

BEER ON ICE AT B. AUDIBERT'S.

THE MESSENGER.

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BY
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A Market at Last.

Last Thursday, in company with Dr. S. A. Knapp and Prof. A. Thomsom we rode out some two and a half miles, to where the slaughter house and pens which are being constructed for the purpose of supplying the market house which Mr. Watkins is having erected South of the M. E. Church, on Bilbo street. We found a slaughter house 20x24 feet well supplied with all the latest improved implements and contrivances for the proper and easy handling of beeves. The room is so arranged as to allow three beeves to be slaughtered at the same time, without conflicting. There are being erected the necessary pens, tenement house, etc., to carry on the business. Our attention was directed to a tenement house 16x24 feet two stories high, with five rooms, a kitchen and dining room, attached, 12x16 feet, all cypress except the flooring, finished up neatly, at a cost of only \$175. These buildings are under the direction of Mr. F. R. VanDyck, son of Dr. VanDyck of Virginia.

The road leading from the slaughterhouse to town is to be about 80 feet wide. At this market house, which is centrally located, people will be able to get beef, veal, mutton, pork, fish and fowls in the way of meats, besides all kinds of garden vegetables, fruits and milk. To supply this latter important branch of the market, 150 picked cows are to be brought from stock lately purchased by Mr. Watkins from Dupre. The milk is to be put in pint and quart bottles and numbered with duplicates so that parties may be able to get milk from the same cow each day, if desired. The milk will be taken from the dairy to the market house and kept in refrigerators until called for, thus keeping it fresh and sweet until needed. This is a move in the right direction and should meet with a hearty support and cooperation from our people.—*Lake Charles Echo.*

Won His Enemy.

The Kind of Taffy Which Counts at Election Times.

When Cagley announced himself as a candidate for the Legislature, Squire Harrow swore that he would not only vote against him, but would do all he could against him. Shortly after this declaration, the squire's friends were surprised to see him working ardently for Cagley. When asked what had caused him to change his opinion, he replied that he had discovered Cagley's good qualities. After the election a friend asked Cagley how he had won the old man.

"I'll tell you," said Cagley. "One day while riding along in the squire's neighborhood, my horse was taken sick. Then a thought struck me. I rode up to the squire's gate and called the old gentleman. His face wore a frown when he reached the gate, and I saw that he was not going to ask me to get down, but I did not mind that. "Squire," said I, my horse is sick, and without your assistance I fear he will die. I know that you know more about horses than any other

man in this country, and even though you are not a friend of mine I must say that I have a high opinion of your knowledge." By this time the old fellow's frown had melted into a smile. He invited me to get down. He cured my horse and then went with me to call upon his neighbors. Oh, you can catch those old fellows with a horse trick any time."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Compromise.

The Value of the Character of a Texas Merchant Prince.

A ranchman from Concho County went into Mose Schaumburg's Austin Clothing Emporium last week. He got into a dispute knocked Mose down, blackened the eye of young Jake, and used the frontier language to Mrs. Schaumburg. Mose had the ranchman arrested for this and for slandering him by publicly proclaiming on the streets that he was a thief. The ranchman sent his lawyer to Mose with a view to having the matter settled.

"You offers me," said Mose, "ten tollars. Mine gracious! Dot vas an insult. Ten tollars vor my wounded feelings! Ten tollars vor Jakey's plack eye! Ten tollars vor dose pad vords at Rebecca! Und he ruin my gharacter py galling me a thief. Vy my vriend, dot gharacter py itself vas vorth more as ten tollars. I dells you vat ve do make it twelve dwelve tollar and a halluf and ve galls it square."—*Texas Siftings.*

He Refused to Die.

A remarkable case of suspended animation has just been brought to light in Toledo. Two years ago Hugh McIntire, a young Irishman, living in Detroit, married a daughter of Mrs. Cunningham, who resides there. A fortnight ago he presumably died, and his remains were placed temporarily in a vault at Detroit. Eight days after an uncle visited the vault with the intention of removing the body to the cemetery and was horrified to see the young man sitting up in his coffin, the glass of which was broken. Young McIntire was very weak and pale. His hands were lacerated and bleeding, but he was still alive. He was at once removed. His wife was terribly frightened at his appearance after having mourned him as dead. The family have kept the matter quiet, but after the story leaked out they admitted its truth.

She Was Consoled.

Wall Street News

"Butter is only 13 cents to-day ma'am!" he said as he brought the jar from the wagon to be weighed.

"Land's sakes! but what has dropped butter 2 cents?"

"Blaine's speech on the fishery question ma'am."

"And how's clothes lines?" she anxiously asked.

"Advanced 2 cents ma'am."

"Great stars! What's that for?"

"Drought in Texas."

"Well I swan! but it does seem queer how one thing bobs up as another bobs down and it's allus agin farmer folks. Is Tilden dead?"

"I guess not."

"Thank heaven for that! You hain't got no excuse to jump saleratus on me."

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