

# THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

Courtesy

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

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

## MY SWEETHEART.

Her hair is like the raven's wing, her eyes  
are like the blue; her face is like a poet's dream,  
her lips like Cupid's bow. She is the dearest little  
maid that ever tripped along. With music in her  
merry heart, and on her lips a song.

No sweeter sound falls on the air than  
her angelic voice. Her lightest look, her slightest  
touch, makes all our hearts rejoice. O, she's the  
fairest of them all, this bonny little lass;  
for life and vim and gentle love, a fairy  
she'd surpass.

Although I'm nearly thirty-five, whilst  
she is barely nine. She says she's papa's  
sweetheart, and I tell her she is mine.  
There never was so sweet a girl, with lips  
so rosy red.

As my young sweetheart light and gay,  
to whom my heart is wed.  
—J. A. Rowland, in Minneapolis House-  
keeper.

## "UGLY MACK."

BY SHELDON C. STODDARD.

Between the men of Pinerift lumber camp and those of Camp Seven, farther up the river, there at all times was a strong rivalry. "Velvet Joe," the biggest and possibly the roughest Pinerift man, averred it existed "on gin riddle principles."

Did Camp Seven perform some particularly hazardous feat in jam-breaking, Pinerift took no peace until it had equaled, and, if possible by any known means, excelled the Camp Seven achievement. Had Pinerift the champion team for hauling, Camp Seven bestirred itself diligently until it had matched the champion. The feeling extended even to the cooks and the chore boys.

Honors had for a long time been about evenly divided between the two camps, but at last Camp Seven had won a victory, to its great and ostentatious delight. Tom Patengill, the son of Camp Seven's foreman, a strapping young fellow of 18, had on two distinct occasions performed feats of jam-breaking which even the older men of either camp found it impossible to excel. Certainly none of the Pinerift young fellows had equaled the exploits of young Patengill, and Camp Seven claimed the championship with noisy acclaim. Heretofore the Pinerift men had fully held their own, and this, their first unmistakable defeat, rankled.

"If old Turner only had a son, now, 'stead of that gal-boy of his, that's afraid of the water!" growled Velvet Joe to his mates, in great disgust. "But shucks!"

"That's so, Joe, all right enough," assented Pete Adams, a grizzled driver. "Dick Turner would be afraid of wettin' his feet, let alone ridin' a lot of rollin' logs."

Turner, the foreman, himself felt the loss of prestige that the camp had received, and several times Dick Turner caught his father's eyes fixed upon him half reproachfully. Dick was a quiet young fellow, with square shoulders and a broad, deep chest that showed plenty of power to endure.

On the whole, he had perhaps more than ordinary courage, but he had an uncontrollable aversion to—perhaps it would not be too harsh to say fear of—the swift, swirling waters of the river. The feeling had been born in him, and, try as he might, he could not overcome it.

"Well, now, if the critter ain't skered of the water?" Velvet Joe had said, in a tone of mingled pity and disgust when the truth was first borne in upon him. And he expressed the sentiment of the camp. Young Turner, the only young fellow in their camp with sufficient strength and quickness to attempt to pick up Tom Patengill's gantlet, was "skered of the water."

Unable to understand in the least this "queerness," as the men termed it, they had come to feel contempt for the quiet young fellow. Half hidden, hitherto, out of respect to the sturdy foreman, the feeling now began to show outright. Dick Turner understood, and it cut him to the quick, but he gave no sign.

About a year before the foreman had bought a noted stallion, which for size, strength and beauty was famous far and near. The splendid animal also had the well-earned reputation of being in disposition the ugliest brute that ever pawed the turf.

He was said to have killed one trainer and to have been under sentence of death therefor when Turner bought him. But the dauntless lumberman believed he could train the horse into submission.

But after several futile attempts and two or three narrow escapes from death he had acknowledged himself defeated and had condemned the stallion to be shot. It seemed a pity. At least so Dick Turner thought. Never had so gallant an animal been seen in that part of the country. And the boy's heart, like that of a certain illu-

trious horse tamer of old, swelled with the desire to conquer and subdue the handsome, terrible creature.

Reluctantly, and only after the young fellow had demonstrated something of his skill and power, did his father consent and give the horse into his care.

No one knew Dick's methods, no one understood, not even the father, his mystic power, for most of the boy's work was done alone, but certain it is that a few weeks later the lumbermen were astonished to see that "Ugly Mack" acknowledged a master—just one in all the world.

The winter of 1884-5 was one long to be remembered by the men of the two lumber camps. In the latter part of the winter one of the great blizzards peculiar to the northwest had swept suddenly down over the woods, depositing over the whole region a tremendous burden of snow. This had been quickly followed by thawing weather and heavy and persistent rains.

Unparalleled floods followed. Toward the end of the third day the river had risen to a point never reached before within the memory of any of the men, and was still rising. Traditions of the region, perhaps hardly half believed hitherto, were more than verified. Work was impossible, and one after another all the men of Camp Seven strolled down uneasily to Pinerift camp to see if the two great bridges that spanned the river a short distance below it would be able to withstand the unprecedented flood. The bridges, one a wagon bridge, and the other, a few rods below, the railroad bridge, had been well built, and as yet stood firm. But the water was now perilously high. Soon all the men were down by the river bank to watch the flood—all except Dick Turner. That queer horror of the water had caught him like an iron hand at his chest and throat, and from the door of the main shanty of the camp he silently watched the bridges.

Suddenly a great shout went up from the men. A monster pine, undermined and uprooted at last from the place that had nourished it for nearly a century, was rushing swiftly down toward the bridges. It missed the abutment, but a portion of the great clump of roots tossed up by the heaving water caught the woodwork.

There was a single sharp crack, and the tree shot on, leaving a gap in the bridge fully 20 feet wide.

And then the rushing giant of destruction struck one of the abutments of the railroad bridge below. The shock was too much for the overtaxed structure, which had stood so well. Even as the pier gave way the central span came down, to be swept off like broken eggshells on the flood.

The men stood in silent amazement at the sight. Only a few seconds had been required to complete the double wreck. Suddenly some one shouted: "The train! No. 17 is due in five minutes!"

It was true, and on the farther side was no living soul to give warning.

The excited men rushed out upon the broken wagon bridge, only to start back from the yawning rent, below which the muddy waters roared. There they stood, helplessly watching the sharp curve in the railroad track, round which in so short a time the train would come sweeping to destruction.

A shout arose behind them, and there came like the wind a horse, black as night, bearing on his back a rider with white face but steady, unflinching eyes. All knew Turner's Dick and the terrible stallion.

The men shrank back; and then, with a mighty thunder of hoofs, the ugly, half wild creature dashed upon the bridge. Angry at sight of the men, with ears laid back and with wicked-looking eyes, he yet obeyed the voice and hand of his dauntless rider, who now gave a quick, peculiar call and leaned forward in his seat.

There was a breathless rush as the fiery creature made instant response. Straight at the fearful gap they dashed. There was a quick uplifting on the bits, another sharp call, and then the astounded lumbermen saw the great black bulk rise in the air and shoot out over the flood. And the horse had landed fairly upon the broken planks of the farther side!

A shout went up, a shout that horror checked, for the treacherous planks gave way, and down upon breast and knees came the gallant horse, down and slipping backward toward the swift water.

But the horse had a determined spirit. Again came the sharp command, and as if on springs of steel the stallion once more struggled forward, only to go down again upon the treacherous planking. A broken,

jagged joist had caught him in the neck, and the men could see the deep, three-cornered cut, from which a small red stream was trickling.

Still unsubdued, the stallion plunged again, and this time reached the firm, unbroken floor. Then with a bound he left the bridge, and splashing girth-deep across the overwashed strip below the road he scrambled up the incline to the track, and a moment later disappeared, still at a gallop, around the curve.

Benson, the engineer, was scanning the track closely as the train swung down the grade toward the curve that hid Sinking river bridge, when he was startled to see through the gathering mist a horseman galloping up the track straight toward the train and gesticulating wildly. In an instant the whistle belled out its hoarse call for brakes.

And then the switching lumbermen saw No. 17 swing round the curve with engine reversed and brakes set, still sliding forward on the wet and slippery rails, but stopping at last 25 feet from the ruined bridge.

The fireman and presently a number of men jumped down from the train and ran forward. They looked at the twisted, broken rails that reached out over the tumult of waters below, and the broken wagon bridge above, with its crowd of watching lumbermen.

The fireman, remembering the warning horseman, turned and explained, and a group of men instantly started back up the track.

Directly they found him whom they sought, a young fellow standing by the roadbed in his shirt-sleeves, unmindful of the rain into which the heavy mist had thickened. He was bandaging with narrow strips that he had cut from his coat an all but fatal wound in the neck of the big black stallion whose proud head drooped by his shoulder.

It was a number of days later, and the men of Pinerift lumber camp were at dinner, when Dick Turner once more went up that path that led past the main shanty. He walked slowly and with a limp, for his leg had been badly bruised during the scramble on the bridge. Over his arm was the bridle of the black horse, which also walked with an unsteady, shuffling gait—a gait that would, however, soon regain its former ease and vigor.

The young fellow cast a half apprehensive look at the camp as he went by and wondered if he were to undergo more of the old treatment. He turned off at the little path that led to the rude shed in which Ugly Mack was used to being isolated, but stopped presently in quick surprise. A clean, new stable stood in the place of the shed, and above its door were the words: "Ugly Mack."

With a quick thrill of appreciation young Turner led the horse into the handsome stall and fed him springily from a generous supply of corn thrown up in one corner of the building.

Coming out presently, he was surprised to find all the Pinerift men awaiting him. He tried to thank them, but Velvet Joe cut him short. "We're glad if you like the hut, young fellow," he said, "and if it'll do you any good to know it, I'll tell you, now there ain't a man on this job but what'll give his last dime—yes, and the coat off his back if necessary—to buy corn for that ugly critter in yonder. And as for you, young chap, the voice of the big fellow softened, "why—well, this crowd is goin' to give a kind of a salute and a cheer for the bravest chap that ever struck Sinking river."

And by way of "salute" the big lumberman caught the young fellow up and on brawny arms and shoulders carried him in triumph back to camp. Big Joe swung his hat, and the men set out a cheer that echoed far up and down the river.

Camp Seven caught it and at once divined its meaning. The rough, bearded crew—rivalry for the time being lost in the finer feeling of admiration for a brave deed well performed—sent back an answering cheer.—Youth's Companion.

He marvelled at it.

"Yes," said Mr. Henry Peck, "I like to go to the circus. One sees so many darning deeds. For instance, did you ever see anything more reckless than the way in which the ringmaster cracks his whip at the ladies who ride the horses?"—Baltimore American.

A Good Suggestion.

He—I am tempted to steal—do steal a kiss.

She—Oh, don't! It's wicked to steal. Let me lend you a few.—London Answers.

## WESTERN COLOGNE HABIT.

New York Barber Says It Is Common to Occidental Business Men.

An officer of one of New York's national banks who is somewhat of a martinet in business matters and very persistent in following up an idea had occasion recently to look up a western financier, says the New York Times. That the man existed he was certain, but in some way or another he had become mysterious because his actual personality and financial dealings had never been completely established. The bank officer summoned half a dozen employees of the bank to clear up the affair and ascertained that a "yellow ticket"—a request to a bankers' agency to do detective work in the case—had been sent out. The reply established the mysterious financier as solvent and of good habits. This did not satisfy the bank officer. Calling to him a clerk who had seen the man, he questioned him about the minutest details of his appearance. Finally he asked: "Did you smell him?"

"Smell him!" exclaimed the clerk. "No, sir."

"Didn't detect any odor of cologne about him?"

"Cologne? No, sir."

"You can go."

Then, turning to a visitor whose face betrayed amazement at the last inquiry, the bank officer said: "That's a new one to you. It's just this: I know the man exists, but I'm not sure yet if he's a western banking hustler, and I was fishing after one general characteristic of that lot. You can test it yourself. Go to the Waldorf and get in with a lot of western financiers and promoters who are a little verdant as to occidental ways. The first one that takes out his handkerchief will make the air reek of cologne in nine cases out of ten. In the other case it will be patchouli or musk. They don't use women's perfumes. It's just cologne or the ranker odors I have named. They don't know that the business men of the east don't use perfumes, but they are conscious that—how shall I put it? Well, that the great west lags in the matter of toilet advancement, and self-consciousness and a desire to be 'in the swim' impels them to resort to perfumes. They need two or three visits to the metropolis to learn that they are violating good taste. Some of them get manicured. But that's another story, and I haven't time to-day to tell it. Southerners don't make such mistakes unless they come from the jungles."

## A WAR-TIME INCIDENT.

Showin' Friendly Terms of Besieged and Besiegers at Making.

During the siege of Mafeking the trenches had grown very close to each other; in fact, so near that conversations could be shouted across the intervening space. An Englishman called out:

"Hey! I say, one of you Boers stand up and I'll take a photograph of you."

"Have you got a camera?" came back the reply, in good English.

"Yes."

"On your honor?"

"Yes."

"You won't shoot me if I stand up, upon your word?"

"No, we won't shoot."

"Pass it down along the line."

The word was passed down the line, and soon it was shouted back that it was all right. At that a young Boer about 25 rose out of the trenches and stood buttoning his jacket in full view. Straightening his six feet three inches, he smiled pleasantly and said to the Englishman with the camera, who had now stood up:

"How will you have it?"

"Turn a little more sideways."

"There!"

"Click!"

"Send me a picture," called the young Boer, as he jumped back into the trenches.

"What name?" asked the photographer.

"Pretorius," came the answer.

Nothing showed now above the ground for a few minutes, and then one of the Englishmen lifted his hat on a stick and promptly got a bullet through it.

Toilet at the Zoo.

First Menagerie Keeper—What's wrong?

Second Menagerie Keeper—Keep that curtain down until I get the sacred cow's hump on straight.—Columbus Journal.

Taking No Chances.

Friend—Can't you give me a tip on stocks?

Broker—Yes, but in consideration of our long friendship, I won't.—Brooklyn Life.

## NOT ALL INJURIOUS.

Interesting Information About the Microbes That Inhabit the Human Body.

Many varieties of microbes (bacteria) inhabit the human body, which suits them so well that they never leave it of their own accord. These microbes are, as it were, aliens to the body, for the new-born child is perfectly free of them; but it takes them only a few hours to settle themselves on the baby's epidermis and the mucous membranes, whether they are introduced by the air and the water. They migrate into the interior of the body, where they thrive and multiply, especially in the hot season. Not all of these microbes, of which to-day 60 varieties are known, are injurious; some are even believed to exercise useful functions in the body. At any rate, the number of disease-producing microbes is relatively small if we consider the infinite number of individuals. It has been found that the cavities of the mouth contain no less than 30 varieties, which either make this part of the body their permanent home or thence pass through the alimentary canal into the stomach and the intestines. Although certain bacteria are destroyed by the gastric acid, there are nevertheless found in the stomach about 30 varieties. They are most numerous in the intestines. The question as to whether or not these microbes are favoring digestion is still unsettled, but it has been established that certain intestinal microbes produce poisonous substances calculated to originate various diseases. Besides the normal microbe vegetation found in the healthy human body there are occasionally also discovered foreign pathogenic microbes, the originators of specific diseases, such as cholera, typhus, etc.; and it is believed with some good reason that, at least in individual cases, the propagation of these foreign intruders is largely checked by the normal microbes.—N. Y. Tribune.

## GOT EVEN WITH THE JOKER.

This Man Waited Many Years, But Finally Evened Up the Account.

The world always laughs when the practical joker is "come up with," even if many years have elapsed since the joker had his inning. It was in 1890 or thereabouts that a Paris drummer boarded a train in Bordeaux for home. He had made a good sale in Bordeaux and was feeling ripe for anything. It occurred to him what a good joke it would be to lean out of the window of the car and slap some one's face as the train rolled out. He did the act, pulled his head in and chuckled all the way to Paris as he pictured what the victim of his joke was saying to himself and to others.

Years passed and the drummer prospered. He went into business for himself, and consequently grew staid and sober. A little while ago as he was walking along one of the boulevards in Paris a man stepped up to him and asked him if he ever had lived in Bordeaux. The staid and sober business man said he never had, but when he used to be a commercial traveler he frequently had been in the town. Whereupon the stranger recalled the face-slapping episode and said he was it, and begged permission to return the compliment, which he proceeded to do vigorously.

The staid and sober business man regained his lost youth marvelously quick, and it was a lively scrimmage when the police stepped in and ran both men off to the station house. There, upon reflection, the business man refused to enter a complaint against the man with a memory and decided to call the affair even.—N. Y. Press.

## Mexico to Have Fish Canneries.

A plan which is receiving government sanction in Mexico is for the establishment at Mazatlan of a large packery and cannery for the preservation of shrimps and fish, writes a correspondent in the New York Post. Fish of fine grade abound in the waters of Sinaloa and Tepic, but there is no way of preserving them, and consequently there is only a local demand for them. It is thought that the establishment of a thoroughly equipped modern packing house will enable this country to compete with the United States in the foreign sale of many kinds of fish.

## Chitropody in Farming.

"Farming is a great science, isn't it?" "Say, my friend, it's more than that; it's a composite of many sciences. For instance, to-day in the ordinary course of my agricultural duties, I had to practice chitropody."

"How was that?" "Why, out the corn on the foot of the hill."—Christian Advocate.

## A SAVING INVESTMENT.

Good Story of the Eccentric Judge Grover, of New York.

Among the members of the court of appeals when that body was first elected by the people at a spring election in 1870 was Judge Martin Grover, a quaint and curious old man, whose eccentricities attracted attention wherever he was known, but whose robust mind, judicial fairness and intellectual capacity compelled respect. That he was an exceedingly odd old fellow may be gathered from the following anecdote of him:

"When I was a young man," he said, "I used to take the Gospel Herald and Evangelical Magazine, as it was called. It was published in Utica and was edited by Rev. A. B. Grosb, assisted by Rev. Dolphus Skinner. That paper saved me hundreds of dollars."

"How?" he was asked.

"I'll tell you," answered the judge. "Up at Angelica, Allegany county, where I live, the Methodists, the Presbyterians and the Baptists used to get up frequent revivals of religion. They weren't satisfied to have a nice revival among themselves—they wanted to get me in. When they found they couldn't, they insisted that I should help pay the expenses of converting the other sinners. There's where the Herald came in. I could see 'em coming toward my office 'way up the street. And then I'd get out my Universalist papers, and when a party of 'em entered I'd appear to be very much engrossed in studying my Herald. 'Good mornin', Brother Grover,' they'd say. Then I'd look 'em up in apparent surprise and return their greetin', still holdin' onto my Universalist paper. You oughter see the looks of those good deacons. They'd hem and haw and glance about my office, and finally go away without asking me to subscribe. If one was bolder than the others and demanded a subscription, I'd shut him up pretty quick by offerin' to lend him some back numbers of my Universalist Herald. 'But you don't believe that stuff,' he'd say, sadly. 'No; not exactly,' I'd answer him; 'ain't I'm doubtin' in my mind if it ain't true.' 'Good mornin', Brother Grover,' he'd say, and go out. And when he'd gone I'd put up my papers and buckle down to law again until the next deacon came. It saved me hundreds of dollars," chuckled the judge, "and it only cost one dollar a year."—Utica Observer.

## A HORSE'S SENSE.

A Lame Animal Goes Directly to a Blacksmith for Relief.

A remarkable instance of equine sagacity was exhibited recently which is testified to by several reliable witnesses. Thomas Drummond, a teamster of Janesville, Wis., as related by the Gazette of that city, owns a horse which has been afflicted with lameness for two or three weeks. One morning Mr. Drummond turned him out upon the common, hoping that fresh air and exercise would benefit the animal. Upon gaining his liberty the crippled horse hobbled along on three legs direct to the blacksmith shop of William Eager, entered the shoeing department and stood there, holding up his injured foot, with his head turned and his eyes intelligently fixed upon Mr. Eager. This peculiar act upon the part of the animal attracted Mr. Eager's attention and induced him to examine the foot held invitingly up for inspection. The result of the examination was the discovery of a long nail driven into the frog, the cause of the lameness, which Mr. Eager removed. Mr. Drummond generally had his horses shod at Eager's shop, and the suffering brute undoubtedly reasoned that this was the place for him to go for relief. Equine intelligence, according to the common acceptance of the term, is not so rare, but when a horse deliberately conceals and executes a plan for relieving his injured foot of a rusty nail he certainly can lay claim to a small portion of the reasoning faculties which are supposed to elevate the human race above the level of brutes.

## No Women Lawyers in Tennessee.

The supreme court of Tennessee has ruled that women are not eligible to the bar of that state. The ground for the decision is that a lawyer practicing before a court is an officer of that court, and a state statute prohibits women from holding public office. Two members of the supreme court dissented from the decision. Miss Marion Griffin, of Memphis, was the woman whose application was thus refused.

## What Wisdom Is.

Wisdom is the art of being out when people call who want to borrow.—Chicago Daily News.

## THIS AND THAT.

Japan bought 23 American-made locomotives in 1896, 95 in 1897, 168 in 1898 and larger supplies in 1899 and 1900.

Compressed air locomotives on the Brooklyn elevated are worked at less cost than electric engines can be operated for.

Between the years 1860 and 1882 more than 15,000,000 bison (buffalo) were killed within the limits of the United States.

The estimated indebtedness of Europe to the United States, after deducting interest, debts and freight charges, is \$440,000,000.

Dr. Van Hoff, a Berlin chemist, is reported to be of opinion that before long the problem will be solved which will make it possible to extract bread from wood.

Lydia, an old-time whaler that 50 years ago went closer to the north pole than some more recent pole-hunters, is being dismantled at San Francisco, whither she went many years ago to work in the Arctic sea beyond Behring straits. Her hull is to be burnt for her copper bolts.

There is much inequality in the prices paid under the different contracts for electric lighting in different parts of New York. In Long Island City 423 arc lights cost \$148 per annum. In Jamaica 500 arc lights are furnished at \$100 per annum. It is proposed to equalize the prices in the future.

The Irish American declares that of the 200 men appointed to the New York police force by Commissioner Murphy only 139 have Irish names. Of the other 70 new policemen 80 are Germans—a nationality whose representation is increasing—and the remaining 40 are English, American, Spanish and Russian.

## KANSAS WHEAT INDUSTRY.

Crop of 1901 Will Probably Yield 100,000,000 Bushels.

The wheat industry of Kansas is the subject of an interesting article by William R. Draper, in Success. Referring to the crop of 1901, Mr. Draper says: In Kansas, this year, 5,000,000 acres are covered with wheat, which will probably yield 100,000,000 bushels. This means at least ten dollars per acre to the farmers, an income of \$50,000,000. The crop would, if put into cars, make a train long enough to reach from Wichita to New York, with ten tons in each car. The money would take three years to count, if placed in silver dollars. It has been used, of late, in paying debts, building farmhouses, purchasing diamonds and rubber-tired rigs, and other luxuries of the rich. Kansas farmers have made enough money in three years to plaster almost a square mile with dollar bills, and most of it has been made from wheat.

The crop of 1899 brought \$22,016,969. That of 1900 realized \$41,624,096, from 76,595,433 bushels. The 1901 estimates are 100,000,000, which, if sold for 50 cents a bushel, will bring \$50,000,000. This makes three enormous crops, bringing over \$100,000,000 into the state, three times as much as any other product or enterprise.

The yield per acre now averages 20 bushels. In some places, where the land is exceedingly rich, the yield mounts up to 50 bushels per acre, while in Sumner county it was 60 bushels on a general average. Sumner county produced 5,000,000 bushels of wheat last year, or more than that of several of the eastern states together. It is the banner wheat crop of the state. The farmers of that county are worth, on an average, \$9,540 each. They have formed a society called the "Ten Thousand Dollar club," and nearly all are members.

## He Was Self-Possessed.

It was late and getting later. However, that did not stop the sound of muffled voices in the parlor. Meantime the gas meter worked steadily.

The pater endured it as long as he could, and then resolved on heroic measures.

"Phyllis," he called from the head of the stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?"

"No, sir," replied the funny man on the Daily Bugle, "we are holding the form for an important decision."

And the pater went back to bed, wondering if they would keep house or live with him.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

## His Good Reason.

First Tramp—Why didn't you swipe that fellow's chainless bicycle you went after last night?

Second Tramp—Well, I found out there was a chainless dawg in the yard.—London Answers.