limb, and did all the other things that lost people do, you know. At last, striking aimlessly down a ravine, I found myself at sunset emerging into an almost circular depression among mountain peaks. And right at me was a wigwam. It startled me so that I jumped behind a tree. The next moment some one called to me, told me to come on; that I would meet friends. An Indian boy advanced toward me, and in the wigwam I found a sick Indian. Both spoke English, and I was glad of the good supper the lad gave me. None of us cared to talk much, and I was soon fast asleep, worn out.

"I suppose it was long toward midnight when I awoke, feeling something punch me in the ribs. It was the sick Indian's bony hand. Enough light from the fire without came through the crevices to make the interior of the wigwam dimly discernible. "What is it?" I asked. "Shall I call the boy?" "No, I beg," he answered. "Give me water. I believe I am dying." "I gave him the water promptly enough, meaning to call the boy just as promptly—just as promptly. While I was putting down the tin cup he uttered words that were paralyzing in their effect on me. I sank down on my blanket and clasped my hands around my knees, and gazed as best I could at the poor fellow. "I am not an Indian; I am white," he said. "My name is Garland Grantland, and because I killed by accident the man I loved best in all the world, I was forced from home to live an outlaw's life. Under my head is a tin box; I trust its contents to you."

"He began gasping painfully then, and I tried to raise him, though I was trembling violently. "Promise to help the Indian bury me, and to bury me deep," he said. "I promised him that he should be buried as nearly as possible like the people back at home were buried, and that the box should be my care. There were a few struggles, poor fellow, and he died while trying to thank me. Then I sat there and thought about him until my heart throbbled itself tender. It seemed to me I had traveled all those miles from home just for this. Life is a strange mixture, young man, a strange mixture. I don't know what your faith is, but mine is an over-ruling Providence. My meditations during that night destroyed my enmity toward the Grantlands. "I buried Garland two days later, at sundown. And I buried him in a coffin. Yes, it was a rare affair; the boy and I made it from the seasoned trunks of trees long since felled. The wood was not difficult to split with the tools they had concealed among the rocks. The lad was greatly impressed by my care of the body of a half-breed, as he thought his one-time friend was, and it won his devotion—won his devotion. "He finally guided me to a camp of miners, and he would have followed me home had I allowed it. I was so fortunate at the camp as to hear of my party who were searching for me, and to communicate with them, letting them know my intention to return home. First, though, I had a secret commission to fulfill. "In the dead man's tin box I had found a letter addressed to his mother, and a note addressed, 'To the friend who receives this box.' Both had evidently been written during his illness, and the contents of my note made me young, hot blood tingle in my veins. It contained minute directions as to how to reach a certain place, and to find a certain crevice between two gigantic rocks, a crevice not extending straight down, but almost at once curving westward. With a stout, sharp hook attached to a pliable rod, I was to drag this crevice and fish out five skiags containing gold dust and nuggets. I was to have my choice of the treasure bags, and the others were to be forwarded to Mr. Grantland. "Of course I knew that no matter how the hat had vanished out of my own heart, it had burned just as fiercely as ever in the hearts of all at home. I meant to do all that Garland had requested, but I meant to do it secretly—do it secretly, you know. Then I meant to go home and live as usual. I was not so wise then as now. It is true that I found the treasure crevice, fished out the five bags, kept one for myself and sent the others to Mr. Grantland. Mrs. Grantland's letter pinned to one of them. I had penciled the date of Garland's death on the letter, thinking they would like to know it. I say it is true I did all those things, and did them secretly; but I did not go home to live as I had in the old days. "After being there a few weeks, after hearing from neighbors about the mysterious coming of the letter and the gold, after seeing Hen'etta dressed in deep black, the self same poise to her head, the self same sweetness of fact, I learned a lesson—yes, I learned a lesson. I learned that miners' camps, nor hunting parties, nor mysterious crevices of treasure, nor the Rockies themselves, can arrest out of a life the emotion called love; not even if it spring to existence where hate is ripe. "I became more unhappy than ever,

and was continually brooding over schemes to heal the breach between the two families—hate the breach. Hen'etta was I to make Hen'etta as much as you are conscious of my existence? So I thought I would make my father so lonely that it would make him wheel round and tell me all about Hen'etta's death and the things I had done afterward, ending with the bold statement that I loved Hen'etta and could not help it. "To this day I wonder that my father did not tell me to the floor with a chair, for he was a quick man. He stood and looked at me pretty much as he would have looked at a cur that had dared to bite him. Then he turned on his heel and went away, took his hat and left the house—went straight to the woods. Needn't ask me how I felt; mean enough, that's certain, mean enough—mean enough. He didn't come home to dinner, and I did not eat any. Toward night I saw him coming down the spring hill from the direction of the family burying ground, and I knew where he had been last, if not all day. My elder brother had been his idol. "You can talk about bravery, but I tell you it took bravery to make me face my father at the supper table a few minutes later. He said next to nothing during the meal, and his hands trembled when he passed the plates. I do hope I'll never again feel like I did during that meal. After it was over the big horn was sounded, a very unusual thing at such an hour, and the hands from all over the plantation came pouring up to the house. They gathered close about the back porch, and the house servants and the family were on the porch. "I felt like running—felt like running; didn't know what on earth was coming; felt like I was to be cursed and sent from home. Father stood close to the old water shelf, and I here's what he said, the words fairly burning into me: "I have called you together to put you on notice that the trouble between Mr. Grantland's family and mine is at an end. Hereafter there will be peace. My family will dine here next Thursday; and the day following his hands and mine will have a barbecue in the spring grove. You may go to your places. "I can't tell you how we all dispersed; but amid the pleased ejaculations of some of the servants I found myself wiping the tears off my face before the whole crowd. Perhaps I was shedding tears because mother was sobbing; never could bear to see her cry. "Well, this about ends my story. The bag of gold dust and nuggets that fell to me helped to buy this house, young man. And you needn't think we're lonesome when you pass by here late in the day and see two old folks sitting close together, for they're Hen'etta and me. We haven't been enemies now for many years—many years." —Waverley Magazine.

Dr. Koch is said to have discovered another anti-tuberculin. A process has been discovered by which milk can be hardened to form buttons and billiard balls. A Berlin physician, Dr. Feathner, says that rheumatism is often due to the excessive use of meat. The poles of Jupiter are flattened almost exactly like those of the earth. The phenomenon can be plainly seen with the telescope. It rains on an average 203 days in the year in Ireland, about 150 in England, at Kozan about ninety days and in Siberia only sixty days. From figures recently published at Munich, it appears that there are now in Central Europe 15,614 gas engines, which aggregate 52,691 horse power. In the fords of the Norway coasts the clearness of the water is wonderful. At a depth of thirty fathoms objects the size of a silver dollar may be clearly seen. Of the 106 kinds of car couplers enumerated by the United States Interstate Commerce Commission, seventy-eight were in use in 1905, when the number of automatic couplers of all kinds had increased to 408,856, from 80,540 in 1889. A London inventor's driving wheel for cycles, motor cars and railway locomotives has its circumference mounted on sixteen or more smaller wheels, which strike the ground in succession. It is claimed that a bicycle geared to 150 inches is propelled as easily as an ordinary one geared to sixty inches, a speed of a mile a minute not being difficult. A product called "wire glass," which is asserted, presents an effective barrier against fire, consists simply of a mesh work of wire imbedded in a glass plate. Even when lit by flames and raised to a red heat it does not fall to pieces, and it not only resists the heat of fire, but also the shattering effects of cold water poured over it while it is yet glowing hot. The construction of the owl's foot is peculiar. Unlike the well known foot of the porret, which has two toes in front and two behind, and that of the eagle—or a more familiar example, the common sparrow—it has one toe behind and three in front; but the first of these is capable of much lateral motion, while the fourth or outer toe is reversible, and when the bird perches is turned backward, so that the bird sits on its perch with the two middle toes in front and the two outer toes behind.

Man at His Best.
Said George Du Maurier once in a private chat: "I think that the best years in a man's life are after he is forty. A man at forty has ceased to heed the moon. I should add that in order to enjoy life after forty it is perhaps necessary to have achieved, before reaching that age, at least some success."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Apoplexy in England.
Apoplexy has increased in England in a very remarkable degree since 1850. In the sixteen year ending with 1896 there were 457 deaths of apoplexy per 1,000,000 inhabitants. Last year the ratio was 577 per 1,000,000.

LAZARELEVY & BRO.
(Successors to Kahn & Levy.)
General Commission Merchants,
112 Poydras St., near Camp, New Orleans.
Consignments of Rough Rice, Hides, Wool and Country Produce respectfully solicited. Special attention paid to purchasing goods of all kinds.
MONEY TO LOAN.
OFFICE OF ST. LANDRY HOMESTEAD AND LOAN ASSOCIATION,
OPELOUSAS, Sept. 10th, 1905.
The undersigned is authorized by the Board of Directors of the St. Landry Homestead and Loan Association to offer to its members loans at eight per centum. For particulars apply to:
E. D. ESTILLETTE,
President St. Landry H. & L. Ass'n.

C. D. STEWART,
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moldings, Etc. Lime, Cement, Fire Brick, Etc.
Office Near Depot, Opelousas.

GIBBONS & NICHOLSON,
Washington, La. —DEALERS IN—
Cypress and Pine Split and Sawed
LUMBER,
Shingles, Boards, Flooring, Cistern Lumber, Ceiling, Doors, Sash, Blinds,
This saved to order on short notice. Stock on hand.

CLEMENT CHANDEZON,
Baker and Confectioner,
Landry St., OPELOUSAS.
Fruits, Crackers, Cakes and Candies Always on hand. Give me a call.

HOTEL DENECHAUD
Cor. Perdido and Carondelet Sts. NEW ORLEANS.
American and European Plans.
This Hotel has just been enlarged and renovated. An electric elevator and all modern improvements have been placed in the building.

H. D. LAROCHE,
Tin-Smith.
Belleme Street, near the Bridge, OPELOUSAS.
All kinds of Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Work done on short notice and at reasonable prices. Basting and repairing a specialty. Messes and repairs of evaporator syrup pans.

25 Cents, Postpaid.



THE HORSE
AND HIS DISEASES.

Containing an Index to diseases which give the symptoms, cause and the best treatment of each. A table giving all the principal drugs used for the horse, with the ordinary dose, effects, and antidote when a poison. A table with an engraving of the horse's teeth at different ages, with rules for telling the age. A valuable collection of receipts and much other valuable information. Both in English and German. 100-Page Book sent postpaid to any address for 25 Cents. Address:

THE COURIER,
Opelousas, La.

The Best
—IS ALWAYS—
The Cheapest
—THE—

Opelousas Courier
—IS THE—
BEST NEWSPAPER
—IN THE—
Parish of St. Landry.

Standing squarely and uncompromisingly upon the Democratic Platform.

Opelousas Courier
Is the advocate of Democratic principles and the friend of the people. Their welfare is its welfare, and it will ever be found defending their rights with all of its ability.

The value of a newspaper as an advertising medium consists in its circulation. When you can secure the combined circulation of two papers for the price of one, it is money saved!

"The St. Landry Democrat" was consolidated on the 3d of March, 1894, with "The Opelousas Courier." The advertising 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 Parish of St. Landry is therefore the cheapest.

WE LEAD IN LOW PRICES, OTHERS FOLLOW.
R. R. WHITE. A. C. SKILES.
WHITE & SKILES,
(Successors to R. R. WHITE.)
New Lumber Yard
Near Southern Pacific Depot, Opelousas, where a full and complete stock of
Atchafalaya Red Cypress and Long Leaf Yellow Pine
Lumber, Shingles and Siding.
Also Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moldings, Coal and Sand. We only ask to make you our figures and your better judgment will do the rest.

YOU NEED IT. WE DO IT.

Job Printing

NEAT WORK. LOW PRICES.

E. M. BOAGNI, President. T. S. FONTENOT, Vice-President. F. DIETZAN, Cashier. JONAS JACOB, Asst. Cashier.

St. Landry State Bank
of Opelousas, La.

Safety Deposit Boxes for Rent.

A general banking business transacted. Foreign exchange bought and sold. Careful attention given to collections. Money to loan on good security. Directors—E. M. Boagni, Julius Meyers, Ant. Dietlein, I. M. Liechtenstein, J. T. Stewart, T. S. Fontenot, Henry Kahn.

OPELOUSAS

Ice and Bottling Works,
ANDREW MORESI, Proprietor.

MANUFACTURERS OF
ICE AND CARBONATED DRINKS,
Made from Distilled Artesian Water, Opelousas, La.

Orders promptly filled in any quantity. Having special rates with the rail road company can deliver any of above goods at any station at a very low figure. Prices on application. Correspondence solicited.

GEM SALOON.

M. FIRNBERG, Proprietor, Opposite Court-house, Opelousas.

BEST

Liquors and Cigars

FELIX LINA,
Fashionable Barber,

Main Street, Opp. the Courier Office, OPELOUSAS, LA.

SMALL FARMS

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.
Lot 1, Section 41, T. 2, R. 1, E. 124 on 100 acres. Lot 2, Sec. 45, same T and R, 204 1/2 acres. Lot 3, Sec. 45, same T and R, 19 1/2 acres. Situated in Bayou Choctaw settlement and partly improved.

These lands have been patented by the United States, January 15, 1883, under a re-sturvey executed by Geo. R. Bradford, Esq., U. S. Deputy Surveyor, and are choice upland. Apply to J. D. HAGGERTY, Washington, La.

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

Commissioner U. S. Court of Claims throughout the United States.
Notary Public in and for the Parish of St. Landry. Office with Hon. John N. Ogden.

Particular attention given to Land Cases and to Final Decrees. Collections in the Parishes of St. Landry and Acadia promptly attended to. Pensions secured; Patents, Leases, Trade Marks, etc., procured without delay.

PRIVATE BOARDING HOUSE,
By Mrs. C. PERRAULT,
Landry Street, OPELOUSAS, LA.
Tables for Board and Lodging. Per day, \$1.00. Week, \$5.00. Gas month, \$1.00. Meals 12c.

R. MORNHINEG
Watchmaker.

MAIN STREET, OPELOUSAS.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted. Clocks, Jewelry, Watches and Spectacles always on hand and sold at bottom prices. Old Gold and Silver Bought.

Dr. J. A. DERBANNÉ, Dentist,
Washington, La.
All calls from the country will be promptly attended to.

JAS. O. RAY,
Physician and Surgeon
Opelousas, La.

Office at his father's residence.

DR. A. J. BERCIER,
Dentist
OPELOUSAS, LA.
On Cor. Union Street near to J. Meyers & Co. All calls from the country promptly attended to.

B. A. LITTELL,
Physician and Surgeon,
OPELOUSAS, LA.

Office on Main street, next to Perry's drug store.

ALFRED PAVY,
Notary Public and Auctioneer,
Office at Recorder's Office,
St. Landry Parish, Louisiana.

WM JOEL SANDOZ, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public, OPELOUSAS, LA. Will practice in all Courts, State and Federal, and before the Patent and Pension Offices at Washington, D. C. Short-hand and Typewriting promptly and carefully done. Office over St. Landry State Bank, Main Street.

—GO TO—
DR. F. J. PULFORD,
—For First-Class—
DENTAL WORK.
—Office on Landry St.—
First Door East of Eber's Jewelry Store, Opelousas, La.

H. E. ESTORCE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office in District Clerk's Office, Opelousas, La.

All Notarial Work executed promptly and accurately. An experience of many years as chief deputy clerk of the District Court affords special qualifications for the correct execution of all notarial work.

John H. Harmonson,
Abstractor,
Real Estate Agent
and Notary Public,
Parish of St. Landry,
OPELOUSAS, LOUISIANA.

All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Jy4-06

E. D. ESTILLETTE & DUPRE,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Office: Cor. Market and Landry Streets, OPELOUSAS, LA.

E. NORTH OULOM,
Attorney-at-Law,
Will practice in all the Courts, State and Federal, and in the United States District Court of the Western District of Louisiana. As used or attended to any business contemplated by the Office on Landry street, between Messes Ogden and Lewis.

W. S. FRAZEE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law and Notary Public,
OPELOUSAS, ST. LANDRY PARISH, LA.
Will practice in the Federal and State Courts. Will prompt attention given to all business. Office on Landry street opposite Court House.

W. W. BAILEY,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Office with Kenneth Ballou, Esq.

CHAS. F. GARLAND,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Office on Bellevue street, near Court-house.

J. P. SAIZAN,
Physician and Surgeon,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Office on Main street, next to Perry's drug store.

ALFRED PAVY,
Notary Public and Auctioneer,
Office at Recorder's Office,
St. Landry Parish, Louisiana.