

THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

Courier

"Here Shall The Press The People's Rights Maintain, Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain."

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MUSICAL MEXICO.

A Land That Has Many Good Military Bands.
One does not have to travel far or stay long in Mexico to discover that it is quite as much a musical country as any other in the world, says Lippincott's. Even the stay-at-home Americans a dozen or so years ago fancied that they had made this discovery, when Mexican military bands and typical orchestras began to "tour" the United States, astonishing as well as delighting the crowds they attracted everywhere. But the truth is, the American stay-at-homes, with all their admiration for the music the Mexicans brought to them, gained scarcely any idea of how far the Mexicans were to be classed as a musical people. They supposed, very naturally, that the famous—th regiment band and the typical orchestra comprised all, or about all, that Mexico had to send abroad; that they fully represented the music of the country; and that they were probably considered prodigies in the land where they came. Such impressions are quickly dispelled in Mexico.
The semi-weekly concerts in the Zocalo, the Alameda and the Paseo, in the capital, do not suffer in the least when the Mexican war department grants one of the military bands, even the best of them, leave of absence for a tour in the United States. And as for the other cities of the republic, even such comparatively isolated towns as Jalapa, Puebla, Oaxaca, Toluca, Chihuahua, Morelia and Guadalajara, which have at least one military band that would be likely to carry off the honors in any competition with the military bands of America.

SHE WAS PLEASED.

He Would Love Her When She Grew Old.
The young man has only recently taken up photography and is an ardent enthusiast, says the Detroit Free Press. He persuaded the girl to whom he is engaged to pose for him. She was seated in a hammock and he stood directly before her when he took the picture. In a day or two he proudly exhibited the result of the sitting. She gave one glance at it and then handed it back.
"Don't you like it?" he inquired.
"I don't assume to criticize," was the reply.
"I thought it was pretty good for a first attempt," he insisted.
"Perhaps it is. I am glad you are satisfied with it, anyhow."
"Of course it might be better."
"Do you think it looks like me?"
"Yes."
"Then, Herbert, I am content."
"But you don't seem very cheerful over it."
"Perhaps I don't show it; but that photograph has made me very happy."
"I'll have a frame made for it and give it to you."
"No; I don't want to keep it. But it fills me with joy, nevertheless. They say that when beauty fades affection vanishes, but when I realize that you can see me depicted with hands and feet like those, without breaking our engagement, I am convinced that there can't be any doubt about your loving me when I am old."

RARE PIG DEER.

Every Other Kind of Pig Except This Is Pleistocene Enough.
Among the more recent and important arrivals at the Zoo are two young babirusas, presented by the duke of Bedford—comparatively rare animals, and the only examples seen at the Zoo for about 15 years, says the London Graphic. The word "babirusa" means pig-deer, and the animal has been so called by the Malays on account of the remarkable development of the tusks in the males, which emerge close together near the middle of the face and sweep with a strong curve backwards, frequently attaining to a great length. The tusks of the boar, which are pointed and which needs the upper pair for a point which nobody, apparently, can satisfactorily settle. Another peculiarity of the animal is that it falls short of the number of teeth usually possessed by the ordinary pig; having only 34 in all, a fact which indicates that it must be directly descended from one of the extinct genera of pigs marked by a similar type of dentition. In other respects the babirusa is not very different from other wild swine. It is a splendid swimmer, has a somewhat lighter gallop than that of the wild boar, and when hunted will fight gamely and ferociously to the last.

Italy Jealous of Her Art.

The Italians have a great reverence for their art treasures. They love them better than we do, and regard with jealous eyes the secrets of their handicrafts. When the Council of Ten ruled Venice it issued a decree regarding the art of glassmaking. It runs:
"If a workman carry his art beyond the limits of his country to the detriment of the republic he shall be desired to return. If he disobeys his nearest relatives shall be imprisoned. If, in spite of their imprisonment, he remains obstinate in his wish to live abroad an emissary shall be told off to follow him. The decree finishes with the considerable words: "After the workman's death his relatives shall be set at liberty."

Conservative Thieves.

Duda-Pesth thieves are conservative. One who had stolen an ivory and silver statuette from the art exhibition, after pawing it sent the ticket to the secretary of the art society, who then for the first time noticed its absence. On the pedestal was a written notice: "Stolen for a day or two."

Morphine in France.

The injection of morphine is a habit that is, unfortunately, on the increase in France, especially among the middle classes. On statistics furnished by the pharmacists it is estimated that there are in Paris at least 50,000 victims of the morphine habit, the majority of whom are women.

BEACON LIGHTS.

The Great Finistère Light the Gift of a Woman.
The great Finistère beacon, which is to throw its rays from the coast of France far over the dangerous sea, is interesting enough in itself—in its wonderful construction and its marvelous power. But it gains a new interest from the circumstance that it is paid for by a legacy to the government of France, a woman's memorial to her father. The legacy amounted to \$60,000, and is attractive from its strangeness. With the exception of the light which the United States is soon to put on the tower of Barnegat, the Finistère light is incomparable with any other. It is housed in a solid, imposing light-house close to the old beacon; and when the big bull's-eye lens has intensified its flash it throws over the water a light that is calculated at 36,000,000 candle-power. This is the only "fin" in your largest beacons in England combined, and it is calculated that if the surface of the earth were flat it could be seen for 100 miles. As it is, it only falls below the horizon for the sailor in the cross-streets at a distance of 21 nautical miles. The light which is used is of itself of 60,000-candle power; it flashes for one second and is in eclipse for five. It is expected that the Barnegat light will duplicate that at Finistère in each particular, and a lantern burner more than that we should ask for more than that. Romance and poetry have been very tenderly, as of course, they should, with the flashing lights of the rock-bound coast, and it would sound like high treason, inhumanity, or something dreadful, to suggest that to the idler on the rocks they are generally too small to be beautiful and too monotonous to be charming. But when one is at sea, it is a very different matter and the light has more of concern, watchfulness and affection than ever romance or poet has told of it. Night after night an unheard cheer for the Seilly lights rolls over the water from Atlantic liners; night after night Fire Island light is America's first smile of welcome to laden ships, and the opposing lights of France and England, with their vari-colored flashes, make one feel as though his great vessel were led through the dangerous passage with each hand in one of its watchful nation. It is a reassuring and pleasant thought, and all this among travelers who have little to fear comparatively.—Rochester Post-Express.

STARVING IN THE LAND OF GOLD.

Johannesburg Filled with Men Unable to Make a Living.
By late mail from South Africa comes a melancholy story as to the distress at present existing at Johannesburg, revealing a state of matters well calculated to stop the rush to the Rand. Writing on the subject under the heading: "Starving Johannesburg," a recent resident says: "They are coming in crowds; you can't stop them. It is utterly useless to attempt to do so. Shoals of letters have been written to the home papers by prominent men in all parts of Africa pointing out the difficulties which are arising out of the mining industry at the present time in making a living, much less making a fortune, in this Transvaal. Editors have devoted leading articles to the subject, advising people to be careful before relinquishing a moderate certainty in the old country for a most perilous uncertainty in South Africa. But it is all useless. Advice falls to the ground unheeded, and the cry is: 'Still they come.' Johannesburg at the present time is in such a condition as few other cities ever presented. Trade is paralyzed, business of all descriptions is at a standstill, mines are closing down daily; many of the most prominent are just keeping the fires burning; thousands of people are absolutely starving, and during all this the government is shifting and dodging the all-important question, knowing full well that the prosperity of the country depends on their acting in that way by distrust of the officials. At the present time it is calculated there are 10,000 people out of employment in Johannesburg and vicinity. Among this number are men of all professions and trades—intellectual, respectable men, who could fill any responsible position, but who, owing to the present crisis, are unable to obtain even the humblest kind of employment. A walk around the parks in Johannesburg will give some slight idea of the present distress—the groups occupying the benches, their pallid drawn cheeks and look-luster eyes, the hopeless way in which they glance at the passers-by, all tell their own tale."—London Telegraph.

Increase of Scholars in Germany.

For years people here have viewed with something akin to alarm the apparent advent of a highly educated proletariat, due to the increasing excess of the supply over the demand for scholars. Indeed, the extent to which university education is availed of here is giving rise to serious anxiety. At the Prussian universities alone the number of students has increased as follows: In 1870 there were 6,694; in 1875, 9,806; in 1880, 13,906; in 1885, 14,742. In 25 years, therefore, there has been an increase of 100 per cent. The town of Danzig has for some time been desirous of maintaining a university of its own, but has desisted from carrying out its project on reference to these disappointing figures.—Philadelphia Press.

Loss of Ancient Treasures.

Shortly before the war between Turkey and Greece broke out it had been intended to transfer to the Central museum at Athens various ancient Christian manuscripts and other treasures stored in the churches at Tyrnovo and elsewhere. Delay proved fatal. During the war these treasures were all destroyed by fire or carried away.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

DIAMONDS IN A GRAVE.

The Long Search for the Hoard Left by Jacques Dupont.
Everybody who has worked in the Maine logging camps has heard the story of Jacques Dupont and the great bag of glittering diamonds which he hid away in his daughter's grave somewhere along the headwaters of the Aroostook river. It is a creepy tale of cunning and covetousness, such as the residents of Maine and Canada liked to tell a hundred years ago. It was related so often that everybody believed it, and it was handed down from generation to generation until it retains all its youthful vigor to-day. Though few people of the present generation take much stock in the narrative, at least one diamond of the hoard has been found within 20 years. It was taken to a Boston jeweler, who offered \$500 for the gem, but Jerry Harper, the man who found it, carried it until he had taken a few more glasses of liquor and then left it in a Tremont street barroom as security for the drinks. When he called later to recover his property the bartender had gone, and taken the diamond with him. According to all accounts—and they agree remarkably well—Jacques Dupont was a gem merchant of Paris, who went to Quebec about 1750 to sell diamonds and other precious stones to the French army officers of the garrison. He sold a large number of diamonds, taking his pay in gold and silver skins, which were just as good. Later his daughter Lucy came across, bringing more gems and a beautiful face, which latter set all the officers wild with admiration. It is claimed that Gen. Wolfe would never have climbed to the plains of Abraham in the darkness of a September morning in 1759 if the officer of the guard had not been asleep with an overdose of wine, taken at a party given in Lucy's honor the night before.

After the fall of Quebec Dupont took his daughter and his diamonds and struck south through the wilderness, hoping to reach the Acadia settlements at Grand Falls and dispose of the balance of his stock. Though the woods were full of painted and warlike Indians at the time, they were all friendly to the French, so the party traveled the whole way under an escort of admiring savages. All went well until they reached Edmundston, where Miss Lucy was taken with smallpox. Thereupon every redskin turned upon the old man and daughter and drove them out of the settlement, forcing them into the unexplored woods along the Aroostook river. Six months later Dupont came out to Grand Falls alone, saying that Lucy had died from exposure, and that he had buried her in a stone tomb near a waterfall and had covered her body with gold coins, diamonds, and beaver skins. Soon after this he returned to France, where he died.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

CLEVER SIAMESE GIRLS.

Those Trained in Dancing Can Pick Up Straws with Their Eyes.
The dancing girls of Siam are remarkable for the agility and grace of their movements. The cup dance is the prettiest and most popular of all. A row of young girls, with a tier of cups on their heads, walk in a circle, and the spirit of the nursery and schoolroom are fully evoked by a change of occupation when the children are confined to the house by bad weather. Tinoli, which comes around chocolate or packages of tobacco, is generally prized, though the little ones don't know what to do with it. If a tiny ball is formed with the first piece and other portions are added, snowball fashion, a very young child can make for itself a capital ball. Folding spilla of paper for father to light his cigar with is another source of delight, and the boy or girl making them has the additional pleasure of knowing it is love's labor. It is always advisable to inculcate the lessons of good nature and usefulness when the children set to work. Let the elder ones paint pictures and fill scrap-books for the hospital, or do some of the other good deeds which are so lovingly and thoughtfully taught nowadays that they are in danger of thinking that everything is theirs by right, and it is all important to teach them to share their playthings readily and cheerfully and be ready to give up to others less fortunate than themselves. There is nothing that will cultivate this spirit of generosity more quickly than to follow this method of planning for the preparation of some gift for others less fortunate than themselves, and they will soon learn to consider this their most delightful pastime.—Philadelphia Record.

Hazelnut and Orange Creams.

Roll the hazelnut in a little fondant that has been flavored with vanilla. It may then be dipped in chocolate, vanilla or cocoanut fondant. To make orange creams, grate the yellow rind of an orange, mix and knead it with one pound of fondant, and use enough sugar to prevent sticking. This rind will both flavor and color the fondant. Divide it and set aside one-half for melting, and to the other half add a few drops of extract of orange, and knead until smooth. Cut candied pineapple into dice, and roll each one in a portion of this hard fondant and set aside for three or four hours. Melt the orange fondant in the saucepan, standing in water; add orange juice until you have it the proper consistency. Use for dipping the same as cream chocolates.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Capital Celery Salads.

Take half a head of cabbage and three bunches of celery chopped fine. Mix well one cupful of vinegar, a lump of butter the size of an egg, the yolks of three eggs, a teaspoonful of mustard, one of salt, the same of pepper and two of sugar. Heat this mixture on the stove until it thickens, stirring constantly. When cold add two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream or olive oil and pour over the celery and cabbage.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SOWED BROADCAST.

Jim Monkeyed with Blasting Powder and Was Scattered.
I was driving along a lonely road in southwest Texas one day last month when I came upon a rather remarkable scene. A lot of people rigged out in their Sunday clothes were gathered in an open field and seemed to be holding some kind of ceremony, apparently of a religious nature. One man, undoubtedly a country preacher, judging by his garb and solemn appearance, stood upon a stump, and was just concluding an exhortation of some kind. Two or three women were singing, and the men looked serious and awkward.
At first I thought I had come upon an open air meeting of some religious denomination, but I abandoned this opinion when I saw two men drive forth a couple of mule teams hitched to ponderous boxes of blasting powder.
I then thought I had possibly come upon some sort of peculiar folk custom or ceremony of a religious agricultural description, and when I drove slowly down the road and at the scene, I stopped and asked him what it all meant.
"I took a straw out of his mouth and pointed with it toward a pile of white-looking rocks in the center of the field. 'Right by them that rocks, pardner,' he said, 'is a new well. The Lord seest us, pardner, in a well same as out of hit.'"
"Certainly," I said.
"A jack rabbit, pardner, is awful swift; a shot from a 44 hurries along like, but her hand or suddin death is swifter."
"Yes," I said. "Has some one been killed? I don't see any corpse. What are those people doing?"
"There are no corpses, pardner. Yer may spy ther harat play, ther lawn woman the green, but the corpse of Jim Stollinger won't never more be seen. Gaze, pardner, upon ther solemn scene, and say, yer kin, what is Jim?"
"I don't know the gentleman," I said.
"I don't know whether I see him or not."

"Not a bit correct. Ax or ther wild waves or ther buzzard which scawls out, and they'll likewise respond 'not.' Whereas Jim was, he is now not. Not any at all. Yer may have heard of blastin' powder, pardner, and ther powerful sudden way it has ov' killin' sinners to repentance. That ther well could a tale unfold that would make yer stand ov' yer head like er porcupine. Jim was diggin' ov' that well and ther blast it went off too soon. Sabe? Yer see them mule barrens? Well, they're a barren in the remains ov' Jim. This here's Jim's funeral. Jim was sowed with good seeds, diamonds, and beaver skins."—Detroit Free Press.

OCCUPATIONS FOR CHILDREN.

Useful Employment Keeps the Little Ones Bright and Happy.
Occupation means happiness to children; the little ones who have nothing to do are inevitably fretful and mischievous, so it is necessary for mothers to find suitable and varied employment for their young folks. A favorite amusement becomes monotonous if indulged in too long, and the guiding spirit of the nursery and schoolroom must rack her brains for a change of occupation when the children are confined to the house by bad weather. Tinoli, which comes around chocolate or packages of tobacco, is generally prized, though the little ones don't know what to do with it. If a tiny ball is formed with the first piece and other portions are added, snowball fashion, a very young child can make for itself a capital ball. Folding spilla of paper for father to light his cigar with is another source of delight, and the boy or girl making them has the additional pleasure of knowing it is love's labor. It is always advisable to inculcate the lessons of good nature and usefulness when the children set to work. Let the elder ones paint pictures and fill scrap-books for the hospital, or do some of the other good deeds which are so lovingly and thoughtfully taught nowadays that they are in danger of thinking that everything is theirs by right, and it is all important to teach them to share their playthings readily and cheerfully and be ready to give up to others less fortunate than themselves. There is nothing that will cultivate this spirit of generosity more quickly than to follow this method of planning for the preparation of some gift for others less fortunate than themselves, and they will soon learn to consider this their most delightful pastime.—Philadelphia Record.

Practical Physiology.

In teaching physiology, would it not be worth very much more to know a few facts about dress, diet, exercise, rest, sleep, good and bad air, than to number and name all the bones, or name and classify all the muscles? The bones will all keep their places and grow just as rapidly and firmly, whether numbered or unnumbered; but both mind and body will fare better if the muscles are not fed on bad air. So the muscles will expand and contract and develop and strengthen, whether counted and classified or not; but they and the whole system may slacken or rotally stop their action if the stomach is supplied with unwholesome food. Let the study, therefore, be directed at first to parts of the system under control, and afterward, if there be time, to the parts not under control. These latter may be studied as a measure, for general information, as we study comets and eclipses.—N. Y. Ledger.

Supper Cake.

Put a cup of sugar in a bowl, break over the sugar two fresh eggs, and add half a cup of butter. Beat the ingredients to a cream, then grate in half a small nutmeg, and gradually stir in a cup of sweet milk. Sift two cups of flour into another dish, and stir through it two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; then mix the flour with the other ingredients, beating them thoroughly until perfectly smooth, and like a thick batter. Line a cake pan with very thin paper, which has been well buttered on both sides, pour the mixture in the pan and bake it in a rather moderate oven. When the cake is a russet brown on top, pierce it with a broom splint, if no dough adheres to the splint the cake is done. This is very nice with ice cream, and, as it is very rich, is not hurtful to children.—Housewife.

Cold Lemon Pudding.

Squeeze the juice of two oranges and two lemons and add one-half pint of cold water sweetened with two ounces of sugar; take four sponge cakes and soak them in this liquor; when moist all through, stick with bleached almonds, and cut in quarters, then cover with thick custard and serve.—Boston Globe.

A Machine in a Steel Mill in Elwood, Ind., worked by hydraulic pressure, produces a steel bar 75 feet long in 10 seconds.

A GEORGIA HEN COOP.

It Was Sure Proof Against the Incursions of Outsiders.
"There isn't a more faithful being on earth," said a Georgia business man to a Star reporter, "than one of our Georgia chickens; neither is there one more superstitious, nor yet again is there one who loves better the products of the hen coop. And Cartersville isn't any different from any one of a hundred southern towns. When I was down there two weeks ago a customer of mine, who had a fancy for chickens and who had always had more or less trouble in maintaining ownership of them, told me he had a remedy and asked me to go along with him and see it. I wanted him to tell me what it was, but he insisted on my seeing it first, so I went along with him, and in a few minutes was standing in his back yard, surrounded by large timber and fireweed, a dozen places in its walls where a hen could be run in and everything cleaned out within reach. Then there was no fastening on the door, nor was there any kind of protection to the fowls. I couldn't understand how such an inviting snap could be of any use to the owner, and said as much.
"The charm is in the timber," said he.
"No," said I.
"Fact, just the same," said he. "You don't see it on the outside and you don't know it, but the chickens around here do, and they won't come within a hundred yards of that coop if they can help it. I don't care how full of chickens it is. 'Cause why? It is built of the timbers of a galloway on which a man was hung about three months ago in another county. It cost me something extra to get it, but it has more than paid for itself since I have had it, and I am in the market now to buy all the second-hand scaffolds in Georgia. If you run across a sheriff any place with one for sale let me know by next mail, won't you, please?"
"It was a true bill," concluded the traveling man, "for I saw a dicker tried on it, and he refused a big silver dollar to go down to the coop to get a chicken for breakfast."—Washington Star.

SOME NOVEL SAUCES.

They Are Neither for Goose Nor Gander, But for Puddings.
Mock Oyster Sauce.—To a quart of a pint of water add a dessertspoonful of essence of anchovy, and the same of mace, pepper and salt. Put in the end of a lemon and let boil. Strain the liquid then and add butter, flour and cream, well stirred in, and warm the sauce again.
Sweet Whipped Sauce.—Ingredients: The yolks of three eggs, one ounce of pounded sugar, half a glass of sherry, the juice of half a lemon and a glass of milk saucepan, place it over the fire and whisk the sauce regularly until it is a creamlike froth. Then pour over and round any sweet pudding, such as cabinet or fig.
Brandy Sauce.—This is served with rich plum puddings and may be prepared as follows: Beat a quarter of a pound of really fresh butter until the sembles cream, add to it a glass of sherry, a small glass of brandy and 2 1/2 ounces of melted castor sugar and 2 1/2 ounces of sugar. Beat and stir the whole thoroughly.
German Pudding Sauce.—Beat two glasses of white wine, two ounces of sugar and the juice of half a lemon, and stir this (not boiling) into the yolks of four eggs. Then whip till thick and creamy. Serve with plain boiled pudding.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Longevity and the Brain.

The Necessity of Working on Until the Close of Life.
Speaking at Selkirk recently, Sir James Crichton-Browne dwelt on the dangers to health involved in indolence and idleness of the brain. The medical profession, he said, adapting itself to the needs of the times, had felt it incumbent upon it during the last decade to insist mainly on the evils of idleness of the brain, on the excessive strain not seldom imposed on it in these days in the fierce struggle of the race to be rich, and more especially on the over-pressure imposed on it in the name of education when, in an immature state, but they were not less keenly alive to the relative evils of the idleness of the brain.
Elderly persons who gave up business and professional men who laid aside their avocations without having other interests or pursuits to which to turn, were in many cases plunged in dependency or hurried into premature dotage. He did not know any surer way of inducing premature mental decay than for a man of active habits to retire and do nothing when just past the zenith of life; and, on the other hand, he did not know any surer way of enjoying a green old age than to keep on working at something till the close. It had been said that one of the rewards of philosophy was length of days, and a striking light might be presented of men distinguished for their intellectual labors which they had never laid aside, who had far exceeded the allotted span of human life. Galileo lived to 78, Newton to 85, Franklin to 85, Buffon to 84, Faraday to 76, and Brewster to 80 years. Sir James Crichton-Browne drew special attention to the great age generally attained by our judges.—London Lancet.

Fishing in a Church.

A canal runs under the basement of the Congregational church. A well-known citizen was surprised one Sunday, after seeing his boy to Sunday school and seeing him into the church, not to find him in his class. He did find him, however, in the basement, catching eels with a stout hook attached to a curtain cord from the sanctuary window.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

THE TAKOU OF ALASKA.

A Storm Worse Than a Blizzard, Cyclone and Typhoon Combined.
A new kind of storm has come out of Alaskan regions to increase the hardships of the lives of gold hunters. It is called locally a "takou," and, according to the stories of those who have just come down from Juneau, it is neither a cyclone nor a typhoon nor a blizzard nor even an area of high pressure. They say that it is as bad as all of these rolled into one and then multiplied by itself as long as it lasts. The takou always blows from the mountains into the sea, and the cold, high destructive wind lasts half an hour or longer.
The coming of a recent takou was heralded by a wild, screaming, crashing tumult from the mountain forests. Then the storm burst on the ambitious but infatigable cities along the coast, and tents were torn from the ground and they were built were swept from their fastenings and blown so far that they have not since been seen. A number of people were injured, but none seriously.
The takou seemed to grow worse as it howled its way on into the channel, and was at its greatest force about midday when it struck the Detroit steamer from Dyea to Juneau. The Detroit was well filled with passengers, a number of whom had just made their way with great hardship out of the Yukon gold fields. The takou blew its breath against the Detroit, and the little craft tipped over on its side. Then it righted in time to receive the full force of the storm, which tossed the boat about like a toy. The engines worked without effect, and the officers and crew were powerless. The passengers rushed about with white faces, some praying, some raving with fear, and everybody constantly expecting that in another moment the boat would be wrecked. The tempest tossed the craft and its frightened people this way and that, threw it up above the boiling waves, and splashed it down again, and finally, as if tired of the plaything, dashed it high on the beach on the lower end of Douglas Island, 50 feet beyond the highest water mark. And there the boat still lies, while the owner wonders if he shall have to wait for another takou to get it down into the water again.
When the tempest reached Juneau it was still traveling seaward with a velocity of nearly 55 miles an hour. It was loaded with dust and the spray of the sea, and a combination of the two in the form of mud, and it carried gravel, and the branches of trees in assorted sizes and pelted people who didn't run for cover with hailstones as large as pigeons' eggs. There is hardly a house left standing on the beach, and the steamer Topeka was docked at the Pacific mail wharf with five stout cables out. The ship quivered an instant under the blast, and then the five cables parted as if they had been as many strands of sewing silk, and the big steamship started off at a topspeed. The two anchors were hurriedly dropped, but the boat was hurled along by the tempest at such a rate that she was driven half way across the harbor, a distance of about two miles, before the anchors took hold. Her running gear was disarranged, part of her upper works were stove in, and one of her boats was smashed. As yet no fatalities have been reported, although a number of people received injuries.

NOT MORTGAGED.

ESTATE OF T. S. FONTENOT AND WIFE.
No. 10. Probate Docket, District Court, Parish of St. Landry, La.
By virtue of an order of the Hon. Gilbert L. Williams, judge of the 11th Judicial District Court, in and for the Parish of St. Landry, State of Louisiana, there will be sold at public auction to the last and highest bidder, at the front and east corner of the courthouse, Parish of St. Landry, by the undersigned administrators, or any duly qualified auctioneer,
Saturday, Feb. 12, 1898,
at 11 o'clock a. m., the following described property:
(1) The northeast quarter of the southeast quarter (NE 1/4) of section (11) fourteen in Twp. 4 S., R. 1 west, containing fifty arpents, more or less, being a part of same land acquired by deceased from Joachim G. Guillory, December 24, 1886, as per act recorded in Book No. 1268 recorded in Book X No. 2, page 790, and the undivided one-half conveyed to Geo. O. Elms on July 8th, 1888, as per act in Book X No. 2, page 823.
(2) A certain tract or parcel of land situated in L'Assommoir-Parishes, being the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section (19), nineteen in Twp. 4 S., R. 1 west, containing forty arpents, more or less, acquired by deceased from Gustave Fontenot on January 4, 1893, as per act of sale recorded in conveyance Book C No. 3, page 475.
(3) The southeast quarter (SE 1/4) of section (4) four Township four south range one east, containing one hundred and fifty arpents, more or less, acquired by T. S. Fontenot from Andre Deshotels, Jr., Nov. 29, 1883, as per act of retrocession recorded in Book E No. 3, pages 183 and 184.
(4) The southwest quarter of north-west quarter of section (19) nineteen Township four south range one east, containing forty arpents, more or less, acquired by T. S. Fontenot from Pierre Hebert on February 24th, 1894, recorded in Book F No. 3, page 6th.
(5) A certain tract or parcel of land in the woodlands situated in Parishes of Natchitoches and Bienville, containing one hundred and twenty arpents, 120 arpents, being lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517,