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THROWN DOWN AGAIN | this kentry. Can't jest say how it's to

ABE CROFOOT TELLS COLONEL DAW-SON OF HIS LOST CASE.

Pike County Sees He Is Going to Win and Issues a Fint-Crofoot's Great Grasshopper Power Scheme and the Vast Possibilities of the Idea.

"Waal, but I never did see! This yo'. kurnel!" exclaimed Abe Orofoot as he ran across Colonel Dawson on the steps of his village drug store at 8 o'clock the other afternoon. "Yes, it's me-howdy, Abe?" replied

the colonel as he extended his hand. 'Bout the same, kurnel-'bout the same. Some of the children ailin? "No, thankee. One of my workin mewl's off his feed, and I'm goin to tone him up a leetle. Let's see? Didn't I hear about some mo' scandalizin or sunthin? Can't jest remember the particulars, but I reckon Pike county was after

yo' again.''
'That's it, kurnel—mo' scandalizin,' replied Abe as he drew his friend aside and sat down on the steps. "Yes, sah, the enemy moved down on my works again the other day, and they jest reckoned to wipe me off the airth. Pike county has made up her mind that I must go, and mebbe I'll hev to, but I'm gwine to die powerful hard, kurnel-Bin lookin fur yo' in

fur the last three days." 'What happened this time, Abe?' peried the colonel as he cut a piece off his plug of tobacco and passed the plug to Abe and carefully remembered to get

it back again. "Kurnel Dawson, yo' run mostly to co'n and mewls and ar' a busy man. "Yes, Abe."

"But yo' hain't too busy to remember that De Soto discovered the Mississippi about 150 years ago. You've read that

"Yes, reckon I have, Abe, but I didn't charge my memory with it. Name was De Soto, was it? Live in Pike county or around yere?"

"Not exactly, kurnel. Pike county wasn't heard of till long after his time. He was a Spaniard, and he cum over to this kentry with a crowd behind him to pick a fuse, make new diskiveries and run things to suit himself. It was while wandering over the kentry that he dis-kivered the Mississippi river." "Shoo! Jest broke out of the woods

and diskivered her, eh?" "That was the way of it, kurnel. Now, then, last Saturday I went into cote fur Tom Jackson; Tom's dawg bit the ear off of Jim Forbishes' yaller mewl, and Jim sued for \$50 damages. I was fur the defense. I not only had an alibi fur the dawg, but had 17 witnesses on hand to sw'ar that he was too dod gasted lazy to chase anything. Besides hat, I had the dawggone dawg right in the coteroom, that I might show the jury he hadn't but two teeth left and

conldn't chaw off a baby's finger.''
"And yo' won that suit, Abe—yo won it fur shore!" exclaimed the colonel. "Did I? Yo' jest wait! I stood to win it, of co'se, and kiver myself with a mantle of glory. That's what Pike county was afeared of—afeard I was cumin out on top—and the flat went fo'th that I was to be throwed down. Reckon yo' know what flat means, kur-

'Sk-amly, Abe-not jest this afteroon—but go on with yo'r story.''
"Well, I had the neatest, slickest case yo' ever did see, but the flat had gone fo'th and jedge and jury had to obey. Jest ruled me out all around and brough

in a verdict fur them \$50 and costs. 'Shoo! Couldn't be no mistake?" "No mistake, Kurnel Dawson! They not only throwed me down in the verdiet, but the jedge took occashun to say that if I hadn't fooled away my time and let my ambishun run to weeds I. De Suro Yes, sah, sai

"Hu! Waal, did I ever!" "Kurnel Dawson, ar' yo' lookin a asked Abe as he faced the colonel 'Yes. Abe. I'm a-lookin.'

them very words right to my teeth!

"Then, sah, let me ask yo' if Abe Crofoot is a Spaniard?

Of co'se not." "Did I ever live in Spain?" "Never. Yo' was bo'n and raised right yere in this county of Pike."

"An was I bo'n about 200 y'ars ago, kurnel."
"Shoo! How could yo' be!"

"That's the pint, Kurnel Dawson-that's jest what I want to know my-self!" exclaimed Abe as he brought down his hand on his leg. "I'm blamed by these yere Pike county scandalizers because I bain't as big a man as De Soto, who was dead and buried a hun-dred y'ars befo' my grandfather was weaned! How could I diskiver the Mississippi river befo' I was b'on? How could I be a great man a century and a half shead of my openin my eyes on this sinful world? Answer me that, Kurnel Dawson.

"Yo' couldn't do it, Abe-couldn't possibly do it," replied the colonel. "Of co'se not, and yit Pike county throws me down again. She thought was dun gone this time, but I'm right on deck, as usual. I kin be throwed down, but the grass don't hold me fur

long!"
"Got a new idea, Abe?" "I hev, kurnel. Yes, sah, I've got the biggest thing of the lot, and if I don't hev the hull of Pike county lickin my butes inside of six weeks I'll be powerfully disappointed. Kurnel Dawson,

yo've seen grasshoppers?'' "Millions of 'em, Abe." "Every dawggone grasshopper is a jumper, and every summer thar ar' millions of 'em jumpin about. To cum down to figgers, the number of grass hoppers jumpin about in the United states every y'ar is jest exactly 2,149,-628,498. Takes power fur grasshopper

to jump—lots of power."
"It does fur shore, but what's the pint?" "Right thar, kurnel-right on that jumpin bisness. Catch up that power and store it to run the machinery of Press.

got to cum as suah's yo'r bo'n, and got to cum right threw Abe Crofoot! What d'yo' think of it?" "Yo've got 'em, Abe—got 'em right on the hip!" whispered the colonel as he extended his hand. "Of co'se I hev—of co'se, and now, Kurnel Dawson, bein as yo' ar' a true friend of mine, and bein yo' "-Bein what. Abe?" "Bein yo' hev kindly asked me what I'd take I don't keer if I step around to Joe's place with yo' and wet my mouth with whisky-jest dampen it,

be done, but I'm workin on the idea and will hev it in a day or two. A few

months from now my grasshopper pow-

er will be turnin every wheel in Pike

county and millions of dollars will be

laid at my feet. Got to cum, kurnel-

Quad in Detroit Free Pless.

yo' know, to keep the cotton out!



She (an heiress)—I cannot marry you. I've had 20 better men than you

He—Humph! Chiropodists?—Sketch. Respectable, but Poor.

First Young Physician-Well, don' ou think Dr. Winks ought to be expeled from our society for advertising his

address in the papers?
Second Y. P.—Indeed I do. The fellow drove by here today in a coach and four, out for an airing. I have written a letter to the officers of the society, demanding his immediate trial. Lend me a stamp and I'll mail it.

"Haven't anv. "Well, lend me 2 cents then." "Haven't any cents either. My friend, Dr. Fogy, promised to pay me the nickel he borrowed of me last week. but I'm afraid I won't get it until spring. He's gone to the almshouse for the winter."—New York Weekly.

Even Then. It was in the Coliseum.

'Pardon me. Seneca leaned foward and touched one of Agrippina's ladies in waiting on "Pardon me, but would you mind

taking down your coiffure so that I can see the arena? I am particularly interested in today's massacre.' Her only reply was a swift glance of

patrician scorn, for she knew he had ome in on a press ticket. Rome has fallen since then, but the theater hat has not.—Truth.

Rare Kindness. Eminent Physician's Clerk-Shall I make out Mr. Younghusband's bill and

Eminent Physician (a man with a soft eart)-Well, no, not yet. He seems to be in a seventh heaven over the arrival of that baby, and I hate to intrude on his innocent joy. - New York Weekly.

the practical philanthropist.
"Hustle?" rejoined Wayworn Waton. "They ain't no sich thing as hustle anywhere nigh me. Even the horses

bet on is the slowest in the race. Cincinnati Enquirer. A Delicate Intimation. Patient-Do you think a sudden fright

would be likely to bring on a relapse?

Doctor—Most certainly. Patient-Then please bear that in mind when making out your bill.—Cal ndrier Anecdotique.

One Apparent Result Tommy—Paw, what makes them call those low saloons "joints?" Mr. Figg-That is one thing I never could figure out. The man who goes there generally loses his articulation. -Inlianapolis Journal.

Cut Off. He-Let's see, how long were we enfbegag She—Just six months. I remember, for I went without candy, flowers or

the theater during the whole period .-Truth. A Troubled Mind. Descon Brown-I think Smith must nave something on his conscience.

Deacon Jones—Why do you think so

Deacon Brown—You never see him asleep in church.—New York World. She Knew Him.

Mrs. Smith-So you've been out to have a skate? Mr. S. -M'dear, yes. Mrs. S.-Well, I thought I detected the odor. - Minneapolis Tribune.

Arthes Infancy. 'What's your name, little boy?" 'Bobbie.''
'But what's your other name?'' "Sometimes papa calls me holy ter-ror."—Chicago Record.

Such a Question. Young Artist-Do you paint, Miss Bloomhunter?
Miss Bloomhunter (indignantly)—No. sir, I don't even powder. - Detroit Free

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A WILLING MOUNTAIN MAID.

Did Not Object to the Congr somewhat gay and gallant member of the house, unusually handsome even for a member, was telling to a small group of listeners some of his campaign

"On one trip in the mountains," he said, "I was riding along a road up a picturesque valley with my campaign companion, when we met a buxom, pink cheeked, good looking country girl on foot. As I spoke to her, after the custom of the country, she stopped us.
"'Have you seed anything of a redheaded, freekled faced feller down the

crick?' she inquired. nowr and inquired.
""We have met three or four men in the last hour,' I replied, 'and one of

them was redheaded. How old was he?' 'Bout my age, I reckon. "'So young as that?' I asked with all my courtliness. That ain't so powerful young,' she

said, without the slightest apparent comprehension of my compliment. 'He's 21 and so'm L' 'The man we met with the red nead was twice that old. He couldn't have been the one you were looking for

'I reckon not. The man I'm lookin for and me wuz to git married yistiddy, and when the time come he wazn't thar. Pap started up the road for him with a gun this mornin and I come this way. "This made it interesting, and I at once felt it to be my duty to offer my

assistance.
"'Tell me his name,' I said, 'and I'll make inquiries along the road. 'Sim Johnson, and I'd give a ten

acre farm to git holt uv him. "Her anger heightened her color, and out such a brightness in her eyes that e was positively handsome, and I just couldn't help trying another delicate compliment on her.
''You must excuse me,' I smiled and

bowed, and sent forth my softes rlances, 'but with such a pretty girl as you are after me, I'd like to be Sim "This time it was a ten strike.

"'Waal,' she responded, as she looked me over critically, not to say admiring-'I hain't no objections.' 'It was the only time I ever laid down before a bluff," concluded the member. "but that one knocked me flat, and I never did know how I got away. -Washington Star.

> Literal Factors Involved, "John," remarked Mrs. Billus, " expect to give a tea tomorrow evening.
>
> Mr. Billus, who was reading hi newspaper, grunted, but made no reply. "I said I expected to give a tea to morrow evening, John," she repeated. "I heard you," said John.

take my dinner down town." "I think I said a little while ago. again remarked Mrs. Billus, after an interval of silence. "that I intended to give a tea tomorrow evening.'
"That will suit me to a T.'

"And I shall need an X!" she snap Mr. Billus feebly ejaculated "G!" but he forked it over. —Chicago Tribune.

To Stock Up. "William," she said, "you need

new hat. ' "Do 1?" Yes. And a new overcoat."

"I have suspected that."
"And your umbrella is shockingly 'I know it.'' "What are you going to do about it?" "I haven't any idea," he responded gloomily. And then, with the animation which comes with a happy thought

he added, "You might give a tea." Washington Star.

His Idea of It. "What's an 'entente,' Harold?" asked the beautiful maiden. he replied promptly, "but from the ease with which it may be broken, according to the newspapers, I should judge that it was something in the line

of crockery or glassware."-Chicago Wo Wonder. Borem-Don't you feel well? Crusty (who has been listening to him for an hour)—I feel like a well,

an artesian well. "What? I don't understand!" "I'm bored, that's all."-Philadel phia Record.

Advice to a Tramp. "I don't know what to say, madam in return for your kindness in giving me this breakfast." "Say nothing and saw wood."—New York World.

On the Riviers. Sha-I wonder what makes the Med iterranean look so blue? He—You'd look blue if you had wash the shores of Italy.—Punch.

Queen of Her Heart, The little rag doll is queen.

Her realm is a maiden's heart,
And there she will reign serene
And play her important part.
A bundle of rags is she,
With collar of seraggly fur;
She's only a dill to me,
But more than a doll to her.

A doll that I thought a prize I gave to the little maid. That opened and shut its eyes And beauty of face displayed She never received the care
I daily and hourly see
Bestowed on a doll less fair.

The doll that can really talk,
The doll in the silken dress,
The doll that is made to walk
Lies lonely in some recess;
Forgotten and pushed aside,
It lies in the dust spars,
While that of the rays, in pride,
Is held to the maiden's heart.

The doll is a doll to me,
A bundle of rags and fur,
And yet I am quick to see
It's more than a doll to her.
And so it maintains its place,
Unrivaled it holds its own;
In rags and a painted face
It stands in her heart alone.
—Chicago Pest.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

All There Was In It. I had labored for a quarter of an hour to convince the mountaineer that he was wrong in contending that education was of no particular benefit to anybody, but he would not give way. Finally I said:

"You have eggs and coonskins and other things to sell in town?" 'Yes.'' "What did you sell last?" "How many dozens?"
"Can't tell, sah. I dun told you "A heap of eggs."

Well, you took them to town and sold them. How many dozen did the buyer say there were? He didn't say. "Then you can't tell whether you had

couldn't count."

four or eight dozen?" "Well, you can see right there wher ducation would have been of benefit. The grocer may have cheated you out o zen eggs for all you know."

'No, he un didn't cheat. "But how do you know?" 'Kase he un couldn't. 'You couldn't count." "No, sah, I couldn't count, but yo

see it was this way. I had the basket jest so full, and he gin me jest as big a plug of terbacker and jest as much whisky as ever, and so I knowed he didn't cheat! Why, sah, if I'd bin gov'ner of this yere stait thar wouldn't hev bin any mo' eggs and no mo' whisky and terbacker!'

He Won the Fight. As I reached the north bank of the Kaw river the occupant of the shanty which served as a tavern was nailing up the door and making ready for flight. When I asked him what the trouble was

he replied: "A feller named Hopkins is comit over to do me up, and I'm in a hurry to git away."
"How do you up?"

"Why, shoot me down. Says he" shoot me on sight. Got the ole woman away two hours ago, and I must hurry "Look here, my friend," I said, real

izing that I must stop there for th night or ride a distance of ten miles, you have a winchester there." 'Yes, and a good one.''

"You look like a man with pluck." "Do I? I thought I didn't hev any. I never had a fout in my life, but I was allus afraid I'd git licked if I got in "I believe you could put up a good

fight. Which way will Hopkins come from?" "From the south. Sav. that's him on his hoss now, and I hev to git! "Don't you do it! He has got to cross

the river here. Get down behind that bank and pump bullets at him if he tries to cross. 'But he's a terror to fight.'' "So are you. You can drive him off in five minutes."

"Stranger, do you really believe handle his weapon.
"Why, of course. Get under the bank and let him have it as soon as he comes

within range. "I_I believe I will," he said as he got under shelter.

I took cover behind the house, and five minutes later Hopkins reached the river bank and uttered a warwhoop. It was still echoing when the tavern man opened fire. He was all of a-tremble, but he shot so close that after the fifth or sixth bullet whiszed past his ears Hopkins turned his horse and galloped

away, evidently badly rattled. 'Didn't I tell you so?'' I asked of the landlord as he rose up.
"Stranger, did I skeer him off?" he

exclaimed, his face as white as snow. "You did." "And he's a licked man?"

"And I fit a real fout and come out You have." "Then bust open that door and help verself to what ye want while I go after the ole woman! Whoop-ee! Take my guns! Take my shanty! Take all I hev

and welcome, fur I'm goin to turn ter-ror and travel about and lick every blamed varmint in the state of Kan-

The Tenderfoot's Dog. One day as we lay in camp on the Republican fork of the Arkansas river on of the hove caught a big jack rabbit in a snare and made a cage of willows to keep him for a pet. Three days later s tenderfoot came along with a hunter's outfit and accompanied by a canine which looked to be a cross between a hound and a bulldog. He said he had bought the dog the day before of camster, and that the animal was guar-

anteed a match for any three mountain "What d'ye think of him yourself?" asked the corporal.
"He looks to me like a fighter," was

the reply. "How much did you pay for him?" "Fifteen dollars."
"I don't think he's a fighter," observed the corporal in a careless way. He looks to me more like a runner. "Have you anything around head

foot as he bristled up.
"Yes, I think I have. We captured a hodog the other day, and I think he can run that dog."
"What's a hodog?" "Sort of a prairie wolf. There isn't

which can run him?" asked the tender

much fight in 'em, but there's less in your canine. I'll bet \$5 he runs your dog out of sight,"
"If he does, I'll give you \$10!" shouted the stranger, who was nettled over the way the boys were winking and

grinning.

The dog was placed out on the level beyond camp, and the corporal went after his rabbit. Before bringing him out he tied his ears over his head with a stric torn from a red handkerchief, and othe strips were made fast to his body. He

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was the oddest looking creature any one

ever saw outside of a museum when the corporal finally dumped him out in front of the dog. We were gathered in two lines, and the rabbit had to run for the dog to get clear of us. The dog was apparently ready for a row with one of his own species, but when that living curiosity came for him, he dropped his tail and started off at full speed probably took him for an old pard of his, for he followed close at his heels and humped him for all he was worth. The dog made two complete circuits of the camp, yelping at every jump, and then finding the rabbit close at his heels

was over he handed down a \$20 bill. 'How's this?'' asked the corporal. "Why," replied the man, "one ten is for my dog being a blamed coward and the other for me being a blanked fool."

jumped into the river and swam across

on without a word, and when the affair

Had Cut His Eyeteeth.

One afternoon on a crowded platform of the Sixth Avenue elevated two or three pickpockets got in their work, but none of the victims discovered his loss until he had boarded a train. Then a man suddenly rose up and exclaimed: By jingo, but my watch is gone "Yes, I saw the pickpocket when he

took it," calmly observed a man oppo-"You did?" "Certainly. It was a minute or so pefore the train came up.

'But you didn't say anything." "But what sort of a man are you witness a theft and keep mum about it?' shouted the victim. "Perhaps you've got a share of the proceeds.

"Perhaps you're an ass! I've lived here long enough to know a thing or two. If I'd given the alarm, the fellow would have been arrested right there. My name would have been taken as a witness, published in the papers, and I should have had no end of trouble going to court. I might even have been sent to the house of detention until the case was called. "And you—you saw the man rob me?

"Yes, sir. "And said nothing?"

'And said nothing. A man of your ge ought to be able to take care of his watch. I've been knocking around New York in all sorts of crowds for the last 15 years, but no pickpocket ever got"-What's the matter?" asked three or four in chorus as the man stopped and began fumbling about.

"Say, the same durned scamp also go my ticker!" he gasped as he fell back in his seat and the sweat began to start or his forehead. -M. Quad in Detroit Free

No Coffee For Her-One of my friends has a waiting maid, compared to whom the ace of spades is a brilliant blond. She wasn't feeling very well the other day-she'd scorn to be really well, you know-but this day she said her head ached more than usual, and her back was "settin wide open." The mistress advised her to take a cup of strong coffee.

"I never drinks coffee, Miss Lucy, said the maid.
"Why not?" asked the mistress "Oh, Miss Lucy, it's so bad for my complexion."-Washington Post.

Unmistakable Encouragen "I am going to propose to Miss Ji kles," said Whykins thoughtfully.
"Has she given you any encourage "I should say so. Why, she is afraid !

am spending too much money for bou-quets and matinee tickets."—Washington Star. Not the Same. Lady at the Door-I believe in my heart you are the same tramp I gave large piece of pie to a few days ago!

Tramp-No, ma'am. You're mistaken. He's dead. - Yonkers Statesman. A Wise Child. "Dickie, what do you want for you

birthday present?'' "Oh, papa, get me a savings bank that mamma can't get nickels out of with a heirpin."—Chicago Record. Some One Who Would.

Millie-If you kiss me again, I shal eall for my mother.

Leavitt—What will you do if I don't Millie (demurely)—Call for somebody else.—New York World. The Worst.

"Let me know the worst!" he ex

claimed in a voice of thunder.

But the butcher kept silence. The composition of a sausage is a trade seret -Buffalo Express. Queer. Student-Now that's oneer! My father says my studying costs him a for-tune, and I am sure I study very little.

Eliegende Blatter. His Reason, "Why did Brumley say that he was not a hero?" "He is his own valet."—Detroit

Free Press.

Her bair was golden hued,
A bit inclined to red,
While truant locks, like birds in flo
Went circling round her head. She passed him on the street, Then disappeared from sight Within a door that on it bore "Stage way" in letters white.

Her Part.

She acted in a piece Called "Winning Wowan's Way, And, having sent for seats, he wer That night to see her play. He wondered if she'd dance, Or play a comic role, Or throw her art into a part To harrow up one's soul.

And so that night he went. The play was awful rot. The worried through acts one and And yet she cameth not. The last act the appeared.

Also, ungracious fates!

She bent her head and all the said.

"My lord, your carriage watta."

—Footlight HE HAD BEEN THERE.

Why He Thought Society Should Be Kept "Society is one thing and business in

another," he said gloomily.
"Which means," returned his wife sharply, "that you have some fling to take at woman. "Not at all," he replied. "I am merely giving you the result of my re lections. I do not think that even you

business are the same thing, or ever near allied." "Well, what is the lesson that you wish to draw from that?" she asked 'I know that you are driving at some

will try to maintain that society and

and thus got away. The stranger looked thing."
"It has occurred to me," he said "that fashion pertains to social life and should not be allowed to gain a foothold in the business world. Women should be compelled to lay it aside when they attempt to compete with

"Something has happened to disturb you today, John," she said, with conviction.

"I admit it." he replied. "And in your usual underhanded, roundabout way you are endeavoring to console yourself by saying unkind things

"I am merely voicing the reflections that were forced upon me by my expe rience."
"What have you been doing?" she

"I have been standing behind two women in big sleeved coats at a lunch counter," he answered.—Chicago Post.

Secretary Carlisle's Quarter. If hannened on a Metropolitan car the other day. The secretary boarded i near the Arlington, and the car had about reached Fourteenth street when the conductor came around. It was about half past 9 o'clock in the morning, and the secretary was dressed for business. His silk hat well became the handsome suit of black he wore, and his clean shaven face was fresher look-

ing than usual. "Fare, please," said the conductor,

ing than usual.

"Fare, please," said the conductor, stopping in front of Mr. Carliale and holding out his hand.

Mr. Carliale put his fingers in his right vest pocket, took out a coin, and handed it to the conductor. In a moment the conductor handed it back. The secretary looked at it, and without saying a word put it back in his pocket and handed out another.

"Bare publiques les propriétés auvantes. a aavour propriétés auvantes. a aavour put siné dans la prenier District de cette ville, dans l'ilt borné par les rues St. Charles. Carrellet. Melbomene et Terpachore; le lot red dans le prenier District de cette ville, dans l'ilt borné par le rues rues l'expande dans le bureau de A. Mazureau, ancien nutaire de cette ville. Le ditout meaure 28 pieds 5 pouces de face à l'aveau ce thances sur 110 pieds de protondear, mire l'ignes parallèles.

Les ancientaires et un magasite tune residance en bois à sissent en un magasite tune residance en bois à sissent en un magasite tune residance en returne de la melloration sur le de tiot de terre, ensemble avour le course les baties est antieurs ain étance au vivantes. Les publiques les propriétés auvantes. a aavour le course propriétés auvantes. a aavour le course problems que les propriétés auvantes. a aavour les propriétés auvantes. a aavour le course publiques les propriétés auvantes pour le course publiques les propriétés auvantes le Prenier District de cette ville, aux l'au dans l'au étans le Prenier District de cette ville, aux l'au dans l'au étans les prenier District de cette ville, aux l'au dans l'au étans les prenier District de cette ville, aux l'au dans l'au étans les prenier District de cette ville, aux l'au dans l'au étans l'au étans l'au étans l'au étans l'au étans l

town won't be in it at all." The Philadelphian trembled and looked out on Chestnut street, where a flock of sparrows were patiently trying to build a nest on a messenger boy's shoul-

der. — Truth. Didn't Need Him. "You talk mighty independent," said the ward heeler with an ugly scowl, but let me tell you, boss, you'll never

run your little boom through my pre-

cinct nuless I do the steerin.

"I think I'll get along without you," replied the candidate. "If I need to have any steering done, sir, there are

And he sternly bowed him out -Chi cago Tribune.



First Sportsman-Well, how do you like that new mare of yours? Second Sportsman-Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in the puddles — Punch.

The Feminine View.

He—Haven't you noticed how happy Mary Marbleton looks lately! I believe she is engaged.
She—Either that or she has given up tight shoes.—Cincinnati Enquirer. A Titled Family.

"They are Dr. Binks and Mrs. Dr. Binks and Master Dr. Binks and Miss Dr. Binks. "-Chicago Record. He Was Busy.

"Who are those people coming toward

Tommy—Papa, there is a large black No 46,482 Cour Civile de District pour la Paroisse d'Origans.—Division B. bug on the ceiling.

Professor (very busy)—Step on it and leave me alone.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Necessary Condition "Can a man keep a secret?" inquires contemporary. It depends greatly upon whether the man is married or not -Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Feu, Agent Général d'Assurances, No 30 Carondelet

VENTES A L'ENCAN.

PAR JOHN H. O'CONNOR & CO. ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

SPECULATEURS ATTENTION

Cottages simples et doubles dans le Premier District.

Le Magas n et Eésidence

No 1515 avenue St-Chartes, entre las rues Melpomène et Terpsichore.

Nos 1105 et 1107 eue Liberté, entre lot rues Calliope et Clio

fan 92 et 94 rue Franklin, entre let

___ET___ Le Cottage simple avec Dependances

No 433 rue Franklin, entre les rue

RAPPORTANT DE BONS LOYERS. A L'ENCAN.

Specession de William Toohev.

No 46,590- Cour Civile de District mour la paroisse d'Orléans-Division PAR J. H. O'CONNOR & Co-AURED
C. GREEN encanteur-Bureau No 828 rue

PAR J. H. O'CONNOR & CO-AIPESD C. GREEN encanteur-Bureau No 28 rue Commune — JEUDI, 12 mars 1995. 28 me Commune. Both 12 mars 1995. 28 me Commune. entre les rues Camp et St. Charles, en vein d'un ordre de l'Honorable G. Théard, Juge de la Cour Cyrile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, Division E, daté et aigné dans l'affaire c-dessau antidiée le 24 janvier 1896, et d'un ordre subsequent daté et aigné le 3 février 1896, il sera vendu aux enchéres publiques les proprietés suivantes. A savoir-

ing a word put it back in his pocket and handed out another.

The quarter was counterfeit.—Wash ington Times.

The Chicagoan's Hoast.

"I tell you," said the Chicago man in Philadelphia, "you people don't know what life is unless you come to Chicago. Everything there goes with a rush. Wait until we get the pyramide of Egypt standing on the lake front, the car of Juggernaut on one of our trolley lines and the hanging gardens of Babylon floating out from the fiagstaff on the Auditorium tower, and your old town won't be in it at all."

The Philadelphian rembled and look.

The Philadelphian rembled and look.

Le lot mesure 43 piede s pouces de 1808 a la rue Frankin sun 127 pieds 11 pouces de profon deur.

Les amédiorations consistent en une résidence a deux étagres, contenant 7 chambres et un cottages mije avoc 4 chambres, rapportant un iover de \$4.00 par mors.

4º Un certain lot de terre avec toutes les amédiorations qui s'y trouvent, situé dans les Premier district de cotte ville, dans l'ilet borné par les rues Frankin. Liberté, Gravier et Perdido. Le lot mesure 32 piede da face aux la rue Frankin, par 127 pi de 10 pouces et 3 lignes de productur sur la ligne du côté de la rue e Perdido, et 127 piede 9 pouces et 4 lignes de productur sur la ligne du côté de la rue Gravier.

Les amédiorations sur le dit lot de terre consistent en un cottage simple, area une baisses à deux étagres dans le fond contenant en tout 11 chambres, contro conne le No 323 rue Frankin et rapportant un cyer de \$15 par mois. Conditions de la ente d'un ters on plus compant u gre des a quéreurs, et la balance s'il y en a à un et deux ans de crédic avec hux pour cent d'u térêt par au à part : de la date du vondeur et toutes les classes unelles de veutre, les acquéreurs, derroir assemmen plus et au delà du 1712 d'adjudication le pairment de toutes les acquéreurs de ring thes pour l'année 1896, et les acquéreurs de roire assemment plus et au delà du vente. Actes de vente aux frais des a quéreurs pardevant James J. Woulfe, Esq., N. P.

5 fev. 5 8 16 23 mars 1 8 12

Eq., N. P. 5 tev - 5 9 16 23 - mars 1 8 12 PAR REINACH & OTERI. ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Deuxième District. Succession de Jules P. Couret. 48,446, Cour Civile de District pour la Pa-roisse d'Orléans, Division B. roisse d'Orienne, Division B.

PAR REINACH & OTERI SOLSSON REINACH & OTERI SOLSSON REINACH & OTERI SOLSSON REINACH ENCARCHED 118 mars 1898, A mid, ak Bourse d'Encau de la Nouvel e Orienne, 54 et 56 nue Baronne, en vertu du ordre da l'Hon. Fred D. King, juge de la Cour Civile de District pour la Parousse d'Orienne, Division B. daté le 12 février 1890, readu dans l'affaire de la ausdite succession, il aera vendu aux sachères publiques, la propriété decrite c. dessuus :

Cottage double dans le

Un certain lot de terre avec toutes les bâtisses et améliorations qui s'y trouvent situé dans les Deuxième District dans l'iet borné par les rue Conti. Benville, Broad et White, designé comme lot No 12 de 11/et No 41. Le dit lot meure 30 pieds de face avri la rue. Conti sur 102 pieds 2 paness et 4 lignés de profondeur entre lignes parablèles. But I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in the puddles!—Punch.

The Go,

"Business," mused Charch, "is all fired dull. Yes. I don't imagine science will ever again discover anything with the snap and go in it that appendicitis had."

He sighed heavily as he ported his helm.—Detroit Tribune. depó: de dix pour cent du prix de son anchère pour lier la vente. Acte du vente aux frais de l'acquérent, parde vant Hunter C. Lenke, Esq., notaire public. 16 cc. - 16 19 23. mars 18 15 an 18

PAR JOHN J. CASTELL & CO. ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE. Tout l'Ilet de Terre

Borné par la Promenade Carondelet. les rues Conti, Rendon et l'Avenue Hagan.

Succession de Mme S. A. Kuapp. Parolase d'Orleane.—Division B.

PAR JOHN J. CASTELL & CO.—John J.
Castell, Kneanteur.—Burean No.144 rue Carondielet, il sera vendu à l'encan. MERCREDI
4 mars 1890, à midh à la Bourse des Encanteurs de la Nouvelle Orléans, Nos 54 et 56;
rue Baronna, en ventu et conformèment à un
ordre de l'Hon. Fred. D. Kivg. juge de la Cour
civite de Datriet p'ur la parrisse d'Orléans, Division B daté et signé le 23 décembre 1895,
dass l'affaire oi dessus la propriété ci après
déc ite, à savoit.—

les les de terre avec fortes les hétaux

des it. A savoir—
Dix lots de terre avec toutes les bâtisses, et améliorations qui s'y trou-ent, situés dans les Deuxlèmes District de cette ville, et formant tous l'ites de terre borné par les rues Carondelst Walk, Conti et Rendon, et l'avenne Hegan, le dit liet meaure, conformément au dit pien, dressé par d'Hémécourt, voyer, en date du 23 mars 1876-69 pieds 11 pouces et 2 lignes sur l'avenne Hagan, 95 pieds 8 pouces 1 lignes sur la rec Rendon, 308 pieds 1 pouces 6 lignes sur la Promenade Caronviele, 307 pieds 11 pouces 2 lignes sur la rue Conti.
Conditions - Comptant, Acts de vente pardevant R. P. Uptoni notaire, aux frais des soquéreurs.

3 88v-2 9 16 33-mass 1 4

(Tyclone, Commercial Union Assurance Co., Limited, Londres.

The Greenwich Insurance Co., New York.
London Assurance Corporation.