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Groceries,

For 15 Days only!

The Great

CLOTHING
AND
Furnishing Goods

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OF
I. ORSCHEL & Bro.,

Will take place from this date, the cause-being overstocked. Knowing it to be hard times and before removing to our new store we now offer Railroad men, Mechanics, laborers and ranchmen the benefit of our Reduction, which means **Bedrock Prices, in**

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BOOTS and SHOES, GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.

We still carry the largest and Finest Selected Stock of

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AGENTS FOR PH. BEST BREWING CO.

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Full rigs or saddle horses to let, and careful drivers furnished if desired.

BUY AND SELL HORSES

They are prepared to carry travelers into the Park or to any other point, ahead of all competitors.

12th Stables on Clark street, Livingston

A NEW ORLEANS LEGEND.

The Weird Story of Mme. La Laurel's Home in the Old French Town.

There is no portion of New Orleans so full of interest to stranger or resident as that which a stranger prettily called the "New Orleans of George W. Cable." Its old, red-tiled houses, some with great, overhanging roofs that serve as a sort of awning, some with high balustrade of tiles set on end, forming an odd decoration around the edge of the roof, are pretty to look upon. Time has softened the angularities in these small houses, the winds of many years have blown a rich soil upon their tops, as witness I passed a cottage on Bourbon street the other day, upon the tiled roof of which grew, in luxurious profusion, golden rod, each stalk at least four feet high.

Far down upon the corner of Royal and another street stands a big square house, built in old French style. It is five stories high, and, although there are great scars upon the gray stone walls, and the ornate carvings over the peaked tops of the small-paned windows are beginning to crumble off, it is a building whose architectural features attract the attention of all the sight-hunting strangers. About forty-five years ago this house belonged to a wealthy old French woman, whom one may call Mme. La Laurel. She owned many slaves, and when she went to live in her Royal street residence she furnished some of the rooms in grand style.

That the madame was a she-devil, who tortured her slaves, all the town was beginning to know. There was a deep well in her back yard, in which, it is said, she hung the negroes, even to the little babies, suspending them by the arm, so that the black, cold, foul-smelling water came up to their lips, and there they hung till almost dead. If they died in the water, especially the babies, who could not naturally endure much of such treatment, the body was weighted, the rope cut, and the poor, freed darky sunk swiftly out of sight.

In a room on the lower floor of the house Mme. La Laurel had built a sort of dungeon—a brick room inside of a brick room. It has one window, with iron gratings across it, and is as black and awful-looking as any dungeon you can imagine. The floors in this echoing old building are full of murderous-looking stains, and to-day, if water is thrown upon them they come out blood-red. It was up in the garret, though, that the worst torturing was done. Here this bloodthirsty old woman, so they say, upon the least provocation, used to take her negroes, tie them to the walls or nail them by the hands down to the floors, and then amuse herself by cutting off their ears, tearing out their nails and cutting out their tongues. One night there came a hoarse roar blowing down the narrow length of Royal street, and toward midnight a black crowd of human beings—that awful result of an outraged community, a mob—surrounded that state-

ly, grim building. The old French mistress listened in scorn to the storm-like clamor, until the tumult of people apparently came to halt under her own windows, and she heard her own name cried out with threats for her of the torture.

She sprang down the oaken stairway, across the marble hall, past the dungeon, then full of festering wretches, past the well of water—they say the reason 'tis so black to-day is owing to the little negro babies on the bottom—and, unloosing the heavily-barrelled back gates, she made her way to the river side. She dodged her pursuers, and crossed the river in a canoe. Finally she escaped to France, where she afterward died. They say the mob, after freeing the negroes, fairly gutted the house. Of course, the place is haunted. By all the laws of sensationalism it could not but be a place where black ghosts walk. The building was once used as a public high school, but the parents of the girls were superstitious and would not allow their daughters to cross the threshold of the place; so it was abandoned.

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Livingston, Montana.
Main Street.

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