

One tenth of the millionaires in the United States are women, according to the New York Herald's list.

It is reported that somebody wants to start a flying machine trust. Here is a promoter that is going to have trouble in floating his goods.

A huge meteorite has fallen in St. Louis county, Mo. Evidently exhibits for the world's fair of 1903 are coming from wide distances.

King Oscar of Sweden is an author, a historian, an orator, an artist and a dramatist, and he also writes poetry and plays the accordion. Yet he is popular. The good people of Sweden have some peculiar traits.

The value of the statement made by the agricultural department that the ravages of destructive insects cost the United States \$300,000,000 a year is somewhat impaired because of the fact that it can be neither corroborated nor refuted.

The mayor of Buenos Ayres has issued an order prohibiting those municipal employes who handle the public funds from attending the races. An investigation had shown that on race days a majority of the officeholders were not to be found at their posts, but at the racetrack.

It is now definitely established that consumption is a curable disease. Like every other chronic malady, if it is permitted to possess itself of the system and complicate itself with other disorders, it is beyond remedy. But, taken in time and dealt with in its incipient stages, recovery is practically assured.

The French have decided to introduce the automobile into the transportation service in North Africa to carry supplies across the desert of Sahara, from oasis to oasis, in place of camel caravans. It is expected that the new service will be more expeditious and economical. It looks as if the picturesque ship of the desert were about to disappear.

The present attitude of Europe toward the United States is discussed by Prof. David Kinley in the Forum. He explains how economic causes have produced a certain feeling of antagonism toward us, especially in Germany. He hopes that when this prejudice has been overcome America, England and Germany will unite in forming a triple alliance of the forces of peace and progress.

To Peterboro, N. H., belongs the distinction of establishing the first free public library in the world. It was incorporated in December, 1799. Although other towns had accepted gifts of libraries, and there have been in Europe for three hundred years or more municipal libraries, Peterboro was the first place to vote money for the formation and support of a free town library. Its first catalogue, issued in 1834, consisted largely of religious works, but there was a fair showing of works on travel and a respectable representation of fiction both as to quality and quantity.

A big total abstinence crusade has been started in England, and its promoters talk confidently of forming an army of a million "teetotalers" who will sign a pledge to "touch not, taste not, handle not." But no Father Mathew or John B. Gough has yet come forward to lead multitudes captive under the spell of burning eloquence, and it is not altogether probable that a million names will be signed to the rolls within a reasonable time. Great crusades are possible when great leaders inspire great enthusiasms. But where is the Peter and Hermit of today? Inquires the New York Tribune.

That the improved conditions of modern existence have added materially to the longevity of mankind is a matter that is being taken seriously in commercial circles. The Actuarial Society of America is to compile a new series of tables for the life insurance companies of the United States, which, the society maintains, will show a decreased mortality among the people of this country. This is expected to have the effect of decreasing the premium rates now charged, as the whole life insurance business is based on mortality tables. It cannot be doubted that, with sobriety and moderation in all things, the average man can live to an old age. The purification of foods, the marked advance in medicine and surgery, the wonders of modern science, are all assisting to prolong the existence of the man of the twentieth century. It remains for him to educate himself to enjoy that existence with contentment and success.

The Arabs were the first to introduce perfumes into Spain. They not only brought from the East the ready-made articles, but many valuable receipts for making the perfume.

LIFE FOR A LIFE.

It was late in the spring of '96 that I found myself in a little town of northwest Montana, whither I had gone from New York in search of health and recreation. The town was only a few miles from the Flathead reservation, to which I made frequent visits, and in time I became acquainted with many of the Indians. It was almost a daily custom with me to arise before daybreak and make my way to an adjacent spur of the Rocky mountains and there await the sunrise—a magnificent spectacle. In one of these morning reveries which the beauty of the scene engendered an idea entered my mind, the subsequent carrying out of which resulted in laying bare the secret of a tragedy which otherwise probably would have remained a mystery forever.

I had been a member of a camera club in the east and an expert amateur photographer. From my elevated position among the crags I had a very extensive view of the surrounding country, as well as the picturesque little town that nestled almost beneath my feet. The thought suddenly occurred to me one morning that if I had brought my parachute camera with me I should have been able to get some splendid views. Accordingly I telegraphed for the outfit and received it in a few days.

Among the acquaintances I made was a young Indian, of the name of Ren, an adopted son of a Mr. Warren, a business man of the town. Ren, who had been graduated from the Carlisle school, was a Hercules in stature, handsome of feature and mild and gentle in his manners. He and I became fast friends and for hours at a time I sat in some cozy nook in the mountains listening to his tales of Indian life and adventure.

A few weeks before the time set for my departure my landlady asked me to take some views of the town that she might retain as souvenirs. So the next afternoon I went to the spot I had selected as the most desirable spot from which to take the views, having delayed the trip until late in the afternoon so as to avoid the fierce heat of the sun. It was rapidly turning dusk when I packed my traps and started down the mountain side for my boarding house. I had gone but a short distance when I nearly stumbled over the prostrate figure of my friend Ren, whom I had not seen for several days, and who was so deeply wrapped in thought that he was apparently unconscious of my approach. When I called him by name, he instantly sprang to his feet, and grasping me by the arm, at the same time fixing his lustrous dark eyes upon my doubtless rather anxious face, said: "My white friend, you have no doubt many times wondered at my secretiveness concerning my parentage and probably have attributed my silence on the subject to a desire to hide a shameful birth. But as you will soon leave me, after bringing me much pleasure in our short acquaintance, I wish to remove your mind from any doubts you may have formed as to my birth and parentage."

I frankly told him that I really thought it strange that he avoided all reference to his father, and added that probably there was some secret vow which he preferred to shelter in his own bosom instead of having others share it with him. "You are partly right," he said, with a slight tone of bitterness in his voice. "Now, follow me, and I will explain the cause of my silence." I followed his lead, and we soon entered an inclosure formed by the abutting sides of two giant crags. There, halting near the centre, he pointed to a white stone slab, which bore the legend, now dimly visible in the gathering gloom: "MY FATHER."

"There," he said in a voice choking with emotion, "lies the body of one murdered, stabbed to death in cold blood by a cowardly white man. Though it is now nearly 14 years since that occurred and I was then a lad of 6 years, I can recall everything that took place on that fatal day. "I had gone into camp to procure something to eat when I was greatly surprised to see the form of my father stretched at full length on the ground and surrounded by a number of the tribe. Young as I was, a dread suspicion of what had occurred at once took possession of me, and breaking through the crowd, I threw myself upon his prostrate form imploring him to speak to me. My voice seemed to restore him to consciousness, for, turning his eyes toward me with a look that haunts me to this day, he motioned me to bend closer to his lips that I might not miss a single word of his dying wishes. After some water had been given to him he seemed to recover slightly and grasping my hand he hissed rather than said, in a voice husky with pain and exhaustion: "My poor boy, your father is dying, stricken down by the cowardly knife of Frank West, the cowboy. My life is ebbing fast, but as it dies in me it must live in you to mete out justice to my slayer. He must die at your hands, with the same knife, and let this be done ere you reach man's estate."

"By a mighty effort he raised himself to a sitting position, and drawing a knife from beneath his blanket, placed it in my hands, saying, 'Remember, my son—remember, and with his gaze fixed on my face, he sank slowly backward and expired.' The young man's form trembled with emotion for some minutes, but he soon composed himself and continued: "I shall be 21 years old in another month, and still father's wish is not accomplished. I am continually brooding over my failure to carry out his commands; that makes me seem sullen and morose at times." As night had fallen, we retraced our steps down the mountain to my boarding house, where Ren had me an affectionate good night at the door, and then betook himself to the home of Mr. Warren, who, as I afterward learned, was intimately acquainted with

his father's murderer, and who at the death of Ren's father had taken Ren as his adopted son.

After supper I returned to my room to examine the results of my day's picture taking, which consisted of a dozen or more views of the town taken at various altitudes with my flying parachute camera. After looking over two or three of the plates, I grew tired of the work and put the job off until the following day, when I would have more time. I then sauntered forth for a quiet stroll and a smoke before turning in for the night.

My walk led me in the direction of the county jail, on reaching which I was surprised to see the place surrounded by a large crowd of people. Upon inquiry I learned that a murder had been committed and that the victim was Mr. Warren, Ren's adopted father. One of the jail officers told me that Ren, after leaving me, proceeded directly to his home and finding Mr. Warren absent, from his room, went to the roof, thinking that the old man might have gone there, as the night was warm. He was horrified to find the lifeless body of his foster father, who had been strangled to death.

Rushing to the street, he immediately gave the alarm, but the assassin had left no clew to his identity, and must have had ample time to escape between the time the murder was done and the finding of the body by Ren.

The theory that seemed most plausible was that the murderer had entered for the purpose of robbing the place, knowing that Ren was absent and that the old man kept no servants, but upon being surprised by Mr. Warren in his work of plunder, he had strangled the old man to death and then carried him to the roof intending to throw him to the street below, and thus give color to the opinion that the old man had come to his death by accident. But evidently fearing that he would be discovered in the act, he abandoned the scheme, left the body on the roof and made good his escape.

I had but five days more to stay in this town, so I set about packing my trunk in order to be in time for the express which would leave on the coming Thursday. Before taking my departure I invited Ren to my rooms to spend an evening, which perhaps would be the last in his company. Ren accepted my invitation and promised to be on hand early. On Wednesday evening, the evening designated, I was busy working on the photographs which I intended to turn over to Mrs. Good and had completed my task with the exception of one plate, which I was working on.

I produced a clear picture on the plate, and no sooner had I gazed on its contents than a feeling came over me that I will retain in my memory to the longest day of my life.

Everything was too clear to me now. On the afternoon that Mr. Warren was murdered, I was up in the mountains and had sent my parachute camera flying through the air in the direction of Mr. Warren's house. It happened along just at the time when the unfortunate man was going to his death at the hands of a murderer whom I had photographed with his face upturned to the eye of the camera, which was passing directly above Mr. Warren's roof. The murderer in the picture was just in the act of throwing the old gentleman to the street below, but, his attention being attracted at seeing my camera flying in the air, his curiosity increased and by gazing at it steadily he was photographed in his murderous act.

It evidently could not have taken him long to come to the conclusion that he had foolishly trapped himself, for, leaving the body of the old gentleman on the roof, he had escaped. I was very much excited by the important discovery I had made, but decided to wait until Ren should call before I had made the affair public. A sudden knock at the door brought me to my senses and I hastened to open it, hoping that it would be Ren. To my surprise, a tall stranger confronted me. He described himself as Thomas Carter of New York City, a photographer by profession, and said that he came to this town on some business and had engaged rooms in this house and on the same floor with me. He added that while in conversation with Mrs. Good he had learned that I was an amateur photographer, and said if I had no objection he would like to assist me in putting my plates and negatives into shape.

A second look at the man's face convinced me he was the very person whom I had photographed in the act of murdering Mr. Warren. It no longer was a mystery. The murderer, knowing that he had been photographed in the act of leaving the old man on the roof, hurried to the street and traced the course of my camera to the mountains where I was stationed. His next move was to follow me to the boarding house, where he engaged rooms from my landlady and trusted that by describing himself as a professional photographer in approaching an ambitious amateur, it would be easy for him to gain admission to my apartment on the strength of his "bluff." Then he would carry off the very photograph that would have convicted him as a murderer.

I recovered my senses, and drawing my pistol pointed it at the man's head, at the same time telling him that if he moved one step I would fire. Seeing that I recognized him, Carter was convinced that I must have produced the picture that stamped him as a murderer. He grew frantic. The whole country for miles around would know of his bloody deed in a few hours. Suddenly he darted toward his room across the hall. I fired twice, but each time the shot went wild. I then rushed across the hall after him and tried to force the door of his room. He was preparing to escape, and called from the inside that if any person attempted to enter his room until he had vacated it, he would kill the intruder.

Just then I heard footsteps coming up the stairs and recognized them as Ren's. In another instant he was at

my side. I hurriedly explained the situation to him, and in less time than it takes to describe it, Ren had forced open the door of Carter's room and made for the murderer, who was in the act of escaping out of a window that led to the shed over the back veranda. A shot rang out. Ren staggered, and placing his hand to his forehead, fell to the floor.

Carter was desperate now, and taking aim at me, fired again. Fortunately the bullet missed its mark. Taking advantage of this I sprang at him before he had time to raise his gun again and throwing my arms about his neck I made one mighty effort that brought him to his knees, and succeeded in depriving him of the smoking pistol he held in tightly clenched hands. Carter had realized that his only hope of freedom was to overpower me and had very nearly accomplished his task when the noise of the pistol shots and the scramble attracted the attention of the boarders below. Rushing up the stairs, they succeeded in making Carter a prisoner before he had time to get away. A messenger was at once sent for a physician, while the constable of the little town was sent for to take charge of Carter. Ren was placed in a sitting position and everything possible was done to make the poor fellow comfortable while we awaited the arrival of the physician.

The murderer was tied to a chair and placed under the watchful eye of a boarder. Again and again he tried to free himself, but finally gave up the attempt and confessed that his right name was Frank West and that it was he who murdered Mr. Warren because Warren prevented him from robbing the house. He also confessed that 14 years ago he murdered Ren's Indian father by running up behind him and stabbing him in the back. He was about to continue his story when suddenly his voice was drowned by a shrill cry, a cry that is very familiar to the ears of a keeper in a madhouse.

Turning our attention in the direction when the sound came, we saw Ren upon his feet, his dark eyes fairly dancing out of his head, every muscle in his huge frame trembling and a grin of determination upon his face. He crossed the room to where West was a prisoner, drew a glittering dagger from his hip pocket, and with the swiftness of a cat he cut the rope which held West firmly to the chair. "You are free now," exclaimed Ren, handing West the knife that he freed him with. "Take this. Now face old white wing's son."

At the same moment he displayed another knife and flourishing it high in the air he exclaimed: "This, West, is the knife you killed my father with, and I trust that Almighty God in heaven will give me strength enough to avenge my father's cowardly murder by killing you with the same knife." In another instant the two men met in the centre of the room and for a few moments they struggled, tightly clasped in each other's embrace. Ren was decidedly weak from the loss of blood, but he fought West like a madman. Suddenly the two separated and West reeled about for a few seconds and then fell to the floor, dead.

Ren had succeeded in holding his antagonist in a vise like grip till he thrust through the heart of Frank West the blade that 14 years ago had sent his father to his death.

Turning to me, Ren said: "I have carried out my father's last earthly wish, for I will not be 21 years of age for three weeks to come." He made an effort to say something more to me, but the hand of death was reaching out for him now, and with a pitiful moan, he sank back in my arms. Just then the physician arrived. "Too late," he exclaimed, and so it was, for death had claimed one of the bravest men that the state of Montana has ever produced.—New York Evening Star.

THE HARMLESS RATTLESLAKE.

It Does Not Always Strike When Given the Opportunity.

I have seen a good many rattlesnakes—perhaps a hundred or more—in the Sierra mountains, but I have never intentionally disturbed them, nor have they disturbed me to any great extent, even by accident, though they were oftentimes in danger of being stepped on. Once, while on my knees kindling a fire, one glided under the arch made by my arms. The last time I sauntered through the big canon I saw about two a day. One was not coiled, but neatly folded in a narrow space between two cobblestones on the side of the river, his head below the level of them, ready to shoot up like a Jack-in-the-box for frogs or birds. My foot spanned the space above within an inch or two of his head, but he only held it lower. In making my way through a particularly tedious tangle of buckthorn, I parted the branches on the side of an open space and threw my bundle of bread into it, and when, with my arms free, I was pushing through after it, I saw a small rattlesnake dragging its tail from beneath my bundle. When he caught sight of me he eyed me angrily and with an air of righteous indignation seemed to be asking me why I had thrown the stuff on him. He was so small I was inclined to slight him, but he struck out so angrily I drew back and approached the opening from the other side. But he had been listening, and when I looked through the brush I found him confronting me still with a come-in-if-you-dare expression. In vain I tried to explain that I only wanted my bread; he stoutly held the ground in front of it, and I was afraid that as he came nearer he might close in on me and strike before I could get away in such a tangle; so I just went back a dozen rods and kept still for half an hour, and when I returned found he had gone.—Atlantic Monthly.

Historic Trees to Become Matches.

The trees now growing on the farm (near Franklin, N. H.) where Daniel Webster was born are to be cut up into friction matches, a manufacturing company having paid \$2800 for the standing timber upon it. The legislature of New Hampshire refused at its late session to pay \$3000 for the entire farm, though many patriotic citizens of the state petitioned to have it preserved as a perpetual memorial of New Hampshire's great son.

Fire Signals.

At a meeting of Hope Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, held on July 9, 1901, the town was divided into Fire Districts and a Code of Signals was adopted in order to facilitate the location of fires in the future. The town was divided as follows:

District No. 1—All that portion of town bounded north by Bellevue street, west by Union street, south and east by corporation line.

District No. 2—All that portion of town bounded by Bellevue street on the south, Union street on the west, and corporation line on the north and east.

District No. 3—The portion of town lying west of Union street, and south of Bellevue street, with the corporation line as the south and west boundary.

District No. 4—The portion of town bounded on the south by Bellevue, east by Union, north and west by corporation line.

The Signals adopted were short taps to indicate the district in which the fire is located, followed by a rapid alarm, same to be repeated until general alarm is given.

To illustrate, should an alarm be sounded for District No. 3, first three taps, one, two, three, followed by rapid alarm, and repeat.

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