

The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1893.

VIOLA'S CHOICE.

BY LINA EDWIN.

A Modern British song.

BY GEORGE KENNETH.

Fill high the bowl with Pilsener! With fanning let your cups be crowned!

Wine! That did you in '98— That's long since had it back—

Ab-h! Fragrant fume of Kresson! Who would not scorch his nostrils

Bring on the Beer—Fresh Coppert foam! With Alum mixed, let it be done!

Far down thy bubbling depths, Champagne! Drown'd Honor, Love and Beauty lie!

COM. VANDERBILT.

HIS OFFICE—THE PRIVY COUNCIL—THE MAN AND HIS MANNERS—HIS HABITS—HIS CHURCH AND HOME.

No man, says "The Hermit in New York," in his last letter to the Troy Times, is felt in Wall Street more than Commodore Vanderbilt, yet he is seldom seen there.

One after the other they depart, but will be flushed over the Union. At length you are permitted to enter.

Every afternoon he is wont to take an airing, and after tea a game of whist affords an evening

How Lucy Stone Bosses Her Husband.—In 1855 she was married to Henry B. Blackwell, an Englishman by birth, who was then a hardware merchant in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Such a union could not have been formidable to her, whatever it might have been to him.

Lucy Stone and her husband, who had for many years been identified with the anti-slavery cause.

Lucy Stone—The name of Mrs. Blackwell always stands for a better world.

The latest style of the water velocipedes consists of two rotating tubes of the shape of cigars.

A boy in Kelleogville, Michigan, whose nose was made to bleed during a playful scuffle, died in a few hours from the uncontrollable hemorrhage.

After a long ride I reached a gloomy, dirty street, and, finally, after considerable trouble found the address of the man I sought.

"Who are you?" he asked. "I am Ann Stevens's daughter, Viola Stevens, and I came to see what you want with my mother."

"I soothed him, and implored him to convey to my mother, through me, all he had to say. After gaining my promise to forgive him, he, with a trembling voice related the following:

"Twenty-five years ago, Miss M. was engaged as head book to Baron Purdy. My father was a well-to-do man, and had a little more education than most of the boys of his time.

"Of course, at that time I did not understand how my mother felt by every day I grew upon me. I only knew that she was my mother, and I should never see the great old stone house, Birdie, Annie, or any one again; and instead of the green fields I had played in I must confine myself to the narrow pavement, and from day to day sell the number of papers given me to dispose of.

It was a long time before I could find the strength or courage to approach the passing crowd, and to venture to purchase a paper. I Express, or whatever I had; but finally succeeded—only in being as bold as Mary McCarty or Mike Donahue—in selling my papers.

"I was thankful for this event in my new found joys, for I loved the old woman for the kindness she had shown me, when it was in her power to do so.

"How his words bloodied the pulsation of my heart, and how they chilled the cold in my veins! This was what I had longed for, my friends to me if I lost the love of this noble man, who had given me the only joy I ever knew!

"To this I agreed—and so it was. The setting sun found us in my father's home, the righted heiress and her long-lost daughter, and what a surprise awaits me, my father, my husband, Leon, and Lord Francis Leon; and so to win me he dropped his title, and under the name of poor artist, won and tested my love, and wealth, all for him, he knew I loved him, and was satisfied, and so we were wed.

"For Dan's sake, who recovered, we forgave all, and soon my father and I were wedded. Five years of my wedded life have down passed, and now my father and I are the same—'what would any other man be to me—or any other woman be to him?'

"LIGHTHOUSES IN MID-OCEAN.—One of the best ways of reaching the coast of Ireland, after a voyage of nearly 700 miles.

"Not being able to answer the question, their duties separated them, and I almost regretted it was so, for I could have stood all day listening to anything about this man. I now thought of nothing but I had a wish for his name, and I knew the cause of my sad fate. I told him, 'Did he spare me?' No! he only clasped me to his heart, saying, 'You are a thousand times dearer to me than any other man.'

"A man died in Washington from 'glanders,' the disease which afflicts a horse suffering from the disease, and the physician, after a post-mortem examination, and several scientific experiments, had decided that he caught it from the horse.

CIGARS—TOBACCO. HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS. BOARDING IN NEW YORK. OFFICIAL.

GEORGE ALOIS—MANUFACTURER OF HAVANA CIGARS. IMPORTER OF GENUINE LEAF TOBACCO. 186 BAMPART STREET, NEW ORLEANS.

S. BERNHARDT, FINEST CIGAR AND TOBACCO WAREHOUSE. No. 78 Gravier Street.

J. P. BARRAHER, TOBACCO MANUFACTURER. Corner Chartre and Canal streets.

AGENCY VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA MANUFACTURED TOBACCO—2000 packages choice base.

EDUCATIONAL. WASHINGTON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA. THE SECOND TERM of the current session of Washington College, Va., will begin on FEBRUARY 1st.

MRS. G. H. CALDWELL, TEACHER OF ALL BRANCHES. A Thorough English Education, Modern Languages and Music.

LOUISIANA STATE SEMINARY. FOUNDED AND SUPPORTED BY THE STATE OF LOUISIANA.

GENERAL KIRBY SMITH'S MILITARY ACADEMY. At New Orleans.

ALBERT LYON'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS. SHATAWA, PIKE COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI.

PIANOS—SEWING MACHINES. AGENTS WANTED. \$75 TO \$100 PER MONTH.

THE ARION PIANO POETE. GRAND TRIUMPH OVER ALL OTHER PIANOS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

UNDERTAKERS—FURNITURE. MEYER, KOTTWITZ & CO. ROYAL STREET.

PHILIP LYNCH, UNDERTAKER. 218 ST. CHARLES STREET.

Hotel de la Paix, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Ville, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la France, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Belgique, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Suisse, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Prusse, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Russie, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Hollande, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Danemark, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Norvege, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Suede, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Finlande, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Pologne, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Boheme, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Hongrie, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Autriche, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Prusse, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Russie, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la France, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Belgique, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Suisse, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Prusse, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Russie, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Hollande, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Danemark, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Norvege, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la France, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Belgique, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Suisse, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Prusse, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Russie, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Hollande, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Danemark, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Norvege, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Suede, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Finlande, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Pologne, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Boheme, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Hongrie, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Autriche, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Prusse, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Russie, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la France, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Belgique, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Suisse, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Prusse, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Russie, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Hollande, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Danemark, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Norvege, 120 St. Charles Street.

Hotel de la Suede, 120 St. Charles Street. Hotel de la Finlande, 120 St. Charles Street.