THE OPELOUSAS COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

OPELOUSAS, : LOUISIANA.

The demand for Southern pine increases and it is already shipped to all parts of the world. The extent of the lumber export trade of the South is not generally appreciated, declares the Atlanta Journal.

To facilitate the transportation and preservation of hay, an apparatus has been devised at Buenos Ayres for compressing it to one-tength its normal bulk. In this form, as "hay biscuits," it can be preserved dry and sound an indefinite period, without losing its flavor or value as food.

Adirondack "camps" are not as primitive as the name would imply, some of them, on the contrary, being as costly and as elegant as Newport cottages. H. McK. Twombly owns one in the St. Regis region, which is said to have cost not less than $90,000. Collis P. Huntington fitted up a camp in the same region a few years ago which cost about $35,000, and Whitelaw Reid has a camp constructed on the same expensive scale.

As a result of some experiments on cows supposed to be infected with tuberculosis, Director Phelps, of the Storrs (Conn.) Agricultural Experiment Station, says: "Above all things, the experiments made by this station show that we are deplorably in the dark regarding this disease and its danger to our herds, and through them to the human family, and that there is need of further study and research before we can deal with tuberculosis wisely, either as individual farmers or as a State."

According to the New York Ledger a reconstructed adage reads, Eternal vigilance is the price of safety of valuable property, and in pursuance of this idea an ingenious inventor has devised an electric safe, which is made with an electric lining, consisting of thin metal sheets and strips of such delicacy that the slightest rupture will close the circuit and give the alarm. The thrust of a pin point will penetrate this metal. The casing is of steel and is built inside of a cover, which is also lined with thin metal. There are several sets of bolts, which are so arranged that a considerable length of time is required to move them. The slightest displacement starts off the alarm and long before the burglar can get to the treasure in the heart of the safe the neighborhood gets altogether too warm for him.

"The growth of the iron industry in the South during the past few years has been truly phenomenal. For the year 1896 the total output of iron in this section amounted to 1,833,235 tons; for the current year it will exceed 2,000,000 tons. When the Southern iron manufacturers first sent their product to Pennsylvania," says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "it was thought most extraordinary that they should be able to invade that territory. At the present time, however, they ship to England at least ten per cent. of their product. Southern iron, like Southern cotton, now finds its way to all parts of the globe, and some of it has recently been used in the manufacture of basic steel by the Martin process. It has been possible to lay it down in England at $7.50 per ton, and it can be manufactured for even less, as the cost of production in the Birmingham district is reduced from year to year. The chances are that nearly one-third of the total iron product of the country will come this year from the South, the largest share of this industry it has ever had. Nor will its field be limited to iron, for the metal is now being extensively converted into steel, and it is predicted that the South will ultimately furnish the steel plates for our men of war, which it has been found impossible to get in the East on reasonable terms. Much of the Southern iron is being converted elsewhere into steel, and the new steel mill at Birmingham, Ala., is now operating ten revolving steel furnaces, turning out 1600 tons of steel ingots per day, the latter being converted at once into billets, steel rails or bar steel."

Why a Swelling Follows a Blow.

The swelling which follows from a blow is nature's effort to protect the part from further injury and to keep it at rest while repair is going on. What actually takes place at the seat of injury is not even now quite understood. The injury to the smaller blood vessels interferes with the flow of blood through them and the white corpuscles, with part of the serum, the watering part of the blood, escape into the surrounding tissues. At the same time the blood vessels in the neighborhood dilate and the increased flow of blood with the thoroughfare obstructed increases the swelling.

It is probable that the white corpuscles of the blood pass into the tissues to assist in the repair, as bees or ants assemble at an injury to their storehouse, but with this difference, that the substance of the corpuscles is probably converted into the tissue of repair. From one point of view the human body is only one gigantic colony of individuals, and the swelling that follows injury but the rush of these to repair the breach.—Philadelphia Times.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There's many a rest on the road of life,
If we could only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soil that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in idle pleasure,
That is richer far than a jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.
—M. E. Crouch.

IN THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE.

THE fact that he was riding a bicycle should have kept him to remembering that he was not living in an age of romance. But he forgot it. And to live in the midst of a matter-of-fact world and forgot that it is such is what makes most of the tragedies of that world.

There were excuses for him, of course. The first, that he was young; the second, that he was care-free, and the last—and as the nursery rhyme has it, the best—that he had come from the early spring of New York to that of Southern California.

He had ridden through willow paths along the gravel roads that a month before had been the bed of the San Gabriel; he had crossed the shallow gleaming branches of the stream time and again; he had looked from the green swell of the divide over as green a valley, where wild flowers were thick on the ground and where peach and almond trees made pink and white patches. Just across the valley the mountains were half covered with snow, but the air was warm from the sea and the sky was bright blue. So there was excuse for his forgetting the bicycle and thinking the world a place for romance.

A place for romance, but there can be none without a woman. And there was no woman.

He coasted down the incline of the divide and made for the Monte road, by tree-bordered byways and paths. There was not a flake of dust in the splendid air. All kinds of picturesque, Old World things ought to happen. In a garden of this sort man ought certainly not to be alone. Some nymph should come dripping and glittering out of the zanja; some slender figure should push its way through the high, green barley and the fluffy branches of the peppers and stand beside him. He forgot the barbed wire fence between the barley field and the road. The grasses and flowering weeds and the peppers hid it. But the zanja rippled and purled on, the barley waved in the wind from the sea, and the sun gleamed on an uninhabited world.

Then a bell rang out, just ahead, by the road side, and the silence of the spring high noon was filled with the voices of children and young girls.

The woman entered the garden. She was neither nymph of zanja nor sprite of the field, only a black-gowned school girl, who stood on the school house steps and waved a handkerchief at the passing tourist. The tourist was a man and young—which was all the school girl cared about. The girl was pretty and willowy—which was all the man cared about. He raised his cap and motioned to a clump of trees down the highway. Of course she would understand.

It was all a part of the romance and the country, and she understood. She left the calling, screaming children and her older companions and strolled toward where he sat, on the grass under the trees. It was out of sight of the school house. He watched her black, lithe figure moving through the flecked sunshine that came in through the plumy branches of the peppers. They were all alone in the midst of spring and the garden, birds were singing from the earth, the sun was shining from the sky, and the soft wind blew from the sea beyond the valley. The snowy mountains were far away, and the world on the other side of them yet further.

Her name, she said, was Alicia. How sweet the double e's of the vowels, how different the stern Nelson to which he had to confess. But even that was pretty when she said it. How old was she? She was fifteen. The heroines of the poets were that age. Where did she live? Some vague way over there among the pink blossoms. He remembered that when he was a child those questions had always begun an acquaintance: "What is your name? How old are you? Where do you live?" All the wisdom he had accumulated in the years between then and now had vanished. He did not want it. He forgot that he had meant to reach the hotel of the valley by luncheon time. He was not hungry; but Alicia was. She put her plump brown hand into her pocket and brought out a newspaper roll. Inside of the paper there was a tortilla and boiled meat. She ate these while she talked to him, and when she had finished she started to draw the back of her wrist across her mouth; but remembering the teachings of school and the presence of the foreign young man, she took out her handkerchief. He had meant to ask for that handkerchief, the white signal which had fluttered in the air; but he saw that it was grimy and ink-spotted, so he asked for the wire ring she wore instead. Alicia parted with it as though it had been very precious.

Then she brushed the crumbs from her black frock and stood up. "I must go now," she said, with an accent that kept the words from being commonplace.

"First tell me where you live," he asked.

She pointed over to the patch of feathery pink. "In the white house in them trees."

"What is your father's name?"

"Mateo Manzelo," she answered, winding one of her heavy braids around her hand.

"I will come to see you to-night," he told her.

"Yes," she murmured, with musical indifference, as she went homely up the pathway and never once looked back.

The man rode on to the hotel and returned to real life as he asked if a valise and a trunk had come and if there were any letters for Nelson Cameron. There was one. After he had had his luncheon he sat on the long piazza, from which the snow-capped mountains could be seen through the climbing roses, and read it. But the letter was dull, and the memory of the brown hair and eyes that had always seemed the most beautiful in the world paled beside that of two soft black braids and two orbs as soft and as black. There was a vague promise that the owners of the brown hair and eyes might be in California, too, ere long. Cameron was not so pleased as he tried to think he was. He began to imagine the meeting of that night.

It came about. Old Manzelo and his fat, black-wrapped wife did not object to him in the least. He walked for hours up and down the moonlit road, with Alicia's hand in his and went from her—a Lord Lovel on a steed of glittering steel—at midnight.

The poison was in his blood. He had eaten of the lotus, and he forgot home and the past. He gave reckless rein to the course of young blood. And so a fortnight passed away. There were no more letters. They were being sent to Santa Barbara, where he had told the brown-eyed girl that the first weeks in March would find him. He had not written to her. He had meant to. But it was the land of poco tiempo.

In pursuance of the romance he was living, he one day put on the dirty overalls and coat of old Manzelo and went with Alicia to the San Gabriel railway station to wash and pack oranges. Alicia was dressed in faded dark blue, with a yellow handkerchief around her neck and a pink bow in her hair. She was very pretty, and very open in accepting the open devotion of the American. It was still just a lark for him. It was rather more for her—a little more.

A tally-ho drove up to the station and the driver stopped it, that his party of tourists might watch one of the really picturesque scenes left to the United States. Some of the washers looked up. Cameron and Alicia Manzelo were talking together and did not. Both were gazing light love into each other's eyes. The boss of the gang came up to the tally-ho with a handful of oranges. The finest one, all wet and glistening with its scrubbing, he offered to the girl on the front seat.

"Thank you. What a splendid one!" she praised. "I am so thirsty that it will taste good."

"May I peel it for you?" he asked, with an inflection that showed him English at once.

He had not offered to peel them for the others, but this was a very beautiful woman, with brown hair and a skin that reminded him of the women at home. While he prepared it, she looked at the workers. And when he handed it to her:

"Thank you," she said again, "and can you tell me who that man by the girl in the blue gown is? He is evidently not a Mexican."

He wondered why she should care to know, but he answered:

"No; he is an American. All I can tell you about him is that his name seems to be Nelson. It is what the girl calls him."

"The girl?"

"Yes. It's a picturesque flirtation, I gathered from her father. It has been going on for some weeks, and the old man says Nelson, or whatever his name really is, means to marry her. But it is unsafe."

"Very, I should say," said the girl, reflectively.

"They rarely do, these whites that make love to pretty Mexicans," added the Englishman.

The pretty Mexican cast up her dark eyes just then and took notice of the tally-ho. She had known it was there all along, but she had not been interested in it.

"The lady on the front watch you," she murmured to her companion.

Cameron glanced up. He caught the unfaltering look of the brown eyes, and the scales—the rosy scales of romance—fell from his own. He dropped the orange that he held into the water in his tub and started to the tally-ho. But he took only a step, then went back. The girl on the front seat had turned to the others.

"Can't we get out for a while? I'm sure we are all cramped and tired, and I should like to watch this pretty scene for a bit."

The Englishman helped her down, but she thanked him and walked away. Her manner implied that she would make her own investigations. She wandered among the boxes and the tubs and trays, hazarding a word to the washers here and there. Most of them did not understand her. She came up finally beside Cameron's tub and spoke to him. The on-lookers fancied that she might be asking how many oranges he had cleaned that day. Alicia, a half dozen feet away at the end of the tray, was unconcerned. So the Anglo-Saxon conducts his tragedy.

"It is evidently more attractive here than in Santa Barbara," the fair American said, in cool, placid tones.

Cameron stammered.

"I can't blame you. It breaks my heart, of course. But that can't be helped. I can stand it—and better now than later. Only I cared for you a great deal—a great, great deal."

She stopped.

"Don't you now?" asked Cameron baldly.

"Yes. I suppose I always shall, too. But, of course, I shall never see you again."

He started to protest, a little outraged in feelings at her severity.

"Please don't make a scene," she said, anxiously. "It won't do any good. You ought to know me well enough to know that."

Cameron reflected that Alicia would have screamed, and cried, and stabbed, perhaps, but would have forgiven. That was her Latin blood. This girl was Anglo-Saxon. She would never forgive, but neither would she ever forget. He understood—he was of her race. So he kept silence.

"Did you tell her you would marry her?"

"Yes." He did not attempt to evade.

"Then you will keep the promise, will you not?"

He did not answer.

"I must leave that to you," she finished. "If you think you should, you will do it. Good-by."

The cool possessors of hot young blood parted after the manner of the well-bred of their kind. The girl drove away through the country of romance. She was in Elysian fields and her heart and soul were in hades, but no one knew that.

The man washed his fruit in silence while the little daughter of the land stood beside him, patiently waiting for him to speak. When he did, he said:

"We shall be married in a week at the mission, Alicia."

"Yes," she answered, pleased.

And the romance was closed.—Argonaut.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Another paving material has been discovered in Florida at Tampa. It is the pebble phosphate, and is said to be very good and cheap.

The production of india rubber in Mexico is attracting attention, and the samples which have been exhibited are said to be of fine quality.

Coal tar, when used for dyes, yields sixteen shades of blue, the same number of yellow tints, twelve of orange, nine of violet, and numerous other colors and shades.

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

A New Hampshire quarry is turning out a soapstone boot drier. It is intended especially for rubber boots. The stone is to be heated and then dropped into the boot, to be left there till the latter is dry.

Clover sickness, a common disease which often ruins clover crops, has caused German scientists to make experiments. They have succeeded in getting cultures of the bacteria that produce the disease. They expect that soon farmers will be able to inoculate their land just as a human being may be treated.

Planters in the Southwest have finally found a practical means of destroying insects that infest cotton plants without injury to the boll. The machine, drawn by two horses, looks like a cultivator. It is provided with rolling brushes which turn in opposite directions so as to brush both sides of the cotton plant, brushing off all insects from the plant without injury. The insects are caught on rolling bands placed on each side of the machine, which carries the insects between two rollers, where they are crushed.

The attention of a French surgeon, Professor Lannelongue, was lately drawn to blisters produced on the scalps of several children who had been playing in the shadow of a well whose top was under bright sunlight. The idea that his might be an X-ray effect suggested itself. Experiments were then made on a number of persons, when several who were exposed unprotected to similar radiations were burned, while others who were protected by strontium glass escaped. The investigator declares that X-ray discoveries will revolutionize the treatment of sunstroke. He thinks the ancient Greeks may have been wiser than we know in covering their heads with brass helmets and their chests and backs with light metal cuirasses, and concludes that future protection from sunstroke may be sought behind strontium glass helmets.

Inventing Lucifer Matches.

It was during his early days as assistant teacher at a Reading (England) school that the late Sir Isaac, then Mr., Holden, invented the lucifer match, through the necessity for an illuminant on dark wintry mornings. He told the story thus: "In the morning I used to get up at 4 o'clock, in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time flint and steel, in the use of which I found very great inconvenience. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light, but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood by that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put sulphur under the explosive mixture. I did that, and showed it in my next lecture on chemistry, a course of which I was delivering at a large academy. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterward lucifer matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer match. I was urged to go and take out a patent immediately, but thought it was so small a matter, and it cost me so little labor, that I did not think it proper."

A Pretty Custom.

South American lovers have a pretty custom. It is well known that when the petals of the great laurel magnolia are touched, however lightly, the result is a brown spot, which develops in a few hours. The fact is taken advantage of by the lover, who pulls a magnolia flower, and on one of its pure, white petals writes a motto or message with a hard, sharp-pointed pencil. Then he sends the flower, the young lady puts it in a vase of water, and in three or four hours the message written on the leaf becomes quite visible and remains so.

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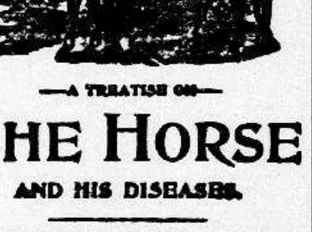

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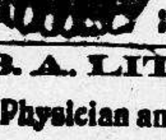
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Office with Kenneth Baillie, Esq.

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

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

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