THE OPELOUSAS COURIER.

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OPELOUSAS, : LOUISIANA.

Considering that the general deficiency bill carries an appropriation of $240,000,000, is clear that the deficiency is very general indeed.

China has suffered some financial reverses lately, but the demand for fireworks this year has gone far toward putting the government on its feet.

It is estimated that our exports for the year 1898 will amount to $835,000,000, exceeding all previous records by about $36,000,000. Exports of corn alone have exceeded 200,000,000 bushels, as against 100,000,000 the highest previous record.

American manufactured exports are increasing in variety as well as volume. Demand for higher and more finished forms of manufactured articles, in production of which foreigners have hitherto excelled, is steadily growing both in Europe and elsewhere. We are becoming industrial conquerors of the world.

At the last session of the Georgia Legislature the sum of $10,000 was appropriated to the Georgia School of Technology for the purpose of adding a textile department to that institution; but in order to make this sum available it was provided that another like sum should first be raised by popular subscription, making the total endowment $20,000.

The assignment of Commodore John Crittenden Watson to the command of the Eastern Squadron brings before the public another graduate of Admiral Farragut's school of naval warfare. The Commodore was flag lieutenant on the Hartford at the battle of Mobile Bay, and it was he who lashed the Admiral to the rigging after the bluff old hero had refused to take a less exposed position. Rear-Admiral Dewey received his first practical instruction under Farragut, and the tactics of Mobile Bay won for him and for American arms enduring fame in Manila Bay thirty-four years later.

The war has not thus far produced much novel caricature, the caricaturists being satisfied for the most part with the old types—and this, too, although there is some complaint of them, says the New York Post. A few critics have appeared who declare that there is not sufficient correspondence between the type and what it typifies. John Bull, for instance, it is said, might well enough two generations ago have been regularly set before us as a burly, red-cheeked farmer, and in the days when the "American Cousin" made the fortune of a theatre, the United States might fairly have been caricatured as a long, lank, lantern-jawed Yankee whittler; but in these days John Bull and we have become more cosmopolitan, and both countries should endeavor to introduce a new caricature type which would be more "up to date."

Human nature crops out in the circles of domestic peace or war quite as often and as typically as it does down on the sweltering battlefields of Cuba. A dressmaker who sued a customer for $2 furnished a pleasing example of this in a police court in New York City. The customer swore before a more or less patient Magistrate that the garment which was appraised at $2 made her look like a fright, and that she could not conscientiously give up her good money for such poor work. The dressmaker, however, demanded $2, and would not take anything else. The Magistrate thereupon invented "the municipal fund for the settlement of strange cases," and paid the money out of his own pocket. When the dressmaker found out that there was no such fund she returned the money with the announcement that she had an abundance of it. She simply did not wish another woman to "get the best of her." That is the glorious spirit which wins victories in peace or war.

The confession of Professor George Herbert Stephens, a former professor of logic and moral philosophy of Lafayette College, that he was the author of the fire which recently destroyed Pardee Hall, and also of various other acts of desecration and malicious mischief which have been charged to the students of the college, is an acknowledgment of a degree of moral wickedness rarely found in the most depraved members of our civilization. It is all the more remarkable, comments the Trenton (N. J.) American, that one enjoying such opportunities for self-culture should give himself up so entirely to his thirst for revenge for an injury which he brought upon himself by his own imprudent acts. He takes rank with the monstrosities of crime which have disgraced our civilization, while his lapse from the paths of virtue can only be accounted for on the ground that in the pursuit of his revenges he lost the control of his reason. That is the only charitable grounds upon which his monstrous crimes can be accounted for.

THE WHISTLING BOY.

Is there a sound in the world so sweet,
on a dark and dreary morn,
When the gloom without meets the
gloom within, till we wish we'd not
been born,
As the sound of a little barefoot boy
gayly whistling in the rain,
As he drives the cows to pastures
green, down the path in the muddy
lane?

The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not
dampened by autumn rain;
His clothes and his hands and his
sturdy feet are not spoiled by grime
or stain;
The world to him is a wonderful place
that he means some day to explore;
If there's time to play and plenty to
eat who cares if the heavens pour?

Oh, that cheery trill of a heart as
fresh as the drops that clear the air,
Brings a smile to our lips, and clears
the soul of the gloom that brooded
there;
And we bless the boy as he spats
along through rivers of rain and
mud,
For the hope and cheer in that whistled note would rainbow the sky in
a flood.

—Celia S. Berkstresser in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Ring and the Glove.

I felt like Cortez upon a memorable occasion when the jeweller's glass door swung behind me, and, marching up to the counter, I asked for a ring.

"A ring, sir?" said the attendant, a Cockney to his finger tips. "What sort of a ring?"

"An engagement ring," said I valorously.

"What size, sir?" demanded the man, docketing me mentally.

"Five and a half," I replied, thinking of the glove.

"That's rather an unusual size," he remarked, rubbing one eyebrow, "unless it's a bangle the lady wants."

"I'm not sure that she wants it at all," I murmured, producing the little sandalwood-scented bit of silk; "but that is the size, I think."

"Oh—it's the size of the lady's 'and," he observed with mild toleration, unrolling it. "Well, sir, ladies' fingers vary in girth, and it's more usual to fit them with a piece of cardboard; but we'll go our best."

"Could not the member be reconstituted?" I asked impressively.

That knocked the conceit out of him; he stared at me helplessly.

"Fill it with powder or something," I explained.

It took him five minutes' self-discipline to grasp the startling novelty, but he did, and, under my direction, filled the third finger sheath with plate powder, which I rammed home with my pencil-case. Then, producing a miniature calliper, he took measurements and began to search his scintillating stock, displaying a reverent familiarity most impressive to behold. Cleopatra, how they dazzled! Pearls, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, each challenging the admiration, but checking the desire by the narrow parchment slip attached setting forth the price. Two hundred dollars, $300, $500, it was a charmed place, where money lost its everyday significance, for what man of spirit would be content to offer the girl of his heart a thing costing a miserable tenner when close beside it twinkled a rose diamond worth a king's ransom? I felt almost pauperized, recollecting that I had only $400 available.

"Now, sir, what do you think of this?" asked the shopman patronizingly, as he displayed an opal changeful as the shifting sunlight on a misty sky. "It's exactly the lady's size, making allowances, for, of course, she won't want to wear it over 'er glove."

"Are not opals unlucky?" said I, endeavoring to decipher the price.

"Oh, we don't hold with such superstition," replied the jeweller, loftily, "but they do say one will keep you from being poisoned."

"Then I shall leave it for the next rich widow," I answered. "But what is the cost of this?"

I alluded to an emerald set amid pearls, which I already saw glittering on the loveliest hand in the world. He extracted it with a silent respect he borrowed from my eagerness, and made a measurement while I watched him, my heart beating madly. The size was exactly the same; the price—but that is a detail. I decided upon it. The shopman thanked me perfunctorily, and I leaned against the counter, feeling like one who had received a great favor. But when I fumbled in my pocket for the notes and heard their crisp crackle my confidence returned, and then as I watched the splendid thing flashing in its violet bed I believed I must after all be a rich man, unknown to myself, so great was the suggestion of unlimited wealth thus conveyed.

"I should like a piece of glass on the inside of the case lid," I observed carelessly. "Is it usual?"

"That's looking glass?" queried the lapidary, glancing up from a surreptitious examination of the notes.

I nodded. I knew I must be getting red.

"Well," he remarked, tolerantly, "it is not exactly usual, but it's a pretty idea—'ightens the attraction of the gem, makes the lady see the present from two points of view."

"Hardly an advantage sometimes," I observed, "but can you do it?"

"Well, yes, I should think," he replied condescendingly.

"Then get it done, and I shall stand the racket." I answered magnificently.

He hurried away to effect the alteration, his place being taken by a bald headed salesman who wore spectacles and talked to me over them soothingly, as one would to a person of weak intellect, while I formulated piratical schemes and asked him puerile questions with a gravity equalling his own.

When I left the shop I headed straight for Bloomsbury square, but remembering that she might be just then occupied by domestic duties, decided to call later in the day. Even the ring in my pocket gave me no additional courage, and presently I began to think it was not quite royal enough. Edging my way to Regent's Park I hunted out a quiet spot and sat down to examine it at leisure. It was glorious still, but somehow not so glorious as I would have wished, and I was actually questioning the wisdom of my choice when an approaching footfall made me close the case. It was light, though firm, and the everlasting flint would have worn well beneath it. Something, more of the intellect than of the sense, made me look up, and I saw her.

The sensation of being shot through the heart has not, I believe, received adequate literary expression, those who experience it being usually preoccupied at the exact moment with other matters; but I think I know what it means. She stopped and we gazed at each other. She was in deep black, but the pallor had gone from her oval cheeks. She made a half tentative bow. I sprang to my feet.

"I am so glad to see you," I cried, "because—I want to restore something you forgot in the restaurant Easter—a few weeks ago."

"How kind of you," she said, coming near.

"Oh, not at all," I replied; "but I hope you were not inconvenienced. I should have sent it, but I—I didn't."

I put my hand in my breast pocket hurriedly and extracted my handkerchief, which in turn brought to light a sheaf of letters and memoranda I shook out at her feet like a skillful conjurer. Then I tried the other pocket, but vainly. "It's a glove,' I said weakly, gathering up my belongings, "one of yours, don't you know."

"I recollect—I missed it," she said coldly.

"But the cab went so quickly," I pleaded; "ah, do sit down until I find it."

She did so. I was in a gentle perspiration.

"Pray do not take so much trouble," she murmured plaintively.

"Hurrah, I have it," I cried, and I extracted the wisp of silk from my watch pocket, where I had thrust it on leaving the shop.

"So kind of you," she observed, taking it. Then the powder ran out over her dress.

"How stupid," I gasped, completely demoralized now, and retaking the glove I shook it vigorously until I had created a miniature dust storm. She sneezed. I devoutly wished that the flying machine was an accomplished fact.

"It's ruined," I muttered wofully, for it certainly presented a piebald appearance.

She smiled. I sat down saying desperately:

"Would you allow me to keep it? The thing is of no use now."

"Why?" she answered quietly, but the voice was low.

"To remind me of that happy day," I replied, shying.

"Indeed? I am glad you think of it as a pleasant one," she said graciously. "Mr. Turnbull was declaiming all the way back in the cab. He seemed prejudiced against you."

"He may be described as a man who means well," I observed severely. "I hope he said something actionable."

"Oh hardly that!" she answered laughingly; "but he seems to have changed his opinion lately. Your name happened to come up in conversation to-day and he said—"

She paused! a sudden flame leaped into her cheeks.

"What did he say?" I demanded, trying to look away.

"He said you were an honorable man," she replied, the point of her parasol tracing a lop-sided isosceles triangle in the dust, "but—"

"Ah, there is much virtue in that 'but,'" I observed bitterly.

"That you ought to settle down," she continued, tossing her head and rising.

"So I shall," I cried, "but it depends upon my lady. I have her portrait here in this case. She is the only girl I shall ever care for in that way," I added, because a little qualification does no harm at even the most exalted moments. "By the way, she is an acquaintance of yours, too." And, pressing the spring, I handed the casket to her as the lid flew back. She glanced at me curiously, very pale now. I, weak about the knees, watched a child trundle a hoop past us.

She uttered a little cry that sank into a sobbing laugh. Then she sat down beside me and put one of the hands I hope to hold when death beckons me down the last dim turning of life's road, into mine.

"I trust she will make you a good wife," she said gravely. And— Well, surely man born of woman can guess the rest.—London Black and White.

Weyler as a Business Man.

Weyler may be a bad soldier, but he is a very talented business man. He, through his agents, in the past two years, bought 11,000 mules from the United States and Mexico at about $30 apiece, and then sold them through other agents to himself as representing the Spanish government at $128 apiece, making a clear profit of $98 a mule. With all allowance for transportation and feed, insurance and labor bills, all of which were probably paid by the poor government, the clear profit must have been $800,000. Equally shrewd was his cattle syndicate. The cattle concession was given to a concern in which he is said to have been the chief partner. They bought cattle, both live and refrigerated, at six cents per pound. The consumption in that city is over a hundred thousand pounds a day, the profit over $10,000 and in 600 days the total profit would be about $6,000,000. He is also said to have had a large interest in the tobacco monopoly, the flour trade, the potato business, the wholesale cabbage industry, the bottled beer commerce and the milk routes of Havana. It is no wonder, therefore, that the people of Manila say he sent home $6,000,000 and the people of Havana that he transmitted $8,000,000. Of course, this was not all for himself. He has many poor friends in the cortes.—New York Mail and Express.

Uses of Yawning.

A celebrated Belgian physician says that yawning is an exceedingly healthy function generally, besides having a very salutary effect in complaints of the pharynx and eustachian tubes. According to the results of late investigations, yawning is the most natural form of respiratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the chest and neck. It is recommended that every person should have a good yawn, with stretching of the limbs, morning and evening, for the purpose of ventilating the lungs and tonifying the muscles of respiration. An eminent authority claims that this form of gymnastics has a remarkable effect in relieving throat and ear troubles, and says that patients suffering from disorders of the throat have derived great benefit from it. He makes his patients yawn either by suggestion, imitation or by a series of full breaths with the lips partly closed. The yawning is repeated six times, and should be followed by swallowing. By this means the air and muscles in the eustachian tubes are aspirated.

MONEY IN SQUAB RAISING.

How They Are Produced in Michigan for the Eastern Markets.

The only squab farm in Michigan is located about three miles south of Grand Haven. Squabs are young doves, or pigeons, and are esteemed great delicacies in epicurean and midnight luncheon circles. There are several large squab farms in the east, and one near Toledo, but the only one in Michigan, so far as known, is at Grand Haven, and it is conducted by F. J. Bernreuther. He was for several years floorwalker in a large drygoods store. His health failed, and five years ago he took up squab raising. It was originally a side issue to his floorwalking, but he now devotes most of his attention to it. His farm comprises about ten acres of land, but only a small portion of this is given to the squab industry, the rest being planted to wheat and corn, which forms the staple diet for the old doves.

He has a big cage of woven wire. It is 80 x 120 feet, and 20 feet high, and the doves are kept confined by the wire netting on the sides and above. On the north side of the cage is a long, low building, in which the doves keep house. The roof has a southern exposure and a wind break, and here the doves sun themselves. The building is divided by partitions into rooms about ten feet square. These rooms are banked up on three sides, tier above tier, with small boxes, and these boxes are the nests, where the eggs are laid and the young are hatched and grow to be squabs. The partitions and boxes extend upward to the eaves of the building, and above the space is open from end to end, allowing free passageway for the doves and a roosting place for those not busy with domestic duties.

After the two pretty white eggs are laid, the male takes his regular trick of sitting on them during the twenty-one days of incubation, and when the young are hatched he does his full share toward feeding them. Four weeks after the young birds are hatched they become marketable as squabs. The birds are in full feather, but not yet able to fly. A fast of twenty-four hours is the prelude to the flight into the dove heaven. This fast is imposed not to make them meek in spirit, but to clear their crops of food. Then a sharp knife point opens a vein in their throat, and as the life blood oozes out the bird's brief career closes with a flutter.

While the flesh is still warm the feathers are plucked out, the crop is washed out, and the denuded body is thrown into a tub of water to cool. The next day it is packed in ice for shipment. The squabs, dressed for market, weigh about half a pound, and the great market for them is New York. This city consumes very few of them. There is only a small demand for them in Detroit, and Chicago, big and metropolitan as it is, is a poor market. Almost the entire product of Bernreuther goes to New York, and the shipments average three or four dozens a week the year round. The squabs command from $1.50 to $3.50 a dozen, and there is money in the business.

The best breed of doves for squab purposes is the homing pigeon. This is not due to any particular delicacy of the flesh, but to the fact that homers are the best breeders, are diligent in properly caring for the eggs during the incubating period, and keep their young well fed. But the squab farmer does not run much to fancy stock. Just plain, ordinary doves are good enough. They bring out six to ten broods a year, each of two doves, and often eggs are in the nest for a new hatching before the preceding brood has developed to the squab age. The doves usually rest two months in the year, but as there is no recognized season for resting, the market can be supplied the year round.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Poisonous Laurel.

Among the most poisonous of plants native to the United States are various laurels. One of these is the common broad-leafed laurel, which is a handsome shrub from ten to thirty feet high. Its leaves are thick and shining, and its flowers appear in showy pink clusters. This kind of laurel grows abundantly on rocky hillsides. Its poison is a peculiar crystalline substance, easily dissolved out of the plant by cold water, and more dangerous even than strychnine. Great numbers of cattle and sheep are destroyed annually by eating the shrub, and children sometimes mistake the young shoots for wintergreen. Occasionally the leaves are used criminally to increase the intoxicating effects of liquor. The symptoms are persistent nausea, frothing at the mouth, grating of the teeth, dizziness, loss of sight and feeling, and coma. Among other poisonous laurels may be mentioned the narrow-leafed laurels, otherwise known as "lambkill" or "lamb laurel." It is much like the broad-leafed plant, but smaller. The so-called "stagger bush" is a species of laurel. Its more common name is "kill lamb." It is a small shrub, with showy clusters of tubular white flowers, and is frequent in low, damp soils along the Atlantic coast.—New York Sun.

The German reichstag is said to be the cheapest of all the parliaments of Europe. Its total expenses for the current year have been only about $170,000.

First, the torpedo boat to destroy the war vessel; then the torpedo boat destroyer to destroy the torpedo boat; now comes the destroyer to destroy the torpedo boat destroyer. Such is the evolution in naval warfare. The displacement of these new creations is fixed at 400 tons each. They will be made of light steel, with 11,000 indicated horse-power and 28 knots an hour speed. The vital parts are to be protected by two inches of inclined nickel steel armor. They will have a steaming radius of at least 5,000 miles, and for such small craft will have heavy batteries. Each boat will be equipped with two 12-pounders and five 6-pounders, besides two torpedo tubes. The forward 12-pounder gun will be placed on top of the conning tower, and will thus be in a position to do better execution against torpedo boats or torpedo boat destroyers. For offensive work against cruisers and battleships the boats will be equipped with two torpedo tubes. Members of the Board of Construction declare that there will be nothing of their type afloat that they cannot sink.

A Montana Herd of Buffalo.

A. B. Hammond, of the Astoria railroad, has presented the Oregonian with a photograph of a band of buffalo which are the property of a couple of half-breed Indians on the Flathead reservation, near Missoula, Mont. The original herd eleven years ago consisted of a couple of buffalo calves. It now consists of 125 head and is about all that are left of the vast numbers which a few years ago swarmed over the Western plains. These men have gone into the buffalo raising business as a source of profit and are making money.

Ten million flags have been sold in the United States since war was declared with Spain. Naturally flags are going up.

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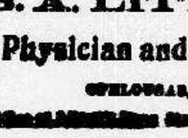

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