

Lake Charles Commercial.

VOL. 1. LAKE CHARLES, CALCASIEU PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1881. NO. 23.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GABRIEL A. FOURNET, Attorney at Law, Lake Charles, La., office formerly occupied by Louis Leveque, on Court House Square. July 9, 1881.-ly.

GEORGE H. WELLS, Attorney at Law, Lake Charles, Calcasieu Parish, La., Practices in Calcasieu, Cameron and Vernon parishes, and in Orange and Jefferson counties, Texas. July 9, 1881.-6m.

F. A. GALLAUGHER, Attorney at Law, will practice in this and adjoining parishes, and before the Supreme Court, at Opelousas. Sep., 3, 1881.-ly.

A. J. KEARNEY, District Attorney, 14th Judicial District, practices in the several parishes of the District. Office, in Lake Charles, at the Haskell House. Office, in Leesburg, at his residence. July 9, 1881.-ly.

J. C. MUNDAY, M. D., Surgeon, Physician and Obstetrician.

CONTINUES to practice his profession and can be consulted at his Drug Store, on Ryan street, at all hours. Lake Charles, La., July 9, 1881.-ly.

DENTISTRY.

DR. C. D. CRAIN continues to practice his profession, and can be consulted at the residence of Mr. John McCormick. Gold and Amalgam fillings, at lowest prices. Artificial teeth inserted, from one to a full set. Teeth extracted skillfully. Oct 29 '81.

G. KANN, PHARMACIST, SUCCESSOR TO

Dr. J. C. Munday.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared, day or night. Oct. 15, 1881.-4f.

FRANK MAISER, TONSORIAL ARTIST,

Ryan St., Lake Charles. HAIR Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing done in the latest styles. July 9, 1881.-4f.

JEREMIAH O'BRIEN, JAMES BLAIR.

O'BRIEN & BLAIR, Contractors and Builders, LAKE CHARLES, LA., July 9, 1881.-4y.

Furniture Repaired.

HAVING permanently located in the town of Lake Charles, I am prepared to repair all kinds of furniture, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Thankful for past patronage, I solicit a continuance of the same. Furniture revarnished at the house of the owner. Shop on Kirby street, near Ryan, Touchy building. C. H. BRUCE. Aug. 13, 1881.-ly.

SCHINDLER & VALVERDE,

SHIP BUILDING AND REPAIRING, Contractors, &c. On South Bank of Lake Charles. Sept. 3, 1881.

O. L. C.

MILLIONS IN IT!—DON'T GRUMBLE! JUST IN TIME TO SAVE MONEY! At last I have found the right man in the right place for Good and Cheap Work!

IF you want any work done in the line of Roofing, Guttering or repairing, or a good assortment of his own manufactured Tinware, or any old stoves repaired, you go to J. H. VOITZ'S Tin Shop, back on Ryan street, between Hill and Pine streets, opposite F. A. Gallagher's residence. Sign of the Big Coffee Pot. July 9, 1881.-ly.

LAKE HOUSE,

Opposite the Court House, Lake Charles, La.,

Livery, Feed Stable and Sample Room.

Bar Room and Billiard Saloon Attached.

GREEN HALL,

Sept. 18, '81. Proprietor.

HASKELL HOUSE,

Ryan Street, Lake Charles, La.

HAVING leased the above named House, I propose to run it in first class style. The table will be kept on the Restaurant plan, and no exertion will be considered too great, to render guests comfortable. THOS. R. REYNOLDS, Lessee. Aug. 20, '81.-4f.

KING'S RESTAURANT,

Ryan St., Lake Charles.

MEALS at all hours, and customers must not be satisfied that their appetites will be satisfied. July 9, 1881.-4y.

H. D. NIX,

GENERAL DEALER,

Nix's Ferry, Calcasieu

River, La.

I HAVE constantly on hand a large and varied assortment of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY

GOODS, AND READY-

MADE CLOTHING.

My stock of Boots, Shoes and Hats, is not excelled by any in the country.

My stock of Groceries is as complete as can be, and being replenished weekly.

From my long experience in merchandising in this parish, I feel confident of being able to satisfy all who will do me the favor to give me a call.

First class, hand made

CYPRESS SHINGLES,

always on hand, in any quantities.

Prompt and assiduous attention to the

FERRY,

day and night. I am specially prepared for crossing droves of horses and cattle, and for taking care of them, having just completed a

LARGE PASTURE,

in which are plenty of grass, water and shade.

vs. Highest market price paid for

Cotton, Wool and Hides.

Give me a call. H. D. NIX.

Aug. 13, 1881.-4y.

M. J. ROSTEET,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING, BOOTS AND

SHOES, HATS AND

CAPS.

GROCERIES,

—AND—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Lake Charles, La.

July 9, 1881.-ly.

NEW ORLEANS

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E. KAISER & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

CROCKERY AND TIN-

WARE.

ALL KINDS OF STAPLE GROCERIES.

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A Wedding in Wyoming.

[Oil City Derrick.]

Camping near the town, we secured our stock and then went in. Entering the leading store, I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors and the postmaster.

"It is now 2:30 and at 3 there's to be a wedding down the street at Jonas Burton's. Old Jonas is a rough old coon that we elected justice of the peace about a month ago, and, as this will be his first attempt at a marriage, I think we will see some fun. Come and go down with me."

We went to the old squire's cabin. We found him pouring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse and looking terribly anxious. After greeting us he said:

"Stiles, the durned galoots that got up these laws hadn't gumption enough to last 'em over night. I've run through the blamed book a half a dozen times, and can't find a dod-blasted word about mater-money, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got ter put the clamps on this couple, hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal, I can't help it."

"Oh!" said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people 'll never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man finally thought he could worry through in tolerable shape. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the 'squire, who began:

"Fellow citizens, this 'yar man and this 'yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bonds of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game ef tuk to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself, now and forevermore. All in favor o' ma percedin' as authorized by the law, say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, 'No.'"

Nobody said "No."

"The motion's carried unanimously, and the court rules that thar hain't nuthin' to pervent the tryin' of the 'case. Grip yer fins."

The candidates joined hands.

"Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll freeze to 'Mandy forever an' ever? That ye'll love 'er, an' purvide for 'er an' treat 'er squar an' white, accordin' to the rules an' regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the laws o' the United States, so help yer God?"

"Yass, sir; I do, sir."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain."

"Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time, that ye'll nuss him in sickness, that ye'll always be to him a good, true, honest, up-an'-up wife under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offences; do you swa'ar this, so help yer God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then, by the power in me vested as justice of the peace, in and fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you Mandy Thomas, wife, and legalizes ye to remain as sich now an' forevermore, an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your soul an' bless this union with his heftiest blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.

A Particular Advertiser.

"How much will this cost in your paper?" asked a quiet looking man as he handed in the following "death notice" at the Eagle counting room the other day:

SMITH—Basted a trace in this city, Friday, just after dinner, Mary Smith, wife of the under-signed and daughter of old Sam Pratt, the leading Blacksmith of Denver, Colorado. The corpse was highly respected by the high-ton'dest families, but Death got the drop on her, and she took up the bucket, with perfect confidence that she would have a square deal the other side of the Divide. The plant transpires this afternoon at her boarding house on Willow street. Come one, come all.

Dearest Mary, thou hast left us, For you on earth there wasn't room; But 'tis Heaven that has bereft us And snatched our darling up the flume. Denver papers please copy and send bill, or draw at sight.

By her late husband, P. SMITH.

"I don't believe you want it just that way, do you?" asked the clerk, rubbing his chin dubiously.

"Why not, stranger?" asked the quiet man.

"It don't read quite right, does it?" asked the clerk.

"Was you acquainted with the corpse, stranger?" demanded the quiet man. "Was you aware of the late lamented while she was bustling around in society down at that boarding house?"

"I don't know that I ever met her," responded the clerk.

"So I reckoned, judge, you wasn't up to the deceased, when she was in the living business. Now, judge, the deceased wrote that oration herself afore she died, and I want it in. Do you hook on, pardner?"

"But it isn't our style of notice," objected the clerk.

"Nor mine neither," acquiesced the quiet man. "I was for having a picture of her and a lot more talk, but she said she wanted to be quiet and modest like, so she whooped that up. Say stranger, is it going into your valuable space without any difficulty?"

"I don't know," said the clerk, dolefully.

"I know pard. This celebration comes off to-morrow afternoon, and that's going in in the morning, if it goes in out of a cannon. I've grief enough on my brains now, stranger, without erecting a fort on the side-walk; but if you want war I've got the implements in the back part of these mourning clothes. What d'ye think, judge?"

"Does it make any difference where it goes?" asked the clerk.

"I want it in the paper," said the mourner, "and its going in, if it takes a spile driver. Think you twig the racket, pard?"

"All right," said the clerk, "I'll put it in 'Salad' among the other mournful remarks."

"How much will this set me back stranger?"

"Four dollars, sir."

"That's business," and the quiet man paid the money. "If you ain't busy come around to-morrow. I'm going to give the old woman a send off, and if that gospeller don't work a pretty good program before he gets to the doxology, his folks will think he's been doing considerable business with a saw mill. She was a good one, judge, and she was pious from the back of her neck to the hinion on her heel; you can tell that from her notice," and the mourning widower wiped his eyes on the sly, and later in the day was fined ten dollars for thrashing the undertaker, who had put silver handles on the casket instead of gold ones.

Dr. Quinn, a California millionaire, keeps twenty ships busy transporting his wheat to England. He owns 55,000 acres of rich grain land, 45,000 of which were in wheat this season. One continuous furrow is seventeen miles in length.

A Story for Boys.

When Malek el Adib left the house of his childhood that he might go West and salt a mine and grow up with the country, after unloading upon some smart fellows down in the provinces, his mother gave him forty pieces of silver and made him promise never to tell a lie. "Go, my son," she said in a voice husky with hairpins—"go; we may never meet again, and if we do I will probably be married before you come back, and it wouldn't be pleasant for you to live at home and have to call some square-headed old muffer 'Pa.'"

The youth went, and the party he traveled with was assaulted by road-agents, who shot the driver, cut open the male-bags, blew open the express-box and went through the passengers. When one of the robbers asked the boy how much he had, he replied, with surprising candor:

"I have ten dinars sewed in my garments."

The robber laughed a hoarse guttural laugh in the United States language and passed on to an elderly man, thinking the boy lied.

Another robber asked the boy the same question, and receiving the same answer, laughed as did his comrade. Finally the chief called Malek to him and asked, what he had. The boy replied:

"I have already told two of your people that I have ten dinars sewed up in my gray clothes!"

The chief ordered the clothes to be ripped open and found the money.

"And how," he asked, "came you to tell this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised to never tell a lie."

"Aw, cheese that," the robber chief replied, "that's too diaphanous, stripling; it won't laundry. Stand him on his head, fellows, and tap him for all he's worth."

So the robbers stood Malek on his head and pounded the soles of his feet with the bastinadoes until he disgorged from various secret pockets, belts, double shoe-soles and from the straw and cushions of the coach one hundred and twenty-five dinars, a gold watch, a lot of Eric stock, seven railroad passes, some promissory notes, a new derringer, photographs of Maud Granger and Sara Bernhardt, a marked poker deck, a flask of Old Cabinet whisky, some chewing-tobacco, a diamond pin and a blood stone ring, a package of counterfeit tens and a slungshot. They then cut off his neck and tossed him over into the canyon.

"That," said the robber chief, as he pocketed the bulk of the swag, "will teach him to keep his promise to his mother the next time. Always play awful close on a man who tries the honesty lay on a road-agent."

A Convenient Seat.

[Texas Sittings.]

Somehow or other San Antonio has got the reputation of being a drinking town, and San Antonians are supposed to be always suffering from thirst. During the fair several San Antonians visited Austin, and among them a gentleman who is notorious for his public spirit, is said to be training for mayor. He attended a performance at Millet's Opera House, and requested a convenient seat. The usher showed him to a seat near the door.

"Do you call this a convenient seat?" asked the pilgrim from Alamo.

"You are from San Antonio, are you not?"

"Yes I am," was the proud reply.

"Well, I put you near the door, so you could get out easily forty or fifty times during the play to get some beer."