

P. S. STRICKER, M. D.,
Practicing Physician,
Office at Campbell & Chaze Drug
Store on Levee street.

C. S. WYLY,
Attorney at Law.
Lake Providence, La.

Practices in State and Federal Courts.

CLIFTON F. DAVIS,
Attorney at Law,
Lake Providence, La.
At Judge Montgomery's law office.

W. D. BELL,
Surgeon and Practicing Physician.
(Obstetrics a specialty.)
Will respond to all calls, day or night.
Office at Berard drug store, Residence
next to Methodist Church.
Payment for medical services must
be made at the close of each month
positively.

Local and Parish News.

Methodist Church.
Services every first and third Sunday of
the month, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.
H. W. KNICKERBOCKER, Pastor

The long drouth continues.
The river is rising at this point.
No rain yet, and it continues hot.
The price of chickens have gone up.
That free ferry should be worked
up.

The cotton is deteriorating every
day.
Health in town and country is very
good.
The Hill store has a very pretty
front.

We are into August, and another
scorching.
Attend the Firemen's meeting Mon-
day night.

Services at the Episcopal Church
to-morrow.
Follow the crowd and you will wind
up at White's.

It is said East Carroll is full of
sound money men.
A newspaper man has a hard time
to please every one!

That first bale of cotton has yet to
make its appearance.
Col. E. W. Constant was up bright
and early on Monday.

We regret to learn that Mr. Z. Gol-
denburg continues unwell.
It is said that a tax sale taking place
after 12 o'clock violates the title.

The military boys all looked fagged
out from their trip to Lake Charles.
Royal Powell went up to Arkansas
on Tuesday to attend a big barbecue.

Town has been exceedingly dull
this week. Nothing doing whatever.
Cotton is opening very fast, and the
fall trade will begin earlier than
usual.

We heard a prominent planter say
this week that the cotton stalks were
dying.
We regret to learn that Miss Nannie
Davis has been sick with chills and
fevers.

The town is rather quiet as far as
business is concerned; but improve-
ments continue.
Mrs. Geo. F. Blackburn left for
Houston, Texas, on Tuesday to join
her husband.

The Hon. City Dads will convene in
regular monthly session on Wednes-
day night next.
Several wells have been driven by
the citizens of town on account of their
cisterns being dry.

U. S. assistant engineer Phil Long
has returned after a few weeks spent
at his home in Alabama.
It is all right when some other fel-
lows toe is stepped on, but when it's
your own, there is a squeal.

When the mercury gets up to a
hundred in the shade its pretty hot.
It has been there this week.
Several of our friends have asked
us why Tom Davis is making such
frequent trips to Mayeraville.

The concrete foundation for White's
store has been put down, and on
Monday work will be started in earn-
est.
Miss Elise Holmes, one of Green-
ville's pretty young ladies, is visiting
Miss Julia Coleman on Sparrow
street.

A large number of colored people
from the McCulloch place were in
town on Monday as witnesses before
the court.
Messrs. P. D. Quays and C. A. Voel-
ker were in town on Wednesday and
gave us a call. They had been out to
look at Baxter bayou bridge.

A meeting of the stockholders of the
Lake Providence Telegraph Co., is
called to meet at the office of Hon.
J. E. Ransdell at 10 a. m. on Friday,
August 7th.

Sheriff Dunn has erected a tele-
phone line from his residence on the
lake to his office and thence to the
drug store. He will find it a great
convenience.
Mr. F. B. Hull, of the firm of Hull
Broa, contractors, who have the con-
tract for the erection of the handsome
store of Mr. W. N. White, arrived in
town on Sunday last and left again on
Wednesday morning.

Hon. E. J. Hamley left for Vicks-
burg via Cary on Thursday. He went
down to be present at a meeting of the
Southern Lumbermen, which took
place Thursday night. He will be
home on the Natchez to-day.

**Bamboo Ventilators,
the hat for summer.
at White's.**

Physicians everywhere prescribe
Live Oak Rye, and professional men
use it in preference to all others, and
have found it the purest and best
Uncle Phil McGuire can supply you.

We had the pleasure of a call on
Tuesday from Mr. T. J. Maurin, U. S.
pension agent. He tells us that he
has been over considerable ground
lately, and everywhere that he has
been, the crops are a failure.

Mrs. A. J. Chaze of Vidalia and
Mrs. A. O. Dupuy of Lake Charles,
mother and sister of Mrs. O. J. Cam-
bell, of our town, arrived on the steam-
er Natchez on Sunday last to remain
sometime. We hope their visit will
be pleasant.

Mr. Yancey Bell, clerk of the Police
Jury has a notice to contractors in
this issue, calling upon them for bids
for the erection of a bridge across
Baxter bayou. Specifications can be
seen at his office, corner Lake & Spar-
row streets.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Fournier, of
New Orleans, brother and sister-in-
law of Mrs. Clarence and Mrs. C. E.
Seghers, arrived on Tuesday to pay
them a visit. We hope they will have
a pleasant time on the banks of beau-
tiful Lake Providence.

Open cotton is common now, and it
will only be a short while before pick-
ing will be general. The continua-
tion of the hot weather and the long
drouth will force the fleecy staple
upon the market earlier this year
than ever was known before.

From the news received this week
from our planter friends in regard to
the crops, they are going to be short.
Some few places have fine crops, but
the majority of the plantations have
the poorest kind, and every day they
are getting worse. We are sorry to
say it, but the cotton crop in the parish
is going to be short.

Tuesday evening at half past seven
the mercury registered 88 degrees.
It is very seldom that the thermom-
eter stays so high so late in the even-
ing as this. After going to about 95
in the day it generally goes down to
70 towards evening and a breeze starts
up that makes it cool during the night.
Tuesday evening was the hottest of
the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dunn, Mr. and
Mrs. T. J. Fatheree and Mr. and Mrs.
T. J. Gilliam left town on Tuesday
morning to spend the remainder of
the week camping away out some-
where in Baxter swamp. They took
their guns and fishing tackle, and
went prepared to have a jolly good
time. They sent us an invitation to
join them, and we were sorry that we
could not spare the time. We forgot
to say that in case of snake bites, they
carried along the required remedy.

We learn this week that several
prominent gentlemen of our parish
have gone in together and will erect a
telephone line from town to the
Keene store in the second ward, and
from town up to Ashton, near the
Arkansas line. We are told that the
second ward already has a line from
the Keene store to Henderson landing,
and all that would have to be put up
would be between town and Keene's
store to give us communication with
the first and second ward. The line
from our town to Ashton could be
erected with little cost and would be
of great benefit.

We hope that those who have taken
the matter in hand will push it
through. There is no telling the ben-
efit a telephone line in our parish
would be. In case of high water it
would save many a trip to those who
otherwise would have to come to
town, or those who would have to go
from town to the country. We hope
to see the line in working order in the
near future.

For the past week we have been list-
ening to the jokes of the soldier boys
since their return home from Lake
Charles. Some of them are pretty
good. One in particular was stealing
the blank cartridges. One of the boys
told us that at one of the railroad
stations he poked his gun out of the
car window and banged away; a very
large size lady, probably about 200
pounds in weight, was his target. He
says at the report of the gun she fell
backwards, and for a little while he
thought he had put in a sure enough
bullet. Another time, two men were
walking on the track about a hundred
yards from the car when he fired. He
said he never saw such running in all
his life that these fellows did to get
behind trees; but when they struck the
Mississippi river one of the smart
Alec thought he would try his fun on
a landing keeper, and he let go his
gun, when the landing keeper pulled
out his pistol and fired two shots at
him. They say it was fun to see this
soldier boy getting in the cabin of the
boat.

BUNCH'S BEND.

It is a gloomy evening. The air is
heavy with electricity. The gray clouds
deepen into a stormy slate. The rank
weeds and the dark, green vines en-
twining the tree trunks droop till they
touch the tangled grasses on the
ground. They are weighted down by
their wealth of leaves and berries.
The volume of the Mississippi grows
strong and turbulent; its yellow sur-
face is lashed into white-capped waves,
and great black masses of drift wood
are borne on its current.

Old Harry Balfour watches, unceas-
ingly, the clouds, the earth, the water.
"Sho is his time Miss," whispers the
old man very slowly and with a tremor
in his voice. "Sho is his time. Wait
just one min'—Thar thar he goes!"
cries the negro. "Right thar through
them underbrushes; thar whar the lit-
tle white church stands; over yonder
by them broken down grave stones."

We look toward the spot indicated,
but see nothing save the elder bushes;
the cypress trees, the yellowish red
trumpet vines and the indistinct out-
lines of the little white church. "What
does he look like?" I asked. "Is he
white as a sheet and his body thin as a
vapor?" "Lor, Lor, Miss!" and the
old man laughs heartily. "He ain't no
mo' like a regular hant than you is.
He's jes like any other man, 'cept his
face; that's sorter pale and skeerish;
and his eyes, they's big and deep set,
and looks like dark lights in 'um.
He wears a long gray blanket
shawl that kivers him from his neck
to his feet, but once I seed him
throw it off. That's the first night
he ever come to me. Then I seed the
blue shirt what he had on. It wuz too
big for 'im and open at the neck and
around his belt wuz hung his knives
and a little pistol and some strings and
a yellowish bag, and he sez to me,
'Harry,' sez he, 'My name is
Bunch, and this very place whar you
lives uster belong to me, and that's
why its called Bunch's Bend. Do you
hear? Its called —.' But by dis time
I begin feeling sorter creepish and
so sez I: 'Yes, yes sir. Does you
wan't sompen to eat?' and I starts
out of de bed. But no, Miss, dat
man did'nt want nothin.' He did'nt
want no corn bread, and he did'nt
wan't no pork, and he did'nt want
nary bit of cake, and he did'nt want
no watermillin; no, Miss, 'pon my
word, he did'nt want no watermillin.
All he wants wuz jes to tell me thar
wuz a chest as big as he wuz,
buried out thar in the grave yard, and
that it wuz full, Miss, mind you, *plum
full of gold.*

His and his chums, they hid it way
'fore de war, and it did'nt belong to
none of 'um, and now he says his
specerit can't get no rest til dat gold
has done been found and giben back
to de ancestors of dem folks what he
took it from."

Then Uncle Harry told us the story
of the river pirate.
In January 1765, when the Colonial
settlements were being tormented by
the English government, King George
I, with his usual short sightedness,
sent to the puritanic village of Salem
a band of some two hundred odd
soldiers for the purpose of spying on
the inhabitants of that town. These
soldiers made no small stir in the so-
ber sided little village. Their uniforms
in themselves, occasioned much excite-
ment. The coats were crimson, trim-
med in gold buttons. The shirts
were of the finest white cambric, with
frills and ruffles and tucks galore.
The knee breeches were blue cloth and
had gold bands up the sides. The
stockings were of the richest red silk.
Add to this gorgeous outfit a sword as
keen and silver and bright as the rays
of the noon-tide sun, and a big hat
with a white plume waving above it,
and you can form some idea of the
glory and magnificence of one of his
Majesty's, King George's servants.
Then, too, most of these men were
dudes and took great pains in powder-
ing their hair and arranging it in a
graceful queue at the back of their
necks.

We said their appearance made no
small stir in the sombre town of Salem,
but we must be just enough to add
that though their laughter was very
loud and merry, and their faces very
handsome, and their manners brave
and dashing, the little Quaker maidens
had been so warned against them that
they veritably believed the brilliant
cavaliers were soldiers of the Evil
One; nor would they any more dare to
look at them and flirt with them than
they would dare, on the solemn Sab-
bath day to laugh out loud, or go to
an apple paring, or take one measure
of the stately minuet.

For some months the two social
streams flowed uninterruptedly through
the shaded streets of Salem. The Pur-
itans in their gray garbs with their high
steeple hats and big prayer books go-
ing to church thrice on Sunday and
once every week day; the British
soldiers, beating their drums and sing-
ing their songs, going to and from
the old Custom House, at all hours,
during all days. However, after a
while, the two unlike currents crossed
each other. One morning the house of
Goodman Choyce was alarmed by the
piteous moaning of its little Quaker
mistress. She came into the dining
room, her face whiter than the spotless
kerchief around her neck, and hand-
ed her husband a note, saying: "She's
been bewitched! She's been be-
witched! I saw old Beldame Mar-
tin looking at her with evil eye. Poor
little Conscience! Poor little Con-
science!" The placid Quaker mother
wring her hands and wept bitterly.
Meanwhile Goodman Choyce read the
note. It was from his daughter Con-
science, (She whom her school mates
called Funder Conscience because of
her sensitively sweet and considerate
character.) The few words told that
she was married to one of the soldiers
of the King; that the marriage was reg-
istered at the Custom House, and that
when her parents read these words,
she would be far away from them,
traveling with her husband, where, she
could not say. The note was so cold,
so matter of fact, so unnatural, the
parents concluded that beyond a doubt
their child had been bewitched and
was acting under some baleful spell.
Goodman Choyce arose wearily from
the table and took his high steeple hat,
and with a tottering gait, walked out
on what then seemed to him, the
strangely changed, desolate streets of

**WHITE'S
CLOSING OUT SALE OF
SUMMER DRESS GOODS**

Will begin to-day and CONTINUE until they are all gone.
It will PAY everybody in the Town and Parish to attend
these Sales.
Why are we offering these Goods at such LOW figures?
BECAUSE WE DON'T WANT TO CARRY THEM OVER
TO ANOTHER SEASON.

WE WILL SELL YOU

- 25ct Pure Grass Linen, at - - - 15cts.
- 35ct Pure Grass Linen, at - - - 22cts.
- 161ct Batiste Cloth, at - - - 10cts.
- 10ct Batiste Cloth, at - - - 7cts.
- 10ct Batiste Cloth, (figured and stripes) at - 7cts.
- 15ct Challie, (figured and stripes, all wool filling) at - - - 10cts.
- 15ct Challie, (dark grounds and figured) at - 10cts.
- 15ct Empress Lawns, at - - - 10cts.
- 131ct Jaconettes, (figured, stripes and checks) at - - - 9cts.
- 121ct Black Figured Lawns, at - - - 81cts.
- 10ct Navy Blue Lawns, (solid, dotted and figured) at - - - 7cts.
- 10ct Chafonite Fancies, at - - - 5cts.
- 10ct Cypress Lawns, at - - - 5cts.
- 81ct Cypress Lawns, at - - - 5cts.
- 10ct Pique, (stripes, dots and solid) at - - 7cts.
- 12ct Pique, (stripes, dots and solid) at - - 7cts.
- 25ct French Organdy, at - - - 15cts.
- 25ct Swiss, (dotted and lace stripes, in black, green, pink, purple, lilac and tan) at - 15cts.

LADIES' TAN OXFORDS,
(NEEDLE TOES)
One lot that were \$2.50, at \$1.75.
Size, 2 to 5.
W. N. WHITE, Agt.

Salem. Faith went into her daugh-
ter's trim little room, folded each
piece of finely woven linen, and laid
it into a cedar chest, putting with it
faint, sweet scented sprigs of old time
lavender. Then kneeling down beside
it, she prayed, prayed with a broken
heart for the child she would rather
far have had lying before her calm
and dead. The neighbors said that
every morning, thro' all the remaining
years of their quiet, monotonous lives,
Goodman Choyce and his wife Faith,
went first to the Custom House to see
the registered marriage of their
daughter, and to find if there was a
letter from her; then repaired to her
little room and prayed for her return.

Late at night, in the month of May,
1766, the moon is hidden by clouds,
the Mississippi river is dark and tur-
bulent. The black hulk of the little
schooner Spy, tosses like a toy ship on
the waves, a single yellow torchlight
flares from the mast. Aboard the deck
are some dozen men, rough, drunken,
boisterous. On either side of the
mighty, swollen stream they see only
"the dark, awful impenetrable forests."
Their coarse voices shock the stillness
of the North Louisiana landscape.
They half shout, half sing the words,
"Hoors! Hoors!"

We are rounding Bunch's Bend,
Come drink, brave river men,
We have ravaged glade and glen.
Of the gold that none would lend,
Hoors! Hoors!"

We hail the old sand bar,
Stretching round us near and far,
And our meeting none shall mar,
Hoors! Hoors!"
We are rounding Bunch's Bend!

The boat gives a lurch as it strikes
the mud, the pirates cease singing;
they carry a load from the deck. It is a
long box of black iron, and four men
stagger beneath its weight. Landing
it safely on shore, they tie the boat and
proceed to a spot some twenty feet
from the water's edge. Four small
trees are so covered by the wild grape
vine they form the posts of a summer
house. Reaching their rendezvous,
the pirates fall back. Only Bunch
and his wife enter the enclosure of
vines. The dark cruel eyes of the man
look defiantly around the forest, the
eyes of Conscience Choyce glance
timidly first into the face of her hus-
band, then into the tangled brushwood.
The moon comes from behind the
drifting piles of smoke-pearl clouds,
and sheds a weird radiance over
the scene. Captain Bunch proceeds
noisily to bury the treasury. An
arrow whizzes thro' the undergrowth.
Conscience Choyce falls, and the blood
streams from her heart. Raising his
head Bunch sees the malleons, cun-
ning eyes of an Indian peering at him
through the dim half light of the forest.
He reaches for his pistol, but before he
can use it, he is felled by a tomahawk.
The red man gives a war whoop and

darts like a panther through the
woods. The pirates rush for their
boat. They row furiously against the
stream. The moon is hidden by a
cloud. The wilderness is vast and
silent.

A full good hundred years have
passed since old Charon rowed the
soul of Captain Bunch across the Styx
(which narrow stream the river pirate
doubtless found blacker than is the
Mississippi on even the stormiest,
blackest nights) and yet in the gloomy
twilights, old Balfour sees the long
dead man wandering, wandering,
wandering through the forest, looking
always for the hidden, stolen treasure,
tormented always by the memory of it,
and longing oh, so intensely, for rest,
blessed rest.

"I sho' is gwine to fine dat money,"
says uncle Harry, "and once I git it
thar ain't a nigger on dis place can
hoodoo me out of it. I don't keer how
many watermillin's he sez he'll gib
me."

Royal Powell and some of the other
boys got fat on the camp grub over at
Lake Charles. The majority of them
though looked like a cyclone had
struck them.

It is said that we are to have at
least three more weddings in' the next
three or four weeks. We don't know
whether this is caused from it being
leap year or not.

The Knights of Pythias will hold an
important meeting on Tuesday night
next. Business of importance is to be
transacted. We hope our country
brothers will attend.

It clouds up, it threatens, and a fel-
low comes along and punches you
under the ribs and says we are going
to get it at last—rain. But we don't
get it, have't got it, and don't expect
it.

Mrs. Patton Williams and two chil-
dren of New Orleans, arrived in our
town on Tuesday morning and are
the guests of Capt. and Mrs. W. S.
Brown. Mrs. Williams is a sister of
Mrs. Brown.

White has had a rush all the week
on the summer sale. He has not
quite sold out and would like for the
ladies of the town and country to call.
Remember he will fill all country
orders promptly.

The river is coming up at an alarm-
ing rate. It would be a terrible calam-
ity if it would come over its banks.
Thousands and thousands acres of
the finest cotton and corn are outside
of the levee.

CITY DRUG STORE,
CAMPELL & CHAZE, Prop's.,
LEVEE STREET, LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.
—Dealers in—
**Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,
Fancy and Toilet Articles,
Sponges, Brushes and Perfumery
Paints, Oils and Varnishes.**

Physicians prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night, by a registered Pharmacist.

**FOR THE TURF, FIELD OR FARM,
For Family Or Medical Purposes.**

-LIVE OAK WHISKEY-
—IS THE PUREST AND BEST—

**FOUR GOLD MEDALS
At Atlanta Exposition, Over All Competitors.**

THE LIVE OAK DISTILLERY COMPANY
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
PHIL McGUIRE, Sole Agent, for Lake Providence, La.

UNION CENTRAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Assets December 31, 1895, \$14,555,366.63.
Our Policies are plain and easily understood. Every feature
GUARANTEED.
Before insuring your life, investigate our contracts. Information will
be cheerfully furnished by
T. S. DELONY, Lake Providence, La.
MAURICE M. SEXTON, Gen. Agt. N. L., 103 St. John st., Monroe, La.

RAMSEY INSTALLMENT HOUSE.
—THE LEADING—

**Piano, Organ, Furniture and
Sewing Machine House**

All Makes, Qualities and Grades. Musical Goods of All Kinds.
Monthly, Quarterly and Semi-annual Payments.

Needles, Oil and Attachments for all Machines and Repairing.
No. 314 Main Street, NATCHEZ, MISS.

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

Up to December 31st, 1895, 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 Agt.,
Lake Providence, La.**

Guenard Drug Store
LAKE STREET, LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

J. S. GUBNARD, Proprietor.
A General Assortment of Pure
Fresh Drugs Always on Hand
Filling Prescriptions a specialty by an experienced and duly
licensed Pharmacist.

Painters Supplies of all kinds.
Toilet and Fancy Articles. Pure Cosmetics.
Landreth's Garden Seed.

N. FOUSS
LAKE PROVIDENCE,
—WORKS IN—

Copper, Tin and Sheet-Iron, T.
STEAM AND PIPE FITTING
Britching and Sunkostacks, Look and
COOKING AND HEATING STOVES
Job work of every description promptly done.
L. S. U.
1896