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MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

M. QUAD'S TALE OF THE TAX COL-LECTOR WHO COMPROMISED.

Taxes Had "Ris" to \$9, but Tom Hopkins and His Gun Procured the Old Rate-How to Steer Clear of Trouble

I was toiling along the mountain trail ith a knapsack on my back when over taken by a man on a mule. He asked where I was going, and when I replied that I had been directed to stop for the aight at Hopkins' cabin he said:

'I am jest gwine up to Tom's place myself, and we'll jog along together. I hev to see Tom about his taxes. "How are taxes assessed up here in the mountains?" I asked after awhile.

"Oh, kinder so so." Nothing more was said until we reachthe cabin. Mr. Hopkins was cutting fire wood in the back yard, and he came around and welcomed us and queried of the man with me:

Waal, Sam, what brings you up this wav?" Cum to see about yo'r taxes, Tom.

"Shoo! How ar' taxes this y'ar?" "It was an affair of honor over a gooseberry bush, and he asserts with "Waal, Tom, taxes is up a leetle, I'm orry to say.' 'How much up?" "Yo' dun paid \$7 last y'ar, I believe?"

"And they've riz up to about \$9 this y'ar. "Shoo! Sam Davis, who riz up then

taxes on me "The state b'od, I reckon." "And whar mought the state b'od e at?"

"Nashville, I take it." "Shoo! Jest wait a minit." He entered the house for a moment nd then reappeared with a long barrel ed rifle and dropped the butt on the ground as he said:

'Sam, I ain't gwine to stand no riz up in taxes! Thar's no call fur it. I've got that \$7 right yere in the house, but I dun doan' pay no mo'. What yo' gwine to do about it?'

Won't yo' pay no mo'?'' "Not a blamed cent!" "And yo' doan' keer 'bout the state

h'od?" 'Not a bit!"

"And yo'll shoot befo' yo' pay any "Sura to!" "Waal, then, I reckon I'll take along

that \$7 and call it squar', and if the state be'd doan' like it they kin cum arter the rest. How's Pete Small on taxes this y'ar?" "Pete won't pay a cent."
"And ole man Harper?"

'Him's waitin fur yo' with a gun!' "I see. Waal, I won't bother 'em, I reckon. Bring out that \$7, Tom, and take a receipt, and if you hev any co'n

aback at seeing me, and as he put down

face.
"Who be yo'?" he demanded after

"Going over into North Carolina."

"I'm resting for a few minutes. Your

there, and so I thought your name was

"Stranger, d'yo call that a 'possum?"

"I'm rather near sighted, but it looks

"I thought not. Well. I must be go-

ing. I hope you may kill three or four more fat 'possums during the day.' "Stranger," said the man as he look-

ed at me in a curious way, "hev yo' bin long is these mountings?"

'Seen anything but 'possums?''

"Nothing but 'possums, sir, and I shan't go telling around that I saw any

He put out his hand for a shake and

as I started off he winked his left eye

and said:
"Might see a fox or a coon occasional

ly, but make 'possums a stiddy thing and nobody up yere won't trubble yo'."

—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

this is nothing but vulcanite.

Sloper's.

Storekeeper—I'm very sorry, sir, but it's not my fault. I bought them for

real African ivory, but it has come to

have taken to wearing false tusks.—Ally

It took only one rib for a woman, but

it takes several to make a good umbrel-ia.—Florida Times-Union.

my knowledge since that the elephants

that. Can't be a woodchuck?"

"Whar' yo' a-gittin to?"

"What yo' doin yere?"

name is Lucas, isn't it?''

looking me over.

"No, sah."

"No, sah."

'No.''

there?"

involve disgrace.—Youth's Companion juice handy I might be on the roof of my mouth! I might be coaxed to wet Southern Log Cabin Philosophy. Dey's some folks in dis country dat never know de time er day twell de Coming to an Understanding. sun's in de middle er de road. I had sat down on a rock beside the De mule is a mighty good critter, but mountain trail to rest when a man came

when he have ter carry a man en a mortgage he don' las' long. out of the bushes opposite with a keg on his shoulder. There was no question of Grass look mighty green en han'some,

GOT THE BEST OF GLADSTONE.

But the Grand Old Man Saved the Day

The company was amused by th

the two boys used to play together.

Was it in an argument?"

best of you."

tired victorious.'

prime minister.

of table talk:

gooseberry bush?"

Gladstone, with a portentous frown.

"I don't remember him," said Mr.

But he remembers you distinctly

and says that he is one of the few men

pride that he knocked you down and re-

The guests were amused by this pic-

ture of a rough and tumble fight over

gooseberry bush, in which the juvenile

Gladstone had been flogged by his antagonist, who was still alive and in-

clined to plume himself upon his ex-

ploit in having vanquished the future

but immediately relapsed into silence

The conversation at the table was shift-

ed to other subjects, but he took no part

in it, looking on with a grim face and

apparently deep in his own thoughts.

Then every one else had forgotten the

incident, he turned about in his chair

suddenly and asked in one of the pauses

"What is the age of the old gentle

man who has tried to make you believe

The veteran's age was named. Mr.

'That explains it," he said. "He

Gladstone's eyes brightened at once

was two years older than I was when

the affair of the gooseberry bush came

the satisfaction which the veteran con-

troversialist derived from the reflection

that if he had been defeated in a figh

when he was a boy, it was by a riva

who was his superior in age and physical resources, and therefore did not

The company laughed heartily over

when the figures were mentioned.

that he got the better of me over th

Mr. Gladstone joined in the mirth,

Years Afterward.

in boyhood was given.

his being a moonshiner, or of the keg being full of whisky which he was carbut it never did go good wid sweet peas rying off to dispose of. He was taken

en watermillions. De Bible tell de sluggard ter go ter de ant, but dese days de mos'er dem go ter last night de father-in-law.—Chicago Times-Herthe keg he had a very ugly look on his

A Double Punishment.

A man was in the dock charged with theft. He pleaded "Guilty," but the jury's verdict was "Not guilty." The judge was not at all satisfied with the result of the trial and remarked to the prisoner, "You do not leave this court vithout a stain upon your character, for "Don't you live in the cabin back by your own confession you are a thief, and by the verdict of the jury you are a liar."—Pick Me Up.

A Novel In a Nutshell.

"Oh, I thought you did. I stopped there to get a light for my pipe, and the Here is a novel composition from s woman told me that her husband was essive schoolbov "One day I was in the country I saw cow and I hit her with a rock a dog bit me a sow chased me I fell out of a wagon and a bee stung me and the old asked the man as he pointed to the keg. gobbler flopped me I went down to the branch and I fell in and wet my pants. to me like a 'possum and a fat one at -Atlanta Constitution.

> Not the Thing. Railroad Manager-Here, Blobbs, this new time table won't do at all! Blobbs-I thought it very explicit, sir.

> Manager—That's just what's the matter. The first thing you know the public will be able to understand a time table as well as we. See if you can't compli-cate it a bit.—San Francisco Wave.

Tondyism Run Mad. Prince (to custodian of library which

he has come to inspect)—How is it, my dear professor, that you have turned all the books the wrong way?
Professor—But your highness will surely admit that I could not allow the volumes to turn their backs upon you -Oberschlesinger Anzeiger.

Inexplicable Ignorance Little Boy-Please, I want the doctor o come and see mother.

Doctor's Servant — Doctor's out.

Where do you come from?
Little Boy—What! Doan't you know me? Why, we deal with you. We had a baby from here last week.—Tit-Bits.

A Reflection. "May I take this seat, madam?" said the traveling man to a lady in the rail-

Irate Customer—Take this rubbish back. I paid you for realivory and I find this is nothing but vulcanite.

road car.

"No, sir," said the female witheringly. "I have been keeping it for a gentleman."—Yonkers Statesman. A Case In Point, "Dő you believe in luck?" "I should say so. Snow last night blew off my neighbor's walk and drift-

ed to the full length of mine."-Chicago Record. Saw Several of Hen. Wife-You're drunk. Husband-Drunk (hic) er-s p'lyg' mist, m' dear. - Detroit Tribune.

WOMAN IN 1906. What May Happen When She Runs th

A gentleman dining at the same table The messenger came in haste with Mr. Gladstone ventured to remark of the board of county commissioners, that one of his oldest friends was still 'your presence is urgently requested''living in Liverpool. The veteran was "I can't come," she replied promptly. immediately interested, and in response "The affairs of the county are in a

to an inquiry from him, the name of an ost perilons condition"--aged Englishman who had known him 'Let 'em stay in that condition,'' she Mr. Gladstone repeated the name con-

"Your signature is needed to various templatively, tried hard to recall the cuments that''-friend of his youth, and finally declined "Send 'em up here and I'll sign them to acknowledge him as an early acquaint if I get time.'

''It will have to.''

You have not been to your office for earnestness and vigor with which Mr. Gladstone disclaimed all knowledge or nearly a week, and"-"And probably won't be there for another week," she said with asperity. belief in this friend of his boyhood. The gentleman who had introduced the sub-"The are at least a dozen men and women who have been there every day ject adhered tenaciously to his statement to see you on pressing official business and furnished additional particulars, that will no longer brook delay." naming the street in Liverpool where

In despair the messenger made his last appeal. "Madam," he said, "owing to you absence the business of the county is practically at a standstill. We will have who ever have succeeded in getting the to close up the building unless some

provision is made''— "Close it." she exclaimed angrily "Do anything you please with it, but don't bother me when I have more important matters to attend to. The baby is teething, and I shall remain here until the poor little thing feels better."-



"You know Haghair, the artist?"

"Well?" That is one over there." "He had on his easel the other day the most spirited and refreshing thing "I will show you. Now, then, whe t strikes, the cuckoo will call out. Hear

hain't it!''

'Indeed-what was it?' "A bottle of whisky!"-Judy.

Why He Kicked. Gent (excited)-I wish your paper rould go to blazes! Editor-Why, what is the matte

Gent-You reported the day before yesterday that a burglar had got into m house, had broken open my writing designed stolen the money out of it, but for tunately the thief had not perceived th watch which usually lies in anothe

drawer. Editor-Well, was not that correct? Gent-Correct enough, as far as tha goes. Only the vile scamp came again last night and collared the watch .-

The statement frequently made by scientists and doctors that the wearing of hats is what makes men bald is no sensical. They become bald because the men. They wear their hair long, and a bald headed woman is something rare. The prevention of baldness then i plain. Wear the hair long. Do not co it off. No one ever saw a man with long hair who was bald, and no one ever

will.-New York World. A Seeker After Knowledge, "Who was Aunt Ellen's mamma?"

"Mrs. Thompson."
"Will I see her when I go to Center rille to see Aunt Ellen?" "No, dear. She went to heaven a long time ago.''
'Will I see her when I go to heaven?

"Perhaps."
"Say, memma, will she be in the Centerville heaven or in our heaven?

-Indianavolis Journal.

"Be mine," he implored.
"Too late," she answered in a trem bling voice.

He buried his face in his hands Hope fled from his bosom.
"Too all fired late," the woman re

peated, "You might have said tha three hours ago. The idea of waiting until 1 o'clock in the morning.' Nevertheless they were married. Detroit Tribune.

A Difference.

Mrs. Fitz-Since we've been abroad my husband has grown quite courtly in his manners. He never leaves my presence now without making me a profound alaam.

Mrs. Noodle—So? It's different with my husband; he rarely leaves my presce without s'laaming the door. -Bos ton Courier.

Incredible. At a suburban theater, during a performance of the "Tour de Nesle," herald announces "The King!" Voice from the gallery: "What, him the king? Why, he owes me half a crown!' Etoile Belge.

"I took out \$10,000 insurance on my life today," said the meek man. "I suppose you will live for 60 or 70 years now," said his wife in an aggrieved tone.—Indianapolis Journal.

With Him. "Did he carry his audience with him?" "Yes. They chased him five blocks." -Chicago Record.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

His Bluffing Day

There were five of us who got to the prossing of Kaw river at the same time and we found the old scow which did duty as a ferryboat on the far side, with the ferryman dangling his bare feet in the water and evidently taking things

"Say, you!" called a cowboy from "Waal, what is it?"

"We want to cross over."
"Yes, guess ye do." "Come on with the scow." "I don't have to till I git ready!"

"When will you get ready?"
"Can't tell." It was evident that we had bumped n against an eccentric character, and nationally for him to take his time. Aft-

r 15 or 20 minutes he called: 'Mebbe ye hain't heard the news!'' it?" asked the cowboy, who had been delegated to do the talking or our side.

"The price fur gittin over used to b quarter, but it has riz. 'What is it now?'

"Half a dollar." 'And I've some news for you!''

'Waal!' "The price of cartridges used to be 50 ents a box, but they've come down to a quarter, and I kin afford to waste ozen or so!"

"Shootin at what?"
"At you! I'll give you five minutes ke a start!'' "Kin ye plunk that?" asked the ferryman as he held up his hat on a

"You bet!" replied the cowboy as h sent two bullets through it.
"That's 'nuff, and I'll come over! This is my bluffin day and I hate to crawfish, but if I must I must. That's he trupble out in this kentry. Ye luff an Injun and lick a Chinyman and sit all swelled up over it, and then along comes a critter who shoots two nanded and makes ye eat grass. Mighty peccoliar how the price of cartridge ell down jest as my price riz up,

Didn't Want a Cuckeo. "Have you what they call a cuckoo clock?" he asked, as he entered a jewel

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Yes, have the finest cuckoo clocks in town. "What does it do?" queried the man.

that?" "That is a cuckoo, is it?"

"Yes, sir." "Just goes 'Ooh-hoo! Ooh-hoo!" "That's it, sir." 'But what is the object?''

"Object! Why you get the tones of the cuckoo instead of the sounds of Jim, sir, and if ye are hit by a cable car this night, there'll be no tears shed bell. Hear that!"
"Yes, it goes 'Ooh-hoo! Ooh-hoo That's the way a live cuckoo goes, is it?' "Of course. I guarantee it to be a per

lect imitation. How do you like it?" "Don't get mad," said the custom s he looked at the clock in a puzzle way, "but I really can't understand

this thing. This is a cuckoo clock?" "Yes, sir. "When it strikes, the cuckoo calls out Och-hoo! Och-hoo!

"And that's all?"

"That's all, of course. What do you expect of a cuckou clock?" Dunno, but my wife has called me enckoo so often that I thought it amounted to more than this. No, I gues won't take one."

Half an hour later the man returne with a smile on his face to say: I made a mistake about that clock.

"How so?" "I said my wife was always calling me a cuckoo when things didn't go right at home. I got it wrong. It's a lulu she strained to sink down into a rancorous calls me, and if you have a lulu clock perhaps we can make a dicker.

He Told the Bookkeeper So. "Can I wait here for about 20 min ntes?" asked a man who entered the office of a factory on Woodbridge street the other afternoon and backed up to the

stove. "Certainly," replied the bookkeepe as he motioned to a chair. "It's just 20 minutes to 3," continued the man as he looked at his watch an compared it with the clock.

o'clock I shall be ready for him." "Some one is to stop for you?"
"There he is across the street. I go into a jaw with him down at the depot

and he slapped my face and kicked me and followed me up here. At 8 o'clock I'll lick him out of his boots!" The bookkeeper looked out of the window and saw a redheaded man o the opposite walk pacing up and dow and shaking his fist at the office. "I'll give him a surprise party, an

don't you forget it!' chuckled the call-er as he looked at his watch again. "He assaulted you, did he?"
"He did. He knocked me up against wall and then booted me clear acros

the street." "And you didn't fight back?" "No. My hours for fighting are 10 a. m. and 8 p. m. I can't get mad at any other time. You just wait and see ho I'll surprise that fellow out there." "I should think it would be rathe

inconvenient to be confined to regular

fighting hours?" observed the bookkeep-"Yes, it is sometimes, but on the whole it's better all around. As it is. I know when I have to fight and am prepared for it, and it's just as convenient for the other feller to be licked at a stated time. It is now five minutes of 8, and I'm getting mad. At 8 o'clock I'll Somerville Journal.

go out of here like a thunderbolt!" The bookkeeper thought he wouldn't and was about to tell him that he could sneak out through the shop into the alley when the clock struck 8, and the man uttered a yell and opened the door and made a rush across the street. The

redheaded man was waiting for him, but he had scarcely gotten his dukes up when he was knocked down, and in two minutes he was a licked man and

velling for mercy. "Didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed the fighter as he crossed over and opened the door. "Much obliged for your kind-ness. My hours are 10 a.m. and 8 p.m. and the rest of the time I attend to business. '

I was crossing the City Hall park at 10

the other evening when a man halted me and said: "I was sorry to do it, but I allow no one to abuse a friend of mine. See this bloody noso?"

Yes. You have been fighting." "Awfulest fight ye ever heard of, sir, but I downed him. I couldn't stand it to hear him talk agin ye, sir.' 'Who was talking against me?"

"One o' the regular vagabonds what hangs around here." But I've just come over the bridge. "I know it, but he was talkin before re come. He comes up to me and sez: Jim, if a man comes along here with a

black hat and a blue overcoat on, don't waste yer time on him. He's one o' the bloomin'est blokes in all New York. He wouldn't gin ye a cent if ye was dyin of hunger.' Them's the words he said. sir.' "And what did you say?" "Why, I rounds on him and sez, sez I: 'Jim, ye're way off yer feed.

bloomin bloke, as ye calls him, is a gentleman from the word go, with eart as big as a bar'l, and many a night this winter I'd have had to lay in snow but for his kindness. Don't call him no bloke.' That's what I said.

"And then Jim"-"He sez that if I stands up for a bloomin bloke I'm no better myself, and that I'm a liar to boot. Then we engages in a desperate struggle, sir, and I eaves him almost lifeless out there on Broadway. I can't forget a kindness. sir. I'd laid my life down for ye.'

"Thanks. It's a pleasant evening." "But hold on, sir! I engaged in a desprit struggle on yer behalf. This isn't red paint on my ear-it's blood.' "Yes, it looks like blood, but I'm in

a hurry. "And ye haven't a quarter for me

for defendin yer reputashun? "Not this eve." "Nor 10 cents?"

"Nor even a nickel?" Then that settles it, sir. I goes over to Jim and I sez, sez I: 'Jim, old boy, let's kiss and make up. I've met the gent as ye calls a bloomin bloke and ye was dead right about him. He hasn't got the feelins of a cobblestone and if it depended on sich as him ye'r me and the rest of the unfortunit of New York would dine off of icicles and slean in the snowdrifts.' Them's my words to

by them as kin shed 'em in a proper way to show their gratitood!"

A Grand Wind Up. "What's going on here tonight?" demanded a policeman as he reached a house on Grove street the other night at midnight to find the doors open and the family out in the yard, while the forms

of two men lay on the sidewalk as it "Say, boss, we jest had a leetle part; yere tonight," replied the man of the house, who had a candle in his hand.

"What sort of a party?" "Jest a nice leetle high tea, like de

"And where are the guests?" "All dun gone 'cept dese two gem' len, sah,'' 'And what's the matter with them'?' "Obercome, sah, same as white gem-

'len at a party. Yes, sah, dey disem-bibed too much of de flowin bowl, and upon gittin out doahs dey was con-

"Well, they'll get frost bitten out here," said the officer as he felt for his key to the patrol box. "I'll ring for the wagon and have 'em taken to the

"Please don't." put in the woman, who had been keeping very quiet.
"Linda, yo' shet!" cautioned the
husband. "We gin a high tea. De house husband. was crowded. Eberybody injoyed his self on de auspishous occasion, and de grand wind up was when de police bere de discoshus forms of two well known society men to de Bastille. Officer. do yo'r dooty!'

The officer did it, and the family went in and went to bed .- M. Quad in Detroit Free Press. Then He Would Take Life Seriously.

"I think your boy is too much inclined to look lightly upon the serious affairs of life, "said the teacher. "There is a buoyancy to his spirits that is carried to excess. It would be a good thing if he had a little more solemnity in his

manuer, ' "Oh, that will all come later in life," replied the father carelessly. "If I could feel sure of that"-"You can feel just as sure of it as you want to. He'll look as solemn as

dent before I am through with him." "What do you intend to do with "I intend to make him a professional humorist. I don't know anything that will make him take life more serious ly."-Chicago Post.

an owl and as serious as a Biblical stu-

Within the Magic Circle. Splazley-Isn't Longreen, the milionaire, hard to approach?

Jazblin—Yes. It always struck me he had a sort of gold reserve about him. -

Differing Views He—I never shall be truly happy. ave too complex a nature.

She—Complex? And papa said he believed you were simple. —Indianapolis Journal

HE SAVED HIS OVERCOAT.

But For All That His Little Scheme Was A young man had just bought an ercoat, a handsome, stylish garment.

That evening it rained heavily. He was going out, and did not relish the thought of getting his new coat soaked. On the hatrack in the front hall hung a mackintosh belonging to his brother and as the young man's eye fell upon it he said to himself:

"Just the thing! John won't be going out, and I'll save my new coat as much damage as it would get in three weeks' wearing."

He slipped on the mackintosh, went

out, and on his return found his broth-SUPERBE SITE POUR BATIR er in their room. "Say, old man," said the borrower Encoignure des Rues Royale 'I used your mackintosh tonight. et Bartholemew. "That was all right," said the broth

er. "I got along very well without it." Dans Priffaire de James Howat et John Robert Howat — Exécuteurs Testa-mentaires de Muie Catherine Howat "You haven't been out this evening, have vou?' "Then what did you wear?" Mme Mary Duncan et les Mineurs Ford, "Your new overcoat."-Memphis

No. 48,033 Cour Civile de District pour la Par-roisse d'Orléane-Division B. -ET-An eminent English judge who was

VINES & Dama.

PAR JOHN H. O'CONNOR.

AWNONOR JUDICIAIRE

PLACEMENT DE CHOIX,

-EN-

Propriétés du Troisième District.

COTTAGES SEULS

-SUR LES RUES-

Royale, Bartholemew et Inde.

pendauce.

-ET UN-

A PENCAN. SET

James Howat et John Robert Howat, Exécuteurs Testamentaires de Mme Catherine Howat, George Thomas Howat et a's.

VENTE EN PARTAGE. DAR J. H. O CONNOR-ALPRED C. GREEN.

"Yes, indeed. That's why I couldn's stay any longer."—Chicago Post.

Enduly Suspicious.

"Here is a remarkable article," said Semator Sorghum's wife. "It describes a man who lived for some time without any brain."

"I wish," said the senator impressively, "that you would turn your attention in other directions. These jokes about members of the greatest legislative body in the world are getting to be as undignified and offensive as they are stupid."—Washington Star.

He Thought It Was Considerable.

The stay any longer."—Chicago Post.

"I wish," said the serior impressively, "that you would turn your attention in other directions. These jokes about members of the greatest legislative body in the world are getting to be as undignified and offensive as they are stupid."—Washington Star.

He Thought It Was Considerable.

"I was a longer of the greatest legislative descenting the state of the s

nt du 1 rix d'achat au moment de la vente Acts de vente, aux frais des acquereurs, par-event Henry P. Labatut, Esq., notaire public, 16fév --16 23 mar-1 8,15 19

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE. Propriétés de Valeur dans le Sixième District.
Rue Berlin entre les rues
Campet Magazine.

Succession de Wm Kinberger. TAR N. WEL'S LONGSHORE. Encantrur—
Hureau No 54 et 56 ru- Haronne-MER-CREDI, 25 mars 1896, à mid, a la Bourse d'Encan de la Nouvelle-Orlèans, 54 et 56 rue Baronnepar et en verm à un cidrede l'Hon. N. H.,
Rightur, inge de la Division D. eta Cour Civil
de Bistr et pour la paroisse d'Orlèans signé et
l'enchère publique, ces propilètés ci-dessous décrites:

renchère publique, ces propilètés ci-cessous de-crites:

Deux certains lots de terre avec toutes les amé-licrations qui s'y trou, ent droits, etc., sindes dans le Sixlème district de cette, vinte, cans l'ilet. No 29 du Fautourg Est Borlizzy botne par les rues Casap, Milen, Bagazus et Berlin, sur un ulan déposé dans le burse de l'est actue cana dé signés commo lots sur 5 ct 6 et mestrant chacun trente piede et les cartes les parents de legres commo lots sur sur la true Berlin par une prefond urbles, charces les plans à a Bourses de les et parallètes charces les plans à a Bourse de l'est en les conscilectricas.

Termes conditions Un tiera ou plus comp-tant au gré de la quoreur, la balance s'il en rus-te a un créar a quoreur, la balance s'il en rus-te a un créar a casame unelles de sécurité. Les aujés ura assumeront en plus et su delà de leur au l'isse de les clauses unelles de sécurité. Les aujés ura assumeront en plus et su delà de leur au 1836.

N. P., aux fusis de l'acquerur. 23 fev.—23 mars 1 8 15 24 25

PAR E. A. CARRERE.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRS—Une moillé indivise de trois lots de terre formant l'ence gnure des rues Sentième et S. David—Dans la faire de la succession d'Horace. Whalev—No 38.823—Cour Civile de Distria, port, la Paroisse d'Orieans, Division E—No 47.543—Cour Civile de District pour à l'arci-se d'Orieans, Division E—No 47.543—Cour Civile de District pour à l'arci-se d'Orieans, Division E—No 400 que l'eridad.—MERCREDI, 18 mars 1806, à milit, a la Baure d'Éncen de la Nouvelle Orifans, que lisse outre, entre les rues Commune et Gravier, en vecu d'un ordre de l'Honorable tice H. Theard juge de la Cour Ci-tie de Districe, pour la paroisse d'Oriéans, i vision E. reudu et s'agé le 11 février 1890, dans l'affaire ci-desaus intitulée, la propriété suivante de serve de la Monorable tice d'un de l'element de la lour de l'element de la cour d'un ordre de l'element de la litté de l'element de la litté de l'element de l'eleme ANNONCE JUDICIAIRS-Une moitle faci-20 pour cent du pris d'achat au moment de lad-judication. Acte de vente pardevant J. C. Hea-riques, notaire, aux frais de l'aquéreur, 16 fév - 16 28—mars 8 15 18.

Succursale de la Compagnie d'Assurances du Sun Mutual DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS. Nouveau No 322, vieux No 68 rue Royale.

COMPAGNIE PHOENIX DE HABTYOED D'ASSUBANCES PHOENIX Pertes régiées à la Nouvelle-Oriéans, sinsi que la font les Compagnies locales. WM. M. REILLEY & CO., Agents pourl'Etat veur. M. REILLEY & CO., Agents 207 RUEGARONDELET—TELEPHONE 939.

Carondelet

Feu. Agent Général d'Assurances. No 30 Rue

PAR N. WELLS LONGSHORE.

"What," shouted the unfortunate young husband; "what is more harrow-ing than to be linked for life to a womwith a cold heart?"

Cincinnati Enquirer. The Conductor's Excuse. ar when I motioned to you?" "Beg your pardon, madam. Thought you were kissing your hand to me."-New York Recorder.

Oyclone.

Commercial Union Assurance Co., Limited, Londres.

Représente

The Greenwich Insurance Co., New York.

London Assurance Corporation. ler sept-lan

indeavoring to dissuade a friend from 'going to law'' was finally asked what e would himself consider a sufficient provocation for invoking legal aid. No 48,079 - Cour Civile de District pour la Pa-roisse d'Orléans—Division D. "My dear fellow," was his reply, after some deliberation, "I don't say that

er some deliberation, "I don't say that nothing would induce me to take legal proceedings against a person who had wronged me, but I do say that I should be very slow about it. If, now, you should deliberately upset my ink on the tableckoth, throw one of those volumes at the buss of Blackstone, break all my furniture, hurl the members of my family ont of the window and finally tweak my nose, I should without doubt take means to kick you down stairs, but once rid of you, by force or persuasion, there is no power on earth that would induce me to bring an action against you."—Youth's Companion.

Flaw In the Argument.

Good Roods Advocate—Look at the saving, my friend; look at the saving, my friend; look at the saving in money you would effect if you had a good turnpike or gravel road running from your farm to fown. Two horses could haul a heavier load on a smooth, hard road than six of your strongest horses can haul through that bottomless mud out there.

Strudy Farmer—What'd be my sheer of the tax fur gravelin that road, d'ye reckon?

"Perhaps \$100."

(Shifting his quid to the other cheek) "I guess I'll stick to the mud, mister. I can git all the hosses I want fur \$15 apiece. "—Chicago Tribune.

Multum In Parvo.

"Ab, the memories of those old college days," he sighed, as he laid aside a story of college life.

"You, which was a signed to the college days," he sighed, as he haid aside a story of college life.

"Yes, yes, of course," he admitted, "You onee told me," she went on pleasantly, "that you were only in college. "What's that?" he exclaimed.

"You onee told me," she went on pleasantly, "that you were only in college 12 weeks."

"Yes, yes, of course," he admitted, "You on have no idea how much was arrowded into those I'l weeks."

"Yes, yes, indeed. That's why I couldn's stay any longer."—Chicago Post.

"Heally?"

"Yes, indeed. That's why I couldn's stay any longer."—Chicago Post.

"Heally:" "Les a misiorations contained device delighe par would into those I'l weeks."

"Yes, indeed. That's why I couldn's sta nothing would induce me to take legal proceedings against a person who had

He Knew What It Was

Commercial-Appeal.

She-The sleighing isn't much, is it? He-Isn't much! It's \$1.50 an hour. -Truth.

The aged one spat thoughtfully at the hole in the stove door. "Waal," said he, "I dunno but cold feet is wass."— "Conductor, why didn't you stop the

Naming the Baby.

Wot! Call him "James?" Well, I guess not!
That ain't no name for such a tot;
It don't sound right nohow at all
To tack that on a kid so small.

Wy, "James" sounds like he was a man
Wot's big enough to think an plan;
A man wot's really of some note,
Or leastways old enough to vote,
Wile this chap ain't more'n two foot long.
An even if his voice is strong.

Wy, when it comes to choosin names,
It don't seem right to call him "James." Naming the Baby. An as fer "Jim," that's near as bad—
A name like that's fer some big lad,
Some one wot's full of life an vim
An near five times as big as him,
It seems to me that that there name
Belongs to lade wot's always game,
An this here kid ain't big enough
For anything so kinder rough,
An—p'r pa it's jest a little whim—
But I'm agin the name of "Jim."

An-wot? Jest say that once again!
Oh, well, in course it's all off, then,
There ain't another word to say,
For "Jimmie"—well, that sounds C. K.
—Ohicago Post.