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"Here shall the press the people's rights maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."

THE BATTLE OF JENA.

NAPOLEON'S MASTERPIECE THAT OVERTHREW PRUSSIA IN 1806.

He Crossed the Mountains of Saxony to Strike Berlin, Leaving the Prussian Army Between His Army and Its Base and Ended the Campaign in a Day.

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APOLIN III, pointing to the banks of Father Rhine, and ending his impressions against the hereditary foe of France beyond the border with the dramatic climax addressed to the grand armies marshaled around him. "I now give you the order to cross the German frontier," copied faithfully up to a certain point the brilliant and audacity of his uncle in 1806, when he fell upon the proud Prussian kingdom.

At that point the parallel ends. Napoleon III did not win a battle. Napoleon I won two in a single day, and Prussia was crushed. He gave marching orders during the first week in October, and on the night of the 14th of that month the Prussian army was a bleeding, fleeing mob. The campaign beginning and ending at Jena and Auerstadt respectively, at sunrise and sunset that day, was Napoleonic if any one of his enterprises deserves to be distinguished above others.

While the war was still in the dispatch writing stage between emperor at Paris and king at Berlin, word reached Napoleon that the Prussian main arm of the Noble guard were waiting their sword blades upon the stone steps of the French ambassador's house. "The insolent braggarts shall soon learn that our weapons need no sharpening," said he, and began concentrating army corps on the frontier. On receipt in Paris of King Frederick's ultimatum, dated at Berlin, Oct. 1, the French were already encamped on neutral territory along the River Main. And the Prussians were not asleep.

Imagine that vast plain constituting the old kingdom of Prussia, stretching 700 miles east and west from Russia to the north sea and the Rhine, and 200 or 300 miles north and south from the Franconia mountains to the Baltic. Berlin, the capital, is about in the center each way. Two rivers, running from the southern to the northern border, divide the western half, nearest France, into three divisions, and the sources of these rivers are in the mountains of Saxony on the southern border, creating a natural fastness for defense in the south. The river Weser was the first barrier to ward off invasion across the plains of Westphalia on the side of the Rhine. East of the Weser 100 miles the Elbe formed a second barrier and covered Berlin.

The Prussian army lay on the borders of and in the friendly Saxon dominions, facing south, the right resting on a tributary of the Weser. Its strength in the field was 150,000. Napoleon, entering Saxony from the southeast, mustered over 150,000. Three plans of campaign were open to the emperor—first, to enter Westphalia between the Weser and the Rhine, and tempt the Prussians to cross the river and attack; second, to turn the Weser line by penetrat- ing east of it and throw the Prussians back toward the Elbe and Berlin with an abandonment of the richer half of the kingdom; third, to strike for the Elbe at once, and if successful cut off the retreat to Berlin and force a capitulation.

The last promised the best results, but involved enormous risk, for a march toward the Elbe with the Prussians intact on the Weser would leave the enemy between the French army and its base on the River Main southeast of Saxony. Napoleon, out of sheer recklessness, say his enemies, chose the last and struck for the grand prize, eastward of it and throw the Prussians back toward the Elbe and Berlin with an abandonment of the richer half of the kingdom; third, to strike for the Elbe at once, and if successful cut off the retreat to Berlin and force a capitulation.

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DUNDER ON SUICIDES.

CARL TELLS OF SEVERAL DESPERATE PEOPLE WHO VISIT HIM.

And When He Is Informed That It Is a Green Game He Resolves to Get Even. The Next Man Who Visits Him Will Have a Hard Time.

Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.

"Sergeant, mebbe I don't understand how it vhas exactly," said Mr. Dunder as he called the police station the other day with a look of anxiety on his countenance. "How what was?" queried the sergeant. "About dose suicides. Vhas it my peesness if somebody suicides?" "Tell your story."

"Vheli, a stranger comes in my place and looks sorrowful and homesick. Footy soon he says to me: "Mr. Dunder, she vhas no use. I make a big fight, but I vhas beaten. I haf made oop my mind to shuffle off some mortal coil. I vhas going to the right here and now, and I like to say goodby to you who vhas always enfeebled my friend. Farewell, old mans!"

"Please gif me a private room." "Thee! dot scores me, you know. I don't like nobody to be in my place and haf some big pieces in der papers, and so I speak softly to him and gif him a glass of beer and feety cents and get him out. Der very next day dot second man comes in and sits down and throws his hat on der floor and says: "What be them rights, prisoner?" queried Bill Totten, who was acting as judge.

"Vad, I want to be hung with a new rope. I vhas bring up respectfully, and I want to do that way. Then I want to wear a billed shirt, and I don't want to disgrace the family. I want to be shaved, to hev my hair combed and parted in the middle, and I insist on Zeke Cooper leudin me his new butes. Them's my rights, and I shall insist on 'em."

"Prisoner, hafn't you just a leetle to partickler?" inquired the judge. "Hain't it puttin this 'ere camp to a good deal of extra trouble for no real benefit? Whar ar we going to gif a billed shirt, fur instance?" "I duno, but we got to hev one. Do you s'pose I'm goin to bring up in the other world with this old red shirt on? The world'n't allow me to stak a claim nor set up a shanty."

"How you goin to be shaved when we hafn't got no razor in camp? We kin fur you some grease and a comb, but thar can't be no shavin'."

"I want to be hung with a new rope." "Got to be" replied Hank. "I hafn't goin over the divide lookin like a wolf with his winter fur on. And as fur grease, I want reg'lar bar's lye. I'm bound to look just as purty as I kin."

"Zeke, will ye lend him yer butes?" asked the judge. "Naw! I could never feel easy in 'em ag'in'!" "Then I don't hang!" retorted the prisoner. "Mind you, boys, I hafn't denyin that I killed Steve, whom everybody knows was a provokin, cantankerous cuss and orter bin killed long ago, and I hafn't kickin as fur my winter fur on. And as fur grease, I want reg'lar bar's lye. I'm bound to look just as purty as I kin."

"That's so, that's so," mused the judge. "In course it'll be the same as you call from Strawberry Hill, and in course we'll hev a pride in fittin you in decent shape. The prisoner will be removed while we hev a talk."

"We had a talk. We couldn't get a white shirt, a razor and a comb, and as Hank had observed, Steve Brown was always sayin mean things and provokin quarrels and wasn't of much account. After discussing the pros and cons it was decided to overlook the offense and let us on, Hank, but after tellin him of our decision the judge said: "But don't do it ag'in, Hank. It ar the opinion of some of the boys that you were too durnd partickler about the billed shirt, and of others that you were right about wantin to make a decent appearance on the other shore, and so we decided to call it square. Now, look yers, Moses White, I'll hang you with a mule rope and in yer old duds and let ye run all the chances."

"Waal, boys, fix it to suit yerselves, and it'll suit me," carelessly replied the prisoner, and court was adjourned, and we returned to work.

Things Had Changed. A stout looking young colored man was loading a freight car just beyond us when a woman of his color, but evidently 10 years his senior, suddenly turned the corner of the cotton pile and began: "Now, look yers, Moses White, I've gwine to hev a settlement wid yo'!" "Fennell," answered Moses as he dropped the handles of the truck, folded his arms across his breast and sternly regarded her, "who am yo'? I don't recollect dat I eber dun me up wid yo' befo' in all my life."

A PARTICULAR MAN.

The Case of Hank Taylor, and How He Got Out.

When Hank Taylor was put on trial at Strawberry Hill for killing Steve Brown, he pleaded guilty, and in a little speech to the crowd he said: "In course yo' ll hang me. I expect it ar shall be disappinted if you don't. But I want to understand right now that I hev der rights."

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"Hi! Yo' knows who I am!" she shouted. "Yo' knows perfectly well dat I've Linda Jackson." "Oh! Linda Jackson! Deed, but I be- lieve I haf seen yo' somehwah'!" "I reckon yo' has! Yo' dun promised to marry me fo' weeks ago. What yo' gwine to do 'bout it?"

The most surprised man in Arizona. matter of fact it rolled over me more than a year ago. He was about six years out in his calculations. The terror was mounted on a mule. Once upon a time it was the proper caper for a terror to ride his mule into a saloon and drink his whisky while seated in his saddle. The stranger headed his animal for the Red Front saloon and dug in the spurs and uttered his warwhoop, but the next thing he knew the doctor was probing for bullets, and he had come out at

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The "Utah Terror" Comes Near Losing His Life Through a Misunderstanding. A STRANGER'S MISTAKE.—A chap calling himself the "Utah Terror" struck this town last Tuesday with a whoop. As near as he could figure the wave of civilization was not due here for five years yet, while as a

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PROMISED TO MARRY YOU!

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MRS. M. M. HAYES, Vice Principal. MISS LEOLA B. WHITE, First Assistant.

"CRADOCK."

CRADOCK will make the season of 1893 at Sunset Stock Farm, on the following conditions: Standard-bred mares will be served free of charge; mares with records of 2:40 and better will be served for 50 per cent; mares with records of 2:50 and better will be served for 75 per cent. I will give to the owner of the first yearling by Cradock that gets a record of 2:30 or better, \$750; the first two-year-old \$500; the first three-year-old \$300; the first four-year-old \$200; the first five-year-old \$100; the first six-year-old a free return privilege. I will match one of Cradock's colts with any horse out in the "four parishes," to be trotted in September, 1894, as yearlings, on track mutually agreed upon.

Service fee \$15 with usual return privilege, or money returned, at my option.

B. L. HAYES, Sunset, St. Landry Parish, La.

PEDIGREE: CRADOCK.

SUNSHINE	HYPERIAN (190)	ALMOND (88)	ABDULAH (15)	HAMBLETONIAN (10)
TOU HAU, No. 1 in Racing Reg. Hal Pointe, sire of 20000, 21000, 22000, 23000, 24000, 25000, 26000, 27000, 28000, 29000, 30000, 31000, 32000, 33000, 34000, 35000, 36000, 37000, 38000, 39000, 40000, 41000, 42000, 43000, 44000, 45000, 46000, 47000, 48000, 49000, 50000, 51000, 52000, 53000, 54000, 55000, 56000, 57000, 58000, 59000, 60000, 61000, 62000, 63000, 64000, 65000, 66000, 67000, 68000, 69000, 70000, 71000, 72000, 73000, 74000, 75000, 76000, 77000, 78000, 79000, 80000, 81000, 82000, 83000, 84000, 85000, 86000, 87000, 88000, 89000, 90000, 91000, 92000, 93000, 94000, 95000, 96000, 97000, 98000, 99000, 100000.	TOU HAU, bred in Kentucky. UTLIA JOHNSON. DAN OF RAY MESSENGER (Downs). ADAMS STUMP. BOONESTER, sire of Dan. JULIA by Whip Horse.	TOU HAU, bred in Kentucky. UTLIA JOHNSON. DAN OF RAY MESSENGER (Downs). ADAMS STUMP. BOONESTER, sire of Dan. JULIA by Whip Horse.	TOU HAU, bred in Kentucky. UTLIA JOHNSON. DAN OF RAY MESSENGER (Downs). ADAMS STUMP. BOONESTER, sire of Dan. JULIA by Whip Horse.	TOU HAU, bred in Kentucky. UTLIA JOHNSON. DAN OF RAY MESSENGER (Downs). ADAMS STUMP. BOONESTER, sire of Dan. JULIA by Whip Horse.

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