

MACHINERY, HARDWARE.

IMPROVED FELTON PATENT PLANTATION MILLS.

Have stood the Test of Ten Years' Constant Use—Awarded Diplomas at the Louisiana Mechanics and Agricultural Fair.

Make UNFALTED FINE MEAL, and Crush and Grind Corn Cob and Buck together.

MACHINE OF LARGE CAPACITY For Milling Cotton Seed, Suitable for Factory or Plantation Use.

These Mills are Simple, Durable and Cheap, have been thoroughly tested, and are fully guaranteed.

STAUFFER, KENT & CO., LATE SIARS, STAUFFER & CO., 71 Canal Street.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. Comprising the following well known Flows:

250 JAMES H. HALL'S PREMIUM. (Awarded first Premium at the Fair of 1892 and 1893.)

50 GARDNER & CO.'S PATENT. 250 HALL & ATKINSON'S, Genuine. 150 HALL & ATKINSON'S.

100 R. F. AYER'S. 270 JOHN KING'S, Carey. 350 TOTT'S PLOW AND SCRAPER.

FIRST PREMIUM SELF-SHARPENING "DIAMOND" GRIST MILL, PATENTED JUNE 14—REISSUED SEPT. 15, 1885.

The attention of Planters, Millers and Distillers is called to this Mill as being especially adapted to their wants.

Depot and Showrooms for these Mills, 106 Gravier and 17 Union Street.

CHAS. E. WYNE & FARR, DEALERS IN AND MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS FOR MACHINERY AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

106 Gravier and 17 Union street, NEW ORLEANS.

On hand at all times a complete stock of STEAM ENGINES, both stationary and portable.

SAW MILLS, COTTON GINS AND CONDENSERS, RICE MACHINERY, SUGAR MILLS AND EVAPORATORS, DIAMOND GRIST MILLS AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

On hand at all times a complete stock of STEAM ENGINES, both stationary and portable.

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On hand at all times a complete stock of STEAM ENGINES, both stationary and portable.

LOTTERY.

REAL ESTATE LOTTERY.

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS WORTH OF REAL ESTATE.

LOCATED IN THIS CITY.

To be Disposed of by Lottery.

The drawing of this Lottery will take place (as soon as the tickets are sold) under the charter of the

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY

Granted by the Legislature of the State in 1892, and which embraces in its Scheme some of the MOST VALUABLE PROPERTY IN THIS CITY, to-wit:

THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL, now open to the public and doing business.

THE OLD CITIZENS' BANK.

THE DWELLING STORES AND WAREHOUSES, Nos. 116, 118 and 120 Royal street, adjoining the Hotel.

THE DWELLING AND BUILDINGS No. 45 St. Louis street, opposite the Hotel.

THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL FARM, BUILDINGS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

SQUARES AND PARTS OF SQUARES OF HIGHLY CULTIVATED GROUND.

12 Prizes.....Tickets \$10.

For a full and particular description see Circular, which will be sent postpaid to any desiring it; and all orders for Tickets will receive prompt attention by addressing

O. E. HALL, S. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, La.

GREY JACKET BITTERS. TO THE REAL SOUTHERN PEOPLE.

New Orleans, December 1, 1892.

In the year 1892 the undersigned, perceiving that their friends in the South were being imposed upon by thousands of vile compounds under the names of Whiskies, Brandy, Gin, Schnapps, Bitters, etc., etc., determined to begin the manufacture of a pure medicinal spirit out of home-grown Southern herbs, to supply the want of the public in this line, which had created the demand. We called our spirit

GREY JACKET BITTERS.

THESE SPIRITS WERE BAD WAS UNDENIABLE.

But with whom the responsibility properly rested the Southern people could not reasonably know, nor do we suppose they cared.

They only ceased to purchase them and bought the GREY JACKET BITTERS in their place.

Actual Capital Required.

Twenty-five thousand miles of wire.

GREY JACKET BITTERS.

Have Never Been Counterfeited.

AND CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED UPON, AND THAT AS FAR AS IS IN OUR POWER, SHALL ALWAYS BE KEPT PURE.

WE NEVER HAVE, NOR NEVER SHALL, MAKE TWO KINDS OF SPIRITS.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF GREY JACKET BITTERS.

No. 19 New Levee Street.

And 11 Falgout Street.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

NOTICE.

TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

THE NATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

A new enterprise, to be known as the NATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY, has been organized, with valuable franchises conferred by a recent act of Congress, for the purpose of establishing TRUST LINES OF TELEGRAPH on all the principal railroads and mail routes in the United States.

The Stock is to be issued upon the same principles as that of the Merchants' Union Express Company, which recently commenced operations. The design is to interest the entire business community in the enterprise. This is done, not so much to dispose of the Stock as it is to secure the best of the country through which the lines pass.

The Capital is to be \$10,000,000.

In 100,000 Shares, of the par value of \$100 Per Share.

And this amount is to be paid in Cash to the Board of Directors; Installments not to exceed five per cent. per month. When thirty-five per cent. of the par value of the shares has been paid, certificates of stock will be issued. This will give the Company a paid up

capital of \$3,500,000.

Which will be sufficient to duplicate lines to all, or nearly all, the paying points reached by the present monopoly.

The present Telegraph Companies of this country have been consolidated into one large monopoly, and are now operating over six millions of miles per year, or over one hundred per cent. on the actual cost of their lines, their present capital having been watered over one thousand per cent.

The NATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY have a suggestion from the United States Government of the importance of their enterprise, with a grant of the most valuable franchises ever conferred upon a Telegraph Company. No competing line has ever had the rights now granted by Congress to this Company to construct and operate lines over every Railroad and Mail Route in the United States. The position of this Company differs from that of any company ever before organized. The question of the Right of Way is forever settled.

The Stockholders of this Company cannot be sold out or transferred to any other Company. The act of Congress under which this Company has been organized prohibits any transfer of the franchise granted.

One per cent. of the Stock will be required on subscribing and subsequent calls, not to exceed five per cent. per month, to be made by the Board of Directors, from time to time, as may be necessary, to supply funds to construct and equip the line; but no call will be made after the one per cent. is paid until the entire Capital Stock shall have been subscribed.

Which will connect all the commercial centers and important places in the United States. This option rests upon the most reliable estimates and responsible offers to construct and equip the line.

The NATIONAL TELEGRAPH COMPANY is organized under the laws of the State of New York, and franchises conferred by an act of Congress, approved July 24, 1892.

President—GEORGE B. SENTER, of Cleveland, Ohio. Vice-President—ROBERT W. SQUIRE, of New York City. Secretary—GEORGE B. WALTER, of New York City.

A limited amount of the Capital Stock of this Company is offered in this locality, and those having an opportunity, and desiring to subscribe, will be glad to receive the prospectus, and will secure like interest in all franchises which have secured, or may hereafter secure to the Company, from any and all sources.

Subscriptions will be received by DANIEL EDWARDS, Resident Director for the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Texas and Louisiana, 35, 37 and 39 New Levee Street, New Orleans.

D. WEBSTER, At the office of H. G. Dana & Co., 70 Canal Street, New Orleans.

Parties subscribing to the Stock will communicate the same letter to the Resident Director, DANIEL EDWARDS, at this city, at the time of subscribing.

The New Orleans Crescent.

UNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1893.

"My Chale!"

Midway between the snow-peaks and the valley. Among the mists, with cliff-suspended basements.

Below, the vineyards laugh with garlands verdant. And call the Switzer from his rocky fastness: Above, reigns Freedom, 'mid her snows eternal, Templed in light and everlasting.

Round her pure shines of everlasting whiteness The winds are ebbing from their unseen pealters: The moon alone, in robes of fitting brightness, Perfumes all these high altars.

Through the blue aisles, attendant where he marches, The moon bears up his long and trailing vesture, Where crowding constellations through the arches Look on with prayerful gesture.

From everlasting unto everlasting, And freedom sanctifying all the region, A summer feast, a winter prayer and fasting— This is the Alps' religion.

Pure as a vision in an angel's dreaming, With laughing lips and eyes of wondrous lustre, She rises with her locks of sunlight streaming, Where watery pearl-drops cluster.

The loving vapors, thin as gossamer gauzes, Float round her form and carefully enfold her, While through her veil, with momentary pauses, She smiles on the beholder.

We know not when, amid the boiling torrent, We find our life stream tortured into madness, What lovely sprites from out the gulf's abhorrent May rise with rainbow gladness.

Still let me gaze: it is no idle fancy, Sung by the bard to wit a transient laurel, Nor yet the thoughtless painter's necromancy; But God's consoling moral!

THE BOY OF THE PERIOD. A DIRTY, LAWLESS, LYING, CONSCIENCELESS, UNREMARKABLE BARBARIAN AND MISLEADER.

While the girl of the period has been subjected to the sarcasm and anathemas of the Saturday Review and its imitators for the last twelve months, singularly enough the boy of the period has escaped unscathed. This exemption from criticism is certainly unaccountable, for he is vastly more obnoxious than the most obnoxious type of the much abused girl. The latter is rarely unpleasant to an unendurable extent, except during the brief period of her transition from childhood to girlhood, when she is yet uncertain what to do, and requires the "restrained display" of her ankles, or modesty demand that she should be exhibited only through the aid of carefully arranged accessories. At this stage in her existence the girl is usually disagreeable, or at least bashful, and in either case is almost invariably an undesirable acquaintance. But this period is, at any rate, a brief one, while the boy from his tenth to his fifteenth year is a white-hot combination of whatever is aggressively unpleasant in human nature.

As a rule, he is totally indifferent to the distinction between truth and falsehood. This arises partly from the undeveloped state of his moral faculties, and partly from his ignorance of the meaning of honor. He invariably extricates himself from difficulties by lying, and is uniformly free to accuse another of his own misdeeds. He is cruel both to his fellow boys and to the defenseless higher animals that fall within his power. Ordinarily he is dirty, and almost invariably he is rude. Apparently he is totally devoid of conscience, and were it not for occasional instances which prove the contrary, we might be justified in concluding that the boy never becomes possessed of a personal soul until he reaches the age of fifteen or thereabouts.

These moral defects inherent in the boy of the period are, however, of little consequence when compared with the more heinous qualities which distinguish him. Gifted with a sharp and strict voice, closely approaching in quality to the cry of a saw, he is ever ready to seize upon the slightest opportunity to torture the ears of humanity with his ceaseless curia, and when in the service of the proprietor of a fruit or fish wagon makes the music of the fish horn seem melodious by contrast. At the opera or theater he is seen in his wretched get-up, armed with "books of the opera," and "fans," which he attempts to yell the public into purchasing, he draws the music of the overture, and makes his fellow boys forward to the curb, when he shall be again left loose upon them with diemay and horror.

Provided by shameless men with hand-bills he infests the sidewalk and thrusts himself perpetually between the feet of unfortunate pedestrians, and lacerates the feelings of cleanly men by touching them with his unpleasant hand. Nothing is sacred to him, and the personal features of men or women which excite his attention are made the subject of his remarks. Wrapped in his sublime self-conceit, he thrusts himself into the presence of his presence is specially undesirable. He sits next to you in the street car, and eats apples and peanuts in a way that ought to be made a statutory offense under the laws of the State of New York, and franchises conferred by an act of Congress, approved July 24, 1892.

President—GEORGE B. SENTER, of Cleveland, Ohio. Vice-President—ROBERT W. SQUIRE, of New York City. Secretary—GEORGE B. WALTER, of New York City.

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NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

BY CHARLES DICKEY.

A LITTLE DINNER IN AN HOUR.

It fell out on a day in this last autumn that I had to go down on London to a place of seaside resort, on an hour's business, accompanied by my esteemed friend Bullfinch. Let the place of seaside resort be, for the moment, the most famous of its kind. I had been loitering about Paris in very hot weather, pleasantly breakfasting in the open air in the garden of the Palais Royal or the Tuilleries, and I had been loitering about Paris in very hot weather, pleasantly breakfasting in the open air in the garden of the Palais Royal or the Tuilleries.

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clashed our loaf of bread, and vanished with the same.

Bullfinch with detracted eyes was following this unaccountable figure "out at the porch" like the ghost in Hamlet, when the writer who ought to have been asleep, was jostled against it, carrying it.

"Waiter!" said a severe diner, lately finished, perusing his bill fiercely through his eyelids.

The waiter put down our tureen on a remote side table, and went to see what was amiss in this new direction.

"This is not right, you know, waiter. Look here. Here's yesterday's sherry, one and eight pence, and here we are again, two shillings. And what does six pence mean?"

So far from knowing what six pence meant, the waiter protested that he didn't know what anything meant. He wiped the perspiration from his clammy brow, and said it was impossible to do— not particularizing what—and the kitchen was so far off.

"Take the bill to the bar, and get it altered," said Mr. Indignation Cocker; so to call him.

The waiter took it, looked intensely at it, did not seem to like the idea of taking it to the bar, and submitted, as a new light upon the case, that perhaps six pence meant six pence.

"I tell you again," said Mr. Indignation Cocker, "here's yesterday's sherry—can't you see it?—one and eight pence, and here we are again, two shillings. What do you make of one and eight pence and two shillings?"

Totally unable to make anything of one and eight pence and two shillings, the waiter went on to try if anybody else could; merely casting a backward glance at Bullfinch, in acknowledgment of his pathetic entreaties for our soup tureen.

After a pause, during which Mr. Indignation Cocker coughed, Bullfinch rose to get the tureen, when the waiter reappeared and brought it; dropping Mr. Indignation Cocker's altered bill on Mr. Indignation Cocker's table as he came along.

"It's our waiter, gentlemen," murmured the waiter; "and the kitchen is so far off."

"Well, you don't keep the house; it's not your fault, we suppose. Bring some sherry, waiter!"

"Waiter!" From Mr. Indignation Cocker, with a new and burning sense of injury upon him, stopped short, and came back to see what was wrong now.

"Will you look here? This is worse than before. Do you understand? Here's yesterday's sherry one and eight pence, and here we are again two shillings. And what the devil does six pence mean?"

This new portent utterly confounded the waiter. He wrung his napkin, and mutely appealed to the ceiling.

"Waiter, fetch that sherry," says Bullfinch, in open wrath and revolt.

"I want to know," persisted Mr. Indignation Cocker, "the meaning of six pence. I want to know the meaning of sherry one and eight pence yesterday, and here we are again two shillings. Send some sherry to the bar, waiter."

The distracted waiter got out of the room under pretext of sending somebody, and by that means got our wine. But the instant he appeared with our decanter, Mr. Indignation Cocker descended on him again.

"Waiter!"

"You will now have the goodness to attend to our dinner, waiter," says Bullfinch, sternly.

"I am very sorry, but it's quite impossible to do it, gentlemen," pleaded the waiter; "and the kitchen—"

"Waiter!" said Mr. Indignation Cocker.

"Waiter!" persisted Mr. Indignation Cocker, "send somebody."

We were not without our fears that the waiter rushed out to hang himself, and we were much relieved by his fetching somebody—in gracefully blowing sherry to the waiter, who very soon settled Mr. Indignation Cocker's business.

"Oh!" said Mr. Cocker, with his