

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION Over a Million Distributed.



Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1884 for educational and charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present state constitution in 1879 by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its Mammoth Drawings take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its Grand Single Number Drawings take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS, For Integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes.

Attested as Follows: We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.

Commissioners. We, the undersigned banks and banks will pay all prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries, which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres't Louisiana Nat'l Bank, PIERRE, LA. J. M. LEBLANC, Pres't National Bank, A. BALDWIN, Pres't New Orleans Nat'l Bank, CARL KOHN, Pres't Union National Bank, New Orleans, La.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, March 12, 1889.

Capital Prize, \$300,000

100,000 Tickets at \$2.50; Halves \$10; Quarter \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

Table listing various prize amounts and their corresponding ticket counts, such as 1 PRIZE OF \$500,000, 1 PRIZE OF \$100,000, etc.

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

Table listing approximation prizes, such as 100 Prizes of \$500, 100 Prizes of \$200, etc.

3,124 Prizes, amounting to \$1,654,580.

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

For Club Rates or any other desire information, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. Mail return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Send currency by Express at our expense, addressed to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

Or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C. Address Registered Letters to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER that the payment of the Prizes is guaranteed by Four National Banks of New Orleans, and the tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose character rights are recognized in the highest courts; therefore, beware of all imitations of spurious schemes.

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a ticket ISSUED BY US in any drawing. Anything over one dollar offered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.

HAGENOW & ASCHMANN, Philharmonic Orchestra

AND MILITARY BAND, Office, Rooms 139 and 140 Burr Block. Telephone 153.

J. H. W. HAWKINS, ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT,

Buildings completed or in course of erection from April 1, 1886: Business block, C.E. Montgomery, 11th and N. do do L.W. Billingsley, 11th near N. Restaurant (Odeon) C.E. Montgomery, N near 11th.

Residence, J. J. Imhoff, J. and 12th, do do J. D. Macfarland, Q and 11th, do do John Zebrung, D and 11th, do do Albert Watkins, D bet 9th, and 10th, do do Win M. Leonard, E bet 9th and 10th, do do E.R. Guthrie, 27th and N, do do J.E. Reed, M D, F bet 16th and 17th, do do L.G. Baldwin, G bet 18th and 19th, do do

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BILL NYE ON THE ROAD. A Few Remarks on the Peculiarities of Porters.

I carry with me, this year, a small, sorrel dog, weighing a little over twenty ounces. It contains a slight bottle of horse medicine and a powder rag. Sometimes it also contains a costly robe de nuit, when I do not forget and leave said robe in the sleeping car or hotel. I am not overdrawn in this matter, however, when I say honestly that the shrill cry of fire at night in most any hotel in the United States now would bring to the fire escape from one to six employees of said hotel, wearing these costly vestments with my brief but imperishable name engraved on the bosom.

This little traveling bag, which is not bigger than a man's hand, is rudely pulled out of my grasp as I enter the inn, and it has cost me \$20 to get it back again from the porter. Besides, I have paid \$25 for new handles to replace those that had been torn off in a frantic scuffle between the porter and myself to see which would get away with it.

Yesterday I was talking with a reformed lecturer about this peculiarity of the porters. He said he used to lecture a great deal at moderate prices throughout the country, and after ten years of earnest toil he was enabled to retire with a rich experience and \$9 in money. He lectured on phrenology and took his meals with the chairman of the lecture committee. In Duray, Colo., the chairman allowed his trunk to fall from a great height and the lid was knocked off and the bust which the professor used in his lecture was busted. He therefore had to borrow a bald-headed man to act as bust for him in the evening. After the close of the lecture the professor found that the bust had stolen the gross receipts from his coat tail pocket while he was lecturing. The only improbable feature about this story is the implication that a bald-headed man would commit a crime.

But still he did not become angry. He pressed on and lectured to the gentle janitors of the land in piercing tones. He was always kind to every one, even when people criticized his lecture and went away before he got through. He forgave them and paid his bills just the same as he did when people liked him.

Once a newspaper man who had done him a great wrong and said that "the lecture was a failure" to every one if he would come night at his hotel, instead of blowing out the gas and turning off his brains as he usually did, just turn off the gas and blow out his brains." But the professor did not do this. He spoke kindly to him always and once when the two met in a barber shop, and it was doubtful which was "next," as they came in from opposite ends of the room, the professor gently yielded the chair to the man who had done him the great wrong, and while the barber was shaving him eleven tons of coal piled up and fell on the editor who had been so cruel and so rude, and when they gathered up the debris a day or two afterwards it was almost impossible to tell which was ceiling and which was remains.

So it is always best to deal gently with the erring, especially if you think it will be fatal to them.—Bill Nye in New York World.

Two Heroic Souls.



"Dear George, I deem it only just to tell you that I am not the rich girl the world thinks me. My father's income is smaller than it has been, and my own private fortune, from my losses on the turf, yields less than thirty thousand a year."

"Lulu, dear, do you think me a fortune hunter that filthy lucre influences my love for you? Never! I love you all the more for your poverty."—Life.

A Precious Air Cushion.

We were spending the summer of '77 among the White mountains. Prominent among the guests at our hotel was old Mrs. R—, of Boston, always prating of her blue blood and old connections, or wearing every one by appeals to come and assist her in looking for various missing articles which through great carelessness she was invariably mislaying.

"What do you feed your white rabbit, Tommy?" inquired Mr. Bildus, who had called to talk politics with Tommy's father. "The stubs of papa's cigars," was the reply. "Why, doesn't tobacco make the rabbit sick?"

"Who said anything about tobacco? I guess you never smoked so of papa's cigars." Just then Tommy's father appeared. "Have a cigar, Bildus," he said, cordially. "I never keep any but the best and you can depend on these."

"Thank you," said Bildus, feebly, "but I promised my doctor this morning to stop smoking. I'm threatened with paralysis, you know."—Chicago News.

Postponed on Account of the Weather.

The convention of railway managers who had assembled to decide upon some new and safe method of heating railway cars had been in session fifteen minutes. "Gentlemen," said the chairman, rapping vigorously on the desk, "it has been moved and seconded that on account of the unexpected cold snap and the difficulty of warming this room, as well as the lateness of the season, we now adjourn until the third Tuesday of next July. Are you ready for the question?" (Put and carried unanimously.)—Chicago Tribune.

Getting Even.

"Why are you shoveling that snow on to the clean sidewalk?" "Faith, sir, of contracted wid th' woman in th' house for ter clean off th' sidewalk for the cubs, an' bedad, when it finished she wouldn't pay me, an' begorra, back goes her blothy sh'!"—Life.

They were on their way home from the theatre.

"We had a very interesting discussion last night at the debating club," remarked George. "The subject was 'What shall we do with our raw material?'"

"I know very little about matters of that nature, George," returned the girl timidly, "but I think some of our raw material should be disposed of on the half shell."—Epoch.

Felony Amelities.



"I wish you hadn't asked Capt. Warshaw, Lizzie. Horrid man! I can't bear him!" "Dear me, Charlotte— isn't the world big enough for you both?" "Yes; but your little dining room isn't!"

Still Waiting.

The hands of the clock on the mantel pointed to 12. The bleak wind whistled and moaned without, and a groan that sounded like an echo of the sad voices of the night burst from the lips of the gloomy young man who sat before the fireplace and looked at the dying embers. Despair was written on his brow and expressed in every line of his drooping, nerveless frame.

"My life has been a failure!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "Why should I seek to prolong it?" The light of a sudden resolution flamed from his eyes and the muscles of his mobile countenance seemed to harden into stone.

Seating himself at a table he wrote rapidly, as follows: "Sir—It is not necessary for me to waste any time in preliminaries. I will come to the point at once. I know who you are. I write for the purpose of confessing to you that I am a desperate but unrepentant scoundrel. I have committed every crime known to the calendar of crimes, including horse stealing, burglary, kidnaping, incendiarism, dynamite throwing, forgery, wife whipping, counterfeiting, embezzlement, murder, perjury, train robbing and scuttling steamships. When you receive this I shall be waiting for you with an iron poker to defend myself with and nothing else, so help me heaven! Dure you bring twenty of your bravest men and arrest me! If no I pronounce you a white livered cur and pusillanimous coward and sneak!"

He signed this with his full name and address, inclosed it in an envelope, and directed it. "It will save me from committing the crime of self destruction," he said with a grim smile.

This took place six weeks ago. The young man is still waiting. He had made the mistake of sending the letter to the chief of a gang of White Caps.—Chicago Tribune.

Force of Habit.

During the Centennial exposition at the head of one of the departments was a German of the name of Swartz. Late in May, when it had become quite warm and all of the other offices had their doors and windows open, he would insist on having his closed, and every time any one opened a door he would turn up the collar of his light overcoat and say "oh the fever, there was a draft."

One morning a clerk named Schulz came in and said, "Swartz, last night I had von had troum of you."

"Well, vat was it?" "I dreamt you vas told."

"Well, I dreamt ve all loved you so vell dat we konkluded to haf you cremated, so ve could haf haf part of your ashes. Ve took your body to Washington, Pa. Ve put you in the rector, in two hours somebody suggested you was done. I opened a lower door to see if you was and immediately I heard a voice say, 'Shut the door, there was a draft!'"—Philadelphia Press.

Warned in Time.

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ODES AND ENDS.

The deposits in the French savings bank in 1888 increased from 118,968,976 francs to 120,949,000 francs. The depositors increased from 547,898 to 561,540.

A fellow in Chester, Pa., has found out why a dog sometimes turns around three times before he lies down for a snooze. The reason is: A dog thinks that one good turn deserves another.

In France no novel, however popular the author, is published at a higher price than seventy-five cents, and it is only when a book has made a hit that it is brought out at an enhanced charge.

Not only should careless statements regarding our neighbors be ignored, but facts themselves should often be withheld in the interest of right thinking and fairness to our fellows.—Arkansas Traveler.

The Russian government has granted a concession for a period of eighty-one years to a company which proposes to join the Black sea and the Sea of Azof. The company has a capital of nearly \$17,000,000.

Mr. George Bancroft no longer appears in society. As he wrote in a pathetic little note to a lady who had sent him an invitation: "I cannot come because I carry upon me the weight of eighty-nine years."

A subscriber to a western paper asks: "How long does undisputed possession of an umbrella confer a rightful title to its ownership?" It is a fine legal question which the possessor of some one else's umbrella will settle according to conscience.

It was once said of the French artist Cabanel, recently deceased, that "if the model of a perfect gentleman were lost to the world it could be wholly restored from the personality of Alexander Cabanel." He was a very simple and charming man and his country was unfeeling.

Literary men don't always keep their gifts. Among the volumes presented by Mr. Gladstone to the library of the National Liberal is Cardinal Newman's book on universities. In the flyleaf is an inscription in the cardinal's neat regular hand—"From his affectionate J. H. N."

It has hitherto been the rule in Japan that all persons visiting governmental offices must alight from their horses or vehicles at the outer gate, unless they were of certain rank. This relic of feudal times has now been abolished. Every Japanese is now at liberty to go where he pleases on foot.

At the Stebbins art sale—the most notable in New York city this season—eighty pictures brought \$120,125, and the statutory \$1,000—making a total of \$121,125. "The Game Lost," a picture of 13 1/2 by 10 1/2 inches, by Meissner, brought the highest price—\$20,300—and Collis P. Huntington was the purchaser.

The Albany capitol has thus far cost \$18,000,000. The capitol in Washington, which Sunset Cox in his book pronounces the finest building in the world, has cost all told up to the present time \$13,000,000. The Palace of Justice, in Brussels, which is much larger than either, cost \$10,000,000.

Who has not often noticed that some of the most crucial, telling, obstinate and determined observations are made with a yawn, as the heart of a letter is sometimes deferred to the postscript? Always take the more careful note of what a person says to you with a yawn.

Great fields of asphaltum have been discovered in Utah and Wyoming territories. One field near Vernian, Utah, contains 700,000 tons of asphalt. This asphalt was formerly crude petroleum, which, escaping from natural openings in the ground, flowed into the plains where it now lies, and there dried.

There is a water wheel in use at Bowdoinham, Me., which is probably the only one of its kind in existence. It is twenty-seven feet in diameter, with a foot of its rim out of water at high tide; the spokes are wide and set diagonally, like the vanes of a windmill. It turns 18 hours of the day by tide power, running one way with the flow, the other with the ebb. With one foot fall of the tide this wheel gives about fifty horse power.

Humankind's Averages. The average weight of male adults is 150 pounds; of women, about 110 pounds. The average height of American recruits is about 5 feet 9 inches. The average height of well built men is 5 feet 9 inches; of women, 5 feet 4 inches. One inch of height should add two pounds to weight. The specific gravity of the body ranges from 0.950 to 1.030. The heart weighs 300 grammes in women and 350 grammes (10 1/2 ounces) in men; the average weight is 225 grammes. The period of its manhood weight is between 20 and 30.

The amount of blood in the body is one-thirteenth the weight of the body, or five or six quarts, or eleven or twelve pounds. A man dies when he has lost a fifth of his blood. The heart with each contraction ejects six ounces of blood from each ventricle, at a pressure in the left ventricle of one-fourth of an atmosphere. The heart sends all the blood round the body twice every minute, or in about thirty-five contractions. A deadly poison injected into a vein kills in fifteen seconds on the average; injected under the skin, in four minutes. A cubic millimetre of blood contains 5,000,000 red cells in men, 4,500,000 in women. There are 300 red cells to every one white blood cell. The red cells have an average diameter of 1-3200 inch, the white cells of 1-2500 inch. The specific gravity of the blood is 1.055. The frequency of the pulse in the newborn is 150; in infants of one year, 110; at two years, 95; at seven to fourteen years, 85; in the adult man, 72; woman, 80. The respirations are one-fourth as rapid as the pulse.—Medical Record.

Martin Luther. Martin Luther died on the 17th of February, 1546. The name of this inaugurator of the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century was rendered even more familiar to the public by the national celebration with which the 400th anniversary of his birth was celebrated throughout Germany. Aside from the ecclesiastical results of his career, Luther's translation of the Bible, through its universal currency among his countrymen, has had a powerful influence in preserving the German language from the undue effects of the tendency to change to which all languages are subject. In this respect the Lutheran Bible has exerted as potent an influence as the English version of King James has exerted in the preservation of the vernacular speech of England and the United States.—Philadelphia Times.

Like Service, Like Pay. Here is a new story of Paganini. One time in Paris he jumped into a cab and ordered the driver to make quick time to the theatre, where an impatient audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of Moise on one string of his violin.

"What's the fare?" he inquired. "For you, sir," said the driver, "ten francs." "You jest," laughed the great violinist. "Not so—your charge as much for a place at your concert."

Paganini was silent for a minute and then, with a complacent glance at the overreaching cabman, said, handing him a decent fare, "I'll pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

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Give Her a Striking Example. A father says to a little girl of five: "Suppose a little girl should strike you, you wouldn't strike back, would you?" After a moment's thought she said: "I should want to show her how she did."—Christian Advocate.

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Never Had Heard of Any.

"Are there any plumed grocers in this vicinity?" inquired the thin, scholarly looking man with the elegant brooch leader on his shoulder. "Never heard of any," said the western Nebraska farmer, "and I've lived 'n'yr seventeen year."

And the New England professor who was taking a vacation out west climbed wearily aboard the train again for a point a hundred miles further westward, the locomotive scarping up prairie chickens in clouds as it moved swiftly along.—Chicago Tribune.

Gratitute!



"Why, Charles, what's the matter?" "Matter? Why, I've just met that young puppy Jones that I lent that five pounds to, and he said he'd pull my nose for me if I bothered him for it again! What do you think of that?"

"I think he'll have his hands full if he does, Charles." "And now there is a coolness between them."—Judy.

One of Governor Hoard's Stories. Wisconsin's homely executive enjoys a wide reputation as a splinter of yarn, and some do not tell with a lessor relish than those at his own expense. Governor Hoard possesses in a high degree the indescribable "knack" of telling stories.

The governor tells a story, which, as related by him, is intensely funny, of a Yankee, who had a specky team, which, he claimed, had never been passed but once. One day the Yankee overtook a funeral procession which had been brought to a halt by the giving out of one of the horses which drew the hearse. The Yankee volunteered the use of his horses to take the place of the other team, and in a few moments he found himself on the horse driving slowly his speedy animals. Just at this juncture a rival who had frequently vanquished on the race track came speeding by, evidently highly exultant at once getting his old adversary at a disadvantage. Human nature asserted itself in the Yankee, however, and he let his horses out. Then an exciting race was begun, which only ceased on the part of the Yankee when he was overtaken by a man who rode up at a furious rate on horseback and told him that "there was a funeral procession half a mile back which was willing to put in a little time in a lugubrious way if it only had a corpse to head it." This was the only time the Yankee was free to confess that he had ever been passed on the road.—Chicago Herald.

Took Away Their Appetites. First Young Physician (at private banquet)—By the way, Squills, that was an interesting case I had in the typhoid fever ward of the Galen hospital last week. Second Young Physician—That case of typhus pulmonalis?

"Yes. It was complicated, you remember, with acute symptoms of tonsillitis and cerebral congestion. The whole mucous membrane was more or less involved. "Was there any cutaneous inflammation?" "Not until the patient had reached the delirious stage. The insomnia was more pronounced than in any hospital case I have attended this season. Ordinary opiates, taken both internally and hypodermically, seemed to have no effect, and bleeding was out of the question, of course."

"That reminds me, Stramonium, of a case I had a few weeks ago. The patient had been down for ten days with bilious rheumatic fever when I was called in. Drastic treatment, you know, wouldn't do. The entire epigastrium and—"

Whole Souled Host to group of guests seated near young physicians—Friends, you don't seem to be eating anything. What is the matter? Have you been neglected? Guests (weakly)—Not at all—not at all.—Chicago Tribune.

Ominous. It was Bilkins' wedding day and he was teasing his kid brother-in-law. "Well, Johnny," he said, solemnly, "I'm going to take your sister away off and have her all to myself, where you won't see her any more."

"No! Really, are you?" said the kid curiously. "Yes, I am. What do you think of it?" "Nothin'! I guess I can stand it if you can."—Washington Critic.

How Cynics Are Made. Brown—Seen Smith lately? Jones—Yes. What a change has come over him! B.—Change? J.—Yes, he has become a regular cynic. B.—Cynic? J.—Yes. He has no faith in humanity. Speaks bitterly of the entire human race. B.—Ha! Who refused him a loan?—Boston Courier.

Jose's Hair Dressing Idea. Jose, a bright little 3-year-old, had just made his first visit to the barber's. He looked very dissatisfied upon his return and his mamma asked the reason. "I don't like my hair combed this way, all in little curls," he said.

"How do you wish it?" queried his mamma. "Why, I want it like Uncle Tom's. I want it in two sides."—New York World.

Domestic Astronomy. Grandmamma had been explaining to the little girl how our earth is kept from flying off into infinite space by the attraction of the sun, which is constantly trying to draw the earth towards itself, while the latter always keeps its distance. "Grandma," said the little girl, "I should think the sun would get discouraged after a while and let it go."—Harper's Young People.

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