

BEER ON ICE AT B. AUDIBERT'S.

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Duel Between Two Brothers.

On Monday evening the 28th ult., a most deplorable affray took place between two brothers, named Adam and Alphonse Reed, who reside in prairie Plaisance about five miles west of Opelousas. We have been furnished with the details by an eye witness of the unfortunate affair but we have not the space, nor do we deem it necessary to publish at length the differences which culminated in a duel, and probably in the death of one of the combatants. Condensed in a few words, the facts are about as follows: Bad feelings have been existing for years between Adam and Alphonse Reed, two brothers, on account of business matters which seemed to intensify with the lapse of time. A few days ago it seems that the son of Adam Reed insulted the daughter of Alphonse Reed. This added new fuel to the already existing animosity; the parties met, reparation was demanded, and by mutual agreement the matter was to be settled in a duel with shot guns, loaded with buckshot, to the bitter end. They began firing about forty-five paces apart, shooting almost simultaneously, when Adam received a wound in the chin and two buckshot in the breast. Alphonse was untouched. The physician is yet unable to determine if the wounds are mortal. Both wounds were glancing shots and possibly may not have touched a vital point, and there may be chances of the wounded man's ultimate recovery. It is to be hoped that he will survive, because both of the brothers were hard working farmers and good citizens, otherwise than this most deplorable sequel of a difficulty which their misconception of justice and honor led them to believe that they could and should settle by the code duello, and which they conceived the law would permit without punishment to the survivor. Alphonse Reed immediately surrendered himself to the authorities and was bailed on a bond of \$

It is proper to state that the duel was at the suggestion of, and insisted upon by Adam as a settlement of the difficulty, and that since he has said that it was a fair fight and that he does not want his brother prosecuted for shooting him,—*Opelousas Courier.*

A Sound Sleeper.

The Extraordinary Incident Released by a Good Natured Boniface.

"Yes, I keep a hotel down in the country," said a fat, good-natured passenger, who told stories and munched apples at the same time. "Lots of commercial travelers stop at my place, and I never had any trouble with them. They are all gentlemanly fellows—at least that's the result of my experience. The only thing I ever had occur in my house in any way resembling trouble was last January, when Gus Hanson, from St. Louis—you know Gus?—grocery man—came in on the late train one night and gave orders to be called for the 5:30 train in the morning.

"Landlord," says he, "I am a sound sleeper; you may have some trouble in getting me awake, but if I don't catch that 5:30 train I'll sue you for damages, as sure you're born, and get'em too. Bet I've lost the sale of \$50,000 worth of goods in the last year just by sleeping too late or by porters failing to get me up for the train, and so allowing those infernal Chicago drummers to jump in ahead of me and take my trade away. Mind, now, I'm to go on that 5:30 train or you'll pay the damages.

"All right says I; "you shall go on that 5:30 train, and if you don't I pledge myself to give you \$100. Good night."

"Hanson went to bed, but I felt a little uneasy about my pledge. My night porter had made one or two failures, and I knew if he broke down on Hanson I'd be in for the \$100 sure. The more I thought about it the more it worried me and finally I decided to stay up that night myself. It was lucky I did for when I went to rouse Gus I found it no easy job. Rapping on the door was no good, and I had to use my pass-key and go in and shake him up. The more I shook it seemed to me the sounder he slept. I jumped on him pulled the covers off, rolled him on the floor, threw cold water in his face, and came near throwing him out the widow, but it was all useless. He slept right straight along as if a summer stillness reigned supreme. Just then I heard the 'bus driving up the street to get passengers for the 5:30 train and I became desperate. Calling the porter, I slipped Henson's pantaloons on him, put on his vest, coat, collar, hat and every thing, and carried him down stairs. Then we lifted him into the bus got his grips, drove him to the station, bought him a ticket stuck it into his hat-band; and when the train came carried him in, dumped him with his baggage into a seat and left him sleeping sweetly. I was determined to save that hundred dollars and the reputation of my house if I had to kill him and express his body."

"Did he rouse up and stay by the Chicago drummers who were trying to beat him out of his trade.

"No! he slept all the way to Toledo and was fired by his employers for doing it. Rather tough on him, but I did my duty. When down my way stop over with me. I'll give you my hotel if I let you miss a train."—*Chicago Herald.*

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