THE OPELOUSAS COURIER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

OPELOUSAS, : LOUISIANA.

Last week was the gloomiest which the London Stock Exchange has experienced in recent years. Owing to fear of money pressure prices went down all along the line.

Incidentally the automobile will prove a potent ally in the good-roads movement.

The difference between women who belong to clubs and men who belong to clubs is that the first are supposed to have views on every subject and the second are not supposed to have views on any subject.

The cities and towns which used voting machines at the recent election knew the results long before the poll clerks in other places were well under way with counting the ballots. And there were no marked and defective tickets to fight over.

California promises to become one of the leading manufacturing States in the Union. Its backbone, the Sierra Mountains, is the home of innumerable streams, which are being harnessed to generate electrical power thirty to forty miles for light and power purposes.

The frequent sneer of Great Britain's reliance upon her fleet embodied in the question: "Will she send her ships over the Hindoo Koosh?" rings false and hollow, now that the bluejackets and big guns of her warships did their work at Ladysmith, a hundred miles and more inland.

Derby, Conn., steps to the head in the list of novel causes of strikes. Thirty girls in a factory there stopped work because one of the employes persisted in eating limburger cheese with her luncheons—and as the factory happened to be rushed with orders, the strikers won, and the limburger cheese luncheon was banished.

"The schools in the majority of our cities have so far overcome the habit of resorting to corporal punishment that the school room now assumes the atmosphere of a pleasant and urbane assemblage of a well-mannered family in the home. The air of freedom and polite behavior takes the place of the suppressed and sullen mien of old times. The significance of this upon the formation of the future citizen in a democracy is obvious," observes United States Commissioner of Education Harris.

The New York Press merrily says: "Chighte, Choinge, Choga, Chrecage, Cigaigo, Czikago, Dsicago, Gaceco, Gigaga, Hicago, Kikago, Schikka, Schogio, Schichaco, Shkago, Sjicago, Stikago, Sugargar, Tschicago, Tchigo, Tezhiago, Zhtjgo. The postal authorities dumped these various orthographic curiosities on as many letters into the Chicago bag and found they all fitted." This is a graceful acknowledgment of the fact that Chicago is practically the whole thing, and the postal authorities know it, adds the Chicago Times-Herald.

Too many young men are educated to do the things that they are not fitted to do. Boys should rather be taught to use the tools that they will be most likely to need in their life-work in order to support themselves and those who will be dependent upon them for their living, and largely for their happiness, thinks Collis P. Huntington. This is an age of specialties, and those who confine themselves to one kind of work and become as nearly perfect in their particular line as it is possible for a man to become, are the ones who will succeed best.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) man named Four Miles has made application to the court to have his name changed to Frank Miller, on the ground that his present appellation is frequently used to hold him up to ridicule. His father had five children, all boys, and instead of giving them ordinary Christian names he called them by the first five numerals. One and Three Miles have already had their names changed by the courts; Two Miles seems to be satisfied with his unique cognomen, and Five Miles cannot take a new name until he shall have become of age.

According to Bishop Spalding the work of the conference of charities and correction would be sensibly diminished if there were fewer marriages and divorces. He thinks that it would be a great blessing to society if fully half the marriages that take place could be prevented. They are entered into, he declares, without anything like a just appreciation of the sacredness of the relation that is to be established. Sots and criminals produce their like, and in their homes the case of the young is hopeless. Where there should be the best of education, the kind that comes from the heart and the affections, there is nothing but evil example, against which the education of the schools is powerless.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

My little sweetheart of long ago!
I see her eyes and her wind-tossed hair,
And the long, long way that we used to go
On foot to school when the day was fair,
The morning sun on our faces shone,
And the world before us was all our own.

We crossed the bridge at the end of the town,
Beyond the hedges the meadow lay;
We could look across where the sky came down
To the ends of the earth, and far away—
And we thought, for the distance seemed so fair,
That surely the gate of Heaven was there!

We passed through the quiet woodland dell,
Where the great trees met in an arching screen,
And the glittering, waving sunbeams fell,
Like golden harrows, the boughs between,
Lighting the moss where the wind-flowers shook,
And the violet slept in her velvet nook.

Always new was that morning walk;
So much to think, and so much to say.
How full of wisdom our grave, sweet talk,
What treasures we found along the way!
Mid all the wealth in the haunts of men,
Nothing so rare have we found since then!

A tiny nest, where the eggs were five—
An empty nest, by the pathway's edge;
The myriad creatures that toil and thrive
In mossy crevice and nook and ledge
Ant, and spider, and wood-mouse shy,
Butterfly, moth, and dragon-fly!

My little sweetheart of long ago!
Though school was ended, and life's sad page
Has taught us more than we care to know,
Have we wiser grown? Are we quite as sage
As we were in that far, sweet dreamland, where
We walked to school when the days were fair?

—Youth's Companion.

CUPID . . . —IN A— . . CYCLONE.

Vlasta looked wistfully out of her small-paned window, deep-set in the heavy sod wall, and sighed.

The piles of unwashed dinner dishes over which she was at work hardly accounted for that sigh and the view without was pleasant, rather than otherwise.

It was a Sunday afternoon in the late June, hot and unusually still for that windy country, but the rolling stretches of prairie grass and the green fields of young wheat and corn still held the freshness of early spring.

But the cloud "no larger than a man's hand," is always present in some form or other.

One was at that moment rising lazily on the western horizon, over the low, green hills, just a faint summer cloud, unseen by the girl, whose eyes were fixed on a nearer and, to her, much more attractive object. This, as is apt to be the case when maidens sigh, was a young man, who, on the other side of a barbed-wire fence, some little distance away, was busily engaged in washing his buggy, which was rolled in front of his own little sod house.

He was of middle size, dark-haired and featured, like herself, and clad in the careless costume of overalls and jacket of blue denim, and dingy from exposure to sun and weather, and the battered sombrero of light felt, which were usual in his everyday occupation of farming.

As any one familiar with that part of the country could tell at a glance, they were young Bohemians, members of that great army of hardy settlers who have made homes for themselves in the previously untilled west.

But hearts will be hearts in every place and Juliet may pine for her Romeo in ancient castle no more than in humble sod house, as did this commonplace little heroine, with her plain but kindly face.

Now, by custom immemorial Sunday is the rural holiday everywhere and it is especially so among our foreign-born citizens, who on that day sally forth, clad in their best, ready for visiting and merry-making and seeing no incongruity between church and mass in the morning and a dance in the afternoon and evening.

So, considering this, it seemed that the young settler, Albrecht Hollub, should be on pleasure bent, and the signs indicated to that so he was, or soon should be. Herein lay the sting which changed for her the sunshine of that glorious June day to gloom.

For Albrecht was "going riding" in his new buggy—going without her, and, no doubt, with some other girl—when it really was her place on that seat beside him.

And had she not proudly occupied it until that unlucky night not yet two weeks ago, but seeming half a lifetime, as a girl's short lifetime goes?

Such a little thing, too, as is generally the case, to have caused all this trouble. She was not sure how Albrecht felt. Perhaps he was glad to get rid of her—here two great tears dropped into the dishpan at the thought. Just a dance at a young friend's wedding—it being their custom for a bridal party to go to a justice or country judge to have the ceremony performed, and then to return to the bride's home for a grand celebration, which usually lasted all night. Then a foolish quarrel, when Albrecht, heated up by excitement and beer, had insisted that she danced too often with the bride's elder brother. She had refused to listen to him, of course, with the result that he had walked out into the darkness and had never seen her since.

Perhaps she had sought covertly, and, no doubt, awkwardly, to find an opportunity of making amends, but he had ignored or avoided her, though they lived on adjacent claims; hence, for her, at least, bitter days and nights. She felt vaguely, in her simple fashion, the hardness of the woman's code which bids her "wait and weep" in silence, a rule that has broken many besides country hearts like hers. And all this time the cloud in the west was rising. It looked much like a puff of black smoke now, and there were others, not so dark, climbing up beside it.

The dishes were finished and put away in the kitchen "safe," or cupboard, and the girl sat down by her window—she was very fond of that window in those days—and gazed absently out. The landscape was left desolate to her, for Albrecht had disappeared, probably to attire himself for his outing.

Her father nodded in the shady doorway over his long, curved pipe. In the inner room her mother discoursed volubly to her second daughter in her native tongue, which is never forgotten by the "old people," at least. The shouts of the numerous younger children came from without, where they romped among the farm wagons and machinery, and the horses and cattle grazed contentedly on the fenced-in prairie that formed the pasture. It was all homely, but peaceful, and presently the girl's eyes, heavy with unaccustomed vigils, closed. She did not see the cloud rapidly swelling and taking on the ominous shape dreaded by the prairie dwellers, the so-called funnel form, which in this case was a much flattened one.

It seemed but a few minutes later when Vlasta roused abruptly in dazed bewilderment. A distant shout, one of alarm and warning, seemed echoing in her ear. How dark it had grown. And there were Albrecht and his little old mother, who kept his house, standing before their door, exclaiming and gesticulating wildly. At the same moment there came a rush of furious wind, bringing the sound of a low, menacing roar, while the mass of dusky green cloud seemed to quit the horizon and start swiftly on an earthward path.

Vlasta guessed instantly the peril that threatened, and sprang up with a terrified cry.

"My father, mother, quick! The cyclone! The cyclone!"

Then followed wild confusion, screaming children running to their parents, frantic exclamations, bustle and hurry.

Whither should they fly for refuge in that hour of terror? It was the good mother that solved the problem with prompt presence of mind.

"The henhouse, children! Let us run to the henhouse!" she cried, and she crowded her stout self and her best feather bed, brought from the fatherland, valiantly through the narrow doorway, followed by her husband carrying his pipe and armchair, and by the others with whatever they chanced to catch up, all racing through the thick whirling dust to the designated place of refuge.

In fact, it was the most suitable one within their reach, being really a low "dug-out" in the side of a small hill, the front or open side facing south and filled in with a sod wall, containing only a small, rough door and a tiny window, whose four small panes were thickly coated with dust.

In they rushed pell mell, causing wild discomfort to the usual occupants of this abode, which flew fluttering and cackling wildly from their rude nests and perches. The father was in the act of closing the door after the last one was in, when it was pushed violently open from without, and Albrecht and his mother, lacking such a shelter of their own, flung themselves among them.

Then the door, like that of the ark, was shut and braced by the father's stout shoulder. And none to soon, for the air was thick with flying debris. There were twelve of them—more souls than the ark carried, and crowded into a much smaller space, but that mattered little at such a time.

The fowl screamed, the children wailed, the big mother and little mother rocked and prayed in each other's arms, and the father bemoaned his farm and stock; but as for Vlasta, the cyclone had given her what the fates had otherwise denied, and the uproar and danger were all dominated by the joy that Albrecht was again beside her, so close that she could almost feel his deep, hurried breathing.

It was but a moment, and then, with a deafening roar, a rush of darkness, a choking breath of sulphur, the storm centre was upon them.

Vlasta remembered not how it happened, but when she was able to realize anything her arms were around Albrecht's neck and he was holding her to him and murmuring words of endearment, which she felt rather than heard. "My love, my little one"—though she was as tall as he—"do not fear. I will keep thee safe—I, thine own beloved."

Vlasta's pet white pullet fluttered on their shoulders like the white-winged dove of peace. The storm went swiftly on its resistless way, leaving desolation behind.

Their houses were in ruins; their little possessions torn to pieces or scattered far and wide, even a large part of the growing crops rooted up or ground into the soil.

But their lives were spared, and they are hardy and courageous. Sod houses can soon rise again, and other crops grow green on sunlit plains, and before long in the new home there will be "sounds of revelry by night" and a other merry wedding dance.

Mr. Lecky on Kruger.

Mr. Lecky's appreciation of President Kruger, at the opening meeting of the College Historical society in the University of Dublin, three years ago, is of interest at the present moment. He said of the president of the Transvaal Republic:

"I can speak of him with some personal knowledge. He has been more than once in my house, and I have come in contact with several men who have known him well. In many respects he resembles strikingly the stern Puritan warrior of the commonwealth—a strong, stubborn man, with indomitable courage and resolution, with very little tinge of cultivation, but with a rare natural shrewdness in judging men and events, he impresses all who come in contact with him with the extraordinary force of his nature. He is the father of no less than seventeen children. He belongs to a sect called the Doppers, which is derived from a Dutch word for an extinguisher, because they are desirous of extinguishing all novelties since the Synod of Dorp. Ardently religious, he is said to believe as strongly as Wesley in a direct personal inspiration guiding him in his acts. He is a great hunter of the most savage wild beasts. One finger is wanting on one of his hands; it was broken in a hunting expedition, and it is a characteristic trait that he then and there amputated it himself. In a semi-regal position, and with even more than regal power, he lives the life of a peasant, and although, I believe, an essentially just, wise and strong man, he has all his countrymen's dread of an immigration of an alien element, and all their dislike and suspicion of an industrious and mining community.—London News.

WHEN PEGGY GOES TO MARKET.

When Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes,
I'm stupefied with wonder at
How very much she knows.
She makes her way between the stalls
And with judicial air
Decides that this is "so and so"
And that is "pretty fair."

She knows if fish are fresh or not,
And, wise as any owl,
She differentiates between
A chicken and a fowl.
She thumbs the breastbone of the one
And pulls the other's legs;
She squints her pretty little eyes
To test the new-laid eggs.

The veg'tables must be just right,
For with a critic's eye
She scans them not inclined to pass
Their imperfections by.
She calls the market folks by name;
Ah, what a lot she knows,
When Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes!

When Peggy does the marketing
My heart with pride she fills;
I go along, a useless thing,
Except to pay the bills.

—Johnstone Murray, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HUMOROUS.

"All weddings turn out about the same." "Yes; the woman's given away, and the man gets sold."

He—She asked me what color hair I liked best. She—That's like Maud; she's always so anxious to please.

Tenant—But does the chimney always smoke like this? Landlord—Oh, no! Only when there's a fire in the grate.

Y.—They say the Toodles baby has her mother's chin. C.—Indeed! I didn't know the little thing had begun to talk yet!

"I hate you," he declared bitterly, "and yet I must take you, for better or worse!" Truly, a most unpleasant dose is quinine.

Willie—Young feller down stairs to see you, sis. Sister—Why how do you know, Willie? Willie—'Cause he asked if pop was in.

Weary Willie—Dese horseless kerridges is great, isn't dey? Auxious Arthur—Yep; but what dey orter invent is a biteless dorg.

"Is your son succeeding in business?" "I should say so. He has made enough to have his photograph taken sitting at his desk."

He was a great composer
And operas he could write,
But he couldn't compose his youngest
When he walked him 'round at night.

Johnny—I'd like to be a doctor, mamma. Mamma—Why? Johnny—I might find out something you could take to keep candy from hurting your teeth.

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, dear, no! My husband don't have to be in business no more. He's just a gentleman now. Mrs. Blugore—That must be a pleasant change for him.

Frank—Blanche pinned a tiny flatiron on my coat last night. Dick—Do you know what that means? Frank—No. Dick—Why she wants you to press your suit.

"Didn't you say that five hours on the wheel would be enough to learn to ride?" "Oh, yes; but you must remember that you have spent most of the time on the ground!"

"Is this a fast train?" asked the traveling man of the porter. "Of course it is," was the reply. "I thought so; would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to."

"I really believe Miss Blumer would be willing to run for president, she's so ambitious." "Land, yes; but she ain't so particular. She'd run for a smaller man than that if she thought she could catch him."

Russian Official—You can't stay in this country, sir. Traveler—Then I'll leave it. Official—Have you a permit to leave? Traveler—No, sir. Official—Then you cannot go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do.

Fishermen to Try Steamboats.

If one may judge by the pace at which the British fleet of steam trawlers is going, fishing is a profitable industry, and there should be no hesitation about developing it further. On an average the Clyde has built about 50 steam fishing boats every year for some time back, and the demand for boats of this type, instead of decreasing, is increasing.

The bulk of the fish trawled goes to the London market, and with the metropolis as the objective in a competition of the kind, northern people are naturally handicapped in the race with Grimsby and Hull. To make more of their natural advantages, however, they are turning their attention to herring, and there is a project maturing to supersede the sailing boats and their drift nets with steamboats.

The difficulty the promoters seek to overcome is the inability of the smacks, very often through want of wind, to get into harbor in time enough for the south trains. The application of steam would do this, and in addition facilitate the following of the fish necessary in the case of herring. The innovation, however, will mean ruin for thousands of bread-winners whose little smacks are their fortune, and to whom no alternative employment is open.—Chicago Record.

Chance Is Undiscovered Law.

In nature, of course, there is no such thing as chance. If there were, physical science would be altogether impossible. Chance comes into being only when nature and the action of a man combine to produce some results which the man does not intend or is not able to control.

If a man works the handle of a pump and brings water out of the spout, the result is not an affair of chance. If the ball, when he spins a roulette, falls into one of the red divisions, the result is chance. The reason why one result is and the other is not chance is not that there is really any greater or more necessary uniformity in the action of the pump when the man's hand moves the handle than there is in the behavior of the ball and the roulette when the two have been sent moving by the same human agency. The reason why the first result is not chance is that the man's knowledge of what he is doing, in that case, bears a definite relation to the result; and the reason why the result in the second case is chance, is that the man's knowledge bears no relation to it.—London Saturday Review.

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