

BEER ON ICE AT B. AUDIBERT'S.

THE MESSENGER.

Published Every Saturday.

BY

EASTIN & BIENVENU,

Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription \$1.00 a year in advance.

A Joke.

Extract from a letter to the Governor of Arkansas:

"I send you by John Cobbletree, one of my neighbors, a quarter of mutton and a mess of young squirrels. I do this just because I like the course you have always took. I killed the squirrels yesterday an' I know they air fresh. Thar ain't nothin' nicer than young squirrels. I eat 'em sometimes till I am fit to pop. Now let me say something about the mutton. It is fresh an' fat an' I hope you will enjoy it. One of my neighbors lost a sheep the other day an' he has accused me of stealin' it. He has had me arrested an' I am now in jail. He come to my house an' grabbed holt of a sheep that I had jest killed, but I managed to keep enough to send to you. I am mighty fond of sheep meat, an' when I am right hungry I ken eat till I am fit to pop. My trial will come on in a day or two, an' the way things are shapin' I am afeard they will put it to me jest fur a joke. These folks out here air the prankiest set of people I ever seen. They air allus happy when they ken git a joke on a prominent man like me. I wouldn't be surprised if they carried the joke so far as to want to send me to the penitentiary. This would hurt my chances to the legislature. I don't want to be beat but if they keep me shut up very long the other fellow will git ahead of me. After you eat your mutton I whist you would write a note to the sheriff an' tell him to let me out. Say, I forgot to tell you that the gran' jury has been let into the joke, an' they have brought in a joke of indictment ag'in me. They may try me an' pass the joke of a sentence on me before your note get here, so I wish you would write out a pardon after you eat your mutton an' tell the judge that I am free. I know the joke will tickle you and you may make the pardon read just as amusin' as you please."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

He Changed His Mind.

Several weeks ago a Detroit purchaser a piece of land in the west end of the county. After the purchase had been completed he engaged a surveyor's services to see if he had been cheated. The discovery was made that a line fence was over on his land eight inches. When he went to the owner of the adjoining property with the statement the man replied:

"Stranger, the row about that fence began twenty-eight years ago. It was then five feet over the line, and the two men fit until one was killed and the other crippled. After a while it was moved a foot, and then two other owners fit and fit until the lawyers got the two farms. The fence was then moved another foot, and the new owners spent half the year in jawing each other and the other half in lawing. One died and the other got sold out on a mortgage, and when I got this farm the fence was moved over another foot. Then I fit and fit, and

two years ago was kicked in the ribs and was laid up for three months. During that time the fence was moved to the present line. So it's still on your land?"

"Yes."
"Well, I s'pose the proper thing is a row. If you'll go out by the barn with your revolver I'll come out and hunt for you with the shotgun. If you get the drop on me don't let go, because I shall shoot to kill."

It took the Detroit some time to convince the farmer that he didn't care for eighty inches of land and that he would not have the fence moved for fifty dollars and when he had succeeded the old man drew a long breath of relief and replied: "That's kind 'o you, and it leaves my boys a chance to fit and fit after I'm gone. I hope you ain't comin' out here to live alongside o' me."

"No."
"Glad on't. If you lease, git some man who'll want them other eight inches. The boys and I is lonesome for excitement."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Alexandria Democrat says:

Gov. Sam. D. McEnery signed the Sunday law just three minutes after he got it—which is good time on a bad track.

MODERN MIRACLE.

A Young Girl Who Dies and Goes to Heaven, Where She Meets a Neighbor Who Has Just Died.

She Comes Back to Life and Tells Her Experience.

She Takes to Preaching Under Inspiration of the Lord, and Immense Crowds Flock to Hear Her.

A Columbus, Miss., special to the Picayune, dated June 30th, says: The little town of Vernon, Ala., twenty-eight miles northeast of here, has furnished a first class sensation which has set the entire country wild.

Mollie Pennington, daughter of George Pennington, who resides four miles from Vernon, aged 13 years, was taken sick on the 15th. inst. Physicians state that her illness resembled hydrophobia. On the 17th Drs. Reed, Brown, Morton and Burns were called in to see the girl. She presented every sign of hydrophobia, attempting to bite every one around her, even herself. On the 18th, she somewhat rallied gained her consciousness and told those around her that

SHE WOULD DIE FOR AN HOUR

exactly, and at the expiration of that time to chafe her hands and feet and that she would come back to life.

At the time predicted she died away, and physicians present state that death was apparent, the pulse failing to beat and her body was cold. Her physicians during the hour applied all available remedies to restore her and at sixty-two minutes exactly from the time she swooned away she astonished all by opening her eyes and jumping nimbly from her bed.

She told that she HAD BEEN TO HEAVEN and that God had cured her. She then told that she was returned to preach to the earth and commenced there exhortations that amazed them all.

The most curious circumstance is that she remarked immediately that she saw Mrs. Briermore in heaven, and had talked with her. Mrs. Briermore who lives four miles away, died during the hour the girl was apparently dead, and no one had had any communication from that family.

At appointed times of evening she has continued her exhortations, telling before hand at what time she would go with her.

Ministers from all over the country are flocking to see her, and her discourses move

HER AUDIENCE TO SHOUTS AND TEARS.

Men of strong mines say there is something supernatural about her. She never went to school a day in her life and cannot read her name, and never heard but one sermon in her life; and the good language used by her in her discourses and Bible teachings strike her hearers with wonder.

She is unusually small for her age, weighing but forty-one pounds. She has always been of a reticent disposition until within the last month, she has been in unusual good spirits and talked incessantly.

THIS STATEMENT IS CORROBORATED

by at least a dozen men your correspondent has talked to, who have seen her and heard her talk. Great crowds are reported as going from all over the country to hear her.

A fine Stock of Ladies' hats and trimmings just received by Mrs. M. Bienvenu.

J. B. PENE,

Horloger Bijoutier.

Achats de vieil or et de

vieil argent.

Rue du Port, St. Martinsville, La.

Beer on Ice

at

B. Audibert's.

Martia Bienvenu,

Dealer in

Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Fancy Goods, and Family Groceries.

A specialty of Ladies fancy goods, such as Flowers, Feathers, ornaments and all kinds of trimmings for ladies hats,

Livery and Feed Stable.

Main Street, St. Martinsville, La.

1500 ARPENTS OF LAND FOR SALE.

Land of first quality, improved and unimproved, in lots to suit purchasers, situated on the Hills adjoining Cade's Station, St. Martin Parish La. Good water and easy communication. Terms easy.

For particulars address to

Robert Martin,

Lock Box No 8. St. Marrinsville, La.

Nathan Walters,

Dealer in

Fine Family Groceries, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars and Plantation Supplies.

All at moderate prices.

AT CLOVER HILL.

(Near Key Stone.)

St. Martin Parish La.

Charles Renaud,

DEALER IN

Fine Family Groceries, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars &c.

A Fine Bar at 5 cents a drink.

Main Street, adjoining

Journet and Regis' Shop.

St. Martinsville, La.

Get our prices for job work.

Get your flower seeds at Martial Bienvenu.