

BEER ON ICE AT B. AUDIBERT'S.

THE MESSENGER.

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BY

EASTIN & BIENVENU,

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A Heroine of the war.

There is a long forgotten story of the war behind the bill introduced by Congressman Wade to pay Mrs. Sarah L. Everson \$15,000. One day in December, 1861, Jeff Thompson's band of guerrillas swooped down upon the river town of Commerce in southwest Missouri, and set a trap. The anticipated game was the City of Alton, carrying a great quantity of stores, large mails and more than all else, the commander of the Mississippi gunboat fleet and other federal officers of high rank. All the men of Commerce were made prisoners and taken back into the forest. Behind the long wood piles on the landing the guerrillas concealed themselves. They knew the City of Alton would touch there for fuel and their plan was to remain in hiding until the boat was fast, and then capture her and all on board with one grand charge. That no warning might be conveyed by the deserted appearance of the place, the women and children were collected in little groups, but were forbidden, with threats of instant death, to give any warning.

The City of Alton came as the guerrillas had anticipated, and swung in to make the landing. The guerrillas smiled, clutched their weapons, and held their breaths for the signal. Suddenly Mrs. Everson sprang out of the midst of the other women, and ran to the edge of the river screaming at the top of her voice and waving her arms. There was a clanging of bells. The steamboat's wheels reversed with all the power of the engines. The guerrillas rose to their feet, sent a volley after the receding prize, and with many curses took their departure. Mrs. Everson is now a resident of Springfield, Mo. The story of her heroism was in all the papers at the time but that was the only recognition the brave woman received. Congressman Wade thinks she should have something substantial from the republic. Hence the bill.

After the Medical Commencement.

Two newly fledged physicians met the other day, and the following highly interesting conversation ensued:

"Ah! good-morning doctor."

"Good morning doctor,

"And how are you to-day doctor?"

"First rate: and how are you doctor?"

"I'm all right. 'Got a good case of meningitis at your hospital, doctor?"

"Yes, come down and take a look at it. Any thing special up your way doctor?"

"Man fell from scaffolding and broke his neck two days ago, still alive, may get over it. Pleased to have you call doctor,"

"Thank you, I will doctor. Good day doctor."

"Good day, doctor."—*Harper's Basar.*

The President's Bride.

Miss Frank C. Folsom, to Whom the President Was married Wednesday Evening.

Miss Frank C. Folsom, the President's bride, is 23 years old, a resident of Buffalo, and a daughter of that Mr. Folsom, now deceased, who for many years, was partner with Mr. Cleveland in the practice of the law. Her father died in consequence of a fall from his buggy. Miss Folsom is a well-educated young lady. She graduated from West College, Aurora, N. Y. She possesses great personal charms. Her hair and eyes are intensely dark, her features well cut, and her complexion faultless. In figure she is tall and well formed, and she dresses in the perfect taste which assuredly enhances the endowment of physical beauty.

Possessing a striking and very pleasing appearance, being accomplished and clever, and accustomed to society, Miss Folsom will make a mistress of the White House such as it has rarely had. The President's best friend can wish him no better fortune than to win a bride whose beauty and attainments are a demonstration of all that gallantry and patriotism claim for the ladies of America.—*Eric Herald.*

Editing a Paper.

Editing a paper is a pleasant business if you like it.

If it contains much political matter people won't have it.

If the type is large it don't contain much reading matter.

If we publish telegraph reports people say they are nothing but lies.

If we omit them we have no enterprise, or omit them for political reasons.

If we have a few jokes folks say we are nothing but rattleheads.

If we omit jokes folks say we are nothing but fossils.

If we publish original matter they damn us for not giving selection.

If we give selections people say we are lazy for not writing more and giving them what they have not read in some other paper.

If we give a complimentary notice we are censured for being partial.

If we don't all hands say we are a great hog.

If we insert an article which pleases the ladies the men become jealous, and vice versa.

If we attend church they say it is for effect.

If we remain in our office attending to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with other fellows.

If we go out they say we don't attend to our business.—*Hartford (Ct.) Globe.*

The editor of the Desert News, Salt Lake, is in jail for supporting four wives. We will guarantee the payment of his fine if he will give it away. Just let the profession know how he supports four on one paper.—*Sugar Bowl.*

Maj. Burke has not answered our call for his promised stand on the Lottery question and the Shreveport Times is as an oyster on the subject. "Be a man or a mouse."—*Democrat Tribune.*

The imagination of a three year old boy is often a stupendous thing. One can't help wondering how much a child of that age believes of his own stories. This one for example: "I went out in de front yard dis morning," said Benny, "and I saw a nawful big horse up in a tree, and I took a gun and shoted it and I tooked it into de house and my mamma packed de feeders off it and cooked it for breakfast."—*Boston Record.*

Neatly printed ball programmes, with pencil, &c., attached, ready for use, for sale at this office. You can buy one, two, or as many as you need.

In Rome (Ga.) there is now waging a beer war. A quarter keg of beer, containing eight gallons, the regular price of which is \$2.50, is now being sold at 50 cents per keg.

E. R. KNIGHT,

Takes this method of informing the public in general and his friends in particular that he has resumed business at the old stand, and will be happy to serve them to the best of his ability, and with the best of everything in the grocery line. Call and be convinced.

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