

MOUTON BROS.

General Merchandise. Lowest Prices Consistent With Quality of Goods.

Lincoln Avenue, LAFAYETTE, LA.

CHEAP STORE.

LOUIS NOLLIVE,

Watchmaker, Jeweler and Optician. Opposite Mouton & Salles' Store, LAFAYETTE, LA.

Gold medal awarded at Exposition of 1878. Repairing of fine watches a specialty. All work cheap and guaranteed.

MT. CARMEL CONVENT

LAFAYETTE, LA.

The system of education includes the French and English languages, Music and all kinds of needle-work. Every attention will be given to the health and comfort of those placed under the care of the Sisters.

LAFAYETTE

Blacksmith,

WHEELWRIGHT and SUPPLY SHOP. Near Bank Building.

FRED MOUTON, Proprietor.

Lowest prices, consistent with work done. All work promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed.

H. C. SALLES,

DENTIST.

Office on Buchanan Street, LAFAYETTE, LA.

E. G. VOORHIES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND

NOTARY PUBLIC, Lafayette, La.

R. W. ELLIOTT,

Attorney at Law

and Notary Public LAFAYETTE, LA.

O. C. & J. MOUTON,

Attorneys at Law,

LAFAYETTE, LA.

Sidney Veazey,

LIVERY AND FEED Stable.

Lincoln Avenue, Two Blocks From Depot.

First-class rigs at reasonable prices. Careful drivers furnished when required. LAFAYETTE, LA. Jan 17.

C. DEBAILLON,

LAWYER.

Will practice in Lafayette, St. Mary and Vermilion Parishes, and the Supreme and Federal Courts at Opelousas and New Orleans.

RAILROAD BARBER SHOP.

Lincoln Avenue, Near Depot.

THE "OLD RELIABLE,"

JOHN VANDERGRIF, Proprietor.

LIVERY, FEED

AND Sale Stable

E. CONSTANTIN, Proprietor.

LAFAYETTE, LA.

DR. J. L. DUHART.

A practitioner in the State 23 years, and in Lafayette Parish, since 1871. Special attention to his new and successful treatment of the respiratory organs. Medicinal inhalations combined with constitutional treatment affording a cure in Consumption, in the first and second period if they follow exactly the treatment and relief in the third period. Diseases and chronic diseases in general a specialty.

O. P. GUILBEAU,

Notary Public

Justice of the Peace. Careful and prompt attention given to the collection of the security notes on drafts. Sale and purchase of lands attended to. 1-19

C. H. MOUTON,

Attorney at Law.

St. Martinville, La.

SOME SUMMER MORNING.

Some morning when the wind has set his wings at a-blowing. I should have gone away, perhaps, without the flowers knowing.

That I, who knew their every want—'twice happy in the tenting— had gone to the fair gardens, where the summer has no ending.

Some morning when the sea has crept up to the low, salt marshes. And all the stars have faded from the heaven's sapphire arches.

When through the eastern gates, at last, the night has come, and I shall have gone away, perhaps, without the birds a-knowing.

And love shall have no power to hold me with succulent tender. For I shall pass the sunrise gold, the noon's white, silent splendor.

Beyond the sunset and the dawn, where never word was spoken, Where, since creation's natal morn, the stillness slept unbroken.

Oh, little hills that I have known, through tangled grasses straying. When I last saw you, of old, when all the world was a-blowing.

Oh, clover blossoms I love you so—'twice happy in the tenting— Spread out your blossoms to the dew, and set the bees a-humming.

I know not of the gates of pearl, on golden hinges turning. The stars are brighter than the light of countless suns a-burning.

These things await me. I would be no slow, reluctant lover. And God will call me early on some morning in the summer.

—Jeanette La Flamboy, in Chicago Interior.

IT CHANGED TWO LIVES.

A Pathetic Incident of Gen. Bragg's Retreat.

The 18th of December, 1863, was a sad day for the confederate army, commanded by Gen. Bragg, in winter quarters around Dalton, for on that day thirteen men who at one time belonged to that army had been sentenced to be shot.

Some had been caught by our cavalry scouts against the army, they had once belonged to some unit listed as teamsters in the federal army, and some were to be shot for insubordination. Among the number was gallant little Charley Hudson, a beardless youth, but as brave a soldier as any who went to the front.

He had been captured by our cavalry scouts against the army, they had once belonged to some unit listed as teamsters in the federal army, and some were to be shot for insubordination. Among the number was gallant little Charley Hudson, a beardless youth, but as brave a soldier as any who went to the front.

He found that everything had been destroyed, and his people destitute; so he left to find his way to the north. He had retraced the route of the confederate army as a teamster, as he thought in that capacity he would not have to fight his old comrades.

That act changed my whole life, and caused thorns to grow where I expected the sweetest roses. I was depicted as a deserter, and the command assigned to inflict the awful penalty upon our former comrades-in-arms on that fatal 18th of December. We were ordered to be at the place of execution promptly at twelve o'clock.

The whole army had been ordered out to witness the shooting of the men, so, after placing my detail in front of No. 4, I turned it over to the sergeant and joined the group of officers who were standing in the rear of the squads discussing the painful duty each had to perform.

Hearing my name called, I turned and was called one side by a brother officer, who said: "Do you know, lieutenant, whom you are to execute to-day?"

"No," I replied; "all I can tell is that you are assigned to No. 4. Can you tell?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "No. 4 is poor Charley Hudson."

"I felt my legs giving way and I should have fallen had he not caught me. Instantly I recovered; then, for the first time in many years, tears came to my eyes and rolled down my cheeks.

It was appalling to give the command that would end the life of my comrade and best friend, for I had learned to love the boy as a brother; he was so kind, so gentle and so brave. Capt. C., of the Tennessee regiment, came up to me and asked what the bad news was. I told him and, like the gallant fellow that he was, he offered to exchange places.

"I don't know if I might cost him his commission. We had no time to think, for at that moment we heard the strains of the dead march and looking up saw the condemned men approaching.

We ran hurriedly to our details, to get ready for the change, and then exchanged places. In front of each squad stood a stake and a coffin, and as the line approached each man was halted before a coffin.

She had soft, dreamy black eyes, and when excited, they were brighter than the dewdrop on the rose.

She had a sweet, gentle smile, and was always welcomed with a sunny smile; but time passed rapidly and soon orders came for us to prepare to march—'twice very thing I dreaded.

I left camp and went to pay my last visit to her with a heavy heart. I found her in the shadow of a large arbutus tree, with her hands in mine. I told her of my love. It was needless, though, for me to have spoken one word of that love, for she knew it long before.

For a moment she hesitated, and I then told her of our union, and possibly this would be our last meeting until the strife was over.

That seemed to decide it, for, looking up into my face, she said: "It is useless to tell you of my love for you, for you must know that it is as true and as strong as ever a woman gave to man."

Reaching up to a branch of the tree under which we were sitting, she pulled a tiny sprig and gave it to me, saying: "That tree is green as long as I permit it to live. It is green for ever, and so shall my love for you be. Only be as true to me as I shall be to you, and when this cruel war is over hasten back to me and then there shall be no more parting. My prayers shall be for you and my darling brother; for I love you."

I could not speak, but folded her to my heart and gave the first golden kiss of love.

While young Hammond belonged to the same army as myself I had never seen him, except once, until the day of the execution when he sent the last loving message to his sister—my intended bride.

When I saw him standing before me it was too late, for in a moment the command: "Ready, aim, fire!" was given, and poor Hammond lay dead before me, by my command.

Who can picture my utter despair at that moment? As I saw the fire flash from the muzzle of those muskets I bade farewell to all hope of happiness in this life.

Some weeks after the execution I received a letter and I instantly recognized Eugenia's writing.

Enclosed was a clipping from a Dalton newspaper, with my name and my brother's marked, and a long account of the affair. There was also a notice of the death of her father, caused by the shock of his son's death.

She wrote just a few lines; I shall never forget them: "May God forgive you as I do. This grief can never be bridged—not even by an idolatrous love."

I never wrote to her, for I felt it was useless. So time passed, and in the summer of 1870 I went to the Green Brier white sulphur springs.

The first evening there I saw a magnificently-dressed woman whirling in the dances that somewhat attracted my attention. Nearer and nearer she came and at last our eyes met.

Instantly she sank to the floor, and just as quickly was she surrounded by her friends.

I saw pinned to her left breast by a brilliant diamond a piece of amber, and I recognized Eugenia, my lost love.

I left the place that night and have never seen her since. I sometimes hear of her through friends, and never has a December passed since the war that I did not get a sprig of arbutus—'twice the emblem of our love.

I still have her letters in a little casket, and sometimes when I am vexed with the cares of this life I read them over and over. In one of them I meet the lines:

"I have another life I long to meet, which I can never live in this life incomplete. Oh, sweeter still, like me, art thou astray. Try with all thy mind to find the way. Striving with all thy mind to find the way. On which alone can weary heart be rest."

The mystery of Eugenia's fainting is told here for the first time. Should she read this, let her know that the loss of 1864 is just as strong as that of 1862.

Through the influence of strong friends Charley Hudson was pardoned while at the stake, and he is to-day a leading citizen of our state.

What might have been had I not changed my number?—Robert O. Douglas, in Illustrated American.

Napoleon as a Marksmen. Although Napoleon was a great general, beyond dispute, it appears from some recently published recollections of two of his favorites that he was a very poor marksman. Yet he was fond of hunting, and something had to be done to cater to his vanity. It seems that whenever a stag was brought to bay, it was usual to leave the animal to be killed by the emperor. On one such occasion he could not be found.

They were accordingly married by a Dakota justice of the peace and lived happily until the end of the week.—Detroit Tribune.

NAPOLEON WANTED TO DIE

His Only Attraction in Exile Was Deceit by Fate to Be Unsuccessful.

On one occasion, and on one occasion only, did Napoleon Bonaparte attempt to die by his own hand. It was at the palace of Fontainebleau, while his abdication was pending. He had seen Murat and Bernadotte, and they had seen the treachery of Marmont; had learned of the occupation of Paris by the allies' troops; he had been driven to desperation by the fierce revenge of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who had refused to treat with Napoleon or any member of his family, and, last of all, he had been informed that the woman whom he had made his wife, the mother of his child, after starting from Blois to join him, had been dissuaded from doing so, and had remained at Orleans.

It was then that his mighty spirit gave way to the crushing weight of treason in camp and family. He had from him some poison, which he had secured during the disastrous return from Moscow. The temptation to die the death of the elder Cato and of Socrates was too strong for him. In his own chamber he drank the poison, and lay down in the full hope that he had ended the stormiest career that ever mortal followed. His hope was deceived. The poison had lost its strength. He suffered the agonies of the damned for hours, but death did not come.

His private surgeon, Yvan, was panic-stricken, thinking it certain that should the emperor die in that way, just then, the allied powers, fearing the accusation of history, would make him a scapegoat. He mounted his horse and fled, without doing anything to relieve his master's suffering. But Louis Bonaparte recovered, and it is said that he always expressed the belief that fate, having prevented him from suicide, must have other triumphs in store for his genius.

He signed the abdication which was so galling to his soul, giving up forever the chance that his son might succeed to Elba, in the full faith that his star had not set save to rise again.

This faith did not desert him, even after the final overthrow at Waterloo. He went to St. Helena, believing that there he would come to his end, but he came back from Elba. Hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen had more or less sympathy with that hope. But "perfidious Abion" had the arch-foe in her clutches, and from her careful watching he was never to escape.—N. Y. Recorder.

HUNTING THE CHAMOIS.

An Animal That Is Very Keen-Scented and Speaking Generally, I am Inclined to think that the chamois is not the preternaturally wary beast he is usually represented to be. Of his comparative indifference to noises, as long as they are not too loud, I have already spoken. Nor, in my opinion, is his eyesight anything remarkable. Judging from his failure to distinguish objects, such as a man's head or hand, as long as they are motionless, I should say that the organs of vision are scarcely more acute than those of human beings. On the other hand, their sense of smell is quite extraordinary; hence the wind is by far the worst enemy of the hunter.

The shifting eddies and currents, blowing now this way, now that, now up hill, now down, multiply tenfold the chances in favor of the game.

I have often asked friends of mine who have hunted in various countries as to the distance at which deer and other wild animals can scent a human being, and most of them seem to be agreed that they will give out more than a mile off. I have certainly seen chamois over half a mile distant make off in alarm when they could not possibly have seen anything to disturb them. It is curious, too, how much more the hunter's odor seems to terrify them than the odor of the dog, which is highly diverting, and, without hesitating a moment, gallop away at top speed.—Longman's Magazine.

A Good Reason.

"What time of the night was it you saw the prisoner in your room?" asked the defendant's attorney in a recent suit.

"About three o'clock."

"Was there any light in the room at the time?"

"No, sir; it was quite dark."

"Did you see your husband at your side?"

"No, sir."

"Then, madame," said the attorney, triumphantly, "please explain how you could see the prisoner and could not see your husband?"

"My husband was at the lodge, sir."—Philadelphia Call.

According to the Alibon. Householder (to new servant). You see the photograph of my new nephew, Mary? Well, if he should call, always tell him I'm not at home. Do you understand?

Servant—Yes, sir. Nephew (a few days later)—Is Mr. Miller at home?

Servant (at a moment). I'll look at the picture in the album and see.—Truth.

An Extraordinary Woman. The Friend—Have you seen your husband's mother yet?

The Bride—I have, and she is the most extraordinary woman I ever heard of.

"How is that?"

"Why, she thinks me good enough for her son."—N. Y. Press.

ECHCOL AND CHURCH.

—Mount Union college is said to be the first Methodist college to admit women.

—There are 539 Baptist churches in Sweden, with 26,585 members and 618 ministers.

—It is stated that an East London Episcopal clergyman has opened a shop for the sale of crucifixes and images of the Virgin.

—Thirty-five scholarships, worth fifty dollars each, have been established for the daughters of Presbyterian ruling elders in the college for women, Columbia, S. C.

—Our Chinese college at Singapore has won the queen's scholarship, worth one thousand dollars a year for four years, besides the prestige and influence which it gives to the school.

—Dr. Olaus Dahl, who has been elected to a professorship in the University of Chicago, has been for some time a foothold in England in 1847. John Biddle was the founder. The first society in America was formed in Philadelphia in 1749.

—Efforts for better Sunday observance in England are progressing. Sir John Burns, the managing director of the Cunard line, has given directions that no ship of that company in the Mediterranean shall work cargo on Sunday in ports abroad any more than they would at home.

—The adult Bible class in the Summit Hill chapel, Birmingham, England, during the past year has increased from two hundred members to over one thousand. This is a result of its social scheme and, house-to-house visitation, which have also added large numbers to the congregation.

—A Bible and training school for the young women of the east has been opened at Cazadeo under the supervision of the Pacific Coast Young Women's Christian association. The Pacific coast work was established in 1890 with headquarters at San Francisco, and is under a coast committee with a traveling secretary. Since its establishment twenty-six organizations have been formed. Two of these are in cities in Los Angeles and Sacramento—while the others are in colleges.

—Dr. William H. Park, surgeon in charge of the Methodist hospital of Soo-Chow, China, has been made chief surgeon of the staff of Li Hung Chang, the great viceroy, and has received the honorary presidency of the Chinese Imperial order. The emperor dowager is a great sticler for etiquette. Recently she required the services of Dr. Li Te-chang, vice-president of the imperial academy of physicians at Peking, for one of the members of her suite at the Park palace. The learned doctor had never been inside these famous palace-grounds, and his curiosity was fired to see the many curious objects of which he had heard wonderful tales. So he bribed a palace eunuch to show him around the grounds.

While the two were leisurely walking about and enjoying themselves, the eunuch spied them. She at once dispatched servants to punish their effrontery. The eunuch was seized, thrown on his face, and accommodated with a profitable blow through the winter by feeding grain adds to cost of keeping the hogs very materially—in fact, in many cases it destroys any profit. Of course, in the south, where the winters at best are short, and not at any time heavy, the cost of wintering without shelter is much less than further north. Yet the better comfort provided by supplying good shelter, securing at all times a better, thriftier gain for the amount of food consumed, will make the cost of supplying good shelter a profitable investment. It is not necessary to have the hog house expensive; in fact, it is not advisable, for the reason that as usually managed it is not good economy to allow the hog house to remain in one place too long, and the maker of the best not to invest too much in a house than can not be moved conveniently.

PUNISHED FOR CURIOSITY.

A Learned Chinese Doctor Pays Dearly for a Little Innocent Slight-of-hand.

It is dangerous to gratify curiosity or to violate the secrets of the Chinese Imperial court. The empress dowager is a great sticler for etiquette. Recently she required the services of Dr. Li Te-chang, vice-president of the imperial academy of physicians at Peking, for one of the members of her suite at the Park palace. The learned doctor had never been inside these famous palace-grounds, and his curiosity was fired to see the many curious objects of which he had heard wonderful tales. So he bribed a palace eunuch to show him around the grounds.

While the two were leisurely walking about and enjoying themselves, the eunuch spied them. She at once dispatched servants to punish their effrontery. The eunuch was seized, thrown on his face, and accommodated with a profitable blow through the winter by feeding grain adds to cost of keeping the hogs very materially—in fact, in many cases it destroys any profit. Of course, in the south, where the winters at best are short, and not at any time heavy, the cost of wintering without shelter is much less than further north. Yet the better comfort provided by supplying good shelter, securing at all times a better, thriftier gain for the amount of food consumed, will make the cost of supplying good shelter a profitable investment. It is not necessary to have the hog house expensive; in fact, it is not advisable, for the reason that as usually managed it is not good economy to allow the hog house to remain in one place too long, and the maker of the best not to invest too much in a house than can not be moved conveniently.

Three items are essential; one is to have dry. There are few things more injurious to the health and thrift of hogs than to eat or sleep in damp places, or to be in the open, especially both for feeding and for keeping clean. More or less work is necessary if the proper cleanliness is secured, and a little care in arranging will make little difference in work necessary to keep clean. Warmth, with proper ventilation, is the thing essential. One advantage with good, dry earth pens is, that warmth is easier maintained than with almost any kind of an earth floor. Some ventilation should be provided, arranged so that in case of severe storms or cold they can be closed up. If considered necessary to secure proper warmth. The general plan or arrangement can be made to suit the individual taste. It is always best to arrange for plenty of room, as good health cannot be easily maintained when the hogs are crowded.

For autumn planted asparagus beds, two-year-old plants are preferred by gardeners. As with strawberry beds, deep and thorough plowings and harrowings are necessary to a perfect pulverizing of the ground. After setting out the plants and covering them with two or three inches of soil, cover the bed with a good coat of stable manure.

ARMER AND PLANTER

PASTURES AND MEADOWS.

With the Wealth of Forage Plants at Command, No Reason Exists for Poor Pastures and Meadows.

What a wealth of forage plants is at the service of the southern farmer. What a wealth of fallow plants to which he may restore the wasted fertility of his long-abused soils and do it in the way that nature intended it should be done. Very few of our farmers have studied the subject sufficiently to be able to recognize even a fraction of the long list that nature offers to him for the combined purpose of stock food and soil fertilizer. It is quite true that if he would make full use even of the few that he is familiar with he would suffer very little from his lack of knowledge of the scores of plants that are adapted to his use. There are few farmers who are ignorant of Bermuda, crabgrass, lespedeza, sorghum and the like with which alone they might make stock raising an abundant success if they made a proper use of them along with their forage corn and field peas. But there are dozens of others that we have come to name and classify almost confuse, and make it difficult to decide which shall be chosen.

And yet there should be little difficulty in reaching a decision if one understands the matter as it should be considered. No one should attempt to establish improved pastures or meadows with just one or two, or even three plants. In the case of either, it is best to use from six to a dozen different plants, combining the grasses and clover in such a way as to keep up a series of alternations. One plane or several growing while others are in a measure dormant, deferring their best growth to another season. No two plants, probably, are just alike in their needs or demands upon the soil. One plant will suffer from too much rain or too much dry weather, then another would be just suited. One is attacked by insects where another escapes. One yields to rust or mildew under certain conditions of weather, when another is not affected at all.

In the older countries of Europe, where time has had its opportunity to prove most things relating to agriculture, farmers never think of establishing a meadow or pasture with only two or three plants, but use from six to twenty different kinds, and such pastures are found in all the large farms more yearly than our best lands are worth; in many cases more than \$50 per acre.

Are not many of our readers contemplating doing something in this direction? Now is the time to begin the work. In the cities and large towns a good pasture is an investment that pays more than most of our cultivated crops. Think about it!—Southern Farm.

COTTON-SEED MEAL.

A South Carolinian Wants to Learn its Value as Hog Feed.

I have been thinking for a long time that I would write something for the inquiry department of your paper, as it seems to me that the farmers might be made the most profitable part of your paper. So I send you a few inquiries, as I am very anxious to learn the value of cotton-seed as a stock food, in all its forms.

It has occurred to me of late years that, perhaps, the south was wasting annually millions of dollars by not using all the cotton-seed made on the plantations. In the first place to grow and fatten stock for market and home consumption.

I have been very much pleased by your efforts to teach the farmers of the south how to raise hogs. I trust you will continue this thing. It is one of the problems the south is bound to solve. It has no doubt that we can raise hogs upon what they could find in the forest and some corn, principally, however, upon such food as they could obtain in the forest.

The increase of population and stock, and settlement of the country, with destruction of the forests, has made the old plan a thing of the past; but the great majority of our people have not learned much beyond it. And corn is too expensive a diet upon which to grow hogs exclusively.—Cor. Southern Farmer.

HERE AND THERE.

—It is said that "it is hard to get blood out of a turnip" this may be true, but if fed to poultry it is not a difficult matter.

—Ducks and geese should not be overlooked in the poultry yards. They are both profitable and can be combined with other fowl raising to advantage.

—If your supply of fodder is short, you will find a fall crop of Hungarian millet a valuable reinforcement. Sow on rich land and it will grow large enough to mow for hay before frost comes.

—Have your land thoroughly broken and smoothly harrowed over before you sow your fall grain crops. It will always pay to drill your grain in preference to the old style of broadcasting.

—Keep the turnips as clear of weeds as possible. Some weeds grow rapidly in the early autumn, and if your turnips are sown before they are well up, they will do valuable service to them by pulling up the largest weeds.

—"Fine feathers make a fine bird," should be amended so as to read: "Fine feathers make a fine looking bird. If more attention was paid to fine work and less to fine feathers, you can do more profitable than they now are."

—It has been discovered that tuberculosis is a common infection of fowls. It seems the scientists are doing their level best to cut off our food supply by finding this dread disease in our stock, our milk, and butter and cheese and now in our chickens and eggs.