

Algerines at Law.

UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT.

Cases Posted for Trial.

Hy, Philip Gonsouland vs. Marco Rosamano, for March 8, 1911.

CIVIL DISTRICT COURT.

Succession of Algiers Winesberry, possession. E. M. Stafford, attorney.

Succession of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Baudier amounts to \$2,224.55.

Authorization of Mrs. L. Magruder, to mortgage. Titcher & Rogers, attorneys.

Succession of Mr. and Mrs. A. Baudier, petition to sell merchandise and fixtures at private sale.

Edwin Schiele Distilling Co. vs. Frank W. Lahusen, \$118.75 claim. Johnson & Fernandez, attorneys.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Succession of John Johnson and wife to Mrs. Mary Schubert, 3 lots Atlantic and Pacific Avenues, Thayer and Pelican, \$2,500 cash.

Same to George Johnson, 2 lots in same square, \$1,556 cash.

Same to Ideal Savings and Home-stand Assn., 2 lots same square as above, \$1,625 cash. Charbonnet, notary.

Ferdinand Streubly et al. to the City of New Orleans, 4 portions fronting Odeon street and Gen. Meyer Ave., donation. Legler, notary.

John Kleinkemper to Lucas Lala, lot Pelican, Alix, Bermuda and Verret, \$2,000 terms. Mahoney, notary.

Widow Letitia J. Shorey to Commonwealth Bldg. & Loan Assn., lot Delaronde, Pelican, Bouny and Seguin, \$1,200 cash.

Commonwealth B. & L. Assn. to Mrs. L. J. Shorey, lot Delaronde, Pelican Avenue, Bouny and Seguin, \$1,200 mortgage. Flynn, notary.

Third Dist. Bldg. Assn. to Mrs. L. J. Shorey, lot Pacific, Elmira, Evelina and Eliza, \$750 mortgage. Zengel, notary.

Mrs. Chas. Lewis to Ideal Savings and Home-stand Assn., lot Belleville, Elmira, Newton and Homer, \$400 cash. Purchaser to Vendor, same property, \$400 terms. Renaudin, notary.

Robt. L. Riley et al. to Marco Rosamano, lot and portion, Homer, Newton, River and Brooklyn Ave., \$1,300 cash.

Same to Mrs. Alice R. George, lot Olivier, Verret, Evelina and Opelousas, \$1,300 cash. Mahoney, notary.

Jerry Kawood to the Realty and Investment Co., lot Eliza, Bouny, Powder and Evelina, \$500 cash. Dreyfous, notary.

Eli Ross et al. to Jose Ruiz, lot Monroe, Lapeyrouse, Franklin and Socrates, \$400 cash. O'Connor, notary.

Cruciano Nicolsa to Henry J. Schaefer, lot Belleville, Alix, Eliza and Vallette, \$800 cash. Hennessey, notary.

BUILDING PERMITS.

Mrs. N. Charvrouleau, owner, general repairs, 1012 Brooklyn Ave., \$100.

Richard B. Maher, owner, Albert Osborn, contractor, repairs to property, 529 Patterson street, \$985. O'Connor, notary.

CONTRACTS.

Mrs. Geo. Spencer owner, Felix J. Borne contractor, a double one-story frame slate roof cottage, Pelican Ave., Alix, Verret and Bermuda, \$1,800. B. Walter Borne, surety.

E. L. Stenger, owner, rear canopy and rear shed building and general repairs, galvanized iron roof, 543 Pacific avenue, \$200. A. Bourgeois, builder.

MORTGAGES RECORDED.

Ephraim McCulloch to Jose Ruiz, one note \$187, one lot 5th district, sq. 219, Teche, Lamarque, Nunez and Socrates streets. O'Connor, notary.

SALES.

Eli Ross et al. to Jose Ruiz, one lot and improvements, 5th dist., lot No. 9, sq. 19, Monroe, Lapeyrouse, Franklin and Socrates streets, \$400 cash. O'Connor, notary.

BUILDING CONTRACT.

Richard B. Maher and Albert Osborn, property Patterson, Olivier, Amann and Delaronde, \$985. Repairs and improvements. O'Connor, notary.

SAVED BY QUICK WIT.

Clever Ruse of a French Peasant Called For Conscription.

Two young men of a certain French village were called on to draw for a conscription. One only was wanted to complete the number, and of the two who were to draw one was the son of a rich farmer and the other the only child of a poor widow.

The farmer made friends with the official in charge of the ballot and promised him a handsome present if he would only prevent his son from going into the army. In order to do this the official put into the urn two black balls instead of one black and one white. When the young man came he said:

"There are two balls, one black and one white, in the urn. He who draws the black one must serve. Your turn is first," pointing to the widow's son.

The latter, suspecting that all was not fair, drew one of the balls from the urn and immediately swallowed it without even looking at it.

"Why have you done that?" asked the official. "How are we to know whether you have drawn a black or white ball?"

"Oh, that's very simple," was the reply. "Let the other man now draw. If I have the black he must necessarily draw the white one."

There was no help for it, and the farmer's son, putting his hand into the urn, drew the remaining ball, which, to the satisfaction of the spectators, was a black one.

MUZZLING THE PRESS.

A Much Favoured Official Duty at One Time in England.

There was a time in England when government officials viewed the press as a hostile power, to be destroyed if possible—to be curbed at any cost. In 1633 Roger L'Estrange, "overseer of the press," brought out his "Considerations and Proposals In Order to the Regulation of the Press." He advocated the severest restrictions for authors and printers, as well as for "the letter founders and the smiths and joiners that work upon the premises" and "the stichers, blunders, stationers, hawkers, mercury women, peddlers, ballad singers, poets, carriers, hackney coachmen, boatmen and mariners."

A proposal of L'Estrange was that culprits convicted of having broken the law should be condemned "to wear some visible badge or mark of ignominy, as a halter instead of a hat-band, one stocking blue and another red, a blue bonnet with a red letter T or S upon it." A few years later L'Estrange went one better by declaring that newspapers ought not be allowed at all.

He said that the reading of them "makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and councils of their superiors, too pragmatical and censorious, and gives them not only an itch but a kind of colorable right and license to be meddling with the government." In 1685 L'Estrange was knighted.—Chicago News.

Seek knowledge as if thou wert to be bere forever.—Herder.

SAGG OR ZIMRI—WHICH?

Domestic Difficulty In the Cabin Passed Up by Brudner Ramshack.

"I WANTS to ax yo' advice, Brudner Ramshack," began an obstinate looking colored citizen. "Wants yo' to tell me, in yo' humble opinion, how to git out'n de meele I's in. I's so mixed in my mind at-wad, dess lemme spicate. Muh wife—broad, hefty lady, as yo' knows—wants her rights, an'—"

"Dey all does, sah," interrupted old Brother Ramshack, who was no little of a philosopher. "Lady folks is all dat uh-way—wants delr rights."

"But dis'n gits 'em—rotches out an' snatches 'em away fum me. Dat's her method of pulsoot—wants her rights an' gits 'em! I done woke up in de middle o' de night an' found her goin' th'oo mah pants pockets—sixty-five cents, good money, in dem pants, too, sah!"

"Why didn't yo' hop up an' lam her, Brudner Sagg?"

"Lam who? Yo' isn't talkin' to me, sah! Dat lady weigh nigh three hundred pounds. Nussah; de meaneest I done was to set up in muh vehicle couch an' ax her: 'Uh lousy yuh, lady! Don't yo' think yo' actin' sawtuh similar? What kind uh way am dat for a 'spectable mar'd 'ooman to be puh-seedin'?' An' she told me to shet muh mouf, uh-kase she was dess 'joyin' her rights like de white ladies does. Well, sah, dat made me ashy—did for a fact. 'Twuz de last feathar dat broke de Campbellite's back. An' I hollered as I jumped for de do' fetc'h-taked if I would sleep in de same edifice wid no sich-uh pusson—I'd sooner sleep in de stable, I says. An' out de do' I went an' slammed it habd."

"Ah-hah! Dat was de way to do!"

"Was it? I skivered dat it was stawm'n' outside—rain an' thunder an' lightning!—plenty! An' as de lady didn't call me back I hatter make muh bluff good. So I boosted old Zimri, de boss, out'n de stable, an' sot about doin' de best I could for muhse'f. An' den muh wife looked out an' seed de hoss humped up dar in de stawm an' yelled at me what did I mean, o'nery scounrel dat I was, by treatin' po' old Zimri dat uh-way? 'Lady,' I hollered back with dignity, 'it's eeder me or Zimri. Once an' for de last time choose uh-twixt yo' husband an' dat hoss!' An' she dess th'owed de do' wide open an' yelled, 'Uh-come on in yuh, Zimri!' An' I axes yo', sah, as a man o' de world an' a brudder in de lodge, what'm I to do 'bout it? Which uh-way am I to turn in de 'mergency'?"

"Go ahead an' git a divo'ce fum de lady; dat's what yo' gotter do. An'—bless goodness—yo' got plenty o' avocation for it, too, Brudner Sagg."

"Yassah, I s'picion I has; but, to tell de troof, Brudner Ramshack, I kahn't sca'cely bring muhse'f to do it. Yo' see, I's had her so long dat she seems like one o' de fambly!"—Tom P. Morgan in Puck.

Tortoise Shell.

Tortoise shell, however old, can be kept bright by polishing it occasionally with rouge powder.

A Bit of Detective Work

By C. L. DAYTON.

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"Maggie, we're ruined!"

"Oh, Harry, what is it?"

"Mr. Brant has been murdered, and I shall be accused of the murder."

"How? Why?"

"We were together tonight since 8 o'clock in the bank, he to do some work on the statement to be made to the directors tomorrow, I to post my books. The janitor saw us go in together. Brant worked in his private office, I at my desk. When I finished I went to him to ask if he was ready to go home. I found him lying on the floor dead, the carpet covered with blood."

"And you came away without notifying any one?"

"Yes; the murderer will doubtless never be known. I will be arrested and made to suffer for his crime."

The wife, trembling while, thought what was best to be done and thought quickly. Presently she said, speaking rapidly:

"Whether you were right or wrong in not calling the police, you have made a step which is irrevocable. You must to get away. Go and shave off your beard while I get some of my clothes ready for you."

Half an hour later Henry Hunt left his house disguised as a woman. He carried in a suit case male attire which he designed putting on as soon as he felt it best to do so. He was to notify his wife from time to time by a code as to his address.

The murder was not discovered till the next morning, and as Hunt had been with the cashier the night before and was missing, there was no doubt as to his being the murderer.

Great sympathy was manifested for Mrs. Hunt, who had been left not only with the obloquy of her husband's crime resting upon her, but without support for herself and her children. She had had the night before the murder was discovered to think over the matter and decided that it would be best, when questioned, for her to say that her husband had come home at 10 o'clock, that he had gone out and she had not seen him since. Under examination nothing more than this was to be got out of her.

Mrs. Hunt at once began the study of bookkeeping and in a few months applied to the president of the bank where her husband had been employed for a position. Her request was granted.

The new bookkeeper, on account of her inexperience—so she told the officers of the bank—found it necessary to work nights. She was given permission, and the janitor was instructed to admit her whenever she desired to enter.

Now, in all this there was a method. The more Mrs. Hunt thought over her husband's flight the more she was satisfied with the course he had taken. Not a scrap of evidence came up to incriminate any one else. It was believed that no other person could have entered the bank during the limit of time, and the murder could not have been done for the purpose of robbery, for no funds were taken. She saw no possible escape for her husband had he remained and faced the charge of murder.

Detectives were for a time secretly put on the case by the president of the bank with a view to ascertaining a motive for the killing of the cashier. But, no such motive being discovered, the matter was dropped. There was a detective at work on the case of whose efforts not a person connected with the bank was aware. Mrs. Hunt felt sure from the first that some one connected with the institution had committed the murder and that the murderer had a motive. The most reasonable theory was that there was a secret between the cashier and the murderer that would explain the motive.

Mrs. Hunt had been working but a few evenings when Horace Tift, head bookkeeper, found it necessary to work nights also. He offered to help Mrs. Hunt on her books, but she declined. One evening when they were together Mrs. Hunt, who had brought with her a sandwich and a bottle of milk, offered Tift a glass of the milk. He drank it and for several days afterward was laid up with an illness. When he recovered he resumed his night work on his books. He found Mrs. Hunt there and said to her: "There was something in that milk you gave me to make me ill."

"Certainly there was. I put it there."

"What for?" asked Tift, turning pale.

Mrs. Hunt raised the skirt of her dress, unsling a revolver and laid it on her desk. Then she said:

"To work on your books. You are covering up a large deficiency."

Tift stood looking at her in terror.

"My husband is a fugitive for your crime," added the woman.

Tift's head fell on his desk.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," pursued the woman. "I'll let you change places with him. Sign a confession of the murder and you may go into hiding."

The man took ten minutes to consider, then accepted the terms.

The next morning Tift was missing. Mrs. Hunt suggested that his books be examined. This was done and a deficiency of \$100,000 discovered. Then she produced the defaulter's confession.

Tift was never caught. Hunt was recalled and put in his place and is now vice president of the bank.

If.

This would be a splendid world if no one could secure profits in any way that might increase the hardships of others.

Use Cotton as Fertilizer.

The hull of cotton is used in China for fertilizing purposes, farmers paying about two dollars a ton for it.

Monster Halibut.

A 400-pound halibut was recently displayed in London.

THE PILGRIMS' THANKSGIVING

THE pilgrims landed, worthy men, And, saved from wreck on raging seas, They fell upon their knees and then Upon the aborigines.

In thankfulness they planned a feast On all the country might afford. (The grace consumed an hour at least, Whence rose the phrase "The festive board.")

And some through groves of pine and oak Pursued the doe, and even so All patriotic Yankee folk Unceasingly pursue the dough.

They bearded bruin in his hair Or stalked the stag in forests drear. Alas, their festal dish was bear Or venison, though that was dear.

Still, native viands pleased them most— The native maize, for that was new. They ate the native boiled and roast And even ate the native stew.

—Arthur Guitman in Life.

As He Heard It.

The young man stood hesitating upon the steps until the shrill girlish voices died away and Alice opened the door. "Oh! Have you been here long?" she exclaimed.

"Only about five minutes," he replied, availing himself in a hesitating manner of her invitation to enter.

"Then you heard us?"

"Er—well, a little, you know. I really couldn't help it. I was just about to go, you know," he stammered.

"About to go—why?"

"Thought I might be inopportune, you know. Realize that such things are bound to occur once in awhile, you know—really can't be helped—even most sweet tempered persons."

"What are you speaking of, Mr. Soft-lash?" Alice demanded suspiciously.

"Why—er—of course I wouldn't have presumed to mention it, you know! My brother and I—every once in awhile—we do, really."

"You do, really, what?"

"Er—quarrel, you know."

Alice looked coldly out of the window.

"When you came," she said evenly, "my sister and I were singing our new duet."—Harper's Bazar.

While He Spoke.

The gentleman with the well fed appearance who had motored over from the nearest town to deliver his lecture, "The Art of Getting On," in the village schoolroom, concluded with a fine burst.

"Effort is the keystone of success," he said. "The successful man is the man who strives persistently. His motto is, 'Push and keep pushing,' for by that, and that alone, he reaches his goal."

Before the bulk of the audience made much headway with their clapping a small man at the back got in a laugh that might have come from a megaphone.

The lecturer held up his hand for silence.

"You, too, my friend, will have to push!" he commenced.

"So'll you, I reckon," interrupted the small man. "There's 'arf a dozen youngsters been pinchin' the petrol out of yer motorcar ter light a bonfire, cocky!"—Tit-Bits.

Escaped.

Knicker—My forbears came over in the Mayflower.

Bocker—I suppose they were perfectly safe, as there was no wireless then.—New York Sun.

In the Smart Set.



Fond Mamma—We have General and Mrs. Fuddlestone and General and Mrs. Brassenbottles, and I don't know which should go in to dinner first.

Smart Daughter—Why not open the folding doors and let them enter four abreast?

New Industry.

Guest—So you are hard at work studying French. What is the object of that?

Waiter—I've been offered a steady job at big pay over in Paris if I learn French before going there.

Guest—H'm! There are plenty of French waiters in Paris.

Waiter—Y-e-s, but you see they can't understand French as Americans speak it.—New York Weekly.

Ideas Changed Since Then.

"Augustus," said the boy's parent, "your head master informs me that you desire to become a missionary. This noble aspiration!"

"Pa, that was so. But it's off. I've swapped my foreign stamp collection for white mice."—Stray Stories.

Fellow Feeling.

Knicker—Does his auto smoke? Bocker—Yes, but he hates to make it stop till after he is married.—Harper's Bazar.

The Airship Man.

Although mistaken in his guess About the spot where he'll arrive, A flight in always a success When every one gets back alive.

—Washington Star.

Out of Man's Reach.

The old may have their years stretched out beyond the fourscore, but they must die sooner or later; no such necessary limit affects the births, and it is conceivable that there may come a year when there are no births. Immortality is the only effective answer to a cessation of reproduction, and, alas! the King of Terrors still reigns.

Optimism.

Optimism is the mask we wear before our friends.—Life.



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Not Strictly Orthodox. Young David insisted on trying his primitive weapon on the giant Goliath. At length the generals consented. "Youth will have his fling," they remarked resignedly.—Boston Transcript.

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Knowing Girls. Some fellows think they know as much as much about girls as the center of ice cream soda did.—New York Times.

AN EXPOSITION IN ITSELF

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MIGHT FINISH THEM HERSELF

Great Actress Given Opportunity to Show What She Could Do in Way of Laundry Work.

It is related of Fanny Kemble that she carried the tragic air of the stage into everyday affairs. While in Boston she stopped at the Tremont house, and was accustomed to dine in her rooms at five o'clock. On one occasion the waiter brought her dinner ten minutes too soon, and she made him take it away until the hour had struck. On another occasion she gave the servant some clothes for the laundry. "When can these be returned to me, washed and ironed?" she inquired. "The day after to-morrow, madam, at noontime."

"Be it so," was the dramatic reply. "at 12 on Wednesday."

But on the hour appointed the clothes had not been returned, and at ten minutes past noon a servant stood before her in response to the short summons of the bell.

"My clothes that were to be returned at 12 to-day—bring them."

"But, madam, we have not been able to get them ready, owing to a difficulty in the laundry. You shall have them to-morrow."

"Bring them now—they were promised to-day."

"I know it, madam, but they are not ready."

"It matters not to me; bring them just as they are."

The servant went out, and a few moments later two men entered, bearing a tubful of soapsuds and wet clothes, set it on the floor, and went out.

Concerning Argument.

Certain people seem to arouse the spirit of arguing in each other. Sometimes they are husband and wife; sometimes they are friends, or merely acquaintances. It usually begins when the people are involved in situations where their interests clash. So they argue about those interests. Gradually the state of mind