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The Franconia tavern, Broad street, New York, the scene of the parting of Washington and his generals at the close of the Revolutionary war, is to be preserved for posterity as a historic relic. A number of lots in the neighborhood are to be converted to give the proper setting.

Upon Block Island it is now reported there is no fall and only a single constant, who has a sincere. No penitentiary, no workhouse, no poorhouse, and no pauper can be found upon the salty uplands of that ocean outpost which excursion steamboats from Providence Plantations make a port of call in the summer months. Life on Block Island is one long idyl.

The question of the employment of women in the government service is receiving a large share of attention on the part of the officers in the United States service. It has been noticed by them that the proportion of women in the public employ is gradually increasing. There are usually more women than men who are able to pass the civil service examinations, but the ratio of appointments is about the same. It has been stated that the reason why the aggregate number of women is increasing in the department service is that they do not leave their places to go into private occupations as men do.

The insurance of workmen against non-employment is attracting attention in this country, and a report on the subject was recently made by an official of the department of labor at Washington. The first attempt in that direction was made by the city of Berne, in Switzerland, in 1893, by establishing a municipal office for voluntary insurance. The members are charged about ten cents a month as dues, and when they lose employment— if by no fault of their own—during the winter months they are paid thirty cents a day for a period not exceeding sixty days. Funds of the same kind have been established at Basle, Cologne and Bologna.

"Now there is a new Beacon Hill just coming into recognition, in our own state, and east of Boston," says Professor William Marshall Warren, in Boston. "Its present name is rather prosaic, and its contour is not impressive, but before many years have passed it will be crowned with a magnificent monument and known over the round earth. This new beacon place is High Pole Hill, in Provincetown, on the tip of Cape Cod." The Pilgrims, it is asserted, did not make their first landing at Plymouth, as it is supposed, but on the shores of Cape Cod, and it is to commemorate "the place where they first trod" that this new monument is proposed. It is intended by those at the head of the movement that the monument shall surpass Barthold's Statue of Liberty.

People who like to hear stories of success achieved after mighty effort and many discouragements will be interested in a certain young woman of St. Louis. The school at Port Royal, Franklin county, Mo., had no teacher, and this young woman wanted to teach in it. The trustees, who had known her during a summer visit, were agreeable to the plan. In fact, there was but one obstacle. Miss Wood, for this was her name, was not licensed to teach; that is, in technical language, had no certificate. But she was deterred by this? "Who issues the certificate?" was her first line of inquiry. "County Superintendent Steinbeck," she was told. County Superintendent Steinbeck was at that time engaged in a hot campaign for re-election, was flying about over the face of the county, and making no one knows how many political speeches a day. She followed the superintendent to St. Louis, then to Washington (Mo., not D. C.), and then to Union, varying the monotony of the chase by frequent attempts to call up the quarry on the long-distance telephone. At last she caught him in his private office, he handed her a list of examination questions at once, and she answered them all correctly. It appears in an incredibly short time. The school at Port Royal is no longer without a teacher.

As a result of the recent naval maneuvers at Cherbourg, the French naval commanders recommend that the entrances of harbors which may be threatened by submarine boats be protected by laying electric wires under the surface from shore to shore, contact with which will betray the approach of the unseen enemy. "A man with a microscope can find bacteria in anything. Society may as well make up its mind to put up with them and be thankful they are not as large as mosquitoes."

Irrigation enterprises in Egypt and in Western areas in the United States have already brought about marvellous results. With water energy, almost any desert may be made an Eden.

A SAILOR'S SUMMONS.

Something white came up last night, It was the mist, I wist, or rain, It wheeled about, flashed in and out, And beckoned 'gainst the window pane, It was a bird, no doubt,—no doubt, And will not come again.

And something beat with slow repeat, An heavy swell, the old sea-wall, And shrill and clear and piercing sweet, I thought I heard the boatwain's call. The sails were set and yet, and yet, It may have been no boat at all.

But if tonight a sail should lope, From out the west and driving rain, You must not hold me back nor weep, For I must sail a trackless main, To find and have, to hold and keep, What I have sought so long in vain.

I need no chart of sea nor sand, Nor any blazing beacon star, My row against wild waves shall stand Until it cuts the blessed bar, And I run up the shining strand Where my lost youth and Mary are. —Flavia Rosser, in The Criterion.

BRED 'I' THE BONE.

By PATRICK VAUX.

It was close on sundown when the "A" A. despatch boat Speedy sighted the "B" A. despatch boat Brainerd's most westerly scout, the Denver, protected cruiser; and the cruiser's were the last American eyes that she ever set to see. In the northeast, leagues away from San Domingo, the American liberation of which from continual interceded strife had caused the European Alliance to declare war against the States, Brainerd was feeling for the enemy's powerful fleet, hoping to divert its attention from the U. S. A. Flying squadron swooping down to devastate the western coasts of the mainland of Europe, and also secure the Windward passage against its approach on Domingo and Cuba. That afternoon, acting on information accurately supplied by the captain of the R. M. S. Co's mailboat, the admiral had flung his scouts, one after the other, down into the southeast, and detailed the quick-steaming Speedy for Santiago with despatches, and to speak the westerly scouts, when encountered, with orders to rejoin the main body of the fleet.

Her acting lieutenant, getting the utmost out of her fine engines and sweat-browed engineers and firemen, sighed contentedly when he looked at the speed dial. Another four hours at eighteen-a-half knots should see him in harbor. He also found relief in the thought that Lieutenant Durey would then be in hospital. "Poor fellow," he muttered, as he wiped the wet of his night binoculars. "Better a shell in one's innards, and end up in a scutcher, than have his complaint!" Below, in the little cramped ward-room, Durey was writhing in a fresh attack of agony. A suffocating sob burst from him; he dug his elbows into his knees. With his face supported between his hands he let himself swing like an automaton to the vessel's jolting. So excruciating were the flames of pain within his breast, that it was as if a thousand nerves, raw, vibrant, and exposed, were being plucked out by their roots. He gritted his teeth together to hinder himself from shrieking. Sweat beaded his heavily-lined brows and trickled down over the twitching, ashen-gray cheeks. Gasping thickly, he threw himself back, shut his eyes, and stiffened his muscles.

Then suddenly his anguish fled away. For a minute or two he sat there, panting with exhaustion, his body limp and shaken; but a lurch and weather roll made him secure himself in a safer position beside the table. He wondered with fear, when the next attack would recur; then the jumpy, tumbling movements of the hurrying boat diverted his thoughts. As the boat, carefully nursed through the Calcos Passage by her tried officer, hurried herself up the dark, seething slopes flashing dimly with kindling phosphorus, heaved her self across the widening troughs, and smashed down a growing sheet of sea, she jarred and groaned and quivered in every inch of her rigid hull. But Durey was oblivious to the many-voiced turmoil. Within his brain justling thoughts were making a noisier hubbub. He sat there looking dully at the shielded glow-lamp, his squarish head sunk between the even-shouldered, and his thin, long-fingered hands gripping the "table."

Lieutenant Durey was of slender build, unfitted for much hardship or physical stress. Nothing but his high-spirited nature had enabled him to withstand the pungent seasoning of the gun room. However, his seafaring ancestry had bestowed on him a temperament fearless of the elements; to him at sea it came as mere routine to cope with and bear the weight of the greatest elemental danger. From the female side of his family stock was the talent developed in him—his ineradicable abhorrence of physical suffering. At school his cowardice of a caning had earned the contempt of other and hardy lads. However, as years had passed and his physique improved, he had partly lost this squeamish nicety of feeling, and through his profession had become hardened to the thought of possibly experiencing it some day. Nevertheless, this bluish was not wholly eradicated, and making him look constantly ahead to a state of war, it had covertly inspired his withdrawal from the service.

However, when the rumor of war spread in the land, Durey had offered his services again. He was comfortably married by this time, with a charming wife and babes; and until the very last moment had entertained a vague, faint hope that his wife or his parents would offer some strenuous opposition to his re-serving, some opposition to which he could honorably bow the head. To their God-speed he had to join his ship. As usual he sat, clutching the "table" tight, he admitted, mentally, a certain secret gladness at his being sent into sick-bay ashore. While aloft the flash of the spectacle of a shattered cruiser, had revived all his inordinate abhorrence of suffering. His moral courage, too, had suffered defeat from the sudden attack of his malady—the growth of an internal tumor developed by his exposure to wet and cold when on mine-field duty in Hampton Roads. Surgeons had differed in diagnosis, so the admiral, knowing his capabilities for handling men, had despatched him for urgent treatment.

As now he sat, gripping the "table" to keep his balance, the sudden piping of boatwain's whistle, the indistinct scampering of naked feet overhead, the deepening throb and thud of quickened machinery took his attention. With a curse at his infirmities of mind and body he switched off the light, staggered to the ladder, and slowly clambered on deck. As he drew his legs out of the companion, the boat made a steep dip; hastily banging to the hatch, Durey grabbed a lifeline and started about him.

The night was heavy with the menace of storm. Though a myriad stars gleamed ahead, the horizon to windward was obscured with clouds. The strong head-wind blew wet and sharp with spray that stung the lieutenant's throat and nostrils like fine salt. With a start of surprise he saw the men were standing by at quarters, and amidships torpedo gear was being rapidly adjusted ahead. Gulping down an exclamation—was it of fear or amazement?—he staggered forward to the bridge.

As he climbed his ladder a swirling splash of sea meeting the port bow splashed over the fore-castle and bridge weather-cloths. Contact with the chilly gouts of spray restored Durey's self-control. The drenched sub was clearing his eyes, when he observed him.

"Hello, sir," cried he, in a voice charged with excitement, "would I not be better below. She's throwin' a lot of water aft. Bridge's like a mill-shake."

"No good drivin' her, I reckon. She's losin' more than she's makin' over 18 knots," Durey granted. "Why are they—?"

"It's cut an' run. Look there!" interrupted the sub, handing his binoculars, and shooting an arm west-by-south. "Four big boats. Overhauling us, I guess, too. We'll fight, though, if it comes to that. Sorry didn't report, sir. I was waiting till there's more certainty about them."

Durey steadied himself and took a long look at the distant strangers leading down on their port quarter. "They're none of ours. What are they doing there? I just reckon the leading boat's a smart thing, an' I'll take some likin' to her. She's quick as lightning, an' she's got a good deal of speed."

The acting lieutenant nodded emphatically. "That's my way of thinkin'," he screeched against the flurry of wind. "The look I got before that streak of cloud came up, gave them away. Guess the Alliance have run a flyin' squadron also. Keen look-outs they must have. They've sighted us. They shifted nine points to the westward, and put on speed. Looks as if they know something about us."

"They've taken the pass as we cleared the Calcos. Running for Santiago and the transports," cried Durey, and snatched the binoculars out of the lieutenant's hands. As he stared at the enemy, envy, vehement and despicable, swept into him, for well he knew the Speedy's commander was cool and collected, while it was himself who was growing flurried and painfully apprehensive. Was he a coward physically as well as morally, he asked himself, and instantly was eating his heart in bitterness at his lorn pusillanimity. He was moving to the binnacle when a sharp cry broke from the acting lieutenant. "By the Powers, they've opened fire!" and the smothered report almost overwhelmed his voice. There was a volcanic eruption of red-hot splinters and sparks amidships as the night-spent projectile flopped against the base of the mainmast, crashed through the deck, and wrecked everything in the after-part of the vessel. Durey recovered himself from the port bridge-lads against which he had been hurled with the sudden toppling of the thrashed hull. The acting lieutenant lay in a bloody heap beside the wheel, and from aft came shrill cries and hoarse yaps of tortured bodies.

For the moment he winced, and felt a hopeless feeling possess him, but the next he was bending over his insensible junior. A second projectile ricocheted over the sea wide to starboard, sending up great showers of snowy brine visible in the night; a third plunged short by 10 feet off the port quarter. The enemy could play a good game at long bowls. "Bear a hand, here, some of you fore-castle men," Durey ordered. "Aft, there, report the wreck," as, with the poor groaning lump of humanity in his arms, he tried to stanch the flow of blood from the mangled arm and ribs. Jagged segments and splinters of steel make ugly wounds. Warm, sticky blood smeared his hands and wrists; it made him feel very sick. Disgust swept through him at his own weakness; and with tender but shaky hands he bound up the ghastly lacerations. Only a little more, and the acting lieutenant would have been eviscerated. As Durey turned from assisting the seaman to lift him down the ladder, the tight feeling in his throat became more choking when he realized that the enemy were now visible to the naked eye. The flashing from the foremost vessel's bow chaser struck his senses like a blow, though not another shot hit his vessel. Between 5700 and 6000 yards distant he was from the leading cruiser. Four points off the bow Great Anagua began to loom low and indistinct in the darkness for the equally wind chopping ahead had cleared the stary heavens of cloud and the thin drizzle of rain. Onward rushed the Speedy, throwing herself up the great swells and slipping down into the hollows as if lashed on by the great guns thundering out behind her. Had the enemy surprised her strand?

Lieutenant Durey had returned to the bridge from attending the wounded. Though pain gnawed at him he gave no heed to it. Sense of the responsibilities now lying on his shoulders had revived his self-respect and suffering induced an obduracy to suffering hitherto foreign to him. He was streaming with salt water, and his eyes and nostrils were stung with brine and the salty northeast wind that roared and eddied about, smelling of the deep, gray Atlantic surges and storm-filled weather. Its sharp tang permeated his brain. It revived the dominant instinct of his stock.

Durey was transfixed by its magical influence. His face settled in stubborn lines; a grim joy lightened it; his weak, sensuous lips became bent as iron bars. He had the ominous look of the man who goes forth to death knowing it is the best fight of all. Crash went a heavy projectile through the cap of the port smoke-stack, and smoke and flame poured in a lurid cloud to windward.

As Durey threw a defiant look at the cruiser again spouting fire, the second projectile reported water rising fast in the after stockhold. The projectile which had wrecked the after-part of the boat must have started some plates. Durey now had no hesitation. He bent over the bridge rail. "On deck, there. The gunner to the bridge. Calmly and incisively he issued his orders. Then "Up helm" electrified the gun crews, yet their hoarse cheering brought no change to their officer's iron-clad expression; his voice but rang the harder and more desperate as he gave the fighting ranges to torpedo and gun. For his line had claimed him heart and soul.

Who can tell how many fierce-hearted forechairs' blood sang joyously in his pulsing body as he thrust his weak vessel against the enemy, now opening a terrific cannonading? And what thoughts thronged his chattering senses as the four great, thundering cruisers loomed large upon his bows. Who of his forechairs claimed him then? It was not till the war was over that the Speedy's fate was known.—The Criterion.

CLAINT AND CURIOUS.

P. J. Kent was operated on in a Chicago hospital the other day, and from his brain was taken a knife blade one and one-quarter inches long. The blade had been in his skull for 22 years, and since that time he had been subject to what were supposed to be epileptic seizures.

A sublime spectacle was witnessed a few weeks ago in a Tyrolean valley near Tannheim. A violent storm arose suddenly, and many globes of lightning rolled over the surface of the lake. Then a column of water, 30 feet high, rose from the middle of the lake, and from its top small flashes darted. The spectacle lasted three minutes.

Electric lamps cannot only be made to talk, but also to sing. An ordinary sound by placing the arc in the circuit of a telephone instead of the ordinary receiver or instead of the ordinary transmitter. In either of these positions it will pronounce words, which can be heard distinctly at a considerable distance. It naturally follows, also, that the electric car can be utilized as the receiver and also as the transmitter of the telephone.

Piles of the rather unusual length of 110 feet were recently used in constructing the fender piers for the Thames river swing bridge, at New London, Conn. This length was secured by splicing North Carolina piles from 50 to 65 feet long with spruce piles from 35 to 40 feet. Some of these piles were driven in 50 feet of water. They were all used to replace piles driven in 1889, which had been almost entirely eaten away by the teredo.

A petition, signed by 3000 persons, says the Naples correspondent of the London Express, has been presented to the Italian government, asking for a pension of £72 per annum to be conferred on a woman named Maddalena Granetta, who has given birth to 62 children—59 boys and three girls—during her married life. In nine years she presented her husband with 11 sets of triplets, three groups of quadruplets, one group of six, and the other 11 children came singly. She is now 57 years old and incapable of work.

The greatest egg-laying competition on record has just been concluded in New South Wales, under the management of the state government. Forty-one pens—there were six pullets of one breed in a pen—competed and the competition lasted for a period of six months. Black Orpingtons showed incomparably the best results all through. The New South Wales poultry breeders have now sent a challenge to the United States, inviting breeders of laying strains to forward three pens to compete with three local pens under the same conditions.

The Vulgar Voice. What constitutes the vulgar voice? In an article in the London Spectator a writer concludes that this evidence of vulgarity "springs, like almost all vulgarity, however displayed, chiefly from two causes—an undue love of conspicuousness and an undue fear of the same." The person whose chief aim is to keep himself or herself in the eye of the world rarely makes a remark without desiring that it shall reach the ears of others besides the one directly addressed; and here the peculiarity of false sound of the voice is attributed to the absence of singleness of motive.

On the other hand, the wavering tone and affected accent of the timid vulgar are ascribed to another form of insincerity, namely, the wish to imitate others with whom one happens to be, when they are of a supposedly higher social standing. The attempt is sure to fail, and to result only in the suppression of all evidence of the speaker's own personality—in the voice as well as in the manner. Thus sincerity, paramount in all art, is basic in breeding as well, which is the art of life.

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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