

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.

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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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 R. D. ESTLETTE, Pres. St. Landry H. & L. Ass'n.

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Shills 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, pecans, etc., about 9 squares from the Courthouse, 5 squares from High School, 2 squares from Osthoff Church and convent. House is two story, brick basement, 8 rooms, four fireplaces, out-buildings, etc., all under good fence. Will be sold cheap for cash, or part cash and balance on time to suit. Apply at this office.

The Canadian government is making a strong effort to attract settlers from this country. It does not seem at all unfair, comments the Philadelphia Inquirer, of that kind of American intrusion.

LEST HE AWAKE.

Love such deep silence keeps, Perchance, at last, he sleeps. I must no outcry make, Lest he awake.

I dare not scan his face, Nor stir me from this place, Although my heart-strings break— Lest he awake.

He kissed this violet— I cannot quite forget; I wear it for his sake— Lest he awake.

Drowned are the eyes of me And blind with misery, No respite may I take, Lest he awake.

So bitter was his pain, Pray he awake not again, Hush, heart! no moaning make, Lest he awake.

—Margerie Beardsley.

Love After Marriage.

By M. A. STARR.

"And at one time, Cousin Fay, you declared that you would never, never marry him!"

"Of course, I have not married him because I was in love with him," said Fay Winthrop, with a light laugh.

Ellie Gray, her cousin, sat opposite to her, secretly envious of all this splendor, the two being seated in a gold and dun-colored boudoir, hung with silken draperies, and carpeted in pale Aubusson, bordered with scarlet.

"Well, then," replied Ellie, "why on earth did you marry him?"

"Because I was poor and he was rich. Because I was tired of giving music lessons, and he offered me all this."

"Fay, you are a heartless coquette!" cried out Ellie Gray.

"No, I am not," said Fay, with a little shake of the pretty, golden curls. "You would do the same thing you're doing, Cousin Ellie, if you had a chance— you know you would."

And as Fay's laugh rang out, a sweet, defiant chime, she little suspected that the silly words had another auditor than Ellie Gray—that the door leading into the rich merchant's study was ajar, and that her husband had heard every syllable she spoke.

True, Edward Winthrop was not a young man. Previously he had married care much about the idea of marriage, and the flame burned all the deeper and more tender from the fact that the Rubicon of middle age was passed ere he allowed himself to fall in love and marry the girl of his heart.

He had looked on Fay Merriam as little less than an angel, and now—

"I should have known this before," he said to himself, with white, ashen face and trembling lips. "I ought to have known that spring and autumn were unsuited. So she has married me for my money. She shall have it, the dear child!"

No one ever knew the anguish of soul this man endured for the next few hours—at one moment bitterly regretting he had learned the miserable truth, that he might have gone on blindly in the belief that his beautiful young wife entertained an affection for him, and the next instant crying out that it were better to know the truth, even though it pierced him like a two-edged sword.

He had bowed upon her the whole wealth of his heart, as we have said, the flame burning all the more deeply in that it was mellowed by age.

But his conclusion was that he had made a terrible mistake in offering his love to this young girl—that Fay should never know the pang her cruel words had cost him—that he would do his duty; and might not his young and lovely wife in time learn to look upon him less coldly?

"Fay, said he, that evening, 'I have tickets for the opera. Would you like to go, dear?'"

"No, thank you," said Fay listlessly. "I don't think I care about it."

"Then we will remain at home, and you shall talk to me," he said.

"I am tired of talking," pettishly retorted Fay. "I really wish you would leave me to enjoy myself in my own way once in a while."

"Do I annoy you, Fay?" asked Edward Winthrop, with an inexplicable quiver in his voice.

"Awfully. I'm just in the midst of a delightful story, and I can't be interrupted."

"Very well; I will not repeat the offense, I assure you," he returned quickly.

After this, a subtle and sudden change came over Edward Winthrop's whole life. He was as courteous and attentive to his young wife as ever, but Fay felt that all the heart and soul were out of the courtesies, the scrupulously rendered attentions. To Fay Winthrop, her husband's love was as fixed a fact in her mind as were the stars in the firmament above her head, and a cold chill crept over her heart when she fully realized that it was somehow slipping away from her.

"Edward," she said one evening, sitting opposite to her husband, "have I offended you?"

He glanced carelessly up from his book.

"Offended me, Fay? Why, what put such a ridiculous idea into your head, child? Of course you haven't offended me."

"I thought your manner was somewhat different of late," faltered the young wife, bending her head closer over her embroidery.

"One must not expect to keep up the honeymoon style forever," said the merchant, indifferently.

They tell us that life is full of antitheses; and certainly love is the strongest complexity in life. For, as Fay Winthrop grew strengthened in the belief that her husband was ceasing to worship her after the idolatrous fashion carried out through the first weeks of her wedded life, she began to fall in love with the man she had married for money.

A few weeks only had elapsed when a crisis in the merchant's business rendered it imperatively necessary that Mr. Winthrop should go to Charleston for two or three months.

Poor Fay stood aghast as her husband mentioned his intentions to her in the same cool, matter-of-fact way in which he might have criticised the book he now held in his hand.

"To South Carolina!" she gasped. "Oh, Edward!"

"My dear child, the journey will be a mere bagatelle! One need not mind travel nowadays. I shall not be later than January in returning."

"But—I may go with you?" she said, timidly.

"You! Don't think of it, my dear. My travel will necessarily be too rapid to incur myself with a lady companion. I must go and come with the greatest speed."

Fay sat silent with a blur before her eyes, and a sickening sensation of despair at her heart. He cared no more for the society which once had been so dear to him.

"Oh, what have I done to forfeit the love he once poured out so fondly on my life!" she said to herself, time after time.

It was a pleasant October twilight, when the merchant, wrapped in his overcoat, and his traveling cap pulled down over his eyes, paced up and down the deck of the steamer Nautilus, heedless of the tumult of weighing anchor. Through the dusk he tried vainly to catch one more glimpse of the spires of the city that held his young wife.

"She will be happy enough without me," he told himself bitterly. "She bade me adieu without a tear, and it may be that my continued absence may teach her to think less coldly of me. Dear little Fay! my prayers may reach you even there."

A tear dropped on Mr. Winthrop's cheek as he went below. On reaching his stateroom he was infinitely surprised to find that it was not empty. A lady sat with a veiled face and drooping head. Edward Winthrop paused in surprise—the figure rose up, and threw aside the veil, revealing the stary blue eyes and pale face of Fay herself!

"Forgive me, Edward!" she sobbed, throwing herself into his arms. "I could not let you go alone. When I thought of your being away, perhaps ill, among strangers, I thought I should go mad. Hate me if you will, but I love you, my husband—I love you so that I cannot live without you!"

And she burst into a flood of tears. "My sweet spring blossom—my love—my wife! Evermore, as now, close—close to my heart will I keep thee."

And that was all he said. But Fay Winthrop had learned the secret of love.—New York Weekly.

When It Does Not Pay to Smile. Salesmanship, whose aim it is to instruct salesmen in the art of selling things, remarks editorially that "if you cannot learn to smile you cannot learn to sell."

Now, we are willing to agree that a happy disposition is a very essential quality for a salesman to have. But, taken literally, the statement is not true.

Perhaps 85 percent of successful salesmen sell goods with a smile and find that it pays. But on the other hand, there are 15 percent, or more, who scarcely ever indulge in a smile while waiting on customers.

Take, for example, some of the women who make up the highest class of city trade—the kind that drives up to a shop in a swell turnout, enters like a queen, snubs the floorwalker, seats herself in a comfortable seat and looks around impatiently to be waited on.

If you know much about selling this class of trade you know that if you smile benignly, and perhaps remark about the beautiful weather, you will receive a frigid stare from the customer that will make you shake.

In most of the stores where this class of trade is catered to you will find salesmen who are expert at handling it. They sell evening slippers, carriage boots, riding boots, leggings, etc., with a cold politeness that would drive away an ordinary shopper.

There are times and places for everything, and the time and place not to smile are in a shoe store when one of the human icebergs which inhabit the "Four Hundred" swishes in to buy \$40 or \$50 worth of footwear—that is, if you expect to sell to her.—Shoe Trade Journal.

Dress Clothes for Foreign Travel. "Here's a tip for you," said the man who has travelled to the one who is about starting for the other side.

"Take your evening clothes, but if you are travelling light, leave your frockcoat suit at home. Even the Englishman of fashion no longer considers it absolutely necessary to appear in the daytime in his frockcoat and silk beaver. For myself, a good serge is the thing in which to knock about the Continent. The man who takes his frock and leaves his swallowtail at home is out of his reckoning. Over there at dinner, even in what we'd call a cheap lunch joint here, you'll find plenty of men carefully garbed in evening clothes. Dinner is a ceremony to dress for, even though one be not rich."—Philadelphia Record.

An Old Soldier. A St. Petersburg telegram says that there is still living one Sergeant-Major Schmidt, who has just completed his 122d year. It is asserted that he was present at the battle of Borodino, and witnessed the burning of Moscow. His pension was taken from him because he permitted a Siberian exile to escape from his custody. An appeal is being made to the Russian war office to restore his pension.

Italian Cotton Industry. The cotton industry of Italy increases in importance, and is distributed among 730 factories and employing over 135,000 hands. Rather more than half the factories are worked by steam, the remainder by electricity and hydraulic power. Out of 80,000 looms employed 60,000 are mechanical.

To Police Newfoundland. Conferences to be attended by British and French officials will be held in London for the purpose of framing regulations as provided by the Anglo-French agreement for policing in Newfoundland.

A Hard Life. Mrs. Hatterson—I hope your boy's college life hasn't injured him physically.

Mrs. Catterson—in what way?

"Why, I heard he had been dropped several times."—Life.

LAST STAND OF THE INDIAN.

FINAL RALLY OF THE RACE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Carving Up of the Indian Country—The Once Broad Domain of the Red Men Reduced to a Limited Area.

The opening of the Rosebud Reservation to the settler lends pertinence to the statement of a writer in the World's Work that "at the St. Louis Fair the American Indian will make a last spectacular rally as a distinct race."

To gratify the vanity of the Indians the early Government treated them as separate nations ("domestic, dependent nations"), and made treaties with them with all the formality used in dealing with the powers. It conceded their right to the soil, which in the case of most tribes had been based upon force employed against other Indians. The Government bought these lands from the Indians and then sold them as needed to the whites.

By an act of Congress signed by Jackson in 1834 a wide belt of country west of the Missouri and extending from the Canadian border down to the Texas line was set apart for the Indians. But the tide pressed against the barriers of the Indian country. The new settlers incited wars with the Indians and forced the Government to buy out the claims of the Indians and remove them to narrower quarters. Thus the big domain of 1834 has shrunk to its present little measure in the Indian Territory, with its five "civilized tribes"—the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Creeks, Choctaws and Seminoles—and remnants of other tribes. And all of these in the aggregate—82,500 in 1900—were outnumbered several times by the white residents of the territory—302,689 in that year. In addition there were 26,853 negroes there, most of whom were ex-slaves officially classed as Indians. The Indian population of the Indian Territory of 1903, including the ex-slaves, was about \$4,500.

What has become of the Indian empire of 1834-54? All of it save the Indian Territory has been organized into thriving political communities, comprising all of Kansas except the southwest corner, all of Nebraska, half of South Dakota, more than a third of North Dakota, almost all of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado and all of Oklahoma Territory, while Oklahoma, with the Indian Territory, will soon be admitted as a State. The tribal relations of the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles will by act of Congress be dissolved by March 4, 1906, and then the vast Indian range (except the scattered reservations) will all be brought under civilized sway. The old "Indian country" now contains many great cities—Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, Topeka, Cheyenne and others—and contains in 1904 5,000,000 progressive and prosperous people.

Outside of Alaska the Indian population of the United States is about 270,000. The five civilized tribes, covering practically all of the Indian Territory, and New York's 5,200, comprising remnants of the Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas, Oneidas and Tuscaroras, number about 90,000. The New York Indians are on eight little reservations of about 88,900 acres in the northwestern part of the State, and are well advanced in civilization. The other 180,000 Indians are on 156 reservations, containing 55,000,000 acres, an area about the size of Minnesota, scattered through eighteen states and three territories, nearly all west of the Mississippi and most of them west of the Missouri.

The Indians are increasing in numbers. Many are increasing also in wealth. The property of the Choctaws and Chickasaws, which is about to be divided among them will amount to \$1,500 or more for each man, woman and child in those tribes, while the holdings of some of the other Indians are even greater. The average per capita wealth of the rest of the United States is only about \$1,200. Thus every one of these Indians will be richer than the average citizen.

TRAINING FILIPINOS. Our School System Promises to Bear Fruit.

The average Filipino does not take kindly to manual work. The tropical climate and his past education are all against him, and it would be almost surprising if things were other than they are. Four centuries of Spanish misrule have left a lasting impression on the natives of the Philippine Islands and that hand labor is degrading and that any one earning his living by this means much from the standpoint of a Filipino. This prejudice against honest work must be made in the industrial world. It is hoped that this will be accomplished by the industrial trade schools now established or to be established throughout the archipelago. The Spanish Government attempted to do something in this line, and in March, 1891, a school of arts and trades was established in Manila and about the same time another in Iloilo. Elaborate courses were laid out on paper, and at first schools were crowded, but owing to the fact that suitable facilities were not provided, and also because of the natural indifference of the natives to exertion, the school languished and was of little practical value. A school of agriculture was established even earlier than the trade schools, but this also was more or less of a failure, as were the others.

In the act establishing an educational system in the archipelago by the Americans, money was appropriated for a trade school in Manila. This school secured a few carpenter's tools and began to work in a very limited way on January 7, 1902. A month later classes in telegraphy were established. Great opportunities await the educated Filipino in all branches of industry, and as soon as he is capable of filling them good positions will be open him. One very important line of work in which the Filipino has great opportunity

for advancement is in the telegraph division of the constabulary. All lines not under the control of the military department are now in charge of this arm of the civil government. Eventually all will be under their direction. Success in this department of the trade school seemed certain, and there was apparently a great desire on the part of the students to get out into the field of operators. In manual work the Filipino boy seems in many ways to be equal to the American boy. In neatness he excels; in accuracy of work he falls short. So long as his work appears well he seems satisfied, but he is slow, and where much physical exertion is required the American boy can easily outdistance the Filipino. The need of more modern tools and appliances is most apparent. In Manila, to a small degree, they are up to date, but in the country, as a rule, they are not.

TREASURES IN QUEER PLACES. Fish Find of Workmen in the River Dove Many Years Ago.

Hidden treasure has an irresistible attraction for the human race. On the slightest hint from seer or fortune teller some one is sure to dig where the buried treasure is supposed to be, and disappointment does not discourage another attempt when another "tip" is received. Very few have ever come upon hidden treasure, and the few have found it unexpectedly, says the Boston Transcript.

Take, for instance, that romantic unearthing of 200,000 coins in the bed of the River Dove, in Staffordshire, seventy-two years ago. Some workmen were engaged in removing a mudbank which had formed in the centre of the river when one of them was amazed to find on raising his spade that it glittered with silver coins.

Attracted by the digger's exclamation of astonishment and delight, his fellow-workmen hurried up, and in a moment half a dozen men were fighting and scrambling for the treasure, feverishly filling their pockets, their hats and beer cans with silver coins, which were worth their weight in gold for they were of the time of the first two Edwards, and had lain in the river for five hundred years. That the bulk of the treasure trove was ultimately claimed by the Duchy of Lancaster matters little, for its finders had already appropriated scores of thousands of the precious disks.

Only two years later a new village boys were playing at marbles on Sunday afternoon in a field near Beaworth, in Hampshire, when one of them caught sight of a piece of lead projecting from a cart rut in a rough road that crossed the pasture. Tugging at the strip of metal he disclosed a hole, and through the exposed opening he saw a pile of glittering coins, bright as if fresh from the mint. To fill his pockets and those of his playmates was the work of a few moments, and so little did the youngsters appreciate the value of their discovery that on their way home they amused themselves by flinging the coins into the village pond.

Ultimately nearly seven thousand coins were recovered from the buried treasure chest, and they proved to be of the reigns of William I and William II, and in a wonderful state of preservation.

A similar discovery was made near Wetherby, in Yorkshire, when a heavy cart passing over a country road stuck in a rut, and on being released disclosed a number of silver coins which had escaped from the burst lid of a chest hidden under the roadway. It was assumed that the chest of coins had been buried there in the perilous days of the civil war, and that the gradual sinking of the road and the weight of the passing cart had at last brought it again to the light of day.

In the year 1846 a most valuable deposit of treasure was revealed in the strangest fashion at Cuedale, near Preston, in Lancashire. Some laborers were digging near the banks of the River Ribble when the pickax of one of them struck something harder than earth and more yielding than rock. On removing his pick he found transfixed at the end of it a large ingot of silver. Plying his tool with renewed vigor, he soon discovered wealth consisting of scores of silver ingots weighing in all over 1,000 ounces.

Similar fortune befell a couple of laborers who were digging in a ditch near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, when they unearthed an ancient chest full of coins of the days of the Stuarts. They took samples of the coins to a neighboring antiquary of wealth, who not only paid the men a large sum for their treasure, but purchased a score or more acres of land adjacent to the lucky ditch. And here, the irony of fortune is well illustrated for although the antiquary spent thousands of pounds in buying and excavating his land, not a single coin was discovered beyond those which a stroke of the spade had revealed.

This is the kind of trick fortune loves to play on designing man. Not very many years ago, when the thatched roof of an ancient cottage near Ripon was removed a rich nest of 5-guinea gold pieces was discovered hidden away under it. When the news of this treasure trove came to the ears of a neighboring land owner he was so fired by the lust of gold that he forthwith purchased a dozen similar cottages in the district and had them all pulled down, but not a solitary coin was found in exchange for the £3,000 the experiment cost him.

The Only Obligation. A story that comes from a country region not far from New York concerns a native who was seen stolidly ploughing a field with a team of weary and dejected horses. As they approached, the observer of rural life remarked sympathetically that the horses "didn't seem to like the work."

"Um," commented the farmer briefly, "they don't have to like it; they only have to do it."—Harper's Weekly.

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