

The wonderful growth of the telephone in Germany is illustrated by the fact that the first instrument introduced in that country was placed in the Emperor's own room in 1877, and there are now more than 50,000 telephone places in Berlin alone.

Coast defense at night is to be made a subject of more careful study by a board of United States engineers for the recent naval and army maneuvers developed the fact that most searchlights were so improperly placed that they furnished excellent guides to the hostile fleet. Moreover, they require better defense, as they could have been readily destroyed by rapid fire.

A French investigator has recently come to the conclusion that the brains of military men give out most quickly. He states that out of every 100,000 military men 199 are hopeless lunatics. Of the liberal professions, artists are the first to succumb to the brain strain, next the lawyers, followed at some distance by doctors, clergymen, literary men and civil servants. Striking an average of this group, 177 go mad to each 100,000.

Investigation has shown that, in an average year, 60 human lives are lost in forest fires in the United States, \$25,000,000 worth of real property is destroyed, 10,274,089 acres of timber land are burned over, and young forest growth worth, at the lowest estimate, \$75,000,000, is killed. A special canvass of the country by the department of agriculture in 1891 discovered 12,000,000 acres of timber land destroyed by fire.

The New York American remarks that any little fellow can call a man a liar, but it takes a big fellow—a real man—to be able to pay no attention to what the little fellow says. It is not necessary that one should tamely submit to every insult that is offered him, but it is necessary that one should maintain his self-sovereignty and his dignity as a man. There are more ways of getting even with the man who insults you than by knocking him down. When you knock a man down, thereby playing the bully, you are insulting yourself, which is really the only kind of insult that can do you any harm.

Manchester, in England, is now hopeful of a notable increase in its commerce from the enlarged use of its ship canal. For many years that manufacturing city was doubtful whether its vast outlay upon its artificial channel would bring in a satisfactory profit. But it is reported that a direct steamship service between Manchester and Massachusetts is to be established, and that, moreover, entire fleets are to carry American cotton without breaking bulk from the principal ports in our southern states to the wharves adjoining the Lancashire cotton mills. Are our British friends too sanguine? queries the New York Tribune.

An American who has been traveling in Japan says the Japanese have a word of salutation which sounds like Ohio. When he was in Yokohama a fellow countryman was seeing the sights from a rickshaw. The Japanese are very polite, and when even the American met them they gave him the usual word of greeting. At first he wasn't quite certain, but as party after party bowed profoundly and said "Ohio," he became convinced that they were uttering the name of his own state, and he was a badly puzzled Occidental. Finally on passing a group of a dozen or more, who were more than usually courteous, and who vociferated the word of welcome, he couldn't repress his astonishment any further. "Yes," he said, "I am from Ohio and from Jefferson county; but did you fellows get on to the fact?"

Herbert H. D. Pierce corrects in The Atlantic Monthly many false impressions regarding Russian institutions. Thus, as regards the penal system of Russia, individual instances of the abuse of power have been cited as the rule, while they are in fact, rare exceptions. There is nothing cruel either in the national character or in that of the average Russian official. The latter, it is true, says Mr. Pierce, has frequently received military training, and pursues the course of his duty toward the individual entrusted to his charge with that rigid exactitude which pertains to the army of the world over. As to the reputation of the Russian for ferocity and cruelty, nothing could be further from the truth. In no country in the world is there less exhibition of cruelty to child or beast, on the part of prince or peasant, and under no aristocratic system is there a more generous consideration for the inferior on the part of the great.

A Sure Sign. She—How annoying! I've forgotten to buy something I wanted. He—I thought as much when you said you had some money left.—New York Herald

JUST A GIRL. Many a throne has had to fall For a girl, Just a girl; Many a king has had to crawl For a girl, Just a girl; When the hero goes to war, He may battle for the right, But 'tis likelier by far That he sallies forth to fight For a girl, Just a girl.

When the doctor turns to say: "It's a girl, Just a girl," Papa murmurs with dismay: "What! A girl— Just a girl?" Ah, but why the sadness there? Why the bitterness displayed? Some day some strong man will swear That the great round world was made For that girl— Just that girl.

Why did Adam take the bite? For a girl, Just a girl. Why was Troy swept out of sight? For a girl— Just for a girl. O, would heaven still be bright, And would any good man care To achieve it, if he might Never claim forever there Just a girl, Glorious girl? —Chicago Record Herald.

AT THE WIFE RACE.

"Do you think Malabar will run?" The girl did not reply but her lips began to tremble. The face of the man being toward her grew dark, but it was the darkness of despair, not of purpose.

"Perhaps if he knew what you have told me," he hesitated. "Malabar is brave and strong and noble. He would not stoop to a small deed."

"I promised him with the new year that he should run for me at the green corn dance. I—I did not know then," looking piteously into the gloomy, delicate face above her. "Malabar would not stoop to a small deed—no. But this is not small. He has let it be known that he will run for me. He would not turn from his purpose a hair's breadth—not if he saw something in front that would crush him. And—and it is right for a great warrior, Ankona, but it is hard."

"We will fly, White Egret, into the deepest fastnesses of the Everglades," he cried hoarsely. "There are places where even Malabar's relentless arms would be powerless."

But White Egret only looked at him with sorrowful eyes.

"We are Seminoles, Ankona," she rebuked, gently. "You know our laws. You would be the last one to break them."

His arm fell back impotent. Yes, he would be the last one to break them. "Perhaps Malabar will not be proof against the black drink this time," he suggested. "He has killed, and it will be made strong. Others have died. But no, no! Malabar is a great chief and a better man for the tribe than I. He has tasted the black drink before and will not die."

"You say well, Ankona," broke in a stern, powerful voice, and a figure, dark, towering and implacable stepped from the gathering shadows. "I shall not fall before the black draught. It would not be a fitting ending for a warrior."

White Egret threw back her head and regarded him steadily. Ankona bowed his head.

"You heard all?" he questioned in a strained voice.

"All," calmly. "It was childish prattle. I shall run for the White Egret, for have I not said it, and has she not made her promise? It is only when we forget our promises that we become weak and childish. Ankona is young yet, and should be humored. I will let him run the race with me, and I will give him one-third the distance start as due to his weakness. Now, go!"

They went, with a single despairing glance toward each other. Ankona's face was bloodless and set—bloodless with pride crushed, set with foreknowledge of utter inability to cope with this man of iron will and strength. Better be crushed than allowed to exist by suffering.

Other forms were appearing from the forest—warriors in full headdress and leggings, carrying the guns they had purchased from white traders; squaws with camp equipage, medicine men stalking solemnly and mysteriously, with eyes bent upon the ground; children and dogs, some from the camp on White River Bay, some from Okeechobee, some from the shifting camp among the keys—all coming for the great annual green corn dance, where tribal laws were to be made, marriages celebrated, and criminals punished.

These criminals were now moving unwatched, unnoticed, in many cases unknown even, among the others. Whatever crime they had committed during the year had gone unpunished at the time, but now tribal honor brought them here to expiate their misdeeds. On the morrow they would be placed in closely shut tents and almost suffocated with steam made by pouring water upon hot stones. And after that they would drink of the black draught. If they died, they were guilty. On the other hand, if they were strong enough to survive, their innocence would be clearly established. Later the racing for wives would take place.

Malabar was known to every one—revered, feared, honored. All knew that he was to race for a wife, and that before the race he was to drink the dreaded black draught. Ordinarily they would have scoffed at such absurdity. If a man drank and lived, it would be a notable proof of strength; but to drink and live and then race for a wife! As to his crime, it was only what any of them would have done if brave enough—he had killed a man! True, but he had been provoked. He must be punished, for that was the law, but they did not wish him harm. And they all knew Ankona, the gentle one, the dreamer and story maker, and though none of them revered or feared him they all had a tender place for him in their hearts. If he could

race with White Egret and win her they would be glad. But Malabar came first, for White Egret herself had made it so.

Malabar was the first who presented himself for punishment. While he was in the closed tent the tribe stood about silent, with eyes furtively watching the point whence the condemned would walk forth innocent or be brought forth guilty.

At length the tent flap was raised and he staggered out. For a moment he stood there in the sunlight, his hand to his head, swaying blindly. Then they saw him throw his shoulders back with a mighty effort, as one whose will was strong enough to cast off the weight of all things. Slowly he turned away from them and strode into the forest to be by himself. That, too, was Malabar's way.

Not until the maidens were brought forth did Malabar reappear.

"I will race for my squaw at once," he called in a voice that all could hear, "before the White Egret grows weak through waiting, and I shall give her one-half the distance start because she is a woman. Ankona will also enter the race with me, and I will give him one-third the distance because he is but half a man. Let them be placed."

The spectators stared and gasped. Ankona, his rival, to enter the race and to be given one-third the distance, and White Egret, the feet-footed, to be given one-half! No one could win a race thus handicapped. And yet was it not Malabar?

He swept them with his glance. "I shall win," he said confidently, "because I will have it so."

Ankona had been watching him with baleful eyes. For an instant he drew back as though to spurn the concession. Then, as he saw White Egret being led forward to her place, he hurried to his own position.

And for a brief space after the signal was given and they were speeding on with straining muscles, he had a wild, insane belief that he would win.

But only for a brief space. Then came that steady, accelerating, implacable rush ahead, drawing nearer and nearer, then opposite, then passing. When three-fourths of the distance had been covered, Malabar was four march paces ahead. Suddenly he turned. White Egret was almost within his reach.

"Stop, Ankona!" Malabar called. "Have I not won?" Ankona did not answer. "Have I not won?" sternly. "Yes, Malabar, you have won," Ankona answered, and his voice was full of great despair.

"It is well. Now, you may go on and catch the girl. Malabar will have no squaw who does not come to him willingly."

And he turned proudly from the race and strode back into the forest.—New York Times.

SIN GRAVEN IN MARBLE.

Warning to Those Who Take Snuff During Worship.

There is a quaint old parish church in Plurien, Brittany, built in the early part of the fifteenth century, and having, with many other primitive arrangements, the bell rope from the belfry hanging down from the roof of the nave and dangling just in front of the pulpit, so that the process of bell ringing is performed in full view of the congregation. But what was more peculiar, says the Glasgow Herald, was the projection at right angles from one of the walls (also near the pulpit) of a sculptured hand and arm of full size, as though held out from the shoulder by somebody built into the solid fabric of the wall itself, and the hand opened and palm upward and fingers extended had a suggestion of appeal and solicitation which naturally provoked curiosity.

As there was no inscription or anything to hint at the nature of the story that evidently lay behind the sculptured limb, I made inquiry of a charming old lady, who was decorating the altar with flowers in view of the next day's high mass, and she told me that many years ago, in the far-off past, there was a wicked villager who went indeed to mass, but was far from devout, and on one occasion he so far forgot himself in the service on a hot summer's day as to hold out his hand through the open door or window to an equally undevout friend for a pinch of snuff.

The pinch was duly given, but St. Peter, the patron saint of the church, was so scandalized by so terrible a want of reverence that he straightway paralyzed the arm of the offending snuff taker, who thereupon took to his bed and died, but not before he had admitted the justice of his punishment and had left directions in his will for setting up in the church of the marble reminder of his sin, in order that all future villagers in Plurien might be warned against the terrible enormity of allowing any distraction to interrupt the devout hearing of the mass. It is a curious story, and reminds one that there has been an infancy in religion as well as in most other of the great motive powers of existence.

A Signboard Exhibition. The second annual exhibition of artistic signboards in the Hotel de Ville, Paris, has opened with more than 200 entries. This movement was started a year ago by Detaille, the French painter of military subjects his object being to revive, so far as possible, the picturesque signs of the past. He interested a large number of leading artists of Paris in his scheme, with the result that the first exhibition was one of the most interesting art events of the year. Among the artists that have contributed this year are Gerome, Willette, Truchet, Steinlein, Derre, Moreau-Vauthier, Regamey, Tattet-grain and Cheret. The money prizes offered by the city amount to 8,000 francs, and those offered by mercantile firms amount to about the same sum. There are also medals and honorable mentions. The jury is composed of the town councillors, the director of fine arts and twelve painters and sculptors.

If we had our lives to live over again we probably wouldn't make the same mistakes, but we might make worse ones.

POLITENESS ALWAYS PAYS.

A Fresh Illustration of an Old Maxim in Business.

They were discussing the various types of people whom they encountered in their travels, relates the New York Mail and Express, and the consensus of opinion expressed by six drummers was that "white" treatment—that is, politeness—was never lost when exerted on a traveling man.

The stout man, who represented a fur house, had the floor. "This talk," said he, "reminds me of a little incident that occurred last season. Hopkins was taken suddenly ill, and the firm sent word to me to cover a part of his route until he got in shape again. Naturally, I was strange to the country and the people; but I got along fairly well until I reached Seattle. There I found a letter of introduction from the firm. There were a lot of furs there which the firm had been informed could be had for a bargain. It seems two rival firms had gotten hold of the skins, and I was to use my judgment as to which firm I should trade with.

"It was a novel experience for me. I had been accustomed to selling furs not buying them, and naturally I felt my importance. It was a matter of about \$25,000, too, and I mentally pictured the attack of heart disease I would give the members of one or the other firm when I placed my order. I rehearsed my entrance into the store, pictured the off-hand way in which I would examine the furs and criticize them. I even had the scene down to such a fine point that I had the words all chosen to utter between puffs of a cigar—nothing like a cigar, you know, to show nonchalance!

"Well, I started out early next day. I had the cards of the rival firms in my pocket, and as I looked them over I idly wondered which I would go to first. One was, say 'Brown & Jones,' and the other was 'Smith & Waters.' "Brown & Jones" was the nearer to my hotel, so I walked over there, inflating my chest as I entered the place. It was a dark, cavernous sort of store, and I almost groped my way to the rear, between piles of furs. There, seated in an easy chair, with his feet cocked upon a desk, sat a young man. He wore an incipient mustache and a look of insufferable arrogance.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked. "He placed an exasperating accent upon the 'you.' I felt my chest decrease in circumference, and at the same time my innate anger arose. Here I came to do this house a great business service and—

"However, I smothered my anger, produced the firm's card and asked meekly as I could, 'Is this Brown & Jones?'"

"Yes," he snarled, rather than replied, 'I'm Mister Jones. What do you want?'"

"For the second time the query was insultingly put. I longed to tell him what I wanted, but I controlled my feelings.

"I don't think I want anything from you," I said simply, and walked out of the store.

"At Smith & Waters' I received better treatment. I placed the order with them and went back to my hotel with an invitation to dine with one of the firm that night.

"Before my trip ended I learned that 'Brown & Jones' had failed for a considerable sum. Perhaps my order would have tided them over through the crisis. At any rate I am vindictive enough to be glad of their failure. That little word 'you' was the greatest insult I ever received."

Renting Stuffed Animals. The trade in stuffed animals is getting brisker with the approach of the holiday season. "I don't mean by that," said a William Street taxidermist, "that we are selling more of them. We are not. We never do sell stuffed beasts in herds at this time of the year, but our renting list swells prodigiously. People whose business requires them to use stuffed animals and birds as advertisements generally want an extra duck or dog or bear added to their stock for a month or two preceding and following Christmas. A trade mark of this kind, of good quality, costs anywhere from \$5 to \$75, and as those that are used merely as 'supers' are needed only a few months in the year, it is cheaper to rent them than to buy them outright. Almost every merchant in town, of high or low degree, makes an extra plunge at this season by exhibiting a polar bear or some other festive animal, consequently our rental amounts to a rather nice income. Some seasons we do a pretty thriving business with theatrical companies also, but this year the drama seems to have become too realistic to rely upon stuffed art for its effects, and our orders for property fowls and quadrupeds have been few."—New York Times.

Hollow Car Axles. It is well known that a given amount of metal arranged in the form of a tube will possess greater rigidity than as a solid bar. The principle was long ago utilized in the formation of the square columns of steel frame buildings. Lately it has been applied to the immense shafts of ocean steamships, which are subjected to severe bending as well as twisting strains. A hollow shaft is stiffer than a solid one of the same weight. The most recent use of the idea is in the manufacture of axles for cars.

A large number of hollow axles have been made in one of the shops of the Carnegie company, at Pittsburgh. It is asserted that less metal is used in them than in the ordinary axle. They also require much less machine work to finish them. From the manufacturer's point of view, at least, they are more satisfactory than those which they are designed to replace. Just what service may be expected of them is another question. In order to settle that question, a lot of cars are now being built with hollow axles under one truck and solid ones under the other. These are to be run for six months and then examined for signs of wear.—New York Tribune.

When the struggling poet gets all his verses packed, don't wish him many zippy returns.

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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The Courier. MONEY TO LOAN.

Office of St. Landry Homestead and Loan Association, Opelousas, Sept. 19, '99.

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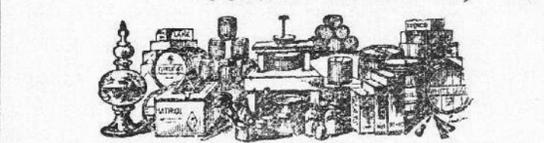
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