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COMRADES.

War ain't over—not a bit! Every night 'er comes...

We talk 'er talk, an' 'ave our say— Go over all the ground...

BRUTE FORCE.

RUTAL, isn't he? He always terrifies me.

Harold first, and then the two men tumbled down pell-mell.

The beam was wedged across with its upper end against the wall...

I crept under that beam on all fours, for I could get a better leverage...

I had hardly cleared the door when there was a hideous crash.

It was only a few minutes after when I opened my eyes...

"I'm half frightened of you."

"Well, I'm pretty strong, and you aren't quite like women, you know."

"Aren't they?" she ejaculated, just motioning with her fan toward Harold Titmouse...

"Oh, I'm so sorry; I didn't know he was a friend of yours."

"Well, he isn't particularly, but he's a kind of connection, and Hereward's a splendid country place."

On the following morning I went up with Harold to some pit out-buildings

A NICE, SOFT WAY.

The relator of this story was on his way up Monroe avenue the other day when a chap who looked decidedly anxious stopped him at Farmer street to say:

"I think you can tell me what I am very anxious to find out. Can there be such a thing as a snake in the human stomach?"

"No, sir. Why do you ask?"

"Well I met a chap down here who was complaining that he swallowed a snake ten years ago, and that it was bothering him a great deal."

"He wouldn't have deceived you just to get a glass of beer?"

"I don't think he would, sir. He was holding his hands on his sides, just this way, and his face was all screwed up, like this, and I don't think he could set that way unless there was something wrong."

"But you didn't help him?"

"No, sir. I wanted to be sure, you know."

"I think I know the man. I think he is standing right here beside me. Here is a nickel to stop that riot going on down behind his vest, and there's plenty of saloons in this locality."

"Sir," he said as he received the coin and bowed and scraped.

"Dear me, I'm glad your colonel approves of the match but what a hurry he must be in! I did not expect to see you so soon, but I'll do my best, because, of course, love, the commands of your colonel must be obeyed."

"The young warrior looked puzzled. 'Don't you see, my darling,' he said, 'that this confounded telegram puts a stopper on our plans? You don't seem to understand the telegram. He says, peremptorily, 'Join at once.'"

"What is that?"

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Invalid!—An equal bulk of lime water makes cod liver oil nearly tasteless.

—Oatmeal Pudding.—One half cup of cooled oatmeal, one egg, one cupful of sugar, one pint of milk, salt, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste.—Good Housekeeping.

—Potatoes Fried Whole.—Take small, cold-boiled potatoes, dip them in beaten egg and roll in fine bread crumbs; repeat the operation, and fry a golden brown in boiling lard.

—Boiled Fish.—Have water boiling hard, add to it three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and the salt necessary for quantity.

—Rhubarb Pudding.—Butter a deep dish and spread thickly with bread crumbs; over this put a layer of rhubarb, sliced but not peeled; sprinkle thickly with moist sugar and repeat the layers until the dish is full.

—Pleasant Pie.—Line the plate with a nice crust, fill it with pieplant cut into small pieces; mix one tablespoon of flour with one cup of sugar, turn it over the pieplant and strewn small bits of butter over the top.

—Meat Souffle.—Make a cream sauce of one pint of milk, two generous tablespoonfuls of butter, two heaping tablespoonfuls of corn starch, half a teaspoonful of salt, and season with chopped parsley; stir one cupful of chopped meat, well cooked, into the sauce.

—The Knowing Eye, the Glad Smile, and the Innocent Hand.—What These Mean.

"I have been observed to smile at the pupils of a certain singing teacher in New York have, when singing, a bright, happy expression of countenance, as though the art of vocalizing was productive of the greatest delight."

"A young woman pupil, when asked why this was so, replied: 'Our master teaches us that for the production of a full, bright, ringing tone three things are necessary: The knowing eye, the glad smile and the innocent hand.'

"I shall tell you as well as I can. As regards the facial expression, the pupils all imagine at first that it is taught by the idea of the vocal effect upon an audience. That is by no means the case, although it is, of course, always more pleasant to see a singer with a distorted visage."

"Now for the 'glad smile.' It is such a smile as extends from the lips to the eye, and, in fact, affects the whole face. By it the interior of the mouth, just back of the teeth, is rounded, the passage from the windpipe to the lips is made perfectly clear, and the sound emitted becomes bright, glad and ringing. Oh, that smile is a wonderful help, particularly for those notes above D in the staff."

"I understand that pretty well," said the interlocutor, "but how about the 'innocent hand?'"

THE SLEEPING ROOM.

Sleeping room floors, whatever the depth of the purse, are best covered either with good matting, with a small rug for warmth, and to save wear before the bed, dresser and washstand, or with a plain colored filling as a border and a large rug in the center, or with a rug and a painted or stained border.

The last in this case should be first, and the matting should be second choice. The border in all rooms where the center is covered by a rug is usually from twelve to eighteen inches wide.

There are pretty and good ingrain rugs, in case others are too expensive. For the small rugs a breadth of Brussels carpet of the right length, with wool fringe across the ends, is often preferred to the small Smyrna rugs.

A suitable remnant of either kind can often be bought at a bargain. In brass bedsteads are the high prices for bed rooms, those of iron painted white or a color, with simple brass mountings, are dainty and cleanly.

A chest of drawers in light wood looks well with such a bedstead. I have seen a good plain one from ten to twelve dollars. Every room, however, has its dressing table. If not of polished wood, with a plate-glass mirror, and cunning drawers that open with quaint brass handles, they are low priced.

A writing-table, too, is a necessity in a well-furnished sleeping room. They come in light and dainty styles at low prices. When too expensive, a charming substitute that adorns any room is made from one of the low pine cutting-tables used in dressmaking.

The top of such tables is covered with billiard cloth to harmonize with the coloring of the room. The cloth is carried to the edge and fastened with small ornamental nails, or with ordinary tacks, over which a narrow silk or dull metallic gimp is laid.

A pretty writing-pad is laid on top. The legs of such tables may also be covered with green or enamel paints. A set of shelves, with the addition of a pretty curtain for its color, or a low open book-case, also add to the comfort of the room.—N. Y. Post.

THE DUTY OF A VISITOR. Etiquette of Calls, Cards and Various Invitations.

If you wish to retain a formal acquaintance you have done your duty by calling in person on the first or second day. If there is not a special day then fixed of course you risk finding your hostess out, but your card represents you. Occasionally one finds it impossible to make calls even in this formal fashion.

"Mrs. James Brown presents her compliments and her thanks for recent kind inquiries." This does away with the necessity of making visits when one is ill in health, and yet is a recognition of the courtesy received. It is polite, also, to leave a card of congratulation when a new baby appears in the family, but one is never expected to ask to see the mother.

Visits of condolence are made a week after the funeral. A card left and no effort made to see those in sorrow, except by the immediate family or very close friends. There is no excuse for writing one's regrets or acceptances on a visiting-card as an answer to an invitation. A number of women have asked me to write cards of condolence to friends who are in mourning.

Of course one could not do this until after a month had passed, but after that time it is quite proper, and certainly our friends who have had sorrow come to them do not like to think that they are forgotten. In writing an invitation or having one engraved it is no longer considered in good taste to have "R. S. V. P." in the corner, but, instead, are the English words, "The favor of an answer is requested." This is, however, never written on a dinner invitation for that purpose supposes a reply.

A PICTURESQUE ROMANCE.

Early History of the Settlement and City of San Francisco.

The story of the little settlements among the hills of the peninsula of San Francisco reads like some picturesque romance, and has always been very interesting to me because it is so different from the stories of other American cities.

Spanish priests founded a mission here, and Spanish soldiers built a fort, or Presidio, in the autumn of 1775, while Gen. Howe was capturing New York and driving Washington across into New Jersey.

Many of the Spanish governors lived here. San Francisco bay, the beautiful inland sea, with its surroundings of fertile valleys and high mountains, was sailed past by early Spanish voyagers and by Sir Francis Drake himself, who, in 1579, cast anchor, as all critics agree, in the bay of San Francisco (Drake's bay), under Point Reyes.

The sea fog must have lain across Golden Gate when the famous sea king sailed past. For ninety years longer the great bay was undiscovered. Then, in 1769, Spanish priests, soldiers, and colonists came to California; and November 7 in that year, the expedition led by Gov. Portola and Father Juan Crespi, of the Franciscan order, discovered the bay of San Francisco.

Six years passed before the new harbor was entered by writer. Then, in 1774, Mission Dolores was founded in the valley at the base of the twin peaks, and a Spanish fort overlooked the Golden Gate, and the Spanish folk began to settle the long peninsula and the valleys south, east and north of the bay of San Francisco.

Missions were founded at Santa Clara, San Jose and Sonoma; and the Indians were subdued, till, in 1813, Mission Dolores had twelve hundred converts, and thousands more were at the other missions.

About sixty years after Mission Dolores was founded, an English trader named Richardson pitched a tent on the shore of the bay at the head of Yerba Buena cove; Jacob Leese built the first wooden house, and a few American soldiers and a few civilians came to California.

One was old Galbraith, the blacksmith, who used to take his home-made Kentucky rifle at daybreak and shoot deer among the sand-hills where the city hall now stands. The cove had been called Yerba Buena because a fragrant, white-towered, and a few years ago, very much liked by the Spanish people was very abundant along the shore.

The large island in the bay, now Gov. Island, was also called Yerba Buena in those days. There were really three settlements within the present limits of the city of San Francisco; the soldiers' camp at the Presidio, the Indian and Spanish village at the mission, which was called San Francisco, and the trading-post of Yerba Buena.

Communication among these settlements; for logs, rock, mountains and sand-hills covered with scrub-oaks and dense undergrowth filled the space between. In January, 1846, eleven years after its foundation, Yerba Buena contained only thirty houses, but July 8, the stars and stripes were hoisted over the little frontier village that lay on the eastern slope of the peninsula, facing the continent; and in January, 1847, the American magistrate issued a decree adopting the name of San Francisco.

In a few months more there were one hundred and fifty-seven houses and four hundred and fifty-nine people in the town. Then followed the discovery of gold in the Sierra foothills, and the "Golden Age of '49." In three years more the population of the city had increased to California increased to thirty-six thousand.—Charles H. Shinn, in St. Nicholas.

THE REASON WHY. An Explanation of the Rapid and Premature Aging of Many Women.

TO CLEAN KETTLES.

A thick-lipped oyster shell is a kitchen convenience of a high order. It is a better pot and kettle scraper than the iron dish cloths.

The chain arrangement called "the name" are combinations which succeed in collecting all the scraps of burned potato, fried onion, cabbage, and the like, and which can be kept clean only by frequent baths in concentrated lye.

An oyster shell, on the other hand, can be kept perfectly clean.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Necessarily. "Ah," remarked the man who wasn't minding his own business to the man digging in the street, "my friend, you surely earn your living by the sweat of your brow."

"I don't know about that," replied the man as he never stopped his digging, "I get the same pay whether I sweat or not."—Detroit Free Press.

In Penobscot, Me., a man kicked at a pocketbook lying on the pavement, and, instead of the usual April fool, disclosed a roll of bills amounting to \$10,000.