

JUDICIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHERIFF SALES. Wm. Conway, Miss Mary Kiernan, subrogated, vs. Thomas Kiernan.

SIXTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF ORLEANS, No. 9421—By virtue of a writ of seizure and sale...

A CERTAIN LOT OF GROUND, situated, lying and being in the Second District of this city...

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SEIZURE OF THE St. Clair County Tax Books. (St. Louis Republican.)

The seizure by disguised men of the St. Clair county tax books on the night of the 14th...

FOUR CERTAIN LOTS OF GROUND, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon...

Alphonse Becket vs. Luc Beebe. SIXTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF ORLEANS, No. 799—By virtue of an alias writ of fieri facias...

ALL THE RIGHTS, TITLE AND INTEREST of the defendant herein, to and to a certain lease, executed by Widow E. P. Macias...

D. A. Harris vs. Caspar Lusse. SIXTH DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF ORLEANS, No. 9661—By virtue of a writ of fieri facias...

ALL THE RIGHTS, TITLE AND INTEREST of the defendant herein, Caspar Lusse, in and to the unexpired term of the lease...

ONE PLATFORM SCALE AND ONE OLD LADDER. Terms—Cash on the spot.

Succession of Gustave Trappier. SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF ORLEANS, No. 23,300—Whereas, Gustave Trappier, deceased...

Succession of Madame Hink, Deceased. Wife of Peter Ramp. SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF ORLEANS, No. 23,300—Whereas, Madame Hink, deceased...

Succession of Madame Henriette Labiche, widow of J. J. F. Landon. SECOND DISTRICT COURT FOR THE PARISH OF ORLEANS, No. 40,011—Whereas, Madame Henriette Labiche, widow of J. J. F. Landon...

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A CASE FOR SOLOMON.

Bernard Lynch was arrested in New York the other day charged with having abandoned his wife and two children...

"Come up and take a drink." This absurd custom of treating anybody and everybody is of Irish origin.

Another Step Towards Manhood. It is really the fact that jaunty English girls are now raising the hat by way of acknowledging a bow...

How Sorrow May Be Soothed. As mourning dresses have so little trimming, their beauty depends upon the fine fit of the corsage and the close, almost tight, sleeves...

Blue Perspiration and Love. Daniel Webster once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript.

HERE'S THAT TEA. Benjamin Mott died recently at Alburgh, Vt. He was an ardent sympathizer with the French Canadian rebels...

A BIBLE STORY. An interesting story comes from Arizona. Kellogg and Carter owned a mining claim, and foolishly quarreled about it.

A TALE OF A BROOKLYN CAT. A resident of Charles street, Brooklyn, while recently breaking up a barrel for kindling, gave it a violent blow with the ax that drove one of the staves out...

COLORS IN CURSORY. Silver and green are beautiful and harmonious colors. Terre Haute Express.

IN NINETY-THREE. In the commune of 1792-3 the Council General was composed of 3 surgeons, 4 lawyers, 2 butchers, 2 carpenters, 3 actors, 2 grocers, 2 liquor sellers and 3 tinkers.

Our landlady says she won't take "the Mexican border" on any terms. She leaves Gen. Ord have all the glory and profit.

Chicamauga means the "river of death," but the appropriateness of the Indian title was, singularly enough, never discovered until after the great battle was fought.

The Doctor—You eat well? Le Malade Imaginaire—Yes. The Doctor—And drink well? Le Malade Imaginaire—Yes.

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THE FIRST PAIR OF BREECHES.

The greatest desire of a child is to become a man, and the first symptom of virility, the first important step in life is marked by the use of breeches.

This first pair of breeches is an event that the father longs for and the mother dreads. To her it seems the beginning of abandonment.

On the contrary, the father is delighted. He laughs in his sleeve, as he looks at the little arched calf projecting from the pantaloons—he taps the little boy whose contour is clearly defined under the new garments...

As to baby, he is drunk, he is glorious, he is triumphant, though somewhat embarrassed with his arms and legs, and we may say without wishing to offend him, he is not unlike those poodle dogs which have been clipped at the approach of summer.

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[Harper's Bazar.] AT THE CLUB WINDOW.

FIFTH AVENUE, FIVE P. M. The lady whom I bowed to in that carriage? I thought you knew her—Mrs. Solon Brown?

That was Brown with her. Took him for her father? Well, yes, there's no denying that he's old. I think I'll paint the modern Ovid rather than St. Louis and bald, with both hands full of gold.

That is the way you know; we worship money; and hearts, like stocks on 'Change, are bought and sold.

Why should I weep me for the love of woman? The heart's a muscle and it cannot break! And yet—as for us who trust the human!—We love, we dream—God help us when we wake!

THE BABY.

How simple a thing it is to be happy, I thought, and what a strange mania in people to go to China for amusement.

My wife was of my opinion, and we would remain long hours poking the fire and talking over our feelings.

She would frequently say: You, my love, love him quite differently from what I do. Fathers are more calculating. Their affection is a sort of exchange. They only love their child when their pride of authority is flattered.

And yet, I confessed to myself that my wife was right. When a child is born a mother's affection cannot be compared to a father's. With her it is already love.

There is an apprenticeship in the trade of papa. There is none in that of mama. If the father is morally awkward in loving his new-born, it must admitted that he is also physically so in showing it.

It is only in trembling and with all kinds of contortions and efforts that he lifts his little bundle. He fears to break the child in two, and the latter knows it and cries dreadfully.

And yet, it is necessary to win the affection of the poor father, who, at first, meets only misfortune—it is necessary to attract him, enchain him, make him acquire a relish for the trade, and not make his role of conscript last too long.

Nature has provided for this, and the father is advanced to the grade of corporal on the day on which baby stammers out his first syllable.

We must admit that this first stammering of baby is very sweet, and that this pa-pa that the little creature first utters is admirably adapted for affecting one.

Is it not touching to see this little creature find out all by himself the only word which can surely soften him of whom he has most need, the word that means: "I am thine—love me, give me a place in thy heart, open thy arms for me—thou sees I have not known anything very long, but I have just landed in the family. I will eat at thy table and bear thy name—pa-pa—pa-pa."

In one word he has discovered the most delicate flattery, the sweetest of affections. He enters the world in a mastery way.

Ah! the dear child! Pa-pa—pa-pa—I still hear his hesitating voice. I still see his two vermilion lips rise and fall. We were all in a circle round him, on our knees, to be of his height. He said, say it again, little man, say it again—where is thy pa-pa? And he, whom everybody cheered on, stretched out his arms, turning his eyes towards me.

I hugged him tight, feeling that two big tears prevented me from speaking. From this time on I was a serious papa.

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