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## THE OPELOUSAS JOURNAL.

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## THE GREAT ADVENTURER.

Over the mountains

And over the waves,

Under the fountains

And under the graves;

Under the floods that are deepest

Which Neptune obey;

Over the rocks that are steepest

Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place

For the glow worm to lie;

Where there is no space

For receipt of a fly.

Where the middle does not venture

Least herself fast to lay;

If love come he will enter

And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him

A child for his might;

Or you may deem him

A coward from his flight;

But if she whom love doth honor

Be conceded from the day,

Set a thousand goals upon her,

Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him

By having him confined;

And some do suppose him

For things to be blind;

But if he never close you will him,

Do the best that you may,

Blind love, if you call him,

Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle

To stoop to your fist;

Or you may incite

The phoenix of the east;

For things to be blind;

But if you'll never stop a lover,

He will find out his way.

[From the New York Ledger.]

## THE MIRACULOUS CURE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"O! dear me! but e, I shall die, I

know I shall!"

"O! no, you won't ma'am; you'll

feel better presently. If you would only

let me raise the window just the least

bit in the world!"

"O! mercy! Mrs. Green, how can

you think of such a thing? Do draw

that curtain!"

Here poor Mrs. Barnes shuddered

and covered her eyes with her hands,

and the sorry-tried nurse let the curtains

fall, with a sigh of discouragement. The

stiffing air was almost unendurable to

her in the vigor of health, how full of poison

then must be to her invalid charge.

But she was only the nurse, hired for

so much a week to bear with her em-

ployer's whims and peevishness; it was

not her place to interfere.

With this thought Mrs. Green went

down stairs for the breakfast-tray, of

whose tempting contents Mrs. Barnes

insisted that she "could not touch a

morsel," and yet contrived to make a

remarkably hearty meal for one in her

delicate state of health.

"Good morning, my dear," said the

cheery voice of her husband, who now

came in to pay her his usual visit before

thought there was any thing the matter

with me; and you never will until I am

in my coffin!"

"My dear, how can you be so un-

reasonable? I never thought

that there would be the matter with

you; though I do think that you make

a good deal worse than it is. The

doctor does not seem to consider you in

any danger. Indeed, he told me that if

you would only take sufficient air and

exercise, you would soon be as strong as

ever."

"I always did think that Dr. Randall

didn't know enough to practice, and now

I'm sure of it!" was the indignant re-

sponse. "Air and exercise, forsooth!

What does he know about my constitu-

tion, or how I am, anyway? He just

runs in one day, pretending to be in

such a hurry that he can't stop to look

half what I have to say; and hasn't

given me a particle of medicine for more

than a week. If I had had a skillful

physician, my life might have been

saved; but it is too late to think of that

now. All that I ask of you is to write

to my mother by the next mail, to tell

her to come on at once, if she wants to

see me alive. On second thought, you

had better telegraph; a letter would

reach her too late."

Mrs. Barnes left his wife's room with a

sadly-perplexed countenance. He met

Mrs. Green on the stairs.

"Mrs. Green," he said, abruptly, "do

you think Mrs. Barnes to be so low as

she considers herself?"

"Mrs. Green's ten years' experience in

nursing had taught her that some things

were better thought than spoken, so she

said, guardedly:

"Well, sir, that's rather hard telling.

If I was in your place, I'd ask the doc-

tor; he ought to know."

"This Mrs. Barnes did, staying at home

for that purpose, and waiting Dr.

Randall, as he came down stairs that

morning."

"Your wife is very sick," was the

reply; "but it is a sickness more of the

mind than the body. She is getting in

a bad state, from which she ought to be

aroused as soon as possible; the strong

est constitution could not stand long a

life so at variance with the plainness of

nature. I should advise you to take

her on a journey. But if she won't

agree to that, invite some cheerful, lively

young person of her own sex, who will

divert her thoughts from this constant

dwelling upon herself, and which is the

real root of the difficulty."

A few days after Mrs. Barnes was

surprised at the sudden advent of her

sister Laura, who announced her inten-

tion of making a long visit. The re-

lationship was only nominal, Laura be-

ing the daughter of Mrs. Barnes' step-

father, by his first wife.

Laura was an agreeable, companion-

able girl, and endowed with more than

the usual amount of that ruder accom-

panion attribute, common-sense.

At first Mrs. Barnes seemed to be

pleased; it was something to have a

new listener to her rehearsals of the

strange feelings, and the ever-varying

and conflicting symptoms of her pecu-

liar case. But no amount of persuasion

could induce her to leave her room, or

her bed, even; and finally, much to her

inward surprise and annoyance, both

Laura and her husband ceased to urge

or appear to desire it.

One evening Mrs. Barnes was ex-

pecting on the cheerful theme of her

daily-expected demise, and the conse-

quent desolation that would overwhelm

her husband, when Mrs. Green said,

looks cheerful and smiling."

The next morning when Mr. Barnes

entered his wife's room, he found her

sitting in a neat morning robe. Though

somewhat pale, her complexion had the

pure clear that was natural to it,

with her wealth of chestnut hair looked

like satin in its sheen and smoothness.

But Mr. Barnes seemed to be obliv-

ious to the great change that this made

in her appearance.

"How are you feeling to-day, my

love?" he said, in sepulchral tones,

heaving a deep sigh, and regarding her

with an air of morbid interest.

"Much better and stronger, thank

you," replies Mrs. Barnes, brightly.

"Are you, indeed? It is strange how

flattering some diseases are! Ah! well,

it will always be a consolation to me to

reflect that I've tried to be a kind hus-

band to you. I came in to tell you that

I thought that last yesterday in Forest

Hill Cemetery; and now, if you will

tell me in what part of it you would

prefer to be interred, I will see that

your wishes are carried out to the letter."

Mrs. Barnes eyes flashed, and her

cheeks flamed.

"I'm not dead yet, Mr. Barnes! Nor

will I be sorry to learn, have I any

intention of dying at present. I must

say that your heartless indifference to

my feelings is scandalous—perfectly

scandalous, sir!"

"Why, Ellen, how can you talk so?"

It was only yesterday that you were be-

moaning your hard fate in being obliged

to be buried in the old graveyard. I

have been to this trouble and expense

solely to please you. And not only this,

but I engaged Mr. Marble to sketch a

design for a monument, in order that

you may be able to mention any altera-

tion or improvement that may suggest

itself to you."

"Really, Mr. Barnes. Perhaps you

have selected my successor? That

ought to be the next thing on the pro-

gramme."

"Well, no, my love. I haven't got

so far as that yet. Still, if you have

any suggestion to make, I should be

glad to hear it."

"I have only this to say, Mr. Barnes,

that you and a certain young lady, who

shall be nameless, had better wait until

before you form plans and indulge in

hopes that may end in disappointment."

Mrs. Barnes, in imagination, had often

contemplated her dying-bed; but it had

always been surrounded by weeping

friends, the most disconsolate of which

was her husband, whose affection she

had never any reason to doubt until

now. But the idea of her death being a

relief, or even but slightly mourned, put

quite another phase on it.

As soon as she was alone, she indulged

in the feminine luxury of a heavy cry,

and felt better for it.

Her next move was to summon cook,

and on learning that Laura had given

orders in future. This produced an

other ludicrous change in her feeling for

the better; and she immediately set a-

bout clearing the drawers of her bureau,

and re-arranging her wardrobe, and with

an energy that certainly did not seem

to indicate any danger of her immediate

dissolution.

Mrs. Barnes would gladly have gone

down stairs that evening; but as nothing

was said that could give her any

preference for so doing, she was obliged

to keep her room. There she sat, with

the door leading into the hall ajar, list-

ening, with no very enviable feelings,

the hum of conversation below; inward-

ly wondering "what on earth they could

find to talk about," and "what her hus-

band could see that was so agreeable in

Laura Brown."

The next morning, to Mrs. Barnes' great

relief, Laura was summoned home by

the sudden illness of her sister.

Laura's room was opposite her own,

separated only by a wide hall. A few

minutes after she had gone, as Mrs.

Barnes stood upon the threshold of her

room, she spied a folded billet on the

hall floor, about midway between the

two doors, and picked it up. It was in

her husband's handwriting, and ran

thus:

"MY OWN DARLING!—I am so weary of

the jealous eyes that are ever following us

so impatient for the time when I can tell you

other than by words, how dear you are to me.

I will not fail to be at the depot; so do not dis-

appoint me. Your own affectionate

"JAMES."

The blood suddenly receded to her

heart, and then made her almost giddy

by its violent rush back.

Yours return was but a faint; she was

wretched, betrayed, forsaken wife!

She looked at her watch. The train

had not gone yet—she could only

reach the depot in time. Her first thought

was to send for a carriage, but she in-

stantly dismissed it; it would occasion