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Will practice in Lafayette, St. Mary and Vermilion parishes.

RAILROAD BARBER SHOP.

Lincoln Avenue, Near Depot. THE "OLD RELIABLE."

DR. J. L. DUHART.

A practitioner in the State 22 years, and in Lafayette Parish 11 years.

O. P. GUILBEAU, Notary Public.

Justice of the Peace.

C. H. MOUTON, Attorney at Law.

ONLY A RUSH.

An Eastern Fairy. 'Twas only a rush by the Ganges' low brink, And one of a legion that modestly waned...

There's many a rush in the river of life, Like that of the Ganges, as humble and plain.

Care well for those rashes! Their beauty will fade when their bloom has faded away.

A RIMAU DAHAN.

The Adventure of Two Little Girls in Sumatra.

Near the southeastern point of Sumatra, one of the largest islands of the East Indian archipelago, there lived a few families inland from Sunda Strait.

The Mowbrays had but one child, a fine, manly boy of sixteen, while the Sherwoods were the happy parents of two charming little girls, the elder named Lillian and the younger, Lulu.

Many years ago, when about a prolonged stay in southern Sumatra, and an exploration of some of the smaller adjacent islands, I became acquainted with both these families, and was much surprised to find that neither knew of the other's existence.

This state of things I determined to remedy on the earliest opportunity, feeling sure that these "strangers in a strange land" had their own countrymen.

On a certain morning, I happened to meet the Mowbrays in each other's arms, and the rimau dahan, no longer irritated by their cries, stood a few feet away, attentively watching them.

Now, however, still sitting in the saddle, he raised his rifle, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger.

"My! what a nice, polite boy; he speaks English, too; not that horrid Dutch, Malay and Chinese we hear every day!"

"Yes, and he called us young ladies!" chimed in Lulu.

"Well, I'm sure we are young ladies; I'm past ten and you're nearly nine," sagely rejoined Lillian.

"After a little, the children left the path and, always finding something new to admire, strayed deeper into the wood.

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AN INDIAN FAIRY-LAND.

Passing under arches, we emerge from the shadow into a dazzle of light; from the broad platform of old and yellow marble, well polished by the constant friction of bare feet.

When the little flower pickers got close to the supposed dog, Lillian said: "Why, Lulu, that is not a dog at all!

But so soon as the children turned to fly, the rimau dahan, which would probably have itself retreated in anger.

Then, seemingly delighted with such novel sights, the creature began to leap and frisk about, as if to begain to snarl and growl.

Through certainly not hungry, the terribly beautiful beast was gradually giving way to its fierce instinct.

His strange situation had lasted, Lillian appeared, not ten minutes; she and Lulu exhausted by screaming.

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USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

Parson Fritters.—To half a dozen boiled, mashed parsnips, add two tablespoons of flour, two beaten eggs, and a little pepper and salt.

Beet Coffee.—Wash good beets thoroughly, but do not scrape; slice, and brown in a moderate oven, taking care not to burn.

Spiced Rolls.—Take a piece from your bread and roll it out half an inch thick, brush the top with melted butter and cover thick with cinnamon and fine white sugar.

Cold Lamb.—Cut the lamb in small pieces, place in a frying-pan with a green onion finely chopped, salt, pepper, a bay leaf, and peas in quantity to suit the meat.

Steamed Indian Pudding.—One cupful of corn meal, one large cupful of sour milk, one cupful of chopped beef suet, one-half cupful of chopped lard, and one teaspoonful of salt.

To Remove Ink from Paper.—Put one pound of chloride of lime to four quarts of water, mix together, and let stand twenty-four hours.

Butter, another layer of apples with sugar and cinnamon, dot over alternately till the dish is filled.

Stormy Days. However philosophical we may be as to the duty of going out in all sorts of weather, there certainly come days when, in our climate at least, it is much pleasanter to remain at home.

DIY DON'T SIT UP FOR NOTHING. The Mississippi Landlord Frowns His Guest On According to Some.

I had a funny experience in a little town on the lower Mississippi, said a traveling salesman recently.

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THE MODEL CONFIDANTE.

Some of the Characteristics Which She Ought Without Fail to Possess. The confidante's lot is not a happy one.

Nevertheless the custom of confiding will continue as long as women let down their hair and unbutton their frocks together.

There are many things for the woman who holds confidential relations with many people to remember.

The first one is that it is seldom worth while to make oneself disliked by giving needless opinions which are contrary to those desired.

The woman who does all these things in such a manner that it satisfies her self and does not hurt the confidence of others is a rare woman.

WAPPING NEWS-PAPERS, and the various useless odds and ends that collect about a kitchen are an awful nuisance.

When the sense of leisure seems to quicken the mind, either from the weather, or from the facilities, it is really wonderful to find how much it is possible to accomplish on a delightful stormy day.

The enjoyment of the weather is enhanced by the consciousness that one need not go out in it.

There are times when the artistic sense needs to bend before stern utility, and a real stormy day is one of these times.

Never serve tea or chocolate with fried foods, says an authority on gastronomy.

It makes a great difference, quoth she, "win an' how ye practice a good thing."

—The man who claims that there is no such thing as an honest man tells others what he thinks of himself.

HE WAS POLITE.

Gus Hawkins Met a Ghost That Was Very Polite. "Gus, you'd better reform our methods of treating ghosts."

"Why, I don't see," I said to him one day—"I don't see but we treat ghosts properly enough."

"I wish I could see a ghost once, an' I'd show him that there is a little politeness left in 'uman nature, after all."

"Well, last May Gus did meet one after all. While he was passing through the Spruce Hollow graveyard he saw a ghost sitting with his legs crossed on 'Squire Perkins' tombstone."

"Hullo!" said Gus. "Kinder damp an' cold out here, ain't it?" said Gus.

"Come down to my house over the hill an' get some supper an' a hot cup of tea, an' then we'll have a little talk together."

"Well, if you'd jest see soon, we'll go into this tomb here," said the Ghost.

"I shall be kinder bashful in a house, I ain't been in one for so long. I'm mortally afraid of 'em."

"All right," said Gus, "an' have a nice little talk."

"Just what would suit me," said Gus. "Sit up a little closer," said the Ghost.

"Glad to 'commodate ye," said Gus, as he nudged up as close as he could get.

"Let me put my arms 'round ye an' see if I can't git thoroughly warmed up for once," said the Ghost, throwing his arms around Gus as he spoke.

"Do you know," said the Ghost, "you're the only fellow that has ever understood one since I've been dead. I like you. You're a trump. But you'll excuse me jest a minute. Do you know I feel that there is something the matter with my body in the fifth grave down there. You excuse me a minute while I go and see. Sit right down here, an' I'll be back in a jiffy an' we'll have a nice talk together."

Gus sat still and the Ghost vanished. He sat for five minutes; still the Ghost did not return.

At the end of ten minutes he got up and walked out of each of the Ghost's graves.

He looked at the fifth grave but it was undisturbed and the grass was growing about it luxuriantly.

"Well, I can't wait here all night," said Gus. "Let's see, what time is it?"

"Well, Gus had no means of telling what time it was—his watch was gone. He discovered that by feeling in his left-hand vest pocket. Also a roll of bills was gone. He discovered this by feeling in his right-hand vest pocket."

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