

BEER ON ICE AT B. AUDIBERT'S.

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BY

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The Mary Anderson Kiss.

[Chicago Tribune.]

From the ingenious but vigorous and impetuous Far West comes occasionally an opinion which goes to the root of things. Says the Deadwood Nugget.

Miss Mary Anderson should learn to kiss according to Hoyle, kiss so that after the deal she would leave a royal flush on the cheek of the kissee. If Mary would pay a little more attention to kissing she could cultivate an article that would cause the footlights to pale with envy, and make the stage carpenter to pound his ear on his toolchest with admiration. She is built right to kiss with stunning effect. Her lips are full and red; her neck is swan-like; she could approach a man from the rear, lean over his shoulder, look down through his eyes into his boots, glue her lips to his, draw in her breath to compress her lips for an instant then suddenly part them—biff! bang!—witnesses would shut their eyes and yell.

Horrible Fate of a Boy of Seventeen.

The sad fate of young Gay, of Kansas, makes the eyes moisten and the pulses thrill at the same time. He was a boy of 17, brave and level-headed, and was one of a hunting party on the Cimarron River during and outbreak. One day, in riding after buffalo, he became separated from his companions, and his horse fell into a hole and broke a leg. Gay had a winchester and revolver, and he could have easily have found his way into camp if he had not been interfered with. As was afterwards related by an Indian to an army officer, a band of thirty redskins were lurking in a ravine in hopes of pouncing on some of the hunters.

Their first move was to get between Gay and the camp, and scouts were then posted to prevent a surprise by a rescuing party. The precaution was unnecessary, as during the excitement of the afternoon he was not missed, and no search was made for him until the morrow. It was known that the boy was well armed and the Indians did not dare to charge him, great as were the odds in their favor. They resorted to the circling dodge to waste his ammunition, and at the same time kept up a hot fire on him. At the first appearance of the savages Gay shot his horse dead that he might use the body as a breast work. While he was only partly protected, the bullets of the Indians failed to hit him. On the other hand, he fired coolly and deliberately, killing one redskin and dropping two ponies before they abandoned that dodge for another. He was then invited to parley, but he fired on the savages who advanced, realizing that nothing but his death would satisfy the wretches.

How the boy prayed and looked for a rescue by his companions, how his heart sunk as time went by and the human wolves began to close in on him, how at last he made up his mind that death must come, and that he would face it bravely are things which make the heart throb with pity. The Indians dismounted out of range, formed a three quarter circle about him and then advanced on foot or rather wound themselves along the ground. Unfortunately for the poor boy the ground was broken and a part of the Indians had cover to within rifle range. Gay kept up a steady fire with his winchester seriously wounding two of them, but his fate was soon sealed. He was hit in three places almost at once, and there were no further reports from his rifle. A single shot was heard in an interval of firing but it came from his revolver and when a rush was made he was found dead with the weapon tightly clutched in his hand. The red demons had shot him in the right foot in the left shoulder and in the left side, the latter wound being a mortal one. The boy realized this but knowing that torture would be added to the wounds to increase his dying agonies he had put a bullet into his brains.

These facts came from the lips of one who helped encircle the boy and he added, with great relish, others still more horrible. The infuriated Indians pulled off the scalp-lock, cut off his hands and feet and so mutilated the face that it could not be recognized. The wolves and the buzzards were more merciful than the savages. They spared the remains which were found and buried the next day.—N. Y. Sun.

Drawing the Line.

[Chicago Tribune]

Long Island has not been known to fame particularly as the abode of the virtuous and the discreet; in fact, its reputation has in the past been rather common place. But all this is changed now, "A Long Island City girl has refused to marry her lover until he resigns the position of alderman he holds. Of course a man may possibly be an alderman without going to the penitentiary, or even deserving to go, but he at least incurs a risk; and this Long Island City girl has set an admirable example. Young ladies must have some latitude in accepting husbands, but the thoughtful will draw the line at alderman.

Hurrah for Kentucky.

[N. Y. Herald.]

"Kentucky has sent the best delegation to Congress of any State of the Union," said Representative Robertson at Willard's to-night. "There isn't a damned fool among us."

A young man had been arrested for kissing a pretty girl, and she was on the witness stand. "You say," said the attorney for the defendant, "that the young man kiss you againt your will?" "Yes he did, and he did it a dozen times, too." "Well, now is it true that you also kissed him during the affray?" Objected to; objection overruled. "Now answer my question," continued the attorney. "Did you not kiss the defendant also?" "Yes I did," replied the witness, indignantly, but it was in self defense.—Washington Critic.

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