

ENTRE CHIEN ET LOUP.

en même temps que lui; aux derniers mots il passe d'un coup son bras autour de la taille de la jeune femme.

LEON DE TINSEAU.

PERTE DE LA VOIX

Après une sévère bronchite GUÉRIS PAR L'USAGE DU Pectoral-Cerise d'Ayer.

"Il y a trois mois j'ai attrapé un violent rhume qui dégénéra en une attaque sévère de bronchite. Je me sentais si malade que je n'avais ressenti aucune amélioration. Je trouvais qu'il m'était très difficile de prêcher et je résolus d'essayer le

Pectoral-Cerise d'Ayer. La première bouteille m'apporta un grand soulagement; la seconde, que je prends maintenant, m'a délivré presque complètement de tout symptôme désagréable, et je suis certain qu'une ou deux bouteilles de plus me guériront d'une façon permanente. A tous les ministres du culte souffrant d'affections de la gorge, je recommande le Pectoral-Cerise d'Ayer." E. M. BRAWLEY, D.D., Sec. de District de la Société Am. Bapt. Publication, Petersburg, Va. Médaille d'Or à l'Exposition de Chicago.

CONSULAT DE FRANCE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS. BUREAUX, RUE N. REMPAIS, 343.

FEVRIER 1896. A l'avenir la présente publication s'adressera au Sr. M. A. M. G. H. Liste de publications.

Appareils & Médicaments pour Enfants. Véritable Seltzogene D. Fèvre. Siphons.

Philadelphia Dental Rooms. Coin Canal & Bourbon.

JULES ANDRIEU, ROCHEREAU & ANDRIEU, AGENT D'AFFAIRES.

PIKE WANTED A FOUT

ZEB WHITE WAS SICK, BUT HE HAD A SUBSTITUTE.

How a Critter Named Pike Became the Wollopedest Man in Sight and How a Good Wife Was Spoiled as a Very Natural Consequence.

One October day Zeb White, the possum hunter of Tennessee, took me along with him when he went the rounds of his woodchuck traps, and as we were coming home he told me this story:

"I worked so hard for three or four years after the war," he began, "that I got all run down and couldn't skerecky get about. That was days when I felt purty well, and days when I jest sot around and hadn't strength 'nuff to move outdoors. That same year a critter named Pike moved into the neighborhood. He was from Alabama, I believe, and he was a hefty man in a scrimmage. He talked so loud and blowed so high that ever'body was skeart o' him, and he jest went around steppin high and bossin the roost. Reckon ye hev met up with sich chaps in the north?"

"Yes, I've seen several of them," I replied. "That purky critter used to cum down to my cabin and brag and blow and tell how many men he'd licked, and one day I gin him plain to understand that I didn't believe in his stories. That made him mad, and he went away sayin as how he'd wollop me fur his next victim. He knowed I was in some head and couldn't fight a fly, but every two or three days he'd cum down and stand in front of the cabin and yell:

"Now, then, Zeb White, cum out here and git the awfulest wollopin a human critter ever received. I'm no hand to brag, but I kin tie both hands behind me and then show ye up in two minutes. I've licked 47 different men and never ever got my nose akicked. Either cum up that ye dasn't fight a man or cum out and be wolloped."

"That's the way he'd talk to me," continued Zeb, "and I'd git so mad that I cried like a child. Bimeby I begun to git a little better, and one day when he was callin on me to cum forth and be wolloped, I told him that if he'd show up a week from that day I'd tackle him. He went away crackin his heels and whoopin and rejoicin, and the old woman sez to me, sez she:

"Zeb White, if ye was a well man ye could wollop that critter befo' I could make a hoe cake, but ye've bin down like a mule ever since, and ye can't git well in a week. I'm sorry ye went away crackin his heels and whoopin and rejoicin, and the old woman sez to me, sez she:

"And did ye get better?" I asked. "No, I got wuss. Whisky and roots didn't do me no good. When the week was up, I was in bed and too feeble to walk across the room. That pesky critter knowed jest how it was with me, and it hev cum and stood in front of the cabin and shouts to the ole woman:

"Ar, this the dwelkin place of a varmint named Zeb White?" "She be."

HIS IDEA OF A SHARK.

The Boy Had Read About the Fish and Jotted His Ideas Down.

An examiner of lads under 16 for the civil service commission gave for a question, "Describe the habits of fish." Here is a literal transcript of one out of a batch of some hundred of answers.

"It was full of surprises," he answered. "That varmint was only a blow-hard arter all. The old woman walked around him two or three times and then sailed in. He hollered at the first jump and tried to git away, but she wouldn't let him. She scratched, kicked and on him he wouldn't hev looked wuss if I have a dozen bars had played with him. I've seen a heap of men wolloped, but he was the wollopedest man of the hull lot."

"And didn't he know it was a woman?" I asked. "Never knowed it till he got home and his own wife sailed in. He examined the claw marks and the bites. The story got around purty soon, and he had to jest pull up and move away. He had bin licked by a woman, and it was the wuss lickin he ever got."

"And how did Mrs. White come out of it?" I asked. "She didn't git a scratch, but I've allus bin sorry about it."

"For what reason?" "Waal," said Zeb, "he turned his face away from me, 'befo' that fount I gin him plain to understand that I didn't believe in his stories. That made him mad, and he went away sayin as how he'd wollop me fur his next victim. He knowed I was in some head and couldn't fight a fly, but every two or three days he'd cum down and stand in front of the cabin and yell:

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SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

It Made Him Tired.

The station agent at Canon City had a half grown oinnamper band chained up to a post as a pet and a curiosity, and while the train waited there for the east-bound train along many of the passengers crossed the tracks to gaze at the living curiosity. Among them was a girl faced young man with a lip, who viewed the bear for awhile and then went back to the agent and asked:

"Thir, I thee you have a bear over there?" "Yes, sir."

"With a real bear?" "Of course."

"If I should kill him, could I telegraph to my ma in New York that I'd lost 'im?" "They sorter expected I'd kick, but I didn't. Landa alive, but what's the use of kickin when you come down to see New York?"

"But you ought to be more careful of yourself," I protested. "Oh, let them have fun with Uncle Reuben if they want'er," he laughed in reply. "Feller down here took my spectacles off my nose as I was readin a paper and walked off with 'em, but I didn't holler nor chase him up. He jest wanted to have a little fun, you see, and I wasn't goin to tear down line fences about it. One of them cable kyars on Broadway knocked me off the track tother day, and more'n a dozen fellers wanted me to lick the conductor and sue the company. They didn't mean to run me down. It's jest thir way, you know, I expected to be run over at least four times befo' I got out of town."

"Well, you take things pretty easy." "Of course. When I'm to home and things don't go right, I sass around some, but I come here to have a good time, and I ain't goin to sass and jaw and kick. Feller over on Sixth avenue kicked me three times, but did I holler and raise a riot? No sir-ee! I come down here expectin to be taken for some one else and kicked, and I jest kept till I found out his mistake and apologized. Said he took me for a feller who stole his hat."

"Well, have a good time," I said as I turned to go. "You bet I will!" he replied as he waved me farewell. "When I fell down stairs, I busted my suspenders, tore the back out of my vest and ripped a coat-tail loose, but I'm all right on my feet, and I'll git sewed up and then hunt for a circus."

When the night tramp told me that he was hungry and had no money to pay for food or lodging, when he added that he had walked the streets of New York day after day and could get no work, when he grew pathetic and declared his readiness to commit suicide if things didn't change, I halted and asked:

"Why don't you get out of New York?" "Where'll I get to?"

MODERN METHODS FAVORED.

The Time Seemed Rip, and the Small Boy Gained His Point.

The boy had been deep in thought for several minutes. "Father," he said at last, "it's wrong to fight, isn't it?" "Yes, my son," replied the father, pleased to see that his lessons on that subject had not been wasted.

"It's wrong to try to settle disputed points by resorting to force, isn't it?" continued the boy. "It is indeed," returned the father. "The whole tendency of modern civilization is to do away with fighting of all descriptions."

"Muscle doesn't count for so much now as it used to, does it?" "No, my boy. Physical prowess does not rank as high as mental ability in the world today."

"The boy again relapsed into thought for a few minutes, apparently pondering his father's words. "Then of course we're all for peace now," he finally said. "Of course. Perfect peace is the ideal for which we strive now."

"And we should strive for that ideal in private as well as in public affairs, shouldn't we?" "Always."

"That's what I thought," said the boy reflectively. "Don't you think that we have a good opportunity to apply it now?" "In what way, my boy?"

"Why, let's arbitrate the question of that kicking that you are going to give me after dinner. Everybody arbitrate now."

It was arbitrated.—Chicago Post.

ASSURANCES.

Southern Insurance COMPANY, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Compagnie d'Assurances du Sud de la Nouvelle-Orléans. Treizième Etat Annuel.

La Compagnie, conformément à sa charte, publie l'état suivant de ses affaires pendant l'année terminée le 31 Décembre 1895:

Table with financial data: Primes reçues, Dépenses d'assurances, etc.

Table with financial data: Balance, Gains, etc.

Table with financial data: Comptes en banque, etc.

Table with financial data: Capital-actions, etc.

Table with financial data: Primes reçues, etc.

Table with financial data: Primes reçues, etc.

REPORT ANNUEL.

FIREMEN'S INSURANCE CO. OF NEW ORLEANS.

Compagnie d'Assurances des Feuilles de la Nouvelle-Orléans. Pour l'année terminée le 31 Dec. 1895.

Table with financial data: Primes de feu, etc.

Table with financial data: Primes reçues, etc.

Table with financial data: Primes reçues, etc.

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Table with financial data: Primes reçues, etc.

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GUERISON DU DIABETE

LE VIN PESQUI

Le Vin Pesqui est un remède efficace pour la guérison du diabète.

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PHENIX

Compagnie d'Assurances de Hartford Conn.

Compagnie d'Assurances de Hartford Conn. Agent Général d'Assurances.

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