

THE MESSENGER.

Published Every Saturday.

BY

EASTIN & BIENVENU,

Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription \$1.00 a year in advance

Hugged by a Bear.

A man who was around the ferry dock the other day look so lop-sided and walked with such an odd gait that he was asked if he had been run over by a saw-log.

"It was wuss nor that," he replied; "I was hugged by a bear about a year ago, and I haven't got my shape back yet."

"How did it happen?"

"Well I was in a lumber camp on Georgian bay. I was a teamster, and I went out one morning about 4 o'clock to feed the oxen. It was perfectly dark, but as I knew the way to the shed I didn't take a lantern. I was within twenty feet of the stable when somebody rises up in front of me. I took him for one of the men about the camp, and says I:

"Well, partner, what is it?"

"He stood there blocking the way and made no answer, and I calls out: 'Come now, no fooling!'"

"The fellow sort o' sniffed in reply, as if making fun of me, and I jumped for him, calculating to fling him into the drift. I wasn't two seconds discovering that I had tackled a bear. I wanted to forfeit the gate-money, but he wouldn't let me. He put his paws around me and settled back for a hug, never making an effort to use his teeth. It was like being squeezed in a carpenter's vise, only more so. I hadn't time to yell before my breath was gone, and I felt myself being flattened until, all of a sudden my senses left me. When I came to, half an hour later, I was in the snow and the bear was gone. He never bit me at all."

"And your present shape is the result of that squeeze?"

"It is; but you ought to have seen me right away after! Why, sir, I had no more shape to me than a whip-lash, and my appetite was taken away for three months. Run over by a saw-log! I'd lay down and let three of 'em run over me sooner than take another hug."—Detroit Free Press.

They Were Delegates.

She was a lean scrawny woman, and she took the seat the third back from the stove. He was short and fat, and sat opposite to her. As soon as the coach door was closed the car began to heat up, and presently he snapped his finger at the brakeman and said:

"For Heaven's sake open some of those ventilators!"

"Don't you do it!" exclaimed the woman.

"Do you think I want to melt?" demanded the man, as he wheeled to face her.

"Do you think I want to freeze?" she demanded in turn.

"Madam," said the fat man, after carefully surveying her, "if I was a mass of bones I'd carry a hot brick when I traveled.

"O, you would! If I was a mass of pork I would carry a chunk of ice with me."

The brakemen went into the smoking car to be clear of the storm, and the fat man got up and opened the door. He had scarcely returned to his seat when the lean woman got up and closed it.

"Madam."

"Sir."

"I want that door open."

"And I want it shut."

Just then a passenger came down the aisle from the other end of the car and shook hands with each in turn and said:

"Mrs. Cassowary, this is Mr. White. I suppose you are both delegates to the convention."

"Ah! Mrs. Cassowary, I beg your pardon."

"Ah! You can have the door open, Mr. White."

"By no means."

"I insist."

"But allow me to give way."

And they roasted us until we had to go out on the platform to keep from running to grease.—[Detroit Free Press.

A Few Chips.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.

The first duty in this country is to be good citizens. After that men may be good members of anything they please, but whatever it is its obligation must be secondary to that of citizenship.

It is stated by a Rhode Island paper that since ex-Governor Sprague's last marriage there has been a marked improvement in his personal conduct and financial standing.

Senator Bowen, of Colorado, says that Attorney General Garland will not resign. In his opinion "the investigation has developed nothing but the fact that Garland was unjustly accused and mercilessly abused."

A friend of Brother Blaine's says that statesman now does not even answer letters on political subjects. Brother Blaine has evidently grown in wisdom. He knows now that it won't do to depend on his correspondents to "burn" his letters.

Visitor of the dime museum to the little girl who takes the cash: "We have made a bet and we want you to settle it. Is the bearded lady your mother or your aunt?" Little girl: "You are all wrong. She's my father."

A candidate for a town office in Michigan, on election day, took a coal shovelers place and shoveled coal till he perspired, while the other man went to the polls to vote—for him as he supposed, but the other fellow got the vote.

"Say John, for the sake of old friendship, give a feller a dinner, will yer?" said a seedy-looking individual, as he entered the counting room of a well-known business citizen of Lynn. "Certainly Bill: Here, Sambo, take this man down to the restaurant and tell the proprietor to give him what he wants and send the bill to me." The next day the bill came for 55 cents. "Well," said the business man, "what did my friend buy for 55 cents?" "Nine beers and a cigar, sir."—Lynn Union.

C. HARRISON,

DEALER IN

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES.

Cigars, Tobacco, Tinware.

Hardware, Canned

Goods, Fine

Liquors

and everything kept in a first

Family Grocery

East side of Bayou Teche.

ST. MARTINSVILLE LA.

SUBSCRIBE

TO

THE MESSENGER.

JOURNET & REGIS,

BLACKSMITH and WHEELWRIGHT SHOP

Wagons, Carts and Buggies made new and repaired. Horse Shoeing Etc.

The Best and Cheapest

Livery and Feed Stable.

St. Martinsville, La.

J. B. PENE,

Horloger Bijoutier.

Achats de vieil or et de

vieil argent.

Rue du Port, St. Martinsville, La.

A. M. HEBERT,

DEALER IN

Fine Family Groceries.

Tinware,

Crockery,

Hardware,

Glassware Etc.

ICE DEPOT.

Soda water, Ice cream, Sherbet, Cakes, Fruits Etc.

A FINE BAR

10 cents a drink or 3 for 25 cents.

ANOTHER BAR

At 5 cents a drink.

ALL KINDS OF FRUITS ALWAYS ON HAND.

COLD LUNCHESES

AT ALL HOURS.

All at prices that defy competition'

Main Street, St. Martinsville, La.