

THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

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

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WHEN THE RAIN IS OVER.

When the rain is over,
When the clouds have passed,
And the golden sunshine
Beams again at last,
All the earth is fairer,
By the freshened flow'r
Lits its head to answer:
"Thank you, little show'r!"

When the show'r is over,
When the rain is done,
Nature all the sweeter,
Brighter shines the sun!

When the tears are over,
When the pain has pass'd,
And the smiles and dimples
Come again at last,
Never mind the bruises,
Laugh away the fears;
Answer like the flowers:
"Thank you, little tears!"

When the tears are over,
Smiles come back again,
Life is all the sweeter,
For the drops of rain!

—Mrs. Constance M. Lowe, in Cassell's Little Folks.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

BY ISABEL SMITHSON.

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"Don't you think so?" repeated Jack, sitting up and leaning on his elbow. I grunted assent and pretended to fall asleep.

I was 15 years older than Jack and had promised to be his guide, philosopher and friend. His mother was particularly anxious that during our tramp in the mountains, he should see nothing at all in the shape of a woman, and think of nothing more exciting than fishing and photography. He had been deeply interested in a city belle the winter before, and she had given him the mitten in such a cruel, calculating way, that he was not the same man for months after.

It was early morning and we had thrown ourselves down on a grassy ledge, after a steep climb up the mountain side, and were preparing to rest, when my young brother-in-law had caught sight of a female figure, standing perfectly motionless under a hemlock tree. We were too far to distinguish many details, but could see that the woman was young and slender, and clad in pale lilac and was looking down the steep roadway. The wooded hill made a good background, the girl's attitude expressed anxious expectation, and her pose was certainly graceful and unstudied. Jack asserted that she made a picture worth painting, and then finding that I did not assent with enthusiasm, he left me to my nap and went a little nearer to the picture.

I must have fallen into a genuine dose, for the next thing I knew, Jack was sitting beside me again, breathless and excited, as if just returning from a tour of discovery. I glanced across the gorge; the female figure was no longer to be seen.

"Have you been over there?" I asked, and he nodded. His blue eyes were dancing with delight.

"Such a face!" he cried; "such hair, such coloring! I was quite near her before she dreamed of my existence, and when she saw me she gave a little gasp and fled like a deer. There's not a house within ten miles, except a miserable little cabin, only one story, down there by the brook, so that must be her home. Just to think of that lovely creature living in these wilds! Why, Will, if she were properly dressed, she would look as well as the greatest lady in the land."

When he stopped for breath, I hastened to refer cynically to the favorite heroines of magazine fiction—those phenomenal creatures who, born and reared in an atmosphere of squalor and illiteracy, to say the least, develop all manner of delicate feminine graces when the handsome young tourist comes along, and who usually die of love for him, or from a sense of duty, on the last page of the story.

If he thought to have the girl in the lilac gown as the central figure in his views, he was sadly disappointed, for she seemed to guess his intention and to be possessed of a wild terror at sight of the camera. When he had made several futile attempts to surprise her at a distance, we decided to strike camp, as it were, and stroll over to the little cabin in search of dinner. Jack went first and I followed.

As I walked, I made up my mind that if a closer acquaintance with the maid of the mountain did not serve to dispel his delusion, I would telegraph to his mother. We came, we saw, but we did not conquer. The young woman was looking down the road again, with her hand shading her eyes, and her ragged sleeve falling back from her shapely arm. The air, however, was decidedly unbearably hot, and her hair was coiled up in a slovenly way, and held by two pointed twigs; and her eyes were fine, I could not deny that. We had hardly time to take in these details when she saw us coming, and hurrying into the little cabin, shut the door, with a very decided slam.

"Her manners have not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," I murmured, as Jack's tall, lithe form went swinging after her, but he rapped on the door as gayly as if he had not received a snub. I, more modest, kept back and did not hear the dialogue which took place, when an old woman appeared in answer to repeated knocks. I saw, however, by her gestures and expression that she was deaf. In a few minutes Jack came back to me saying:

"They will give us something to eat, but we cannot go in. It is a wretched hovel, only one room, with a curtain of some kind strung across it. I saw an old man inside, and he said we could get all the meals we wanted down at the Corners."

I remarked that as soon as we had lunched we would go to the same Corners, for a mail bag was due there, and I was anxious to have news of my little girl. Jack looked at me suspiciously and exclaimed:

"The child is all right. What is the use of your tramping all the way down the mountain again for a letter? I'll not go with you, old man."

My brother-in-law looked so determined that I knew persuasion would be in vain, only strategy would answer the purpose, so I answered:

"Very well, wait for me here if you'd rather," and at that moment the deaf woman brought us some sandwiches on a tin plate, and returned to the cabin without speaking. We lunched in thoughtful silence, and Jack saying suddenly: "I want to send a letter," pulled out his writing materials, wrote hurriedly, and then handed me a letter directed to a bookseller in the city.

"Whatever is he up to?" I wondered, as I set off. After a long walk I reached the Corners, a hamlet consisting of four houses, at one of which a diminutive mail bag was left twice a week. Hardly waiting to read my wife's letter, which was awaiting me, I hired a horse and rode at top speed to the telegraph station. The message I sent would have seemed quite simple to most persons, but my wife has a little head and I trusted to it. "Is your mother well?" "Telegraph," I said to her, and in a few hours I had her answer: "Mother not well, come at once."

Just what I wanted! My Nell scented danger in the air and rose to the occasion. She is a wife in a thousand. I turned back at once, reached the Corners before midnight, secured a bed in the farmhouse post office, and at daybreak went up the mountain. I found Jack asleep in a shed near the little cabin, and as soon as he awoke I discovered that he had been enjoying himself in my absence. He expressed no surprise at my having been away so long, but began talking about that girl as soon as his eyes opened. He had learned that her name was Mildred, for someone in the house had called her. She had come out several times to look down the road, as before, and he had caught some fish in the brook and presented them to her, and she had cooked them divinely and brought some out to him for supper, and he had thanked her and gazed at her unrebuked, and had talked to her for several minutes as she stood before him in the gloaming, while the leaves on the trees whispered all around them, and the brook gurgled melodiously and the moon came out. It had evidently been very pastoral and poetical, and I was determined to get him home, so I handed him his sister's telegram and began packing up our traps. He was silent for some time, but I knew what was passing through his mind. As soon as his mother got well, he would come back to the maid of the mountain.

So I was positively glad when, on our reaching home, I saw the doctor's carriage before our door. My wife had shown the telegram to her mother and the dear old lady had worried herself into an attack of nerves. We all agreed that Jack must take her to Europe with some friends who were to sail the next week. In the midst of preparations for departure, I saw my brother-in-law directing a package to Miss Mildred Mason, the Corners, etc., etc., and I exclaimed in surprise:

"How did you find out her name?" "Oh, I managed to get it out of her mother, the deaf woman," he answered, hurriedly; "and I am sending something to the girl in the way of literature. I have ordered the bookseller to send her an interesting paper or book every week while I am away. Her mind must be yearning for food."

I was thankful when that steamer sailed. In accordance with my advice, Mrs. Hathaway stayed abroad for two years, and I was glad to find when they returned, that Jack seemed

much older and more sensible, in fact quite heart-whole and fancy-free. He made no mention of that girl, so I concluded that he had forgotten her.

Very soon after his return, however, we all happened to be asked to go down the bay on a friend's yacht to see the boat race. There were many people on board whom we did not know, and just as the race began, my brother-in-law came to me in great excitement, whispering: "She is here!"

"She? Who?" I asked, and he replied: "The maid of the mountain, and lovelier than ever—come!" In desperation I followed him to the other end of the yacht, and saw a very beautiful girl, dressed in perfect taste, whose face seemed familiar.

"It is Mildred Mason," said Jack, "but what a change! I told you she need only proper togethery—I must hunt up some one to present me," and he was off. I was lost in wonder. Jack must have made a mistake. I asked some one the name of the pretty girl who was talking to my brother-in-law.

"Oh, that's Miss Ashleigh," was the reply, and I chuckled with delight. She and Jack remained together the whole afternoon, and I hovered near and wondered. They were quite oblivious of my existence, however, and I could not help overhearing their talk. After a pause, she said:

"I suppose, Mr. Hathaway, you are wondering where you and I have met before. I should not be surprised if you had forgotten all about it, for you must have often been out fishing in the mountains, but it was my first and only adventure and I shall never forget it. I should have enjoyed the sensation if I had not been so worried about mamma."

Jack and I both listened spell-bound. "You see, she sprained her ankle, besides inhaling a great deal of smoke, and was suffering from shock, and I thought my father would never come. More than a day and a night we passed in those woods alone with the Masons."

Jack's interest in her words was entirely unfeigned. I could see that he was longing for more light on the matter, and I admired his tact when he asked:

"How did it happen?" "A defective flue, I believe," said she, taking his question in a restricted sense. "Mrs. Mason was lighting the kitchen fire, and did not know anything was the matter until the flames were beyond control. Mamma and I were awakened just in time to rush out, and we lost all our clothing. I had not even a hairpin. The people at the Corners came to our rescue, but mamma could not get further down the mountain than that wretched cabin where you found us. I was dreadfully afraid you would photograph me in that old lilac gown that some one had lent me."

She laughed gleefully; Jack joined in and then asked:

"Had you been living there long?" "Yes, all summer, and every summer for years. It was a charming spot and such a picture-que old house. I had painted a number of views and was just thinking of going home to the city, when we were burnt out. My father arrived on the second day with our clothes and our doctor. Do you know, Mr. Hathaway, my mother and I were so glad you stayed there that night, though we could not cultivate your acquaintance. Mamma will be delighted to hear I have met you. What is that? A photograph of me in that lilac gown! How did you manage to take it?"

"It was two years ago to-day," he said, earnestly, "and the picture has never left me." His next words were spoken so low that I did not catch them. Just then there was a sudden excitement around us. The race was over, but I am sure that neither of those two knew or cared which side had won.

The next day Jack Hathaway had the effrontery to tell me that I had been an idiot to suppose for an instant that Miss Mildred Ashleigh was anything but a lady born and bred, just because she wore a ragged gown—he with his superior power of discernment, had taken in the situation at a glance.

Look Yourself Over.

Do you start out in the morning and make yourself a bore and a nuisance all day long? So many people do it that it is worth while for every man to look himself over.—Atchison Globe.

New Consumption Cure.

A French physician claims to have cured 12 cases of consumption by placing the patients for two or three hours every day in a compartment filled with compressed air, containing the vapors of creosote mixed with eucalyptus.

NO NEED OF A DICTIONARY.

Mrs. Jinks Was Good Enough Authority for Her Husband.

Mr. Jinks was writing a letter. Writing is not his strong point, neither is spelling, and he called on Mrs. Jinks, who was sewing in the room.

"Maria," he said, suspending his pen in the air and catching a globule of ink on his nose, "is there any ink in that sofa?"

"Of course there is," answered Mrs. Jinks, taking from her mouth a button that she was going to sew on Willie's best jacket; "s-o-p-h-a, sofa."

"Thanks! That's the way I always spell it, come to think of it," said Jinks, airily. Then there was a silence. Suddenly he asked:

"Are there two g's in sugar, Maria?"

"Good gracious, no!" said Mrs. Jinks, sharply. "I should think you could spell a little word like that, John. S-h-u-g-a-r, sugar."

"That's right," assented Jinks, "but I forgot the h; thought the word didn't look correct," and he scratched in the missing aspirate. Then he folded his letter and set about directing it.

"How many f's in Pimlico?" he asked, balancing a postage stamp on his tongue.

"About a dozen!" snapped Mrs. Jinks, who had just discovered that both heels of Willie's stockings needed repairing. "You ought to keep a dictionary, John, and not depend on me for everything."

"I don't need one when you're in the room, dear," said Jinks, with a sly wink at the ceiling.

"I always was a pretty good speller," said Mrs. Jinks, complacently. "It comes natural for some people to spell, and I suppose I'm one of them," and she proceeded to darn Willie's heels while Jinks went out and posted his letter.—London Tit-Bits.

HARDLY A RECOMMENDATION.

Joker Makes a Slight Change in a Street Car Advertisement.

"Speaking of street car and other kinds of placard-advertising," said a man who rides on street cars a great deal, "reminds me of many funny incidents going to show how easy it is for a wit or a maliciously disposed person to not only change the sense of the advertisement, but to even do serious harm by their work. I have been riding out on a certain suburban line each day for over two weeks, and in nearly every car found that an advertisement had been posted telling of the merits of a certain medicine designed to relieve infants of colics and make them fat and happy. One particular sentence in the advertisement is: 'Babies who take it neither die nor cry.' Now, what do you suppose was done by someone on a number of these advertisements? The letter 'N' just before 'neither' and 'nor' was scratched out, and the consequence is that when I throw my eyes up to the advertising cards I see the statement that 'Babies who take it either die or cry.' The advertising agent has not had his attention called to the matter or he would probably have corrected it before now. This joke may attract attention to the medicine, but the blunt recommendation will probably not induce many mothers who accept this alone to give it to their infants."—Washington Star.

HIS FAD.

Swapping Knives Has Strange Fascination for Philadelphia.

Boys are not alone in their love of swapping things. A Sunday school superintendent in Philadelphia told his class recently that he had contracted the disease a few weeks previously, and that he had it bad.

"I never play cards or any other game of chance," he said, "but I simply can't resist trading knives. A friend of mine held his knife in his closed hand and offered to trade it for the one I had in my pocket. As my knife had all the blades broken, I didn't see how I could get the worst of it, nor did I, for his had one whole blade. Since then I have traded knives nine times, and I have finally secured through various stages a really fine knife, with a pearl handle. Yet if I come across a man who wants to trade I don't think I could resist, although now I would be pretty sure to get the worst of the bargain. It would serve me right if I should be stuck with my original, old, bladeless knife."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Map of Tiles.

A remarkable contrast to the map in precious stones which lately astonished Paris is the railway map on tiles put up at York station by the Northeastern company of England. It is made of white tiles, the lines being marked in black and burnt sienna. It is about six feet square, and each tile is eight inches square. The company intends to have similar maps at all important stations on its own system.

Artificial Silk.

Before the Frankfort Society of Natural Philosophy, Dr. Freund recently delivered a lecture on the manufacture of artificial silk. He said that artificial silk is a substitute for natural silk as much as oleomargarine is for butter. It can compete with natural silk, but is not as valuable. Although it has been used as a covering for cables and a substitute for horsehair, it has a tendency to break if wetted, and for this reason it must be usually mixed with natural silk and cotton. More brilliant effects can be produced with artificial than with natural silk, and it is cheaper. It is confidently expected that this industry, which is a purely chemical one, will become highly developed.

Teeth Show Character.

An observing dentist says that long, narrow teeth denote vanity; those that are long and projecting indicate a grasping disposition; treachery is shown by the possession of small, white, separated teeth, and inconsistency is revealed by overlapping teeth.

ONLY THE CAT.

Man Who Is Not as Brave as He Thought He Was.

"I think if I should go through another experience similar to that of the other night I would be hauled in the bug wagon to the house over the hill," remarked an up-town resident to a Washington Star reporter. "I have always scoffed at and belittled the deeds of bravery and daring I have read about in the daily papers, but hereafter I am a doubter. On the evening mentioned above I told my wife I would not get home until late, and that for fear of arousing her I would use the extra bedroom. It was about one o'clock when I turned in, and a few minutes after my head had touched the pillow I distinctly heard some one make an attempt to insert a key in the front door lock. Instantly I was wide awake. Again I heard that key at work. Getting out of bed, I softly tiptoed to the head of the stairs. Then I heard some one try to open the blinds. Then the scene of action shifted and the front door was opened and the robber walked into the parlor. By this time I was in such a nervous state that I did not know what to do. My hair commenced to rise and I could hear the beating of my heart. I had no weapon of defense. While debating just what to do I heard the thief walk through the parlor, then come toward the stairway, from which I beat a hasty retreat. What should I do? I said to myself: 'If I go down there and let that fellow get a shot at me they'll be carrying me out of here in a couple of days. If I remain here and my wife and children are aroused and learn that I am afraid to move I'll be branded as a coward and will never be looked up to with respect again.' Pulling myself together, I cautiously sneaked downstairs, went to the kitchen, got a big stove-lifter and then came along the side of the hallway to the parlor. I stopped for a moment, listened, heard my robber friend walking around the dining-room, and then—I stood right where I was. Pulling myself together by a superhuman effort I went into the dining-room, expecting as I did so to be confronted by a man with a revolver in hand. In the dim light I did not see anyone, but I noticed the cupboard door slightly ajar. Walking toward it with a do-or-die tread I hastily jerked it open and made a pass at what I supposed was the robber. There was a terrific crash of crockery and something jumped past me. I fell in a heap, and then I heard a voice from above say: 'Charley, what on earth is the matter?' Holding my hand to my heart to still its beating, I replied, in as brave a voice as I could: 'Nothing my dear. I am trying to chase out the cat.'

"I stood still, shivering and listening. The bell tinkled again, once—twice—three times; it was coming nearer. Then something fell from the coffin, where the dead man lay, and landed on the floor with a sickening thud. My blood froze in my veins; cold, icy waves trickled down my spine and I was on the point of collapsing. The tinkle of the bell grew nearer and nearer—then stopped, only to be followed by a grating noise on the window sill. Then the room began to swing around in a mad, wild whirl, lights flashed before my eyes, the corpse arose from its coffin, and hideous in death, walked slowly towards me; demons appeared at every corner of the room, and grinned in horrible mockery, beckoning me with their fingers, when—crash, a thousand flashing lights blinded me, and I fell in a swoon upon the floor.

"When I recovered I was at home in bed with the whole family gathered around me, and you bet there was some gnashing of teeth. I did the gnashing of teeth when I found out the cause of the disturbances. The bell which I heard was tied to a harmless old cow that was grazing in the pasture and had wandered up to the window out of sheer cow idiocy; and the thing that fell from the coffin was a confounded old cat that had been peacefully dozing on the corpse. I afterwards drowned that cat. The rest was only the fancy of an over-worked imagination. So you can understand what it means to a nervous man to work in an undertaker's rooms."

MADE MONEY BY MOVING.

The Genius of Good Luck Follows This Farmer with Persistency.

John McLain is a farmer whom good fortune follows as persistently as ill fortune does the general run of mankind.

Until recently he lived on a farm near Lowell, says the Philadelphia Times. A few years ago an oil company began drilling on his land, where there are now 21 oil-producing wells. A farm under these conditions is not improved for agricultural uses in the slightest, a fact which Farmer McLain soon discovered. The oil men had no respect for anything on the place. Wagon roads were run over his best bottom lands, pipe lines were strung in all directions, ditches were dug and boiler houses, tank houses and tool houses built wherever necessary.

Farmer McLain's royalty from the wells brought him about \$1,400 a month, ample to keep the wolf from the door. He couldn't bear to see the farm ruined, so some months ago bought another 30 miles away, at a supposedly safe distance from the oil men. Fate was against him, for a wildcat well just struck on his new place has come in a gusher. He can see his troubles all coming back and himself without a home, starting out again to find a spot where he can till the soil in peace.

THEN THERE WAS BATTLE.

Indignant Man Gets Little Satisfaction from the Editor.

An indignant-looking man rushed into the editor's room of a Leeds paper.

"Is this the newspaper office?" he inquired.

"It is," responded the editor, who at once recognized the visitor.

"Didn't this paper say I was a thief?"

"I did not."

"Didn't it say I was a rascal?"

"Never!"

"Well, some paper said it."

"Possibly it was our contemporary down the street," suggested the editor, as he picked up a paperweight. "This paper never prints stale news."

—London Answers.

The Arsenic Habit.

The practice of eating arsenic is very prevalent among the peasants of the mountainous districts of Austria, Hungary and France. They declare that this poison enables them to ascend with ease heights which they could only otherwise climb with great distress to the chest.