

THE MESSENGER.

Published Every Saturday,
BY
EASTIN & BIENVENU,
Editors and Proprietors.

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The Artesian Well.

The work at the artesian well has been progressing very finely this week and the piping has reached a depth of two hundred and seventy-eight feet. All appearances indicate that only a few more strokes of the drilling rod and the much desired water will shoot out from the top of the pipe. Mr. Klecher, the engineer in charge has practically demonstrated that he fully understands the task he has undertaken, and his success so far has had the effect of convincing not a few skeptics that he was prepared to drive down through sand, clay, gravel, quicksand and rock. In boring artesian wells the greatest difficulty ordinarily to be encountered is the quicksand, which not only opposes a strong resistance to sinking the pipes, but in its sudden rising through it prevents the drill from boring deeper. It was thought that the difficulty could not be overcome with the company's machinery, but the result shows that over fifty feet of quicksand proved no serious impediment, and this being passed, the well is now being bored at the rate of twenty five feet a day. There is no doubt of success in a few days and that our city will be supplied with an abundance of pure water for all purposes.—Lake Charles Commercial.

The Contractor Died Game.

One of the Compact Little Romances of the Great and Growing West.

It was out in Arizona. An outfit had come on to do some work on the new barracks at the fort and, and they were an ornery set, you bet. They were getting \$3.50 a day and when orders came out from headquarters to rush things at the post they up and struck for \$4, after every man of them had signed an agreement to work for \$3.50. The contractor mounted his mustang and rode over to where the gang was hanging out. I happened to be over there when he came up.

What's the row here? says he.

We can't work for no \$3.50, says the leader.

What do you mean by that?

We want \$4.

Struck have you? Struck? Get to work every blanked one of you. The first man that says strike to me I'll let daylight into him.

I say strike, says the red haired red shirted ugly mugged leader an' if there's any shooting going on I'm here.

That wasn't my day for being in the target biz and I flopped flat as a pancake.

The contractor had leveled dead at the man—but he had only one shot in his gun.

Zip!—zip!—zip!—zip!

The red shirt was down at the first shot with his seven up" out just as I struck the gravel.

Up he hoisted on his left elbow; then he banged away while the contractor did some lively dodging; that was the last three zips.

The red shirt rolled over and the contractor asked me if there was any doctor around. I said, "Yes over at the quarters.

He got that last one into me sure. let's see that doe.

We went over and found the surgeon. I got the contractor on my bed skinned

off his clothes, washed away the blood and the surgeon probed him. It was a bad hole in the left lung.

I reckon it's an ugly one doe? Dead sure thing eh? Yes? I thought so. How long have I got?

It was 1 o'clock then.

You'll last till evening.

That's all right. But did I fetch him.

Dead as a door nail.

I'm blanked glad that bankety blanked blank is fixed.

He wanted me to take charge of the \$20,000 in gold notes in his belt and write to his brother.

After that he called for a square drink—and got it. Next he must have the toniest cigar in the camp. The surgeon said: "Yes it didn't make no difference. I got a real Havana. He smoked away at it slow and comfortable like and when the cigar was played he expressed his satisfaction that every thing was lovely, passed a few more compliments about that red headed blankety blank who was fixed then he quit; but he was game though you bet.

The really curious thing was that when we went on that red haired striker there was just that one hole in him, and that was plumb through his heart. How he hoisted unto that off arm of his, and set that contractor dodging them three shots beat the whole outfit—coroner's inquest, post surgeon, and me. But he did, I'll swear to that—and I'll swear that contractor miscalculated the last dodge, somehow, and made connection that way with kingdom come. I wrote to that brother of his'n as per request, and he wrote back as how the contractor had killed three men before the last matinee and that he had always told him he'd run plumb ag'in a pill some day if he wan't blanked careful like." Yes, it was a touching letter. Did the strikers go to work for \$3.50? Yor can just gamble on it stranger.—Noah Count in Drake's magazine.

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Notice to the Public.

The tickets issued to Laborers on the St. John Plantation, marked "not transferable," will only be cashed at the end of each month, to the laborers to whom they are issued. The public are notified not to negotiate for said tickets.

G. W. Thomas.

St. Martinsville, Sept. 11th. 1886.

Post Office, St. Martinsville, La.

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Notice To Tax Payers.

Take notice that in accordance with Section 35 of Art. 96 of the General Assembly of 1882, your Taxes for the year 1886 according to the Tax Rolls on file in this office as also in the office of the Clerk of Court ex-officio Recorder of Mortgages of the Parish of St. Martin, are now due and collectable, and if not paid as the law directs on or before the 31st of December A. D. 1886 you will become delinquents and the amount of your said Taxes will then draw 1 per cent interest per month from the 31st of December until paid or the property thus assessed will be seized and sold according to law.

Sheriff's Office St. Martinsville Parish of St. Martin, this 18th day of September A. D. 1886.

T. L. BROUSSARD.

Sheriff and ex-officio Tax Collector.

JAMES SIMON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

—and—

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office near the Court House.

St. Martinsville, La.

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