

Lake Charles Commercial.

VOL. 1.

LAKE CHARLES, CALCASIEU PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

NO. 24

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GABRIEL A. FOURNET, Attorney at Law, Lake Charles, La., office formerly occupied by Louis Leveque, on Court House Square.
July 9, 1881.-1y.

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.-1y.

F. A. GALLAUGHER, Attorney at Law, will practice in this and adjoining parishes, and before the Supreme Court, at Opelousas.
Sept. 3, 1881.-1y.

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.-1y.

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.-1y.

DENTISTRY.

D. R. 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.-1y.

FRANK MAISER, TONSORIAL ARTIST, Ryan St., Lake Charles.

HAIR Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing and Hair Dyeing done in the latest styles.
July 9, 1881.-1y.

MEMLAN J. BIRNEN, JAMES BLAIR

O'BRIEN & BLAIR, Contractors and Builders, LAKE CHARLES, LA.
July 9, 1881.-1y.

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 continuance of the same. Furniture revarnished at the house of the owner. Shop on Kirby street, near Ryan, Town of Lake Charles, La., C. H. BRUCE.
Aug. 13, 1881.-1y.

SHINDLER & VALVERDE, SHIP BUILDING AND REPAIRING.

Contractors, &c. On South Bank of Lake Charles.
Sept. 3, 1881.

W. O. I. C.

ALWAYS IN IT!—DON'T GRUMBLE! JUST IN TIME TO SAVE MONEY! 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 need assortment of his own manufactured Tinware, or any old stoves repaired, you go to **JOS. VOLTZ'S** Tin Shop, on Ryan street, between Hill and the streets, opposite F. A. Gallagher's residence. Sign of the Big Coffee Pot.
July 9, 1881.-1y.

LAKE HOUSE, Opposite the Court House, Lake Charles, La., Store, Feed Stable and Sample Room.

Billiard Room and Billiard Saloon Attached. GREEN HALL, Proprietor.
Sept. 18, '81.

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 Restaurant plan, and no exertion will be considered too great, to render the same comfortable. THOS. R. REYNOLDS, Lessee.
Aug. 20, '81.-1y.

WING'S RESTAURANT, Ryan St., Lake Charles.

DEALS at all hours, and customers may rest assured that their appetites will be satisfied.
July 9, 1881.-1y.

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.

Highest market price paid for

Cotton, Wool and Hides.

Give me a call. H. D. NIX.
Aug. 13, 1881.-1y.

M. J. ROSTEET,

DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING, BOOTS AND

SHOES, HATS AND

CAPS.

GROCERIES,

—AND—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Lake Charles, La.

July 9, 1881.-1y.

NEW ORLEANS

CHEAP CASH STORE.

E. KAISER & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,

CROCKERY AND TIN-

WARE.

ALL KINDS OF STAPLE GROCERIES.

We are also Agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine

—AND—

Waltham Watches.

In order to make room

for our Fall Stock, we will

close out our Summer stock

of goods at ten per cent. less

than our former prices.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO SECURE

BARGAINS!

Come and see for yourself!

LAKE CHARLES, LA.

Aug. 13, 1881.-1y.

St. Louis Type Foundry,

N. E. Corner of Third & Vine Sts.

DEALERS IN

Printing and Writing Papers, Cards and Card Board, Tags, Envelopes, Printing Inks, Bronzes, &c.

Programme Cards, Wedding Envelopes, Wedding Papers, &c.
July 9, 1881.

GALVESTON ARTIFICIAL STONE WORKS.

ORNAMENTAL Chimneys, Water, Sewer and Drain Pipes, Well Pipes. A full supply of ornamental floor and window caps, sills, steps, key-stones, water-tables, curb stones, cemetery vaults, garden-walk and flower-bed edgings, pavements, and artificial stone work of every description, made to order.
M. J. ROSTEET, Agent for Calcasieu Parish.
Aug. 13, 1881.-1y.

WANTED.—By a man of family, a situation as Book-Keeper. The best of references given. Apply at this office.
[Oct 15 '81.]

Nothing in the Papers.

[Dr. Hars in Waverly.]
"There is nothing in the paper," said a young friend, dashing it on the floor; "no news at all; it is miserable, stupid!" Look again my friend, at the carefully printed columns, the different headings, foreign home and domestic news, and wit and humor. Think for a moment, when you gaze at it, how the ever-taxed editor has tried to please you. There is no class of men more over worked than these, no labor more wearing than mental labor. It is easy to cry out "nothing in the paper," for those who know little of the drudgery, the painstaking, the hours of mental weariness, the tedious compositions. No paper can be printed with its carefully prepared columns containing nothing, unless the editors, reporters and printers are all fools, which is a matter too absurd to be suggested. It is common, when a person is not exactly suited, to exclaim, "there is nothing in the paper." In a railroad car, I once observed two gentlemen purchase copies of the same edition of a paper; one gazing over his, handed it across to a neighbor, exclaiming, "Here Sam, have the morning paper! There is nothing in it to-day, it is hardly worth lending." The other gentleman took his, and continued to be absorbed. Presently the man by his side asked him what interested him so much. He replied: "Everything; the paper is well gotten up this morning; the editorials are especially fine." This proves that what pleases one does not suit another. He assured that it is no child's play to edit and conduct a newspaper; it is a very serious, tedious, important, responsible position, and a man who manages a well circulated and satisfactory newspaper, has almost the wisdom of Solomon. Let those who doubt it take the editor's place for a while; nothing more is needed to cure a grumbler. Our friend when he is tempted to make such silly remarks, had better pause to consider whether the fault be in the paper or in his silly little head.

He Didn't Like Her Mouth.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]
A strange case of matrimonial infelicity has been in progress on East Market street during the past week. The "deserted wife" in this case has long been a sufferer from defective teeth, and has passed many a sleepless night on account of the toothache. About a week ago she called upon a physician for relief, and he informed her that it was useless to expect relief except by the aid of the forceps. She then called upon a dentist, and after examining them he told her every tooth would have to come out before she would be free from pain. It was rather unwelcome news, but she had suffered so long and tried so many remedies in vain that without more ado she mounted the dental chair, and in a few minutes the dentist removed the old snags that had been the source of so much annoyance, and she returned home. When her husband returned from his work that evening he looked at her in perfect amazement a moment, and asked her what in the world she had been doing to make her so ugly. She showed him that her teeth had all been pulled out, which caused the changed expression, when he suddenly wheeled about and uttering an expression of disgust he left the house and has not returned yet. He has taken board several squares away from his home and refuses to go back home. The wife is nearly heart-broken to think that in getting rid of the toothache she lost a husband.

The True Wife.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes.]
Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails were unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on, and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arm and left the ship to drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high decked, full freighted, idle sailed, gay pennioned, but that for the bare, toiling arms and brave, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream and have been heard of no more.

The Lawyer and the Quaker.

The plain garb and quiet manner of a Quaker often cover a great deal of shrewdness. He who thinks that the head shaded by the broad-brimmed hat is easily duped will rise from the attempt "a wiser man." An English lawyer of large fortune once had it made very plain to him that a Quaker may be in simplicity a child, while a man in wit. The lawyer owned a large estate, worked by tenant-farmers to whose interests he was selfishly indifferent. Among his tenants was a Quaker. The farm which he leased was so unproductive that he applied to the lawyer for a reduction of rent. The application was refused. The Quaker then asked that he be allowed to surrender his lease. That, too, was refused. "Wilt thou, then," said the shrewd Quaker, knowing the grasping disposition of his landlord, "give me a longer lease, that I may endeavor to make the land more profitable?" The landlord not only consented to this request, but was so pleased that he agreed to reduce the rent half a guinea per acre. In England a lease is frequently drawn so as to run during the lives of certain persons selected for their apparent longevity. The Quaker, requesting that his own life be omitted from the lease, as he considered it a precarious one, suggested the names of three persons. The lawyer was so overjoyed at leasing his land for a long and remunerative term, that he readily accepted the names. The new lease for three lives was executed and the old one canceled. A fortnight afterward the lawyer landlord was surprised at receiving a call from his simple Quaker-tenant. His surprise changed to mortification as the Quaker, handing him the lease, said quietly, "Friend, I have done with thee and thy land. May thee have all the success thou deservest. The lives thou gavest me are all gone; they are no more. 'Fare thee well.'" The lawyer soon learned that the three men whose names had been inserted in the lease were at the time under sentence of death, and in the jail of an adjoining county. The day before the Quaker called to surrender his lease they had been hanged. In this case of "diamond cut diamond," disgust at the selfishness of the landlord should not blind us to the Quaker's deceit. He doubtless, thought it justifiable shrewdness. But the true code of morals stamps it as an immoral trick. "He must have a long spoon who eats with the devil," was perhaps the old proverb that ran in the lawyer's mind, as he laid aside the returned lease. And that is the moral of the anecdote to all who are grasping. "Where has the summer gone?" sighed Nellie, combing her bangs on Willie's ear-locks. And Willie, looking dreamily out over the stubbled hay fields, said wistfully, "I reckon its gone to grass." Thus one by two the onions fade, swig by swig the jug runs dry; year by year, in changing grade, brand new children wink and cry. When a Boston girl is presented with a bouquet, she says: "Oh, how deliciously sweet; its fragrance impregnates the entire atmosphere of the room." A down-East girl simply says: "It smells scrumptious; thanks, Reuben."

How He Lied.

Old Parson S', of Connecticut, was a particular kind of person. One day he had a man plowing in his field, and he went out to see how the work was getting on. The ground was very stony, and every time the plow struck a stone the man took occasion to swear a little. "Look here," cried Parson S., "you must not swear that way in my field." "Well, I reckon you'd swear too," said the man, "if you had to plow in such a stony field as this." "Not a bit of it," said Mr. S. "Just let me show you." So the parson took hold of the plow, but he very soon had trouble with stones. As stone after stone caught the plowshare, Mr. S. ejaculated: "Well, I never saw the like." And that he repeated every time a stone stopped his onward way. As soon as he had plowed around once or twice, he stopped and said to the man; "There now! You see I can plow without swearing!" "But, I guess it is pretty near as bad to lie," answered the man, "and you told a dozen o' lies. Every time the plow struck a stone you said, 'I never saw the like,' when the same thing happened a minute before."

Tribute to a Mother.

[Lord Macaulay.]
Children, look into those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by her gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after years you may have friends—fond, dear friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh with my struggles with the dark, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, when nesting in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her voice, her glance cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church-yard; and still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

The True Wife.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes.]
Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails were unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on, and I knew that if the little steam tug untwined her arm and left the ship to drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high decked, full freighted, idle sailed, gay pennioned, but that for the bare, toiling arms and brave, beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream and have been heard of no more.