

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

Now that the Legislature has adjourned and its acts have passed into history, the public naturally look back over the sixty days session of that body and sum up the good and the bad—laying some things against, and some to the credit of the solons. Such is what the Banner-Democrat has been doing lately. Such is what is being asked generally—what has the Legislature done?

While we are prepared to admit that some very salutary laws were passed by the late Legislature, yet it is with mortification that we have to speak of an instance of glaring negligence, such as has rarely been noticed in this State before. We speak of the failure of the Legislature to pass a good election law, as the people demanded of them.

Ballot Reform was the watchword of the people prior to the assembly of the Legislature, and during its session the cry was increased. We were treated to the spectacle of our Governor proclaiming himself far and wide as the champion of ballot reform. He would see to it that the people would receive what they demanded; but have they? Where is the boasted election law that Murphy was to give us? Echo answers, "where?"

Now it is conceded by everybody—both Foster and McEnery people—that the Governor had the Legislature completely under his control. This seems to be an acknowledged fact. We have heard very few disputes it, except a few proselytes, whose opinions change with the political weather vane, and who do not amount to a row of pins.

This being the case, it is readily seen that no one but the Governor alone is to blame. When the General Assembly, with Mr. Foster's assistance, could elect two United States Senators in the short space of forty-eight hours, why is it that they could not frame an election law to suit the people in two months trial? Something's rotten in Denmark. Mr. Foster will have this against him two years from now, in addition to other pledges he has broken with unparalleled liberty. A very bad state of affairs. Between Foster, Fitzpatrick and the Devil, Louisiana has a hard time.

But a time of reform is near at hand, we are glad to say, and when that time comes, the Banner-Democrat will take pleasure in noting that Mr. Foster will not fill the gubernatorial chair.

Let the people remember this—the Governor assured us a good election law; we did not get it. Whose fault is it?

Ten colored men were murdered at Pratt City, Ala., on Monday last. They had taken the places of the striking coal miners, and when coming out of the mine, were shot down.

Death with all its horrors does not frighten the anarchists; some even glory in that kind of notoriety. The Czar of Russia is the only one who seems to understand how to deal with them; without trial, without publicity, he sends them into eternal oblivion to taste the mysteries of Siberia. That alone frightens them. All the governments of Europe had better make arrangements with the Czar and turn over to him all the anarchists found on the territory. They soon would get rid of them.

The Scientific American says that according to a census lately made by the Board of Health of New York City, there are 39,138 buildings known as tenement houses, in some of which the people are packed like sardines; but the average is only 34 persons to a house, the total tenement house population being 1,332,773. Many of the so-called tenement houses are vast establishments constructed and conducted on the best sanitary principles. Still, the majority of these buildings, those that are occupied by the poorer classes, are wretched and unsavory. The only wonder is that pestilence does not rage among them at all times. Almost every steamer from Europe brings a new lot of low-minded, dirty creatures, representatives of the vilest foreign classes, whose filthy habits the health authorities find it difficult to overcome or combat.

APATHY AND WANT OF ENTERPRISE.

We remember the time a few years ago, when in the fall season of the year, some ten or fifteen wagons from the hills were daily seen on our streets, bringing in cotton and seed, and returning on the evening with freight from the landing, and goods that they had bought from our merchants. Then Providence was in its glory, all the stores were in full blast and carried a largestock of goods; the landing keepers did a wholesale produce business, no store was to be had in town for love or money, and not even one dwelling house was for rent. Money was plentiful and the merchants grew fat.

This was several years ago. What is it now? One whole street almost entirely abandoned with the stores closed as on account of a great calamity; the grass growing on Levee street; houses for rent everywhere, and the stores that remain, carrying a very limited stock of goods. A stranger landing in Providence and walking along Levee street would be apt to ask of what great citizen the town was mourning the death, and at what time the funeral was expected to take place.

The keen observer, resident of the town, who lived here in the days of its prosperity, seeks involuntarily the cause of this decadence, and soon come before his eyes the crop failures of '91, '92 and the overflow of '93 as the immediate cause of stagnation and utter lack of business in Providence. But inquiring more minutely, he soon comes to the conclusion that this business decadence began before the crop failures and overflow mentioned above, that blight struck the town ere this, and he gradually comes to attribute it to the lack of enterprise in our town people.

Ten years ago, when the town was in a flourishing condition, there were few country stores, and the town merchants had the trade all to themselves. Little by little, the planter came to think that the town merchant was getting rich out of him, that he got all the money of his hands, and he also, desiring to get some of the bonanza, set out a few ca goods and a barrel of mean whiskey with a few crackers in a corner of his plantation, which he pompously decorated with the name of "store." Thus the business came to be divided, the town merchant lost a good deal of his custom, and sat mourning and weeping over the starting of country stores, some even bringing out to bless them the most forcible terms of the Queen's English.

This he did, and no more; he sat down on his gallery, waited for the occasional customer, and whittled away. The trade became less and less every year; the country trade was purposely reduced by the country storekeeper, who paid only at his store on Saturday night, too late for the negro to come to town; later on, the hill trade ceased altogether, so that to-day the very rare wagon that comes from the hills is an object of curiosity.

The world is moving ahead, but Providence is not; the town merchant elsewhere does no longer rely on the nickle day-trade, but strives to extend his trade far and wide, and for this purpose, uses leaders, posters, advertisements, offers a premium to the customer buying, say, \$10 worth of goods, sends out agents, etc.; in fact, does business in a progressive way.

What does the average Providence merchant do?

He leads a comfortable life of laziness, sits down on the sidewalk, fans himself, reads the Banner-Democrat, and waits for the customer. No danger of his engulging his brain to extend his trade, no danger of selling anything at cost for a leader, or using advertisements to let the people know what he has in his store. Oh! no, these new fangled ways would cost him an effort of brain, that might throw him into fever, and it is so much more comfortable to sit down and wait, even if he does not do quite as much as he would otherwise; at any rate, he risks nothing. Truly, he risks nothing, and his trade goes decreasing every day, his rent goes on all the same, his bills fall due, and, the first thing we know, Mr. Merchant is closed out and the sheriff has charge of the store.

So little progressive are our merchants that not one of them has an advertisement in their town paper. What good it would be? they say. What good would it be to you?—A great deal, indeed. It would let the town people know what you have for sale, and the price of it; and, as our circulation is not limited only to the town, but extends to this and other parishes, it would let the people of these parishes know that Mr. Smith, who has the biggest advertisement, and consequently must be the leading merchant of Providence, has for sale for instance, 25 dozen black and mole colored balbriggan half-hose, regular price 35 cents, clearing price 15 cents.

50 men's fancy alpaca coats and vests, regular price \$5, \$6 and \$7, special price \$1.75 up.

Why, people coming to this town do not even know where to buy ice, outside of the factory, and the price it sells for; and yet everybody complains of the lack of business. If there is

no business you must make business, you must compel the country stores to shut up, by attracting people to your own stores and giving them bargains. Quick sales and small profits are the order of the day. You may sell cheap, but country people must know it.

We are sorry to say it, but we have not a live merchant in the town, and we have often thought how our slow town merchants who sit down on the sidewalk waiting for customers would fare by the side of a progressive, energetic merchant who would know how to sell goods, in a lively manner.

Truth sounds sometimes harsh, but it is good that it should be told. Providence is not different from any other town; if it pays elsewhere for a merchant to advertise, to bring out his goods, why should it not pay here? The last copy of the Monroe Bulletin has one whole page used for the advertisement of Meyer's Star Emporium, with retail prices of many articles. Meyer is a fine, prosperous merchant, who does not advertise simply to throw a few dollars in the way of the Monroe Bulletin, and it must pay him to advertise or he would not do it.

We want the merchants of the town to understand that we are not writing this for the purpose of soliciting advertisements for the Banner-Democrat; we even think it may have a contrary effect, for often people get mad when told of their faults. The Banner-Democrat has lived all these years without advertisements, and can do without them yet; but we write this in the interest of the town, because we see the trade growing smaller and smaller every year, and we think the progressive ways of other cities might be well given a trial.

As a practical illustration of what other towns and cities are doing to extend their trade, the city of Natchez is a good example. As soon as the New Orleans & Western R. R. was completed from Natchez to Bastrop, the Natchez people got up an excursion and offered a free trip to the people of Bastrop to come and visit their town. Five coaches, full of Bastrop people who availed themselves of this opportunity, came to Natchez. The Bastropians were dined and wined, and of course, spent freely their money in hotels, stores, etc. Ever since that time, they have felt under obligation to the Natchez people, and now instead of getting their goods in Monroe as they used to, they get them from Natchez. We counted nineteen advertisements of Natchez merchants in the Bastrop Clarion of last week. This Bastrop excursion must have paid the merchants of Natchez, for a short time after, they got up a steamer excursion, to bring on the C. D. Shaw all the people of the Atchafalaya country who wanted to visit their town. As a result, the Shaw makes regular trips to the Atchafalaya country, and has thus far cut off New Orleans of the trade she used to have there. The Natchez merchants are doing well, making money and getting rich; there is life in that city, it is not dead like our town.

It would be, of course, preposterous for us to adopt means of that kind, giving excursions, for instance; but why cannot our merchants, who have little to do, devise some means of increasing their business, and bringing back to Providence the trade that some years ago used to come to it? It is high time to help the sinking ship.

State Senator Curry has been appointed postmaster of Shreveport. Cleveland could not have made a better choice. Mr. Curry, being a prompt business man, is bound to give satisfaction and make an excellent postmaster.

The steamship Perthshire arrived in London recently from Australia and New Zealand with the largest cargo of refrigerated goods ever imported. The cargo consisted of 70,000 carcasses of sheep, 9,000 hanches, 9,000 legs, about 550 tons of frozen beef, 750 cases of butter, 150 bags of bullocks' hearts, 150 bags of ox-tails and kidneys, and 7 cases of oysters. The steamer could have carried 12,000 more carcasses of sheep.

Frank P. Stubbs, the little tin god on wheels, whose sway in the by-gone days used to extend up and down the Ouachita, made a special trip to Washington to defeat the nomination of Mr. Charles Trousdale as postmaster of Monroe; he brought out all his eloquence before the committee, and attempted to show in his plausible manner what dreadful mistake it would be to appoint for the Parlor City a postmaster, whose Democracy was more or less suspect. He spoke well and long and earnestly, but he counted without our worthy Representative C. J. Boatner, who, in a few words soon proved to the committee that Mr. Trousdale was a simon-pure Democrat. The committee recommended the nomination of Mr. Trousdale and he will soon be postmaster of Monroe.

THE GENTLE SATIRIST.

Dear Janie:—I know this is the day to write about "Dado" and "Ships that Pass in the Night" and "The Yellow Aster," or to criticize "Caesar's Column" and "Looking Backward." I know it is the day to go wild with admiration over some trashy novel about which the literary sharpers of London cablegraph "such and such a book has set this city on fire. The magazines are full of it;" but somehow, I don't feel like talking about any of these subjects, therefore I'm going to leave them entirely alone, and write about a great author that has been dead for over thirty years—dead, but not forgotten. I mean the great Thackeray. For so many months I have been reading and re-reading his novels, his "Vanity Fair," his "Henry Esmond," his "New-comers," his "Virginians," his "Pendennis," and have spent so many happy hours lingering over his "Literary Essays," and "Round about Papers," and "Four Georges," that now, when I want to talk about them, to tell you how much I admire, and love, and reverence the man's great intellect and noble character, such an host of friendly persons comfort me, that among them, I scarce can make any selection at all.

Well then, I'll talk first of the magician, and afterwards of his magic. First of the artist and then of his art. To me Janie, Thackeray is not an image conjured up from the pages of a biography, a mere phantom of the brain, but he is a living, breathing human being.

I seem actually to remember his face, his honest, kindly face; the broad forehead crowned with his silver hair, the blue eyes beaming in kindly humor behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, the sweet, serene mouth. And then the noble stature of the man, tall and commanding; possessing the dignity and grace of a gentleman, not a dancing master. I like to picture him walking down Pall Mall, with one of his "bosom cronies," or sauntering alone, into the Garrick Club rooms. Indeed, I like to think of Thackeray always; in the great London drawing rooms, where, I fancy, his appearance was more striking and impressive than genial; in the bright studios of the poor young artists of Paris; in those gay, sunshiny ateliers, where much of his own youth was spent at the easel. I like to think of him, standing at midnight on the lonely deck of a ship, and looking at the dark rolling billows beneath. I also like to think of him, wandering among the parlors and corridors of the St. Charles Hotel at New Orleans, in that "springtime long ago." Above all else, I love to think of him, as he was in his own pretty home, reading Charles Dickens' stories aloud to his little daughters, or correcting the proof sheets of the "Cornhill Magazine."

Yes, the image of Thackeray is always pleasant and dear to me; indeed so pleasant, that often when reading his pages I stop short in the midst of a sentence and take a look, as it were, at the author. This makes the words more forcible. And then, when I picture Thackeray to myself, and remember the gentle tenderness that flowed through all his life, it shocks me to realize that many people regard him only as a cynic.

That he has a wonderful power for sarcasm, that he is brilliant in wit, I do not deny. But I think his sympathy is even more marked than his satire. His tenderness for all that is weak and helpless, his tender reverence for goodness and purity, his honest admiration for all sorts of heroism and manliness and his leniency with good natured faults—these are the characteristics of Thackeray's novels. To be sure, there are a few subjects about which he is intolerant—snobishness and sham, and "woman's inhumanity to woman," on these themes, he is altogether sarcastic and severe.

Speaking of George IV, he says: "I look through all his life and recognize him by a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truffitts nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock waistcoat, under waistcoats, more under waistcoats, and then nothing."

This is a true specimen of Thackeray's wit. He tried to reach a man, and there was no man to be reached—only a big display of fine clothes, a great big sham.

And for such pretense, our author has no sympathy. Whereas about some faults that are innate in a race, he is very humorous. All of his lower class Irishmen are big, warm hearted, drunken rascals, but in spite of it all Thackeray loves them, just as he loves Jolly Dick Steele.

Of negroes, he gives a remarkably true, just estimate. Never for a minute, does he pretend to say they are scrupulous about the accuracy of their statements, but he seems to think them a good enough people. Somewhere in one of his "Roundabout Papers" he remarks, "A favorite liar and servant of mine was a man I once had to drive my brougham," and then proceeds to tell the fellow's good traits, faults and foibles. Beside the subjects I have named and said, Thackeray is intolerant of, is one more; this is religious disbelief or atheism!

He has written a brilliant criticism on one of George Sand's novels, in which that lady states it is time for a new Messiah to be born, that Christ is not fitted for this century. In his essay on this work, Thackeray acknowledges the writers power of language, the beauty and richness of her literary style, etc.; but, he also, shows to the public the poverty of her thought, how narrow and affected and superficial it is.

Finally, in utter indignation at her boldness, there flash from his mind these words: "Oh, awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable! Who are these that come forward to explain the mystery and gaze unblinking into the depths of the light and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? Oh, name, that God's people of old did fear to utter! Oh, light that God's prophet had died, had he seen? Who are these that are so familiar with it?" Not one

does Thackeray speak directly of religion, and yet, his every page is a sermon. The text is always the same, "Be each, pray God, a gentleman," and a vast intellect and force of character make the text impressive. Indeed, I have often read one of Talmage's sermons, and afterwards a few chapters from Thackeray, and it seems to me that undoubtedly the great English author is the better preacher of the two. He is less theatrical, and more sincere in manner. Of course, this is his charm. It is the noble simplicity of his writings that lend them their power.

But, not only does Thackeray deal with the lighter faults of human nature. Every now and then he teaches a grave lesson about lawlessness and depravity. And with stern strokes does he draw these morals. Indeed, his blackguards are entirely odious, because they are mean as well as vicious. He has no Newgate heroes nor criminal divinities.

He shows us that all men are erring, and most of them capable of repentance; but a man that begins his career by toadying to his high born school fellows, and robbing them of their money, and who pursues the same course through college and through life, is apt, very apt, to die a little contemptible, dark hearted villain in the end!

Nature develops slowly, by law, and not by spasms, and Thackeray's characters are products of Nature rather than art, hence, they obey her principles.

But now, Janie, the lamp has burned so low, and the light is so dull, that I needs must stop writing. Do you know I hate to take leave of this subject? So much that I wanted to say has been left unsaid, so many characters that I really love, have gone unmentioned that the paper seems to me abrupt and unsatisfactory. You see, I wanted to speak of Henry Esmond, and of Colonel Newcome and of George Warrington, but I feel it is too late, that I will have to pass them by without even a sentence acknowledging the true, deep pleasure they have given me, and this seems ungrateful. But, the reason of it is, I like Thackeray so much that I could not steal a minute from him, to give to any of his heroes.

For me, the real man is dearer than the fictitious men; the creator is greater than his creatures.

And now good night, and good-bye to them all.

"Good night, friends, old and young. The night will fall, the stones must end, and the best of friends must part."

Prendergast died game on the 13th of July. He was langed in Chicago for the murder of Mayor Carter Harrison.

Benoit got scared and ran off on the last day, when the Legislature got after him. He thought they were going to use a shingle on him. He did not wait.

Succession Sale.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a Will of said deceased, by the Hon. Th. District Court for East Carroll parish, Louisiana, authorizing and empowering me to sell all the property, real and personal, belonging to the aforesaid succession, for the purpose of paying its debts I, Carrie A. Keene, administratrix of the succession of W. Rodden Keene, dec'd., will offer for sale, public auction to the highest bidder, on the premises, to-wit: At the family residence of the late W. B. Keene on Saucy Terre plantation, and at the store-house on Atherton plantation, in said parish and State, on

Wednesday, the 1st day of August, 1894, between the hours prescribed by law, all the right, title and interest of the succession of W. Rodden Keene, dec'd., in and unto the following described property situated in East Carroll parish, Louisiana, to-wit: 1.—The undivided one-half of the Saucy Terre plantation, described as follows, to-wit: Parts of Lots fifty-two (52) and fifty-three (53), lying south and west of the Atherton plantation; all of lots fifty-four (54) and fifty-five (55); all of section seventy-two (72) and that portion of lots one (1), two (2) and three (3) of section seventy-five (75), lying North of Point Misery bayou; and that portion of said lots one (1), two (2) and three (3) lying South of said bayou and between it and the continuation of the line between Lots fifty-five (55) and fifty-six (56); all in Township twenty (20), North of Range thirteen (13) East, excepting sixteen and 68-100 (16-85-100) acres, known as the family residence and grounds, owned individually by the late W. B. Keene, the whole of said place containing eleven hundred and ninety (1190) acres, more or less, and the undivided half thereof being five hundred and ninety-five (595) acres, more or less, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon, and the lease of said property for the current year 1894.

2.—That portion of the Saucy Terre plantation known as the family residence and grounds, described by metes and bounds as follows, to-wit: Commence at a post at the foot of the West bank of Transylvania slough, on the line between Saucy Terre and Transylvania plantations near the public school house; thence North sixty-four degrees (64°) East, eighteen and 8-100 (18-100) chains to a stake about two (2) feet below the lower terrace through the Saucy Terre yard; thence North thirty-two degrees (32°) West eight and 48-100 (48-100) chains to a stake; thence South sixty-four degrees (64°) West twenty-one and 63-100 (21-63-100) chains to the boundary line between Saucy Terre and Transylvania plantations; thence East along said boundary to the point of beginning, containing sixteen and 83-100 (16-83-100) acres, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon.

3.—The Atherton plantation described as follows, to-wit: The West half of fractional section No. Seventy-three (73), Lot No. Fifty-one (51), and part of Lot No. Fifty-two (52) and Fifty-three (53) in Township Twenty North of Range Thirteen (13) East, excepting to make it 2400 acres in the South-east to the boundary line between Saucy Terre and Transylvania plantations; thence East along said boundary to the point of beginning, containing sixteen and 83-100 (16-83-100) acres, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon.

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THE NEW PROVIDENCE!

Before you buy any lot in Providence, be sure to come and see us. We have bought the Charity Hospital property (Ingram field) and we are going to divide it in lots for comfortable homes. We will make of it the NEW PROVIDENCE; the town is going that way any way, and WILL continue to go that way. We will sell a lot cheap for cash, or on time, or on credit any way a man wants it from \$10.00 up. Come and see us.

MILLIKIN & HAMLEY.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company,  
The Oldest Company in the United States, and the LARGEST in the World.

Up to December 31st, 1893, it had paid to its policy holders \$346,466,167.86, which is double the amount ever paid by any other Company.

Post & Bowles General Agents for Louisiana and Mississippi. New Orleans, La.

Yancey Bell, Local Ag't., Lake Providence, La.

In Chicago on Monday last a caisson attached to a Hotchkiss gun in charge of Battery F. Second artillery, U. S. A., exploded, while in their daily drill, killing three men and wounding twelve.

Have you tried Plantation Livey Pills for habitual constipation? They are perfectly splendid and a sure cure. Sold by J. S. Guenard druggist.

Green plums are put up in cotton seed oil and sold for olives all over the United States. Everybody thinks they are delicious pickles, and all wonder why they are so subject to chills.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica, the best in the world, and Dr. E. New Life Pills, which are a pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed, and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell more of them. Sold at J. S. Guenard Drug Store.

Doctor TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC.

Has No Equal for Wounds, Bruises, Scalds, Cuts, Sprains and Injuries of any Nature, for Colic, Cramps, Flux, Diarrhea and Bowel Complaints—Also for Colic, Butts, Foot Evil, Fistula and Scratches in Stock.

Lake Providence, La., June 15, 1894. Sherrouse Medicine Co.

I have been handling Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC since first put on this market, and have never heard a complaint against it, but the contrary, general praise.

J. S. GUENARD.

I have had Very Considerable Experience with Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC, and consider it SUPERIOR to any remedy of its kind in this section.

R. J. BURNETT.

I have often used Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC, and can strongly endorse it as the best all round household remedy I ever saw.

S. W. GREEN.

In my opinion, there is no better family medicine in this country than Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC. I handle some of the IMITATIONS, but they do not sell as well, nor give the same satisfaction.

J. N. WOODCOCK.

From personal experience with Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC, I can strongly recommend it to any one needing a good medicine for its purpose.

J. N. TURNER, Publisher Banner-Democrat.

Henderson, La., June 14, 1894.

We can strongly recommend Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC as a first class remedy for wounds of any kind. It is a popular household remedy in our section.

J. STEIN & Co., Illawara, La., June 14, 1894.

We have handled Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC, and take pleasure in recommending it.

BLUM & WOOLF, Brunette, La., June 15, 1894.

I have been using and selling Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC for years, and in my opinion, it is the best medicine in that line ever introduced in this section. No Imitations will take with my trade.

T. B. FASS, Panola, La., June 15, 1894.

I am well acquainted with the uses of Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC, and consider it the leading remedy in its line, of anything on this market.

C. A. VOLKER, Natchez, Miss., April 28, 1886.

We cheerfully add our testimonial in regard to the sale of Dr. TICHENOR'S ANTISEPTIC. As to its merits, the amount of its sales speaks loudly in its behalf. Without any advertising whatever, its sales with us equal the best advertised remedy of the day. Wishing you continued success. We are yours truly.

Is your life worth 50 cents? Dumb Child! Ague! Cong! Chill!!! Death!!!! This is the result of your chilly enervation. Plantation Chill Cure will cure. Sold by Guenard drug store.

A Hand Made Cypress Cister

1,000 Gallons, \$15. 1,500 Gal. at \$20. 2,000 Gallons, \$26. 3,000 Gal. at \$35. A. RIGGS & BRO. No. 10 Perdido street. New Orleans, La.

RUSSIAN LINIMENT

The best ointment for Rheumatism, Lambe Back, Swollen Limbs, etc. 25 cts. Per Sale by all Druggists.

EVERYBODY

Knows a nothing of Photography nowadays, so it is a business in large scale in every branch of the C. INDUSTRY and ART.

WHY DON'T YOU BUY a Camera, and learn to take Pictures? You will find it most interesting and profitable. We will give you a complete course of instruction, and you will be able to take pictures in ten days.

HOW TO USE a \$2.50 Watch Camera, as a \$200 outfit, free of charge. If you cannot fit up a Dark Room of your own, we will do your developing and printing at moderate prices. Give us a trial. Photographers Supplies of Every Description always in stock.

OUR CANAL AND COURSE OF SHREVEPORT STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The Climax Reached in the JEWELRY LINE.

Not only in Honesty of Goods, Moderation in Prices, but in the promptness with which we secure the latest novelties.

When in the city, come in and make out store your headwaters.

JOHN WILLIAMS Undertaker.

Lake Providence, La. Keeps on hand a large assortment of Burial Caskets, New, Plain and Ornamental Metallic Cases and Wooden Coffins Made and Trimmed to Order (April 13-1894)