

BEER ON ICE AT B. AUDIBERT'S.

THE MESSENGER.

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BY
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A Deplorable Accident--Terrible Death of a Somnambulist Under the Wheels of a Train.

A New Iberia special to the Picayune of August 16th, says: A most shocking accident occurred here this morning, resulting in the death of Mrs. Felix Broussard nee Ernestine Patout, a member of one of the oldest and highest esteemed families of this parish. The case is enveloped in considerable mystery and this fact has given rise to great numbers of rumors and speculations, many of which are untrue and without foundation.

The facts in the case as gathered by your correspondent are substantially as follows:

Last evening a number of young people met at Mrs. Broussard residence to spend the evening. Mrs. Mistrot of Texas and Miss Evans of Mississippi, are guests of the family.

At about 10 o'clock Mrs. Broussard remarked that she "must put her baby to bed," meaning her younger daughter some 11 years old, and left the drawing room. The company did not leave however, until near midnight.

In the morning a little before 3 o'clock Miss Ida Broussard, the eldest daughter was aroused by some one calling, and when she went to the door she was asked if her mother was at home. Somewhat surprised at such a question at such an hour she answered "yes," and went to her mother's room to awake her. Not receiving a response to her rap she entered the room when to her further surprise she found her mother absent. She returned to the front door to receive a few minutes later the mangled and dying form of her mother.

In that house where all was mirth and happiness a few hours before a cloud of anguish had now fallen upon its inmates that cannot be described.

It seems that the unfortunate lady left her bed, completed her toilet and left the house by a back door, passed through the backyard to a side street and then made her way to the railroad. How long she was there before the train came along no one knows.

The eastbound Texas express came along on time and was running quite slow. When near the point where the lady stood (some say she was sitting on the track) the engineer sounded the usual alarm and when near enough called to her stand away from the track. She moved back and after the engine and two or three coaches had passed she rushed forward with the intention of getting aboard, when she fell between the coaches, the wheels passing over her limbs, completely severing one and mangling the other in a most deplorable manner.

Her skirts were caught by the truck and she was dragged some distance before the train could be stopped.

Assistance and a physician were summoned immediately. A friend of the family, upon recognizing her, asked: "Ernestine is it you?" She answered: "Yes, how came I here?" And upon realizing her condition begged for death.

She soon lost consciousness but lived some two hours after the sad accident.

Mrs. Broussard was 39 years old and leaves three daughters and one son. She has been for a number of years suffering from neuralgia, and on several former occasions proved herself a somnambulist. She was left a widow some years ago with considerable property, and lived on one of our back streets, away from the dust and noise of our thoroughfares, in a comfortable and beautiful home.

This evening at five o'clock the funeral took place from the Catholic Church. The Church was draped in black and just above the entrance there hung a large wreath of evergreen and white flowers, in the centre of which, upon a black field, were her maiden initials E. P. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Father Jacquet, assisted by the Revs. Coughlin of Loreauville, Bardy of Jeannerette, and Charles of Pattersonville.

After the services at the Church which was crowded to a jam, the funeral train proceeded to the cemetery where the remains of the unfortunate lady were laid at rest.

Miss Alice next to the eldest daughter was completely overcome and had to be borne from the ground.

The tragedy has cast a deep gloom over this community the weight and oppressiveness of which cannot be described.

At Her Own Option.

Burlesque Actress—Yes doctor, the dog bit me just below the knee.

Doctor—Yes it is a painful wound, but not dangerous I assure you.

Burlesque Actress—But will the scar be noticed?

Doctor—That will depend entirely on you, madam.—*The Rambler.*

The Place for Decollete Costumes.

Mr Minks (horrified)—Do you mean to say, Mrs., M. that you are going to the party in such a dress as that.

Mrs. Minks—Why, certainly, the neck isn't half so low as Mrs. Dash's.

I think you better wear your old dress and keep that one for the musicale next Thursday.

The musicale! where?

At the blind asylum.—*Omaha World.*

He Wants to Break Her Heart.

I called on Miss Snooson last night, said young Slims lispingly, "You here again?" Then she yawned all the evening and looked at the clock, and when I went away she didn't shake hands or asked me to come again. Now if she does that many more times I'll stop to go there.—*Life.*

A New York paper calls Sam Jones "a blasphemous blatherskite." But is Sam's profits average \$50 a day he will go on with his work unmoved by the scorn and vituperation of the children of darkness.

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