

The St. Landry Clarion.

"HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWAY BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN."

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THE CURTAIN.

A thrill of rapturous applause. From every row reaching: The actor gives a gracious pause, To those before low bending. Admired of all the ladies fair, What compliments they utter! How many hearts amid the fair Are now set in a flutter!

The play goes on, the curtain falls Upon the act of splendor; Each heart emotional recalls The incident and its result. Oh, sweet the glamour of the scene, With nothing coarse to break it! Imagination rules serene. And fancy's wit we make it.

BEHIND. The leading lady, just deceased, Has got a fit of laughter; The leading man, from toll released, A sandwich has sent after. The patchboard rocks are put aside, The lovely eyes are yawning; The dancing girls in plain clothes hide, No beaux around them yawning.

The funny men are scowling now, And he who gold dust scattered Upon the scene with happy brow Looks doubtful now and shattered. And so it is throughout the days Of this our life uncertain; To view it truly, you must gaze On both sides of the curtain.

—Mark Meredith, in N. Y. Clipper.



CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Ben did not know the country any better than did Hendricks. They took to the woods and went north, Hendricks and Fenning riding on either side of the captain, and Ben following at some distance behind.

It was some time before they reached an open country, and, rough as it was, they galloped away and soon left Ben far out of sight.

"You are going to the Laran house," said Fenning, who had recovered his spirits.

"Yes," replied Hendricks. "Have you divined the rest?"

"No."

"Wait, I hardly know myself."

It was ten o'clock when the party having toiled slowly up a long acclivity, came out upon a wooded brow of the hill looking eastward. It was a magnificent stretch of country and it was radiant with the morning light. Hendricks dismounted and looked through his glass.

"If you follow the top of that stone ledge, to the second green line of hills and look between those two rounded knolls, just under that white cloud that hangs down like a tent—you will see the Laran chimney." And Hendricks handed the glass to Fenning.

"Yes, I can see it," said Fenning. "How far is it?"

"Approximately four miles and a half. We can get within a pistol shot of the house from this direction. I know every turn in the way. We'll wait here for Ben, get a bite and a drink, take the extra horse and leave him here to wait for us."

It was eleven o'clock before Ben came up and the captain was the most impatient of the party, but Hendricks beguiled the time in telling Fenning some of his earlier experiences in the place and Fenning's remark as the narrative ended was: "Well, I wouldn't doubt that woman either. But you never can tell what a woman will do."

At half-past eleven, Hendricks and Fenning, with the captain between them, set off in the direction of the Laran house, Hendricks leading the extra horse.

This part of the way was by all odds the most difficult of any. As they descended into the valley they had to skirt a primeval morass, its pools inhabited by millions of water-fowl. But Hendricks' knowledge of the country enabled him to pick his way through the labyrinth and about two o'clock, he said, as he reached an almost impenetrable covert and dismounted: "Do you know where you are?"

Fenning looked about him and shook his head.

But the captain recognized the place. Darning his eyes, he remarked that he and Endicott had been there a hundred times.

"So has Miss Endicott," said Hendricks, "and now that you are here I hope she will come again."

Hendricks fastened his horse and beckoned to Fenning, who stepped aside out of sight of the captain.

A few paces away and covered with brambles there was a smooth crown of rock. Hendricks parted the brush, got down on his knees and searched a moment with his hand. He then took a small stick and dug the dead leaves out of a depression in the rock and put his ear to the spot.

"Just listen there a moment," he said to Fenning as he got up.

"What is it?" asked Fenning who had put his ear down to the hole.

"It's the dynamo running underneath. It's directly under our feet. I bored that hole nearly two years ago to see how thick the crust was. In all I made about fifty of them, but Laport stopped most of them because they leaked."

"We are then within two hundred feet of the house," said Fenning, with astonishment.

"We are within twenty feet of the steel fence. You can touch it if you go through that brush; so speak softly. It is the wildest spot in the neighborhood, and to reach us the inmates must come round from the entrance. There is a corner of the road visible from that opening. I'm going to ask you to watch it, while I give the captain his instructions."

Fenning took his place at the opening, and almost immediately said: "There's somebody now."

Hendricks quickly raised his glass. "It's Mrs. Hendricks and Calicot," he said. "They are going for a ride, and will keep to the road. There's only three of them left, and one of them is

probably on the balcony. We have got to wait."

This was the hardest part of all. One whole hour passed, and the captain swore that four had passed, but Hendricks' repeated injunction was: "Have patience and keep silent."

It must have been three o'clock when, in a moment of silence, all three of them heard a twig snap, and Hendricks and Fenning put hands on their revolvers. The next instant the green leaves were parted by a pair of white hands, and an equally white face looked suddenly in upon them, and its eyes rested upon the captain with a look of dreamy hopelessness and terror.

"Miss Endicott," exclaimed Fenning, between his teeth.

Hendricks with a motion bade him be silent.

The girl stepped into the center of the little space, her eyes still fixed on the captain.

"What have you done with him?" she said.

"You are to go to him," said Hendricks. "There is your horse. Get upon it."

"Yes," she said. "I must go."

"Get upon the horse," repeated Hendricks, imperatively, and he took her hand.

She obeyed him passively. "Quick, now," he said to Fenning, "we must get away."

"What would you do?" asked Fenning.

"I would conceal our retreat," answered Hendricks, in a hoarse whisper.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was nearly nine o'clock at night when they got back to the Bayou house. The return had been a slow and difficult one, but the rescue was accomplished. The girl was tenderly cared for, and the next morning Hendricks said: "Our knowledge now, I hope, of what is going on in the world is not entirely cut off."

Fenning confessed that he did not understand.

"I will show you," replied Hendricks, "but first we must hear from above."



It was the same hour at which Mrs. Hendricks and Calicot had ridden away the day before when word came from the doctor.

"Miss Endicott has disappeared," he said. "There has been a search made for her and the men report that an armed force must have been in the woods last night, as they have discovered the fresh marks of horses' hoofs. Two of the marshal's men have been sent south on the search, but I believe that is a blind."

"What does Mrs. Hendricks say about it?"

"She has not expressed an opinion to me. If the girl has been abducted, she will disclose everything."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Positively. She is a clairvoyant. I believe Calicot has got her safely in charge of experts. She is the only person who can describe your hidden operation without being with you."

"Then we should not have permitted her to escape."

"Certainly not. I wouldn't give a farthing for any of your schemes if she is in their hands. She says her father was murdered by the captain in the act. Don't it occur to you from what is going on that there must be treachery somewhere?"

"It looks like it. To circumvent it, you must come down immediately."

"But Mrs. Hendricks will know where I am and may take advantage of my absence."

"Nevertheless, come down at once."

"Very good."

The moment the doctor arrived at the bottom of the shaft, Hendricks said: "I have got Miss Endicott here. You might have guessed it. If she can be of service to the government, she can be of service to us. Can you put her in rapport with Mrs. Hendricks?"

"Have you got any of Mrs. Hendricks' hair?"

"Yes, there is a pocket of it. The hair was cut off when she wore the light wig."

"After explanations from Hendricks of the abduction which elicited unbounded admiration from the doctor, they proceeded to the rooms that had been set apart for Miss Endicott. Hendricks, it should be stated, had provided his retreat with several negro servants. They had their own quarters and several of them were women, one of whom had been assigned to take care of Miss Endicott. They found the young woman sitting in a chair in a normal condition and indignant.

"You have made me a prisoner again in this place," she said, "and it will kill me, dear young lady," said the doctor, "you are not a prisoner. In a few days you will be restored to your friends, if you have any."

"I must look for my father," she said. "He is the only friend I have."

"I have come down to take care of you. You shall make a confidant of me. I'm your friend. No one here has the desire to harm you. We must find out about your father. I dare say you have neglected your meal, as usual."

"I cannot eat," she said.

"But you know I told you that you must eat. If you do not obey me, what can I do for you?" and the doctor shrugged his shoulders. A moment later he said: "Here, take my arm and let us walk about a bit. You must keep your blood in circulation."

She let him assist her and passively rested her arm in his. Then they walked out into the arena, the doctor talking to her in a fatherly way. It was not more than seventy-five feet to the house where the dynamo and engine were running. The big door stood open. There was a common wheel chair immediately in front of the door.

"Sit down here for a moment," said the doctor, "and look at the wheel."

She obeyed him. The almost harmonic buzz of the great iron circle was not unpleasant. She looked at the swiftly-revolving mass with slight interest. The doctor stepped back and waited. Hendricks had remained behind. There was something in the motion that kept her gaze steadily fixed. Five minutes passed. Her eyes lost their stare. The doctor stepped softly up, looked into her face, picked up her hand and let it fall limp upon her lap. Then he beckoned to Hendricks.

"Help me wheel her back," he said. "She is hypnotized. I never saw so fine a sensitive."

When she was once more in the room from which the doctor had taken her, Hendricks watched the proceedings with interest, but without the awe which this phenomenon inspires in some minds.

"Have you got the hair?" asked the doctor.

Hendricks handed him the packet and sat down expectantly. The doctor took some of the dark locks and put them in the hand of the girl. Her fingers closed over them. She stared

that the long deprivation of sunlight made everybody gloomy and doubtful. Up to within a week his men had all taken regular turns in the air. In this respect they had nothing to complain of. They had gone out at the western exit in groups—had hunted and fished and enjoyed themselves and he had lost none of them. The privilege had been shut off as soon as the regiment got away and the one hundred men left behind, although made up of the workmen and help of the establishment, were becoming restive under the restraint. In spite of the fact that the ventilation had been improved very much and the variations of temperature were scarcely appreciable in the rotunda, which was not only the most spacious, but the most enjoyable part of the Laran, the doctor found that he was encountering a new group of complaints and he had the good sense to attribute them to the condition of confinement.

The day after the failure of the doctor's experiment with Miss Endicott, the general, who had been away on a mission of importance, suddenly returned. He came in at the bayonet entrance late at night, but he reported to Hendricks, who got out of bed and the two sat in consultation until morning. Whatever the nature of their conference was, its importance and the urgency of events were made apparent by the general's words at its close.

"We have just three days to get the rest of our men out—that leaves them five days to assemble. They must be in St. Mary's on the 5th. You have no suspicion, have you, that the new move is known in any way to these officers above ground?"

"I know absolutely nothing as to what these men suspect. For some reason Mrs. Hendricks is reticent. The only thing to do is to go ahead and disregard them. They have got no posse in the neighborhood, for I have been over the ground."

At this point the doctor came in and announced that Miss Endicott, who had not been out of her bed since the shock, was in one of her trances and they might, he thought, renew the experiment in a guarded way.

Hendricks excused himself to the general and went to Miss Endicott's bedside, where, after turning out the negroes, the two men sat down. The doctor then proceeded as before, and when the girl's eyes were fixed upon vacancy, he said: "Tell me what you see."

"Yes, I will tell you," she replied, as if in some terror of the doctor. "Let me be sure. I see a woman. I know her. She is standing in the curtains at the window—she—yes, she has the curtain pulled about her—she is listening."

"Look well. What is she listening to?"

"I cannot tell. Yes—some one is walking on the balcony—the window is open—it is Miss Laport and a young man. They sit down on a bench near the window."

TWO KENTUCKY HEROES.

Men of Whom the Old Infantry Might Well Have Been Proud.

The Lexington Light Infantry, commonly known as the Old Infantry, was organized in 1789, when an Indian invasion was threatened. It was one of the first companies to volunteer in the war of 1812, and the historian of Lexington, Ky., records an incident of the march to Fort Wayne, which, as he says, "speaks volumes for the principles which actuated the men."

A member of the company found himself utterly overcome with fatigue on the last day of the march. He sank into the prairie grass, and as his companions passed him, file after file, he was seen to be weeping.

An officer stopped to help him into one of the wagons, and to inquire what he was weeping for. For answer the man said: "What will they say in Lexington when they hear that James Huston gave out?"

During this war occurred the massacre at Frenchtown, where the light infantry lost half its members. The name of one of them, Charles Searles, should never be forgotten. With several other prisoners he was sitting upon the ground when an Indian drew a tomahawk and struck what was intended for a fatal blow. Searles lifted his hand and partially averted the stroke, receiving it upon his shoulder instead of upon his head.

Then he sprang to his feet, snatched the tomahawk from the Indian, and was about to take vengeance upon him, when Dr. Bowers, another captive, called out if he struck the Indian all the prisoners would certainly be killed.

At the word Searles dropped his lifted arm, let fall the weapon, and the astonished savage picked it up and with one blow dispatched him.

The other hero was James Higgins, a man who had always been regarded as peculiarly wanting in courage. A large number of Indians had taken shelter in a barn, from which they were pouring a destructive fire upon the whites.

"Let me go and smoke 'em out," said James Higgins.

Permission was given, and he coolly picked up a big blazing "chunk" from a camp fire, and walked through a perfect hailstorm of bullets up to the barn and applied the blaze. The building was soon too hot for the Indians.

After that it was unsafe for anyone to say aught against Higgins in the presence of the "Old Infantry." He lived to a good old age, and was always known as "the man who smoked out the Indians."—Youth's Companion.

Not Necessary.

Clerk—I can't live on forty dollars per month.

Employer—I never insisted on your living—Hailo.

Presence of Mind.

Angelina—Heavenly what an escape! My heart went down into my boots.

Edwin—That must have been a tight squeeze.—Harger's Dazzer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy; affectation, a part of the chosen trappings of folly.—Johnson.

—An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions. He is neither hot nor timid.—Chastellard.

—Circassia took its name from the Scherkes, a tribe of Tartar warriors who established themselves between the Black and Caspian seas.

—How did Serawilis get his reputation for originality? "Very simply. He makes it a rule to know nothing whatever about the topic on which he writes."—Washington Star.

—The difficulty of registering the temperature at the bottom of the ocean is due to the fact that at great depths the thermometers are crushed by the pressure.

—The greatest sum of coin that was ever collected in one spot was in the national treasury of the United States in the silver crisis, when no less than \$500,000,000 was contained there.

—When I lived somewhat quietly in Boston," said a New Yorker, "I discovered a novel use for the conventional hat box. My chum and myself found that our pitchers would sit up beautifully in the hat box, and we used the combination to work the growler. Nobody in Boston could suspect the presence of a pitcher full of beer beneath the innocent exterior of a hat box."

—The longest distance a letter can be carried within the limits of the United States is from Key West, Fla., to Ounalaska, 6,271 miles, and all for 9 cents. People who would save money will at once start for Key West or Ounalaska and so address their correspondence that they shall get their full money's worth.

—China took its name from Tsin, an emperor who founded a dynasty 300 years before the Christian era. He was the monarch who built the great wall and accomplished many other works of utility to the empire. It is also called the "Celestial Empire," because most of its early rulers were, in the popular belief, deities, or mythological personages.

—At Brighton, England, a Christmas dose of half a sovereign has been distributed for years to the oldest poor inhabitants. It was given this year to 150 persons, 95 women and 55 men, who averaged over 83 years of age, and, as the day was fine, 96 of them appeared in person, headed by an old lady of 95.

She was followed by eight more old ladies who were over 90. The oldest man present was 99, but an old gentleman of 100, who could not come, headed the list.

—Rock candy, which is only sugar in large, hard crystals, is now produced wholesale in tin buckets inclosed in wooden firkins. Strings are stretched across the buckets and upon these the crystals form. It happens often that the rock candy of to-day is not the white, semi-transparent product of twenty-five years ago, but a cloudy, reddish-brown crystal, as if made from cheap sugar. It is not easily adulterated, and crystallization is an essentially honest process.

—Portsmouth, N. H., claims the biscuit in the toll bridge contest, there being half a dozen toll bridges within a radius of ten miles thereof. Northerly and easterly from Portsmouth are the bridges from South Newmarket to Stratham, from Newington to Dover Point, from Dover to Eliot, Me., and from Kittery, Me., to Portsmouth. Further east is one from Kittery to Kittery Point, and the one from Portsmouth to Newcastle furnishes the last link in the chain. The only escape from the city by land free gratis is via Greenland and Rye.

—Lovers of flowers not rich enough to buy often have various ways of prolonging the life and freshness of the few they get. Violets may be kept fresh if kept in fresh water and covered over night with a tumbler. Most flowers will retain their freshness for several days if kept overnight in the open air. Any one possessed of one of those delicate French clocks that have to be covered with a glass dome cannot do better than sell or pawn the clock, usually an object of neither use nor ornament, buy flowers from time to time with the proceeds, and use the glass dome as a protector for the flowers at night. It will keep them fresh for days.

—Well—were it not a pleasant thing to fall asleep with one's friends; to pass with all our social ties to silence from the pangs of men; and every hundred years to rise and learn the world, and sleep again; to sleep through terms of mighty wars, and wake on science grown to more, on secrets of the brain, the stars, as wild as aught of fairy lore; and all that else the years will show, the post-forms of stronger hours, the vast republics that may grow, the federations and the powers; titanic forces taking birth in divers seasons, divers elms; for we are ancients of the earth, and in the morning of the time.—Tennyson.

—One sometimes sees in showcases filled with cigars a wet sponge placed there to keep the cigars from getting dry. It wouldn't be just the thing to put a wet sponge in a box of smoking tobacco, but a slice of carrot or a small piece of potato will serve the purpose there. The carrot is preferable, simply because it looks better; its pretty color and its circular form make it more agreeable to the eye as you open the box, but if there are no carrots in the house a slice of potato will do. Either will dry up quickly and needs to be renewed; it is better to do that than to put in too big a piece to start with, for that would make the tobacco too damp.

—Hint to Those Who Carry Umbrellas. An electrical expert says: "I have a word of advice to give people who carry steel-rod umbrellas on wet days. They must keep a sharp lookout for arc lights while pushing their steel rods through the air. Of course this only applies when the current is on, and when it is, if the umbrella rod comes in contact with the lamp, there is a strong probability that the holder will be very badly shocked if not seriously injured."—N. Y. Tribune.