

The St. Landry Clarion.

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

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FATHER'S VOICE.

Only dreaming, nothing more,
Each with so many years
Hearing sheep—'twas when the war
Filled the land with blood and tears.

Just a little boy again,
Tending sheep, with brother John;
Both of us are bearded men,
And the years creep on and on.

But I dream, with strange delight,
Of the scenes of long ago;
There the woods of our right,
There the cherry grove below.

There the happy childhood home,
There the sheep-pen, long and wide,
There the creek that tossed its foam
Against the rocks on either side.

There the schoolhouse by the lane
Where I learned my A B C's;
There the clearing where the grain
Nodded to the summer breeze.

In my dream I saw it all,
Lived my childhood hours in one,
Heard the voice of father call
"It is daylight—come, my son!"

Or his grave the rain and snow
Many years have fallen deep,
And I only see him now,
Only hear him, in my sleep.

And the old home does not seem
As it did in other years—
Only when I sleep and dream
Dreams of joy, to wake in tears.

When upon the bed of death
I lay last night, long and wide,
And my slowly ebbing breath
Came with labored sob and sigh.

I can in my pain rejoice
That my last day's work is done,
If I hear my father's voice:
"It is daylight—come, my son!"

—A. Baby, in Youth's Companion.



THE GREAT LARAN REBELLION.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

From Gen. Waterson's account we learned that there were about fifty people in the building and they were taken completely by surprise, but so admirably pre-arranged was the plan that they had no opportunity to give alarm and were all shut up in one room and a guard placed over them, after which the invaders had the building to themselves. Every thing was done with the utmost expedition and the nearest pervasion, and at two o'clock the regiment was in possession of two million dollars in coin. It was ten minutes past two when the column was set in motion, and at that time there was the most confused motion in official circles as to what was going on. The idea that an armed regiment had taken possession of the United States deposits in the heart of the city in the middle of the day appeared to be too incredible at first to be alarming. It was therefore two-thirty o'clock before the first attempt was made at police headquarters to take summary action and call upon the reserves. The rumors spread like wildfire through Wall street and Printing House square, and when the regiment moved, Wall street, Nassau street and Broadway were choked with people. But Gen. Fenning handed his men with admirable skill and the solid column was not likely to suffer any serious interruption from merely angry or suspicious crowds. By the time the newspaper bulletins got the first wave of intelligence, the regiment was at the foot of Courtland street. It had marched through that usually choked thoroughfare with a tactical adaptation to circumstances that was amazing. It marched in force through the two ferry gates; took possession of two boats; put everybody off to the pilots, and started on its way just as the first division of the reserves marched into West street, three blocks away.

At this point the state line, which was no embarrassment to the soldiers, interposed an invisible barrier to the authorities. New York started across the river in bewildered astonishment and then reported the telegraph and the utterly futile police boat. Hendricks' close calculation of time was again shown here. His agents arrived in Jersey City with fifteen minutes margin, and that was enough to enable them to take possession of a train of ten cars on the Pennsylvania road and get in motion before the order had arrived to hold all trains.

On the ferryboat Gen. Waterson and his officers encountered a number of passengers with large portmanteaus. They were there by prearrangement and brought the change of garments with them. When the boat arrived at the New Jersey dock the officers were in different apparel and were protesting most bitterly against the impudence and insolence of the soldiers. The general and two of his aides are known to have got back to New York on a returning boat. At least one hundred men had gone out of their uniforms while on the water. This was easily enough accomplished, seeing that they had but to take off shirt, trousers and hat. These articles of clothing were weighted with their arms, tied to the empty and open knapsacks and flung into the Hudson. On the arrival of the boat they followed the troops with the crowd and were unserved. Half an hour later when they were looked for they had disappeared, most of them returning to New York by various routes.

Gen. Waterson, we know by his own account, put up at an obscure downtown hotel where he registered as John Fielding, of Newark, and that same night reached an up-town rendezvous where he freed himself from the gold and then gave himself with curious zest to watching the course of events and of public opinion in the city.

CHAPTER XIX.

The regiment left Jersey City at half-past three with eight hundred and seventy-five men on board. It had not crossed the Jersey state when the engineer was locked up in a cabin and the engine taken in charge by one of the general's own men. The first act

was to cut the telegraph wires when ten miles out at a secluded spot, and here twenty-five more men were dropped. The train was then run with a view to land the men at the best point and to keep ahead of the special that it was believed would be on its heels. Gen. Waterson's report leaves us in no doubt as to how his plan disposed of the force. Fifty got off at Newark. Twenty-five were dropped at Waverly and twenty-five at Elizabeth. Fifty were disposed of at Rahway and one hundred were reaching New Brunswick. Between Deans and Monmouth Junction another hundred left and at Princeton Junction, at the suburbs of Trenton, four hundred more disappeared. Fifteen miles out of Bristol the remaining hundred dropped from the cars. The engine was then reversed, and the train started spinning backwards to meet the special.

Most of these men adopted the plan that had been tried at St. Mary's. They started at once in diverging lines and disappeared in the surrounding country. The excitement in New York over the affair was widespread, and was fanned into a flame before evening by the news that came from Philadelphia that the United States mint had been similarly robbed by another regiment that had seized a train and gone to Lancaster.

The next morning full details of the two exploits were printed, and there was no doubt that they were both parts of one plan. But one appears to have suspected the exact method of the regiments or their plan of subsequent disintegration. The popular imagination planted an armed force in the field somewhere and added untold resources of men out of its own fancies. Something of this feeling was reflected by the press, and the action of the secretary of the treasury, for all the endeavors were directed to the interception and capture of an armed force which as the reader knows did not exist. New York now recalled the St. Mary's affair which it had formerly treated as a western practical joke, and the Louisville papers were rather exultant at what they called an eastern dose of the joke.

But it must not be supposed that the central police-office at New York had been entirely led astray by these events. It had quite a number of men whom its sharp-eyed detectives had recognized as being in the ranks of the visiting regiment, and on one of them was found five hundred dollars in gold. The superintendent, who saw underneath the surface what he conceived to be a vast and brazen conspiracy, summoned his best men; put himself in communication with the secret service bureau at Washington, and very soon began to formulate some of the inevitable deductions. In this he was fortunately aided by one or two circumstances. He obtained from the Washington bureau the photographs of the men who had boarded the Corinthian, which photographs had been forwarded from England. One of the persons in the group was discovered to be Fenning. The other circumstance was that the Washington bureau had sent two men west on his trail and they had disappeared in Tennessee. With these facts before him, it did not take the superintendent very long to focus his suspicions upon western Tennessee.

CHAPTER XX.

The one man who seemed to have the clearest comprehension of all this was Hendricks, who, from his retreat underground, watched by some inscrutable process every move that was made. Gen. Waterson reached Laran on the 20th of July. He left New York just six hours before the police began to look for him, and he found that four hundred and fifty of his men had preceded him to the Laran. During his absence the sanitarium had been burned to the ground. This took place on the 8th. On the 9th Gen. Luscumb's party had been attacked in the rear. The general had been killed and his men routed. Those that escaped got in at Covington and reported the sanitarium burnt and the gang gone eastward. In the public mind this appeared to explain the appearance of the regiment in New York on the 13th.

About ten miles east of the Laran a wild gulch on the side of a wild gulch was a solitary log cottage. It is built of stone and looks down upon a rugged but beautiful country. It is just three miles from the town of Hoxie on a branch of the Tennessee railroad where there is a post office and telegraph station. The people in the town understand that an eastern literary woman who has an enormous mail has hired the place on account of its seclusion and salubrity. She has a pony and two servants, one of whom is a man, and she comes to town frequently with her pony to mail her letters, get her papers and meet an occasional visitor from the east whom she takes back with her.

This literary woman is Mrs. Hendricks. In her pretty little bonnet on the second floor she has a telegraph instrument built into the wall, and she communicates constantly with Hendricks in the Laran by an underground wire that has been laid with great care and expense through the wildest and most unfrequented part of the intervening country and which enters the cave through an artesian drill that is hidden by four feet of soil. In a fragment of a preserved letter of Hendricks he says: "This wire cost me more trouble and labor than anything else. It had to be laid at intervals after a careful survey in order to avoid observation, and it had to follow the unfrequented ways and escape the possible surface water courses, for if it had been bare and discovered my enemies would have had the iron claw that ran to the heart of my mystery."

seen at the sanitarium he at full length on the rug. They can be depended upon to hear a footfall on the mountain side before it gets within a hundred feet of the house.

In this comfortable and secluded retreat Mrs. Hendricks is at work during the latter part of July. The mails are kept guardedly down to a correspondence of necessity and to the daily papers from the large cities.

It is thus seen how indifferent Hendricks was to the prospect of a siege. He could safely and secretly direct the movements of a vast organization scattered through the country while he and his immediate forces were safe from molestation or disturbance while their supplies lasted.

On or about the 28th of July, Fenning succeeded in getting Mrs. Hendricks to send for Miss Laport's assistance. But that young woman refused to leave Laran voluntarily. Fenning suspected the influence of Fenning. Mrs. Hendricks was sure of it. Fenning then made at Fenning's suggestion to send her at night under a strong guard to meet him somewhere on the route, when they were interfered with by the news from Laran. This was on the 30th and Hendricks telegraphed: "Something of our secret is discovered by the government. How much, I do not know. Watch the papers. A United States gunboat anchored in the river this a. m. opposite the bayou; a strong force has been ordered. The probability is that this is one feature of a general movement and other forces are concentrated. It is therefore foolhardy to send Miss Fenning at this time."

It was Mrs. Hendricks' custom to read off these messages to Fenning while she was at the instrument and he wrote them down with a pencil in order to be sure of their meaning, burning them immediately afterward. They never suspected or ever knew that they were read by somebody else. But they were, and it is that curious fact which enables us to follow the details of his operations.

In the interval between the collision with Gen. Luscumb and the departure from Laran of Mrs. Hendricks and Fenning, Calicut had ample opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of Miss Laport, whom he knew only as Miss Franklin, and as the two young women in the place were thrown much together, he saw a good deal of Miss Endicott. The doctor, who had found him a well-read man, had become quite attached to him and had told him a great deal about Miss Fenning's peculiar temperament and condition. The young woman herself enjoyed Calicut's society, and he and Miss Laport spent most of their evenings visiting her. On one of these occasions she had lapsed into her trance condition and the doctor was not present. Something that was learned from her lips made Miss Laport and Calicut consult long and carefully. The very next night when they were alone with her, she again passed into an abnormal state and Calicut, with his companion's concurrence, questioned her. The doctor was busy elsewhere; there was no fear of interruption. Miss Laport got the packet of hair that she knew to be Mrs. Hendricks', and Calicut, with curious interest, listened to the girl. Then it was that she described the scene in the Swiss cottage and read the telegram which Fenning had written down with a pencil from Mrs. Hendricks' lips. Calicut was puzzled. He had no means of finding out where this place was. Miss Endicott could only describe what she saw. She had no explanation to make, but it suddenly dawned upon him that he had in this young woman a complete offset to Hendricks' secret advantages. Miss Laport acknowledged to him, in corroboration of what he had heard, that she had refused to go away without her father, and now that she had learned of the preparations to send her to Fenning, she was visibly alarmed. Calicut encouraged her by every means in his power. He pointed out to her how great an advantage she would derive from them. She listened to him helplessly; but they became confidential confederates. He cautioned her to say nothing to Fenning at present and get her to use her woman's influence with the girl to carry on the experiments.

When he was alone the discovery filled him with all manner of conjectures and alarms. It kept him awake all night in an effort to make a correct deduction from the information furnished. The next day he cautiously endeavored to test the truth of Miss Endicott's vision. He met Hendricks in the morning, and after a polite salutation said: "It is impossible for me to wander about in this place and not hear the men occasionally discussing your affairs. I have just heard something that leads me to believe that a war vessel is watching the bayou. Is that true?"

"Yes," replied Hendricks. "She arrived yesterday morning. I expected her before."

He then walked away as if disinclined to talk further upon the subject. So this piece of information was absolutely correct. Calicut saw that the affairs of Hendricks and his men were now too urgent to leave them much time to think of him and the women, and he resolved to improve the opportunity with Miss Endicott. Miss Laport made the task an easy one, for she brought Miss Endicott into her apartment, gave her an invalid chair and admitted Calicut. He observed that the girl did not suffer in her trances when the doctor was not present. She even acknowledged that the doctor frightened and pained her, but volunteered to take the packet of hair and tried to do what Calicut desired. She closed her eyes a moment, gave way to a little tremor and then said: "Yes, there they are. He is reading the papers to her." Calicut very soon discovered that she could not repeat what she heard, if, indeed, she heard anything at all. Whatever her special gifts were they appeared to be confined to vision. She could read the title and the type of the paper in Fenning's hands and she saw his lips move. He

was undoubtedly reading to Mrs. Hendricks, and she was summarizing the intelligence in dispatches to Hendricks. It was not difficult to direct the girl's mind to the news in front of Fenning, and she read it off with her body bent forward as if straining to perceive an indistinct object and speaking slowly like a child learning a lesson.

What was Calicut's astonishment to hear her, in this manner, convey the import of the matter before her strange vision.

He learned that the success of the authorities in tracking the source of the widespread Junta conspiracy to western Tennessee, had led to some curious developments. The New York police had succeeded in linking together several mysterious events which pointed to the fact that the master spirit of this new danger to social order was no less a personage than the audacious pirate who had robbed the Atlantic steamship two years ago. The United States government had taken means to stamp out this socialist rebellion and the gunboat Arapahoe had been ordered to Memphis; the Sixth United States Infantry, with battery A, and troops A and F of the Twelfth cavalry, had been ordered to report at Paducah from Leavenworth; orders had also been forwarded for two companies of the Fifth United States regiment at Fort Benton, Tex., to proceed to Memphis. Gen. Harvard Carroll was probably in command of the forces with his headquarters at Paducah.

Here the girl stopped, and Calicut with allowable impatience asked her to go on: "He has laid the paper down," she said; "I cannot see it and he has got up." He is looking for something. It is a writing-pad. He sits down beside the woman—he is writing."

"Yes, yes. It is a telegraphic message. Can you read it? It comes from Hendricks."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORA AND CHASKA.

A Romance Set Forth in Something Worse Than Blank Verse.

When Cora Belle Fellows was wedded to Chaska and came with her dusky liege lord to Nebraska the skies seemed bedecked with a constant aurora and the little log hut seemed a palace to Cora. Months passed and a cloud grew above the horizon in the form of a squaw, and those women are "pizen." Her eyes were as dark as the dismal hereafter and her hair was as straight as a two-by-six rafter. The stout heart of Chaska succumbed to her graces, for an Indian knows what an elegant face is, and they met when the moon the calm atmosphere mellowed nor cared for the heartache of Cora Belle Fellows.

One night when the storm king the cool gentle looted this Chaska put on his red blanket and scooted away to the north with this maiden, nor tarried till he and fair Minnekadintum were married. And Cora, she waited and bore his abuses and hoped he'd return to his wife and papoose, but weeks rolled by till the looks of her cupboard reminded her sorely of Old Mother Hubbard. Then Cora, disheartened, disgruntled and grunted, deserted the home that her Chaska once had haunted, and mingled once more with her friends broken-hearted and Cora and Chaska forever are parted.

A moral this tale bears to girls who through folly or strange love of romance, imagine it jolly to cast their sad lot with the sons of the wilderness, and seek a divorce from the friends of their childhood. The romance is short, as in this case related, for Cora now knows she was sadly mistaken, and has, with the rest, the unhappy reflection of duty to half-breeds that need her protection. An Indian has to be dead to be dead, which fact has been known a long time—is not recent—and history shows, from the best observations, that half-breeds are worse than their tribal relations.

I weep for poor Cora and both her papooses; I shudder to think what a gosling a goose is; I feel indignation that Chaska should leave her and slip with another and basely deceive her, and think that the law should receive a few patches to shut off these semi-barbarian matches.—Nebraska State Journal.

She Has Use for Gimlets.

An ingenious woman has found new uses for that common little boring tool called a gimlet. One night while stopping at a hotel her room was entered and robbed. Being a traveling woman and realizing that the same thing was again likely to happen, she hit upon the gimlet as a protective measure. Every night thereafter, when fate decreed that she must put up at a hotel, she produced her gimlets and made windows, doors and transoms secure by boring the gimlet "clean through."

One night when she had gimleted her room so that she was absolutely safe from midnight marauders the cry of "Fire!" was heard. She was up in an instant. She saw through the transoms the reduction of flames in the hallway. Escape was cut off from that quarter. She hastily unscrewed the gimlets from the window, and, looking out, saw a roof thirty feet below. So practical a woman must certainly have a clothesline handy, and such was a fact. In a jiffy she had screwed two of her much beloved gimlets into the wooden sill, fastened an end of the rope to them, and climbed down in safety to the roof. The gimlets were burned up in the fire, but the ingenious woman laid in another stock, and from that day to this you can always count on finding from half a dozen to a dozen of the gimlets in her satchel.

Timely Item.

Pete Amsterdam—What time is it? Hoetterter McGinnis—I don't know. "Where is your watch?" "He soaked it." "What soaked it again?" "Yes, I've soaked it again, but it's really not my fault. It is one of those repeaters."—Texas Sittings.

WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS.

Carelessness of People With Colds Annoys Him Very Much.

Sometimes when a woman comes to see me with her complexion the color of ash, her eyes as blue as if she had been running in the teeth of a gale for a week without veil or glasses, and her lips a pale pink-blue combination of tints, I feel very much like ordering an ambulance and sending her to a hospital, for there and there only will she be kept in bed and have the care which she needs. A specimen of this type of woman came to ask my medical advice a few days ago. She coughed like a person in the last stages of consumption, her tongue was yellow, her skin was hot and dry, and she said colds were chasing each other up and down her back. To begin with, I ordered her home to bed and she at once rebelled. I asked why. "Well, I have been so busy going out every day that I have hardly had a moment even to come to see you, but I have come simply so that you will give me something to take for my cold and brace me up for my afternoon tea to-morrow."

"And you will receive your guests in a nightgown, madam, or be a dead woman to-morrow night," I said. "Of course she took offense and called me a most ungracious and harsh thing, and started to go. Finally she calmed down and told me how she had caught cold. She had had it for nearly three weeks; she had taken a hot bath, changed her heavy flannels for light ones, and gone to the house of a friend a block away to attend a dance. She had walked there with only a long loose wrap around her besides her light evening gown, because it was such a short distance. The next day she had a cold in her head and chills and fever; so she took a dose of quinine and went out to make calls. She had spent three weeks of activity, which makes me exhausted, to simply think of balls and dinners every night, calling and shopping by day, thin clothes and light shoes, wet feet and no lunch! Oh, such a list of misdeeds!" Such excuses against health as she had committed! And now she refused to obey my orders!

I was very much out of patience. I scolded until I was in a fever. I wrote a note to her husband. I stood over her while she dictated notes cancelling all her engagements for the coming three weeks. I sent her home, and said I would go to see her that evening. I did, and of course she was in a raging fever and only half-conscious. She didn't get pneumonia. How she escaped is a marvel. But it took a month to make her look anything like a normally wholesome woman!

SILK COMFORTERS.

How to Make Elaborate and Handsome Bed Coverings.

Charming comforters for use on the foot of the bed in cold weather may be made at home, and at an expense far less than that of the eider-down quilts which are considered such a luxury. For one of these silks in a solid color should be chosen, either pale blue, pink or yellow, according to the furnishings of the room in which it is to be used, and instead of filling it with cotton batting, get that which is made of wool.

This is more expensive, costing one dollar a pound, but it has the advantage of being hygienic, which the cotton is not—that is, it allows free circulation of air, and therefore permits the exhalations of the body to pass through instead of absorbing them. It is also extremely light and warm, and if covered with silk will be as handsome as the costliest eider-down.

A quilting-frame renders the making of one of these covers very simple, but it is not difficult to manage without one. Lay the material, which should measure one and a half by two and a quarter yards for the small size, over a bed, roll out the batting, and lay it evenly on this, tacking the breadth of wool together where they lap with long basting-threads. Put the upper side of the silk over all, and begin six inches from the edge to put in a row of tacking, tying each one with a tiny knot of No. 1 ribbon to match the silk.

Make a second row of tackings, alternating so that they fall between and not opposite those of the first row, and continue in the same way until the entire comforter is tacked, rolling it up as each row is finished.

The upper and lower edges may be simply hemmed together and ornamented with coarse silk thread to match, done in button-hole stitch, but by far the most effective finish is a double row of about two inches in width of the same material as the comforter, sewed in all around.

A comforter of this sort would be a delightful present for a man with whom one was sufficiently familiar for the interchange of anything so valuable, and it would be sure to be one which he would enjoy and treasure.

If it be necessary to choose material which is less costly, cheese-cloth is of course always durable and suitable, and one of these goods might be made in the same way, the fall tacking being all around, being a great improvement.—Harper's Bazar.

"Wiggles—I know just what to take for seasickness. Wiggles (eagerly)—Do you? What is it? Wiggles—An ocean steamer.—Somerville Journal.