

The German Emperor believes that orthodox Christians make better soldiers than those who are more liberal in their religious opinions.

Mexico now has lady bull fighters, Brooklyn has lady foot-ball players and Middletown, N. Y., has a lady street-car motorman.

The Uganda Railway has now advanced seventy miles into the interior of Africa. A missionary writes that bicycles are seen every day in the streets of Uganda.

The Maine hunters who have shot at men under the impression that they were deer have proved excellent marksmen this season.

In many places agricultural fairs have been diverted from their legitimate purposes and turned into mere circus combinations.

Professor Gates, of the Smithsonian Institution, claims that human viciousness is caused by poisons in the cells of the brain.

Professor Schelling, in a paper before the statistical society, of London, gives for the eight principal causes of insanity, the following percentages.

With respect to the number of fatalities charged to suicide during the year 1897, the Chicago Tribune finds that not less than 6600 persons killed themselves during that period of time.

According to a recent London estimate only about 25,000 American tourists visited the English capital in the course of the past season.

ONCE IN A WHILE.

Once in a while the sun shines out and the aching skies are a perfect blue; once in a while 'mid clouds of doubt Faith's fairest stars come peeping through.

Once in a while within our own We feel the hand of a steadfast friend; once in a while we feel the tone Of love, with the heart's own voice to blend.

Once in a while in the desert sand We find a spot of the fairest green; once in a while from where we stand The hills of Paradise are seen.

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FOUND AT LAST.

There is a dreary little shop in a dirty little street. In the shop window a curious medley of things, old and new, worthless and valuable.

Into this shop one dull November afternoon Duncan Collis found his way. He had several times picked up curious trifles there, and now, in a corner of the window was a small black frame that he fancied might be suitable for a print he had lately bought.

As a matter of course, the wizened old man behind the counter asked twice as much as the frame was worth, though he knew his customer by sight, and respected him.

After some protestations an offer was accepted. "Oh, I'll take it with me," he continued, experience having taught him that such purchases are safer in one's own keeping.

Duncan noticed the old man change color, and glancing around to discover the reason for such a marvel, he found that an elderly woman had entered the shop.

"Then it's sold," she murmured under her breath, as she looked at the money lying on the counter.

"Was the frame yours?" Duncan asked, with a disregard for the etiquette of buyer and seller.

"Yes; at least, it belonged to a—a friend. But there was a picture in it."

"I shouldn't call it a picture," interrupted Stooks. And he was not altogether pleased when his customer said: "Well, whatever it was, I should like to see it."

From a drawer was taken a small oil painting—the portrait of a fair-haired girl, with a bunch of white lilies in her hand.

"It isn't much, and it wants a gilt frame," said Duncan.

"No, it isn't much," repeated Duncan, and he smiled. For once Stooks was mistaken. Duncan Collis had painted that picture, and an appreciative public had taught him the value of his own work.

Duncan bought the picture from the old dealer put it back in its frame and then left the place.

Three doors off was a draper's, where a stand of cheap machineries screened him from observation; and he stood there until the woman appeared, her lips compressed, a red spot on either cheek. Stooks had evidently driven a hard bargain.

"I'm afraid you did not get a great deal," said Duncan, as she reached the door.

"Only \$1.75. And I took the frame there yesterday. He didn't have much trouble."

"Now I want you to tell me where you got the picture."

"I can't do that, sir."

"Why not?"

"People don't like their affairs talked about when—"

"They are in difficulties. That I understand perfectly. But when it's a question of refusing help—substantial help—don't you think it makes a difference? Look here,"—and he opened a pocket he wore on his watch chain—"you know the face?"

"Yes, it is Miss March, sure enough."

As he had suspected, the girl he was seeking had put aside her own name, together with any other things that had belonged to her past.

"Then tell me where to find her. There isn't a truer friend in the world than I would be if she would let me."

And Duncan's tone and manner carried conviction.

"Well, she's in need of a friend now, and she'll be more in need of one soon. Her brother's dying, though she won't see it; and when he's gone she'll have no one belonging to her. Of course, she won't have to work so hard."

"Do you mean to say she keeps him?"

"She does that for a year and more."

"Good heavens, woman, can't you understand that you're torturing me?" And possibly she did understand, for she turned and walked on quickly, till they reached the door of a house in a neighboring street. Here she paused.

USEFUL CASTOR OIL.

The much maligned castor oil bean, which grows within cultivation in almost all parts of the world, in America, particularly in South America and the southwestern part of the United States, produces an oil which has many uses other than medicinal uses.

The bean contains from 50 to 60 per cent. of oil, 100 pounds of beans yielding about 30 pounds of fine oil at the first pressing, 16 pounds of a second quality by additional heat in the pressing, and five to 10 pounds by heating the mass with steam or in an oven and a final pressing.

The extract obtained from the last-named process is valuable for burning purposes. In the East the beans are obtained from the pods by allowing them to dry in the sun, and then thrashing them out with flails.

In this country the pods are passed through hard wooden rollers, set about three-sixths of an inch apart, which merely crush the pods without reducing the mass to a pulp. The beans are then placed in heavy canvas bags, which are placed in a hydraulic press, if the work is conducted on a very large scale, or a hand press if only a small amount is treated.

By slow compression the oil is extracted and runs into receiving tubs.

The cold-pressed oil, as it is known in the trade, obtained in this manner is about one-half of the total oil contents of the bean. For the balance the cakes are removed, crushed and heated to about the boiling point of water, then re-bagged and again subjected to the press, or what is preferable, to keep the two qualities of oil separate, use a separate press and greater pressure.

After refining by boiling with water in large retorts the oil is ready for use. As a preservative of leather castor oil has no superior. Mice and rats, which are very destructive to leather articles, will not touch harness or other articles which are occasionally dressed with castor oil, while such applications render the leather pliable and soft.

When applied to ordinary shoes a polish can easily be got immediately after its use, which is rarely so with other oils. As a preservative for leather belting it has no equal. As a lubricant for heavy bearings it is advocated by many English manufacturers, many of them going so far as to have all of their shafting and also their cylinders lubricated with castor oil, if ever, becomes hot, even under extraordinary circumstances.

Philadelphia Record.

Gigantic Bow Used in China to Kill Tigers.

In the Smithsonian institution in Washington one of the most interesting objects is the bow used by the Chinese to kill tigers in the jungle district.

It resembles greatly in size and shape a crossbow of the mediæval period. The whole is cleverly compounded, the power being obtained from ten pieces of bamboo, forming an elliptical spring, and producing an immense power.

The trigger is a compound one, and is released by the pressure on a thread. So strong is the bow that in China it took six men to pull it back, bending the bow, when it broke, and one of the men was severely injured.

The weapon is placed in one of the paths frequented by the tiger. It rests on two bamboo sticks driven into the ground, holes being cut in the bottom of the bow for that purpose.

The trigger is set, and its presence is concealed as far as possible. When the tiger passes it and brushes against the thread laid out for the purpose the arrows, with their shafts, which have been dipped in poison pojs, are driven into its body.

Revolutionary Scholars.

For George Channing wrote an account of the school of his youth, which he attended just after the revolution. Girls and boys attended together the primary school and sat on seats made of round blocks of wood of various heights, which were furnished by the parents.

Children bowed and kissed the teacher's hand on leaving the room. The teaching of spelling was peculiar. It was the last lesson of the day.

"The master gave out a long word, say multiplication, with a blow of his strap on the desk as a signal for all to start together, and in chorus the whole class spelled out the word in syllables. The teacher's ear was so trained and acute that he at once detected any misspelling. If this happened he demanded the name of the scholar who made the mistake. If there was any hesitancy or refusal to acknowledge he kept the whole class until, by repeated trials of long words, accuracy was obtained. The roar of the many voices of the large school, all pitched in different keys, could be heard, on summer days, for a long distance.—The Chautauquan.

After His Autograph.

"You are the celebrated Mr. Chumley Jones, I believe?"

"That is my name, sir. What can I do for you?"

"Well, Mr. Jones, I came to ask you for your autograph."

"My autograph? Delighted, I'm sure. Have you any preference as to its form?"

"If it is all the same to you, Mr. Jones, I should prefer that the bottom of a check for \$50, made to the order of Snip & Cuttum, tailors. You have the bill, I believe."—Harper's Bazar.

A Good Start.

"I should not be surprised if this Klondike craze wouldn't be the means of building up Jinkie's fortune."

"Is he going to dig gold?"

"He saved up enough money to make the trip and then changed his mind and opened a grocery store."—Washington Star.

It is estimated that North Carolina mills are consuming annually 50,000 more bales of cotton than are produced in the state.

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DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, Boots, Shoes & Hats. Notions, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, etc.

Country Produce. A specialty. Chickens, eggs, etc., always on hand. Orders by mail promptly filled. Prices to suit the times. First corner west of bridge, on Landry Street, Opelousas.

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Opelousas Courier

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

Advertisement in this paper and increase your business. Always at work in your interest. For liberal rates apply to the publication office of this paper.

SECOND-HAND TURK WATER MOTOR FOR SALE. Large size; cost \$400; 12 horse-power; in use only four months. Will be sold at a Bargain. Apply at once to Vicksburg Newspaper Union, VICKSBURG, MISS.

HOTEL DENECHAUD. Cor. Perdido and Canalade St., NEW ORLEANS. American and European Plans. This Hotel has just been enlarged and renovated. An electric elevator and all modern improvements have been added to the building.

WE LEAD IN LOW PRICES, OTHERS FOLLOW. A. C. SKILES, (Successor to B. 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, Mouldings, Coal and Sand. We only ask to make you our figures and your better judgment will do the rest.

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IF YOU HAVE LANDS FOR SALE LIST THEM WITH

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They are now in correspondence with a number of home seekers and there will be a good demand for lands in South-west Louisiana this fall.

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