

BEER ON ICE AT B. AUDIBERT'S.

THE MESSENGER.

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BY

EASTIN & BIENVENU.

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A Tale of Horror.

Lewiston (Me) Journal.

Speaking of the venomous snake which caused the horrible death of the little boy who lived near Grand Falls, a short time since, a Lewiston man vouches for the truth of a similar occurrence in the eastern part of this State, which came under his observation not long ago. A young fellow who was a noted sportsman always running about the woods, gunning and fishing, one day about a month since took his fishing rod and started for a trout brook, where he was wont to make his headquarters during the fishing season. He tells the story himself that about noon the day being warm, he became thirsty and stretched himself out on the bank of a trout brook and began drinking a cool draught from a clear pool just below a small waterfall. How the misfortune happened he can hardly explain, but, when in the very act of drinking he sucked into his stomach a large water snake.

It was with difficulty that he crawled home and obtained assistance of physicians. His symptoms grew alarmingly serious soon after medical aid was summoned. The doctors did everything in their power, but all their efforts only resulted in making the young man's condition more critical. The snake nearly choked the man to death several times by crawling back and forth in his throat. The young man was nearly dead when his friends advised him as a last resort to go back to the trout brook, lay down near the water and perhaps the gurgling of the waters brook might entice the water snake out of his stomach back to his native haunts. The victim of this awful calamity thought the experiment only a foolish chance for life but he consented to try it. He was carried to the brook and placed directly beneath a waterfall, where the stream rushed down a steep, rocky descent, making noise enough to waken a dozen snakes. He hadn't remained by the water long before he felt a motion of something crawling in his stomach. Gradually the sensation came higher and higher and the viper began crawling up the poor man's throat. The water had won the victory for the slimy reptile stuck its head out of the poor man's mouth, saw the water rushing past and leaped into the brook. An attempt was made to capture the water-snake, but it was unsuccessful. The man lives to-day to tell the story.

"No," said a bankrupt merchant, sadly, "advertising doesn't pay. I tried it just before I failed, so I know what I'm talking about." "What newspapers did you advertise in?" "Not any newspaper. I pasted 500 dodgers on a barn just out of town, and I'm a sinner if a wind-storm that same night didn't scatter that barn over a ten acre cow pasture. Don't talk to me about advertising."—N. Y. Sun.

State News.

The railroad in Pointe Coupee parish has been assessed at \$7,500 a mile which is considered just to both parish and company.—*St. Mary Review*.

P. S. Colby, found guilty of embezzling \$7000 from the Morgan line, has been sentenced to eighteen months in the penitentiary at hard labor.—*St. Mary Review*.

From all parts of the parish where we have heard, the farmers are in good spirits, and are delighted with present crop prospects. They have had rains during the last week and crops were well worked and in good condition to receive them.—*Lake Charles Echo*.

Some dozen letters, many containing money orders and drafts, have been lost lately in the mail from here to the address in New Orleans. There is a thief somewhere. Our postmaster has reported these losses, and is trying to have the department agents take hold of the matter.—*St. Mary Review*.

It is true, as Geo. T. Dunning says, that Douglass and Bruce are to be sent by the Republican party as missionaries among the colored people who are showing a disposition to throw off the yoke of political serfdom? If so, we fear the Republican party will find out that the "rebellious colored people" are fully able to do their own thinking and acting without advice even from so eminent sources.—*Louisiana Standard*.

Mr. L. A. Keller a few weeks ago shipped several barrels of onions from this place to New Orleans for sale, and the best offer made him was \$2.75 per barrel while Mr. J. D. Bernard sent his supply to Houston, Texas, and realized \$1.25 per barrel net. We wish our Vermillion parish neighbors to make a note of this and instead of shipping east ship west by the way of Rayne, if you wish to get a better price for your produce.—*Rayne Signal*.

BIG HOG AND FISH.—A few days ago, our old friend, Theodule Daigle of Church Point, killed a hog that weighed 700 pounds net and yielded 30 gallons of lard. Now these are no extraordinary figures with him, because it is concealed he is one of the best farmers in the parish, is always making bountiful corn crops, besides his full quota of cotton and when you visit his hospitable residence you will notice that horses, work oxen, and cattle are all fat and know absolutely nothing about the scarcity of grass or the pinching of hunger. He always has corn to sell, and having plenty of hogs we doubt not that he also has plenty of lard and butter for the market. When you sit down to his table you will find it generously garnished with fat juicy beef choice ham, tempting fowls every variety of vegetables, rich butter, and milk so sweet and palatable that it makes your mouth water to think of it. The best of it however, is that all these things are raised on his place—are produced at home. Who says that farming is not an independent life when industriously, judiciously and systematically conducted? A few days ago Mr. Daigle while seining in the Bayou Plaquemine at Church Point, caught a gar fish that weighed 105 pounds. This was a monster fish for a stream so small and shallow at that place; nevertheless the weight may be accepted as true in every particular.—*Opelousas Currier*.

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