

Fire Signals.

At a meeting of Hope Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, held on July 1, 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, a 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.

HOTEL DENECHAUD Carondelet and Perdido Streets. NEW ORLEANS. American Plan \$2.00 and up per Day European Plan \$1.00 and up per Day DENECHAUD & SIEWERD. August 16, 1902.

PEYTON R. SANDOZ, LAWYER. All civil and criminal business will be given prompt and careful attention. Office over St. Landry State Bank, Main Street, Opelousas, La.

FOR SALE.

A house and lot in the town of Washington, La., in the square bounded by Carriere, Wilkins, Eves and Dupre. Frame building made of choice cypress, celled inside, weather-boarded outside, 20x30 feet. Will be sold cheap for cash, or part cash and balance on time to suit. For particulars apply at the Courier office, Opelousas, La.

WILLIAM J. SANDZ,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in all Courts, State and Federal, and before the Patent and Pension offices at Washington, D. C. Special attention given to collections.

Cotton Seed Meal, Oils and Huls,

For Sale at St. Landry Oil Mill, OPELOUSAS, LA.

The Best and most economical Stock Feed and Fertilizer. Apply at the Mill. Dec. 22, 1894.

MONEY TO LOAN.

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

The undersigned is authorized by the Board of Directors of the St. Landry Homestead and Loan Association to offer to its members loans at eight per centum. For particulars apply to E. D. ECKART, Pres. St. Landry H. & L. Ass'n.

T. C. GIBBENS,

Washington, La. Dealer in—Cypress and Pine Split and SAWED LUMBER, SHINGLES, BOARDS, FLOORING, OYSTERS, LUMBER, CEILING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS. Bills saved to order on short notice.

Town Residences For Sale

In a desirable neighborhood in Opelousas, with an entire square of land, well shaded with live oaks, magnolias, cedars, peonies, etc., about 9 squares from the Courthouse, 5 squares from High School, 2 squares from Catholic Church and convent. House is two story, brick basement, 8 rooms, four fireplaces, out-buildings, etc. All under good fences. Will be sold cheap for cash, or part cash and balance on time to suit. Apply at this office.

W. I. Buchanan, the Minister to the newly created Republic of Panama, was formerly a resident of Delphi, Ind., where he worked as a blacksmith week days and sang in the Methodist Church choir Sundays.

IN THE GORGE

By Major Hamilton

COLONEL MILLER called Lieutenant Emerson to him and said: "Lieutenant, those Apaches are aching for you. The thieves complained of by old Don Alvarez, whose hacienda lies down the Las Mesas, among the spurs of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. The old gentleman will sleep far easier if he knows that we have driven the red devils across the range. Will you ride over with a word of our success to-morrow? He has a daughter whose beauty will repay you for the forty-mile haul, and the don will treat you like a prince. I dare not leave you to yourself, and he would deem an honor if one of my officers brought him word of the fight. You can have an escort if you wish. Will you go?"

"Nothing would give me more pleasure, colonel," replied the young man. "The young lady attracts me. But I need no escort; the trail is too plain. I'll start to-morrow at day-break."

"Thanks, my boy. Stay as you will—a week if need be. You have earned a leave. But take care of yourself; your heart and all. The donna's eyes are glorious, but her admirers are jealous. Emerson laughed.

"I'll be careful, sir. Good night!" "Good night!" And so they parted, each to his quarters, and the younger man to dream of something brighter than Indian watch-fires for the morrow.

The Seventeenth were old frontiersmen, and Colonel Miller performed his duty to the government faithfully. Two days before, after a lively brush, his troops had routed a large body of Apaches, a score of miles above camp, and driven them over the range.

The Indians came from the southern country, where they had been committing many depredations, and it was to one of the greatest sufferers at their hands—old Don Alvarez, a rich Spaniard—that the colonel desired to send the comforting message announcing this discomfiture.

The morning dawned clear and golden—new Mexico's best—and ere the dew had faded from the cactus, or the breath of the night wind left the mesquite thickets, Lieutenant Emerson, in fatigue uniform, armed with pistols and sabre, was amount and miles upon his way along the winding trail toward Hacienda Alvarez.

The March sun was warm at noon, and the lonely traveler paused beneath the shadow of a great rock to rest his horse and smoke a cigarette, but his backward-glancing rays from the Far West had grown weak and faint, and the dim shadow of on-coming night fell athwart the narrow pathway, ere the white wall of his destination caught the eye of the young lieutenant.

Riding slowly down the broad plateau toward the hacienda, thoughts of rest and supper in his mind, Emerson suddenly started in his saddle, and, checking his horse, his hand grasped his sabre-hilt with a soldier's intuition.

Just before him, and a little to one side of the path, standing apparently helpless from either fatigue or fright, was a half-naked peon child—a dusky-faced girl—gazing fixedly upon a coiled snake that lay before her, its glistening crest raised and swaying to and fro, while its angry eyes burned into those of the fascinated child.

An instant more and the venomous reptile would have buried its fangs in the trembling form before it, when, flashing through the air like the wing of the plunging hawk, the trooper's sabre fell between the girl and the snake, and the head of the moccasin flew twenty feet away through the air.

Then Emerson caught the girl to his saddle-bow and rode forward. For a moment she trembled, speechless, as she lay within the strong arms of the soldier; then, with a soft cry, she strove to escape. They were now close to the gate of the hacienda, and even as the child was dropping to the ground—for the lieutenant instantly released her—a young and beautiful woman appeared and with a glad cry the little peon sprang toward her.

Emerson reined in his horse and raised his cap. "Pardon, mademoiselle, but the girl was in danger—a moccasin was—" He was interrupted by the beauty herself, into whose ear the child had poured her story.

"Sir, you need no pardon. I thank you in the name of my father and his most valued servant, Jacques Dumox, for having saved the life of this girl. May heaven bless you! But will you not enter, sir? You seem weary, and night is at hand."

your friend even. You have saved his daughter, his all, and you can depend upon him. He is your slave, for that act, to the death!"

So began Emerson's acquaintance at Hacienda Alvarez; and as the morning came, bringing with it the pleasures of a home where wealth and beauty reigned, long unenjoyed by this rugged young soldier of the border, and dark-eyed Guadalupe put her hand in his to thank him for the news he brought, and asked him to stay as a friend where he came as a messenger, a thrill ran through his pulses, and he stayed—stayed until he felt that his color must be wondering, for his week was long gone; stayed until dusky-browed Juan d'Imray, cousin and suitor of his beautiful hostess, frowned upon him; stayed until his heart throbbed wildly and his ears drank in the music the rich voice of the girl—until the girl's cheeks glowed with her fervent glance, and her hand heaved when his hand touched hers; stayed too long, and rode away with a positive promise to the urgent old don to return with a single glance from Guadalupe that might mean words—with a scowl and curse from Juan that betokened a hatred deep and fierce; and last of all, with a single gesture of unspoken fealty from poor Dumox at the gate.

"Ah, lieutenant!" cried old Colonel Miller, as Emerson appeared before him on the morning following, "the donna was too many for you! But I consent. Make the marriage soon, and bring the beauty to camp."

"The young man colored. "The marriage will be with Juan d'Imray, colonel. Rumor says she is affianced to him."

"But the colonel shook his head. "Bah! that imp! His habits are worse than those of a Mexican. The donna is a wise girl, as well as a beautiful one, and an American can win her, especially when that American is a young and good-looking soldier. Lieutenant, if you want that girl, and I believe you do, and don't go in and win her away from that Spaniard, I'll tell you under arrest for a year!"

And, with an emphatic shake of the head, the brave old colonel turned away.

Emerson laughed long and heartily at his colonel as a "matchmaker," but when it so happened, two weeks later, that the post-commandant found another message for Hacienda Alvarez, it also happened that the lieutenant was ready to carry it; and the bearer found a stronger attraction than before in the eyes of Donna Guadalupe—forgot the evil lurking in these of Juan d'Imray, and remained three days at the table of his friend, the old don—three days of heaven to him, crowned at last, one glorious night, by the sweet, sweet words which made the beautiful girl his forever.

For his love overpowered him, and he confessed it—confessed it to know that her heart was his, even as his belonged to her, and had been from the first. Together they strayed beneath the arbores of the garden. The soldier's horse stood waiting at the gate, the moon smiled down upon his lonely northern way; but his arms encircled the most perfect figure in New Mexico; his eyes gazed into hers, filled with love and longing even as were his own; his lips plucked from her lips kisses more luscious and passionate than ever before melted the heart of man; and Guadalupe told him, by word and eyes and heart, that she loved him.

But at last midnight warned them, and with one parting embrace, close and long, the young man watched his darling slip from his hold and flee toward the now silent ranche, while whispering her last words as benisons, the sweetest of confessions in the sweetest of tongues, "Yo te amo," he sought his saddle, and rode slowly away into the gloaming.

His way took him over the broad plateau and down the narrow trail toward Los Mesos, until, upon the little bridge that crossed the wild stream at a point known as "La Gorge de Diable," he paused and dismounted a moment to tighten a loosened girthing.

Then again he breathed the words of his love, "Yo te amo!" The girl was fastened and the trooper's foot in the stirrup, when, rising from the dim obscurity behind him, a dark figure whirled its arm quickly in the air, something shot silently toward the soldier, and an instant later a larlat fell about his neck, half-strangling him. He was suddenly jerked backward to the floor of the shaking bridge, and as his frightened horse sped snorting up the winding path, he heard at his ear the low, fiendish laugh of his rival—Juan d'Imray had caught him!

For a moment Emerson lay stunned where he had fallen; then he sprang to his feet, and his hands tore at the tightening rope about his neck; but a second time the cord was pulled, and again he fell.

Then, before he could rise, strong arms bound him, and again the demoniac laugh rang in his ears. "Ha, blue coat! Americanos! Dog! You would steal my bride! Did you think d'Imray would ride because you had entered the field? Fool! See, I am going to drag you at my horse's heels back to Hacienda Alvarez, and fling your carcass before the gate! Donna Guadalupe will thank the Indians have killed you. She will weep, then marry me. Do you hear—at my horse's heels? How you will bound along the way!"

A shrill laugh rang among the ragged rocks, as though the fiend himself were present in the gorge that bore his name.

Emerson's heart stood still. Death was a soldier's fate—a noble death his honor! But this—Heaven! It was too horrible.

"Frax, Snake, dog, spawn—pray, while I mount!" With a whistle, the Spaniard called his horse from the shadows behind him and sprang to the saddle, one end of the larlat fast about the pommel.

The horse and the two men were together now upon the narrow bridge, which creaked beneath their united weight, while the angry waters foamed madly on a hundred feet beneath them.

The soldier's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He could not pray—and Guadalupe's kisses yet warm upon his lips.

"In thirty seconds we start!" hissed Juan, drawing his larlat tight, and gathering the reins in his nerve hands. "Frax, poor fool, for in less than a moment you die!"

The lieutenant heard him. The words only made him braver. "Yo te amo!" A cloud drifted across the face of the moon; a shadow of a moment upon the mounted Spaniard as the narrow bridge, and paused to where Emerson lay. The trooper turned in his saddle.

"Come," he said hoarsely, "we must go!" and he jerked spurs to his horse.

But even at that moment the moon appeared, a gleam flashed across the tightened larlat, it parted, and rising from the shadow by the victim, stood Jacques Dumox, a long knife gleaming in his hand.

With a yell of rage, the maddened Spaniard turned and made as though he would have slain both soldier and peon down; but Dumox raised his weapon and hurled it at the advancing steed with deadly aim.

The heavy steel hissed through the night air, and buried itself to the hilt in the flank of the plunging animal. There came a single agonized, half-human scream, ringing with a shudder through the silence about, and then, rearing madly, with one blinding spring, the horse and rider shot downward into the black abyss below—downward to headlong death below—and Los Mesos roared on!

Lieutenant Emerson and his beautiful bride moved to California, and the old don lived with them. His New Mexico hacienda was sold, and the servants were discharged, except one old man and his daughter, who are still attached to the person of Alvarez.

But the story of that terrible night upon the bridge in La Gorge de Diable is known only to two. The third and principal actor therein has never since been seen. Los Mesos never gives up its dead!—Saturday Night.

Collic Outwits Terrier Fox. A collic, owned by Professor W. F. Durand, of Cornell University, slew his enemy, a bull terrier belonging to Dr. Luzerne Colville, a leading local physician, in a manner worthy of a keen-minded human murderer.

The dogs were among the most valuable in the city, both being eminent aristocrats with long pedigrees. For years they had been foes, fighting fiercely whenever they met. Usually the collic was defeated.

To-day, as was his habit, the terrier was racing with a street car about Ithaca's noted "loop" when, at the bridge over Fall Creek Gorge, he came upon his foe. In an instant they were fighting desperately, while several university professors hurried from a distance to part them. But relief came too late.

Being on the point of defeat, the collic broke away and ran to the edge of the gorge, at that point 100 feet deep. No one dared to approach the dangerous point. The terrier, however, followed, whereupon the collic circled about him and then with a sudden rush pushed his antagonist over the edge, where he was dashed to death on the rocks below.

With one downward glance the collic trotted proudly away, head and tail aloft.

Dr. Colville had the dog's body rescued and buried.—New York Times.

Russia's Great Railway. The transcontinental railway across Siberia, which connects Moscow with Port Arthur and on which all Russian army supplies will be carried in the war with Japan, is 5110 miles long. For hundreds of miles the railway passes over level stretches of deep black soil, absolutely stoneless, and with a surface, except in summer and autumn, of mud or mud and snow. The fatness of the country encouraged rather flimsy methods of construction, and the rails are light. The engines are wood burners and carry a crib piled with firewood as high as the smokestack.

A recent traveler, Mr. M. Shoemaker, describes even the International Sleeping Car Express as going at a "dog's trot" of about ten miles an hour and making unconscionable pauses at the stations. The ten days' journey to the Pacific from Russia shown on the official time-tables has not been realized in fact.

The bridges which cross the Central Asian waterways are no flimsy structures, but well calculated for the heavy traffic they will have to bear over the broad yellow flood of the Volga at Samara is a great iron bridge called the "Alexander," with thirteen spans each of 350 feet, nearly a mile long between its abutments.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Dusting. It is no use whatever to dust with a feather duster if the object in view is really the removal of dust. The feathers merely scatter fine particles abroad, which would be much less injurious if permitted to remain on the original articles. Always employ a soft cloth, making it at frequent intervals. If something else is really needed to relieve the monotony of continual stooping a lamb's wool duster is the best possible substitute.—Western Watchman.

Cleaning a Sheepskin Rug. A couple of weeks ago a correspondent wrote us, asking how a sheepskin rug could be cleaned. We were about to refer the matter to our readers when we came upon the "how to do it" in an exchange illustrating the truth of the old saying: "All things come to him who waits."—If he can wait long enough.

Wash and beat the rug free from dirt, and mend any broken or ripped places. Choose a mild, drying day. Back the rug, wool side out, securely in the neck of a barrel. Dissolve a package of washing powder in a pail of warm water, with a stiff scrubbing brush go over the rug thoroughly. After this pour off the water or four pails of warm water, using the brush, till the wool is thoroughly rinsed. By using a clean curry comb on the wool while drying it is made fluffy. Keep the rug in shade; that is why the barrel is used, its convex surface shedding the water.

Household Hints. Carpets should always have the paper lining underneath. It is pleasant to walk on, and saves much wear on the carpet.

Borders on a carpet are largely a matter of taste. They should, however, be avoided on small or narrow rooms. They contract the space, making it in appearance smaller than it is, by unpleasantly defining the size and shape, says The Household Ledger.

If the boards of a floor are not in too bad condition, there are several ways of making it look quite well, and after the first laborious work is bestowed, if well done, the subsequent work of keeping it nice will not be such hard manual labor. First, have it thoroughly well scraped and cleaned, and if possible have a carpenter smooth uneven surfaces and chinks between the boards. Have them filled with putty or plaster of paris. Newspapers wet and worked to a pulp have been used for the same purpose and given satisfaction.

The next step is to stain it, rather than paint it. The paint is opaque and the stain is transparent, does not obliterate the grain of the wood, but simply dyes it, giving it the appearance of hard wood finish.

The dogs were among the most valuable in the city, both being eminent aristocrats with long pedigrees. For years they had been foes, fighting fiercely whenever they met. Usually the collic was defeated.

To-day, as was his habit, the terrier was racing with a street car about Ithaca's noted "loop" when, at the bridge over Fall Creek Gorge, he came upon his foe. In an instant they were fighting desperately, while several university professors hurried from a distance to part them. But relief came too late.

Being on the point of defeat, the collic broke away and ran to the edge of the gorge, at that point 100 feet deep. No one dared to approach the dangerous point. The terrier, however, followed, whereupon the collic circled about him and then with a sudden rush pushed his antagonist over the edge, where he was dashed to death on the rocks below.

With one downward glance the collic trotted proudly away, head and tail aloft.

Dr. Colville had the dog's body rescued and buried.—New York Times.

Russia's Great Railway. The transcontinental railway across Siberia, which connects Moscow with Port Arthur and on which all Russian army supplies will be carried in the war with Japan, is 5110 miles long. For hundreds of miles the railway passes over level stretches of deep black soil, absolutely stoneless, and with a surface, except in summer and autumn, of mud or mud and snow. The fatness of the country encouraged rather flimsy methods of construction, and the rails are light. The engines are wood burners and carry a crib piled with firewood as high as the smokestack.

A recent traveler, Mr. M. Shoemaker, describes even the International Sleeping Car Express as going at a "dog's trot" of about ten miles an hour and making unconscionable pauses at the stations. The ten days' journey to the Pacific from Russia shown on the official time-tables has not been realized in fact.

The bridges which cross the Central Asian waterways are no flimsy structures, but well calculated for the heavy traffic they will have to bear over the broad yellow flood of the Volga at Samara is a great iron bridge called the "Alexander," with thirteen spans each of 350 feet, nearly a mile long between its abutments.

Tuberculosis. Prof. Behring accepts the view that every one is slightly tuberculous, but this by no means implies that every one is or will be affected with pulmonary consumption. He thinks two things are necessary to produce consumption; a tuberculosis focus and bodily conditions favoring the development of the disorder. He regards the contagion of consumption in adults with grave doubts, holding that it has not yet been demonstrated. Therefore the predisposition to pulmonary infection is not in exposure to infection which is shared by all more or less but in the conditions of life. The more probable cause is the awakening of a latent focus into activity on account of defects of nutrition or from impairment of health.

Prof. Behring accepts the view that every one is slightly tuberculous, but this by no means implies that every one is or will be affected with pulmonary consumption. He thinks two things are necessary to produce consumption; a tuberculosis focus and bodily conditions favoring the development of the disorder. He regards the contagion of consumption in adults with grave doubts, holding that it has not yet been demonstrated. Therefore the predisposition to pulmonary infection is not in exposure to infection which is shared by all more or less but in the conditions of life. The more probable cause is the awakening of a latent focus into activity on account of defects of nutrition or from impairment of health.

Water Bread.—Put two quarts of sifted flour in a bowl, add two level teaspoonfuls of salt; dissolve half a cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of tepid water; make a hollow in the flour; add the yeast, then add gradually three cupfuls of tepid water, mixing the flour with a spoon; turn on the board and knead fifteen minutes; lift the dough into the bowl, cover it closely with a cloth and a tin cover or the bread board; let rise over night in the morning again put it on the board and knead five minutes; cut it in half and put in greased bread pans cover and let rise two hours; put in a hot oven and bake forty five minutes.

Water Bread.—Put two quarts of sifted flour in a bowl, add two level teaspoonfuls of salt; dissolve half a cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of tepid water; make a hollow in the flour; add the yeast, then add gradually three cupfuls of tepid water, mixing the flour with a spoon; turn on the board and knead fifteen minutes; lift the dough into the bowl, cover it closely with a cloth and a tin cover or the bread board; let rise over night in the morning again put it on the board and knead five minutes; cut it in half and put in greased bread pans cover and let rise two hours; put in a hot oven and bake forty five minutes.

Water Bread.—Put two quarts of sifted flour in a bowl, add two level teaspoonfuls of salt; dissolve half a cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of tepid water; make a hollow in the flour; add the yeast, then add gradually three cupfuls of tepid water, mixing the flour with a spoon; turn on the board and knead fifteen minutes; lift the dough into the bowl, cover it closely with a cloth and a tin cover or the bread board; let rise over night in the morning again put it on the board and knead five minutes; cut it in half and put in greased bread pans cover and let rise two hours; put in a hot oven and bake forty five minutes.

E. M. Boagni, President. Sonas Jacob, Cashier. J. J. Thompson, Vice Pres. L. T. Castille, Asst. Cashier. Chris. D. Eckart, Second Ass't Cashier.

St. Landry State Bank, Of Opelousas, La. Capital \$50,000 Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$50,000. Safety deposit boxes to rent. A general banking business transacted. Foreign exchanges bought and sold. Careful attention given to all collections. Money to loan on good security. Prompt attention to all banking matters. Directors—E. M. Boagni, J. J. Thompson, E. D. Estilette, Frank J. Dietlein, Jos. M. Boagni.

The Opelousas National Bank OPELOUSAS, LA. CAPITAL \$50,000. Opened for Business Oct. 1, 1903. ACCOUNTS SOLICITED. Officers—E. B. Dubuisson, President; J. B. Sandoz, Vice-President; A. Leon Dupre, Cashier; J. A. Perkins, Assistant Cashier. Directors—E. B. Dubuisson, J. B. Sandoz, A. Leon Dupre, Robert Chasere and E. T. Lafour.

Advertise in this Paper and increase your Business. An Advertisement is a silent Canvasser who is Always at Work in your interest. For liberal rates apply to the publication office of This Paper.

DAVID ROOS, President. J. J. PERRODIN, Cashier. The Peoples' State Bank, Of Opelousas, La. CAPITAL, \$25,000.00. Your Accounts and Collections Solicited. DIRECTORS—David Roos, Isaac Roos, J. W. Castles, Lewis Goldstein Jr., J. A. Heas. OFFICERS—David Roos, President; Isaac Roos, Vice-President; J. J. Perrodin, Cashier; J. A. Heas, Assistant Cashier.

Opelousas Ice and Bottling Works, Manufacturers of... ICE AND CARBONATED DRINKS. Pure Water used. Careful attention to orders. Quick delivery in the city limits. ICE AS CHEAP AS ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD. ANDREW MORESI, President.

CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. Long distance lines and telephones of this Company enable you to talk almost anywhere in Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana. We can put you in quick and satisfactory communication with the people of this great section of the country. We solicit your patronage. Rates reasonable. Equipments and facilities unsurpassed. JAMES E. CALDWELL, President & Gen'l Manager. LELAND HUME, Sec'y & Asst' Gen'l Mgr. T. D. WEBB, Treasurer.

WE LEAD IN LOW PRICES, OTHERS FOLLOW. A. C. SKILES, (Successor to E. R. WHITE.) New Lumber Yard. Near Southern Pacific Depot, Opelousas, where a full and complete stock of Atchafalaya Red Cypress and Long Leaf Yellow Pine Lumber, Shingles and Siding. Also Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Coal and Sand. We only ask to make you our figures and your better judgment will do the rest.

YOU NEED IT. WE DO IT.

Job Printing. NEAT WORK. LOW PRICES.

—A TREATISE ON— THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES. 25 Cents, Postpaid. Containing an index to diseases which gives the symptoms, cause and the best treatment of each. A table giving all the principal drugs used for the horse, with the ordinary dose, effects, and antidote with a poison. A table with an engraving of the horse's teeth at different ages, with rules for telling the age. A valuable collection of receipts and much other valuable information. Both in English and German. 100-page book sent postpaid to any address, for 25 cents. Address The Courier, MRS. DARBONNE, Manager.