THE OPELOUSAS COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

OPELOUSAS, : LOUISIANA.

Already the estimated number of Americans in Cuba needing aid has risen from 600 or 800 to 1200. With only $50,000 to distribute, even if it all reaches the intended beneficiaries, there will be only a little over $40 for each.

The editor of the Boston Herald has written an article for a magazine in which he says that "there are only eight thinking newspapers in America." We wonder where the other seven are.

The Kansas City Journal tells how Miss Ethel Hoskinson the other day started from Corning to Seneca to take the examination for teachers. Reaching a stream which had been swollen by the floods, her horses and buggy were washed away. She kept her head, however, and the horses managed to swim out on the other side, after floating quite a distance down the stream, though all the time the buggy was so far below the surface that the water came up to her armpits. Once on the bank she drove hurriedly into Seneca, borrowed some dry clothes from an acquaintance, ran over to the courthouse, took the examination, and triumphantly bore off a first-grade certificate.

In a late number of Science Dr. C. Hart Merriam closes an article with an appeal to museums, sportsmen and naturalists to take advantage of every opportunity before it is too late to secure and preserve many of our larger mammals from remote parts of their ranges. Many species have been exterminated in Europe by man, and in this country the process is already begun. The familiar story of the vanishing buffalo is only one of many. The giant grizzly of Southern California, the largest carnivorous animal of the United States, is about exterminated, and it is doubtful if a museum specimen will ever be obtained. The large wolves have been exterminated over more than half the area they formerly possessed, and no one knows what forms have disappeared. An unknown form of elk or wapiti, which, within the memory of men still living, inhabited the Alleghenies from North Carolina to the Adirondacks, has been wiped off the face of the earth.

An article in the Railroad Gazette asserts that the forcing of civilization upon China is dangerous business. There is present profit, of course, in conquering the apathy of a conservative people and in bestowing upon them, despite frantic opposition from the Mandarin class, the benefits of Occidental inventions and methods, but, asks the writer, "has anyone ever considered what will be the result when a rejuvenated race, conscious of its own numerical strength, armed with our knowledge, should resent the masterful spirit displayed by us? What if China should follow in the footsteps of Japan? If she should develop her untold hidden resources, assimilate and apply our modern inventions, and use the immense surplus created by economy to arm herself against us?" These questions have been propounded before, and they intimate dreadful things whose possibility everybody admits with shivers of apprehension, which are, after all, more or less enjoyable. People realize instinctively that, once the Chinese are civilized, they will be much like the rest of the world, and vastly better customers than they are now. The general appreciation of this fact, even by those who worry most over the bugbear of competition between the white and yellow races, is illustrated by the writer whose words are quoted above. His warning is followed by a long account of the railroad situation and prospect in China, and by detailed information as to how Americans can get their share of orders from the Celestials. Theoretically he is gravely alarmed; practically he is not at all afraid, and with rather amusing inconsistency he is at great pains to tell how best to "drive home with sledge-hammer blows every little entering wedge of civilization."

Bucks Paid Dearly for Their Scrap.

Two Susquehanna County young men, a few weeks ago, returned from a bear hunting trip through Pike County, Pennsylvania, bringing with them a pair of locked horns, which they obtained from an old hunter in that section. The hunter, in prowling through the woods, came upon the carcasses of two fine bucks, their horns firmly interlocked. They evidently had been fighting, and in the struggle had locked horns. Being unable to get them separated, and, consequently, unable to obtain any food, they had starved to death in that position. One set had nine prongs. The horns are so firmly locked together that it is impossible to separate them without sawing off one of the prongs.—New York Press.

Tea Affects Digestion.

It has been found by experiment that tea retards digestion. An infusion of one per cent. of tea causes a perceptible delay; three per cent. infusion will delay the digestion somewhat as much as twelve times the normal period; a ten per cent. decoction arrests the digestion of all starchy foods.

A SONG.

"That passed over, and this may, too."
Many sorrows have come and gone,
Pain has tarried—and then, passed on.
"That passed over, and this may, too."

This is the song I would sing to you.
Now that trial has come once more.
You've conquered pain in the days of yore,
"That passed over, and this may, too."

Who forgets that the skies are blue,
In dreary seasons of fog and rain?
To-morrow the wind may sift again.
"That passed over, and this may, too."

God who sendeth the summer dew,
Guardeth the daffodil under the snow.
Spring must come, and the winter go.
"That passed over, and this may, too."

—Sara M. Haughton, in Youth's Companion.

HELEN'S TWO LOVERS.

By ANNA SHEILDS.

DID he feel triumphant? Did he feel bitterly ashamed? Was he glad? Was he sorry?

Will Spencer asked himself these questions over and over, wearying of the repetition, and yet never able to end it by saying heartily that he was glad and triumphant, or bitterly that he was sorry and ashamed. The plain fact stared him ever in the face, that Helen Raymond did not love him, and that Mrs. Raymond had urged his suit, and exerted her maternal influence and eloquence until Helen had consented to be his wife, telling him very frankly that her heart was in the grave of her lover, George Vanhorn, who had been killed in a railway collision nearly one year before.

"Mother was never willing I should marry George," Helen said, sadly, "because he was poor, and we have suffered all that poverty can inflict. He was on his way to Colorado, where his brother had been successful, when he was killed."

Will Spencer winced, for he was rich, very rich, but then he put to the wound that soothing salve, "I will win her love when she is my wife," that has wrecked so many lives. It may come, this love that will not be hidden, to a man and wife after they are bound together for life, but the risk is great, and Will Spencer knew it.

Yet he cherished the delusion that love in the end would win a return, and he knew his own love to be strong and enduring. He had stepped back when George Vanhorn was met with such a smile as he could never win, had kept from pressing his suit when the name of Helen's lover appeared on the list of the killed in the account of the railway collision, but after the lapse of several months he had won Mrs. Raymond to his side, and so, by proxy, wooed Helen and won—what? a cold, reluctant consent to be his wife.

Yet she was not cold, this girl of twenty, whose heart had seemed crushed ever since the day when George Vanhorn's name was recorded as dead. He could have told how her eyes could soften with love's tenderness, her cheeks burn with love's blushes, her low, sweet, voice tremble with love's whispered words. He had won what all the Spencer gold, the riches of long generations, could not buy.

In the "long ago" the Raymonds had held wealth, too, but Helen's father, to use the expression of his brother, had "muddled away two fortunes, somehow," and had died a pauper. Helen was but a child then, and her mother was sufficiently wise to "fit her for a teacher," by a course of judicious education, for which her uncle paid.

And Helen, nervous, sensitive, quick in feeling, impulsive in speech, was about as unfit for a teacher as a girl could be. Still she trudged about in all weather to instruct such pupils in music and French as she could procure, and helped her mother shoulder the thousand and one cares of a boarding-house when she was at home.

Before that fatal railway collision she was a bright, beautiful girl, with large, expressive, brown eyes, a voice of music, the step of a fairy, singing as a bird sings, from sheer joyousness of heart, bringing a jest to all the household worries, laughing merrily over her own blunders in the culinary department, turning old dresses, renovating old bonnets without a complaint, living on love and hope.

After that day she moved about slowly, her eyes dull and weary, her duties met with rigid mechanical precision, her lips compressed, her cheeks pale, a shadow of her joyous self.

And it made Will Spencer furious he could not break this icy calm. All in vain he brought her costly gifts, took her to every place of amusement where he could coax her to go, was her openly devoted slave. The few words of thanks she spoke were dull, her smile was on her lips only, and and her eyes did not brighten. By no device could he call up one flash of her old joyousness. She sang for him, selecting difficult overtures that proved her proficiency, displayed a charming voice, nothing more. Never did she sing the old ballads that George Vanhorn had loved, when she threw her heart into every line, and made her eyes misty with her thrilling tones.

Yet she was grateful, and spoke often of her own regret that she so poorly repaid all Will's tenderness. She tried not to shrink from his caresses, to give back something of the warmth of his love, and then, in the privacy of her own room, wept scalding tears over her own faithlessness.

Mrs. Raymond was often afraid that she would yet miss the golden prize she had partly won, and heartily seconded Will in his preparations for a speedy wedding. It was Mrs. Raymond who went with him to open the house that he had bought to adorn for his bride, who aided him in the selection of carpets, curtains, furniture, and gave him instructions regarding the kitchen department, of whose needs he was as ignorant as most young bachelors. It was Mrs. Raymond who received an anonymous letter containing a liberal sum, which she quietly appropriated for a trousseau and a suitable dress for the bride's mother.

She was a woman of rare tact. Having won Helen's consent to be Will Spencer's wife, she never bothered her by complaints about her listless indifference to her lover or her future prospects. She simply made all the arrangements for her, without ever admitting a possibility of change. The betrothal was spoken of on all occasions, the preparation of the house, the selection of the trousseau referred to in matter-of-fact words that made Helen feel, as it was intended she should, that she had walked into a net from which there was no escape.

And Will Spencer knew it all, and writhed under the knowledge, being a frank, loyal man, whose impulses were generous and honorable, and who loved Helen with all the strength of his heart. Often he asked himself how he could endure life, if he made his wife a faithful slave, instead of the happy companion he hoped to make her.

"If she never loves me!" he thought, bitterly. "If all my love fails to win hers, what will my life be?"

He did her justice. He knew that if his love failed to win her heart, his gold was powerless to make her happy. He knew that if her mother died or could not be benefited by her marriage, she would rather beg her bread herself than be his wife.

While matters stood in this unsatisfactory state, Mrs. Raymond made a suggestion: "I want you to go away for a month," she said to him, "and let Helen miss the constant devotion that she has had ever since your betrothal. Let her feel that a void has come into her life, and how dull and cheerless it would be if she lost you. The wedding day is set for June 10, and this is April. Stay away until the 5th or 6th of June."

It seemed to him good advice, and he had business in the West that would fill his time profitably. It gave him the first really happy moment of his engagement, when Helen said, gently, yet with a shudder:

"I cannot bear to think of you on railway trains, Will. Write often, that I may know you are safe."

Her lips met his in a tender pressure, such as a loving sister might bestow, but with far more affection than she had ever before given him. Was he winning her? The hope made this unexpected absence endurable, and for two weeks life held more pleasure than it had done in all the days of his courtship.

Then came a blow, sudden, sharp, overwhelming! He was in a large Western city, when, after night, returning to his hotel, a man on crutches asked for charity. The voice was familiar, and, in a shock of horror, the face struck him. One gasping cry escaped him:

"George Vanhorn!"

The man would have hurried away, but he followed easily.

"Let me go, Spencer!" the cripple pleaded. "I did not recognize you! Don't you know I am dead?"

"I know you are coming in here with me," Will said, gently, substituting his arm for one of the crutches, and entering the hotel where he had a room. "Steady, now!" and he led him, feeling how he trembled, until he had him seated in a great armchair in his room, and felt his heart stirred with deep compassion at the havoc pain and poverty had made.

He would not let his guest speak until he had ordered a supper and made him comfortable. Then, turning to him, he saw that he was weeping.

"See what a woman you make of me!" the poor fellow said. "You thought I was dead?"

"Yes! All your friends think so."

"It was a narrow escape, and I wonder why I was spared. Nine months in a public hospital have left me crippled and incurably ill. They would not keep me after I could get about on crutches, but I have begged or starved, and it will not be for long! I would not let any one know for fear it would get to—to—Helen!"

"You want to hide from her?"

"Yes—yes! What would her life be tied to mine? You will not betray me, Spencer?"

"But you may recover."

"No! I should be only a wreck if I could, but I cannot. I have internal injuries that the cold and hunger of last winter have increased, fatally."

Will Spencer literally could not speak. This man asked of him only the silence that would give him his wife. Could he let Helen remain in ignorance of this strange adventure the memory of her old love might die away in time.

When he could speak again he led the conversation to Helen. He was very frank, telling George Vanhorn how truly he had been mourned, but saying nothing of his own hopes, and it was easy to see how George had loved her, how utterly self-sacrificing his silence had been. To spare her pain he had kept from her all knowledge of his own suffering.

But his pride yielded to Will's entreaties to be allowed to befriend him. He was very weak, very ill, and he allowed Will to get him a pleasant room in a quiet boarding-house, to furnish him with necessary clothing, to engage a doctor, and to take a brother's place beside him.

And then true, unselfish love triumphed.

"She will never marry me," Will thought, ruefully, as he folded a long, long letter, "but she shall not be cheated out of what little happiness life may still hold for her."

He wrote, too, to Mrs. Raymond, a letter that caused that respectable lady to grind her teeth, but which she obeyed, packing her trunk and accompanying Helen in the journey westward.

It was Will Spencer who met the two at the depot, and accompanied them to the boarding-house, where he kept Mrs. Raymond in the parlor after sending Helen upstairs alone. It was Will Spencer who smoothed away every difficulty, engaging rooms for mother and daughter, and quietly effacing himself.

It was far too long a story to try to record the three months that followed. George Vanhorn was resolute on one point. He would not marry Helen. He had no hope of recovery, but if the unexpected should happen he would not risk ruining Helen's life by binding it to his.

"Oh," she would cry, "what am I to deserve the love of two such men? Mother, it humbles me to think how they love me!"

And by this love her courage was sustained through the three months, when she and her mother smoothed George Vanhorn's path to the grave. Such happiness as could be hers, she knew that she owed to Will Spencer, who showed his love only by his care of the invalid. He never spoke of love to her, giving her up entirely, but upon her lover he lavished every kindness wealth could procure, or friendship dictate. He gave him a brother's devotion until the last parting came, and when he was laid in the cemetery Will Spencer took Helen and Mrs. Raymond back to their home and left them.

It was three years later when he came home from a European tour and called on Mrs. Raymond.

"The old lady, sir, is dead," the servant told him, an' Miss Helen's livin' in —— street. Maybe yees didn't hear she's come into some money from her uncle, sir, and Mrs. Grady, she's took this house, sir."

Come into some money! Well, she did not need him. He would wait awhile. But in a few days a little note reached him:

"It was unkind to let me hear of your return by accident. Will you not come to see me?"

Would he not? And when he went he could not keep the love out of his eyes or his voice, and she—at last! Her eyes drooped under his gaze, her cheeks blushed for him, her voice faltered, with tenderness He had won his bride! And he had no secret hidden from her loving eyes, no treachery he would dread to have her discover. By the frankness he had thought would alienate her forever he had won her true, faithful love, a devotion as entire as that she had given in her girlhood to the man he had so nobly befriended.

The Ledger.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Paper belting for machinery is being made and used in Germany.

An Oshkosh (Wis.) firm is successfully making binding twine of marsh hay.

Liverpool has the largest fire engine in the world—equal to throwing 1800 gallons a minute and a stream 140 feet high.

The Athens clock factory is to be operated by electricity. This is the first cotton factory in Georgia to use electricity as a motive power.

Natural gas is fast going. J. D. Weeks has just made a report on the supply and its decline for the National Labor Bureau in which it appears that the supply has fallen a half in seven years.

Fair-haired people are becoming less numerous than formerly. The ancient Jews were a fair-haired race; now they are, with few exceptions, dark. So it is in a lesser degree with the Irish, among whom 150 years ago a dark-haired person was almost unknown.

The suggestion is advanced that perhaps the ultimate field of acetylene will be in the lighting of lighthouses and on board ships. Its compactness and the ease with which it can be stowed away in the form of carbide and ease of generation of the gas, together with great brilliancy, and point to its adaptability for this purpose.

The "stopping" qualites of the Lee Metford rifle, now in use in the British army, has been the subject of much comment ever since the Chitral campaign. The bullet used was there found of very little use in stopping the rush of a determined body of fanatics. This will not be the case in future, it is stated, as a new bullet has been invented, the quality of which are said to be undoubted.

A recent discovery that practical men as well as scientists approve is the complete transformation of wood into gas. The product has a power four times greater than that made from bituminous coal. Its value lies in adaptability as a motive power, which can be applied to the production of ceramics, in glass manufacture, for Bessemer hearths, and like industries. Rich in carbonic oxide as it is, the gas is available for the manufacture of oxalic acid and other chemicals, and, it is said, at a very considerable saving in cost.

The Electrical Piano.

A piano on an entirely new principle is announced from Germany. The strings are stretched across the sounding board as in the ordinary piano, but the entire hammer mechanism is absent. Instead, the depressing of the key puts in action a magnet, which automatically attracts and releases the wire, thus producing vibrations without the metallic stroke which accompanies the sound in the common type. The resulting effect upon the tones is said to be very remarkable. The high notes resemble those of an Æolian harp. The middle and lower notes are like a 'cello or an organ. It responds readily to every variation in power and expression. A note can be sounded for several minutes without varying in quality. So radically different from all existing instruments are the effects that a new style of music is needed to bring out its capabilities.—Illustrated American.

Timbuctoo.

Those who are familiar with the lines of Samuel Wilberforce,

Oh, would I were a cassowary on the plains of Timbuctoo,
Where they eat the missionary, prayer book, Bible, hymn book, too!

Have regarded this famous city somewhat as a myth. But the French reached it about three years ago, and it is a remarkable instance of France out-stepping England in a race for territory. Under French influences the city is becoming a great centre of commerce. Unfortunately the climate is unhealthy, but vigorous steps are being taken by the French Government to improve its sanitary conditions.

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