

ATTORNEYS.

H. S. LANG, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Donaldsonville, La. Will practice in all courts of the State of Louisiana.

ANDREW JACKSON.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES--From the celebrated factory of Sayers & Scovill, Cincinnati. A fine and well selected stock of Carriages and Buggies, both top and open; also, Open Carriages, Doctors' Buggies, etc.

ANDREW JACKSON.

HOES, AXES, ETC.--The well known "Linden" Hoe, and Planters' Steel Hoes, Collins' celebrated Axes and other brands, Traces and Back Bands, Nails, Powder and Shot, Woodenware, For sale by ANDREW JACKSON.

ANDREW JACKSON.

GARDEN SEEDS--Of the justly popular crops of D. M. Ferry & Co., fresh and genuine. For sale by ANDREW JACKSON.

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SUGAR AND MOLASSES--By the hogshead and barrel, or by retail, at bottom prices. ANDREW JACKSON.

ANDREW JACKSON.

FLOUR--50 barrels and half barrels of Fancy and Choice Extra Flour, at the lowest cash prices, at store of ANDREW JACKSON.

ANDREW JACKSON.

MEAT--Green Sides and Shoulders, Bacon, and, in fact, all articles needed by planters. For sale by ANDREW JACKSON.

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CORN, OATS AND BRAN--Large stocks of the above, for sale low by ANDREW JACKSON.

ANDREW JACKSON.

COFFEE--In store: 50 bags of Rio Coffee, different grades, at lowest prices. ANDREW JACKSON.

ANDREW JACKSON.

WM. GARIG.

RUBBER BELTING--Just received, a stock of Rubber Belting, manufactured by the New York Belting and Packing Company, and also Lacing Strings for same. WM. GARIG.

WM. GARIG.

STUBBLE DIGGERS--I have on hand a full stock of Von Plund & Mallon's Stubble Diggers, which I will sell at factory prices. WM. GARIG.

WM. GARIG.

TEAS--I have just received, direct from the importers, a fine assortment of fresh Teas, in convenient packages for retailing. WM. GARIG.

WM. GARIG.

SOAP--A full stock of Procter & Gamble's, Haas and Keller's Soap, always on hand, and which I am prepared to give at bargains in job lots. WM. GARIG.

WM. GARIG.

CORDAGE--A full assortment of Rope, Cotton, Sisal and Manila, Cotton and Hemp Packing, Clothes Lines and Baling Twine, always on hand at store WM. GARIG.

WM. GARIG.

SUGAR COOLERS--I have on hand a fine lot of second-hand Sugar Coolers, which I will sell at a very low figure. WM. GARIG.

WM. GARIG.

TERRA COTTA WARE--Flower Vases, Hanging Baskets and Lawn Vases, in great variety, at prices to suit the times. at WM. GARIG'S.

WM. GARIG'S.

COOPERAGE--I am fully prepared to meet the demand for Sugar Hogsheads, Molasses Barrels, Half Barrels and Syrup Kegs, at the lowest market price. WM. GARIG.

WM. GARIG.

ROCK SALT--Just received, 5 tons of Rock Salt, suitable for salting stock, and for sale at a low figure by WM. GARIG.

WM. GARIG.

DR. F. M. BROOKS.

2000 LBS. Collier Company's Strictly Pure White Lead. F. M. Brooks, Agent.

FRESH PLASTER PARIS--Marble Dust and Plastering Hair, at Brooks' Drug Store.

A FULL line of Lundborg's and Lubin's Famous Extracts and French Sachet Powder, at Brooks' Drug Store.

INSURANCE OIL--170° fire test; guaranteed to be non-explosive. David & Garig.

200 LBS. New Crop Turnip Seed, direct from Robert Buist, Jr., also, Buist's Premium Cabbage Seed, at Brooks' Drug Store.

SAMPLE packages of black draught Liver Medicines given away at Brooks' DRUG STORE.

Bronze and Dressing, for ladies' and children's Shoes, at Brooks' DRUG STORE.

PLASTER PARIS, Marble Dust and Hair, at Brooks' DRUG STORE.

DAVID & GARIG.

COFFEE--Brilliant--Buy this brand of Flour and you will be pleased, at David & Garig's.

FRESH Receipts--Flour, Meal, etc., at David & Garig's.

FISH--Mackerel, Codfish, Sardines, Salmon, Shadines, Codfish Balls, at David & Garig's.

BUTTER--We keep the celebrated Fox River Creamery; the best in town, at David & Garig's.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK stopped when the old man died, but the rush for Groceries is still kept up at David & Garig's.

HAPPY are they who fill their larders at David & Garig's.

TINWARE--A full line, at David & Garig's.

HOUSEKEEPERS will find a full assortment of Queensware, Glassware, etc., at David & Garig's.

Select Miscellany.

THE MAN AND THE PICNIC.

Under the shell-bark hickory tree The picnic man he stands; A woful looking man he is, With bruised and grimy hands; And the soil that sticks to his trouser knee Is the soil of several lands.

His hair is tumbled, his hat is torn, His clothes are like the ground; He wishes he had ne'er been born, Or, born, had ne'er been found. He glares and scowls in wrathful scorn As oft he looks around.

At early morn, all dressed in white, He sought the picnic-park; His face was clean, his heart was light, His loud song mocked the lark. But now, although the day is bright, His word, alas! is dark.

In joyous mood, at early morn, He sat upon the stump! But soon, as though upon a thorn He sat, with mighty jump He leaped aloft, and all forlorn In haste he did crump.

For lo! in hordes the big black ants, With nippers long and slim, Went swiftly crawling up his pants, And made it warm for him; And thro' the woods they make him dance With gasp, and groan and vim.

And when the rustic feast is spread, And she is sitting by, His wildwood garland on her head, The love-light in her eye, He--wo, O wo! would he were dead-- Sits in the enstard pie.

And now they send him up the tree To fix the picnic-swing, And up the shell-bark's scraggy side They laugh to see him cling; They cannot hear the words he cried: "Dad fetch! dog gone! dad bing!"

And now he wisheth he were down, And yet he cannot see (Just how the giggle, stare, and frown) Escaped by him may be; He knows he cannot scramble down With his back against the tree.

Sobbing, and sliding, and wailing, Homeward alone he goes; Clay, pie, and grass stains on his clothes More and more plainly shows; And he vows to any more picnic He never will go, he knows.

But the morrow comes, and its rising sun Brings balm to his tattered breeks; He thinks, after all, he had lots of fun, And he goes to picnics, one by one, Nine times in the next five weeks.

George Clement's Wife.

"Of all things this is the worst! If I ever in my life expected to hear such news! Why, our George has gone and got married! D'ye hear?"

Good Mrs. Clement pushed her steel bowed spectacles off her bright eyes, and dropped her letter in her lap, as she turned round to her husband, the stout, clever old farmer, who was contentedly stroking an old white cat in his lap.

"Deacon, d'ye hear?" This time when she asked the question there was a touch of sadness in her voice.

"Yes; what is married? I'm sure it's natural enough. It kind o' runs in the family 'pears to me."

But Mrs. Clement would take no notice of the pleasantry.

"Well, if you like it, I can tell you I don't. He needsn't think he's coming here with his fine city bred lady, all airs and grace, and flounces, and ruffles. There's plenty of good girls hereabouts that wanted him. Right in the middle of work, too! To talk of bringing a lady here in hog killin' time! I do declare, I think George is a fool!"

A graceful, dainty little lady, in a garnet poplin and ruffled apron, with a small, proudly poised head, covered with short dusky curls, having a pair of dark eyes, so wistful and tender, a tiny rosebud of a mouth, and a dimple one each cheek.

That was Mrs. Marion Clement. Was it any wonder that George had fallen in love with her?

She sat in the bright little parlor, close beside the lace curtained window, watching for the loved husband's return; and then, when she heard the click of the latchkey in the hall, flew for the welcome kiss. Looking up, she asked:

"Haven't you the letter this time, George? I've felt sure of it all day. Indeed, I've quite decided what dresses to take with me."

He smiled and shook his head. A cloud passed over her pretty face.

"Oh, George! isn't it too bad? And I do believe they won't write because they are sorry you married me."

He put his arm around her neck. "And supposing such to be the case, do you think it would make any difference with me, Marion?"

"Oh, no, no, only it would grieve me so if I knew I had alienated your own parents from you."

"And a one sided alienation it would be, too! They have never seen you. And when they know you they can't help loving you."

"Oh, George!" The exclamation was caused by a kiss accompanying his own flattery.

"That's all true as preaching. By-the-by my dear, what would you say if the firm sent me off on a traveling tour of six weeks?"

"I think the addition to our balance at the bankers' would be very consoling for the absence. But never mind, little pet. Let us go down to dinner. I hope we'll have a letter from home soon."

And soon it was; for Marion snatched it from his pocket the very next night. But her husband's face looked very grave and stern, and his eyes looked angry when she looked gleefully over the envelope.

"My dear you must remember that I care very little what that letter contains. Remember I did not write it; that you are dearer to me than ever before. Kiss me first, while I watch you."

A little pang of misdoit troubled her when she glanced over the note; then tears stole from under her lashes, and George saw her tender mouth quiver and tremble; then when she had finished it, she laid her head on his shoulder and cried.

"It was cruel to let you see it, my wounded birdie. Let me burn it. And don't forget, darling, what our bible says, that man shall leave parents and cleave to his wife. You are my precious wife, Marion, and to you I turn for all the happiness I will ever hold."

He dried up her tears, and then talked it over.

"Just because I am city bred, she thinks I am lazy, and haughty, and dainty, and--"

"Never mind, Marion. She will find out some day. My father--"

"Yes, bless the dear old man! He has added; 'My love to my daughter Marion! Oh, I know I should love him, and your mother, too, if she would let me.'"

"We will invite them down when I come back home. By the way, I will stop at the farm on my way home and invite them down and bring them home with me!"

"George, dear, I've been thinking of that trip West. I think you had better go and leave me at home. It won't be so very long."

Marion was eating her egg while she spoke across the cozy little table-a-tea breakfast table.

"Spoken like my true little Marion, and when I come back I'll bring you a present. What shall it be, dearest?"

"Your father and mother from the farm. It shall be that hope that will bear me company when you are gone."

A fortnight after that, Marion Clement ate her breakfast alone, the traces of a tear or so on her pink cheeks; then she dashed them away with a merry, joyous little laugh.

"This will never do, and now, that George has gone for six weeks, to prepare for his return. And I pray Heaven it will be such a coming as shall delight his soul."

"I'm sure I don't know what to say. The land knows I need help bad enough; but it 'pears to me such a slender little midget as you couldn't earn your salt. What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Smith. And, indeed, if you will try me for a week, I'm sure you'll keep me till the season's over."

Mrs. Clements looked out of the window at the great black clouds that were piling gloomily up; and then the wind gave a great walling shriek around the corners of the house.

"You can cook, ken you? and shake up feather beds--good big ones, forty pounders?"

"Indeed I can. I may not cook to suit you, but I can."

Mrs. Clement walked out to the huge open fire place in the kitchen, where the deacon was shelling corn.

"What d'ye say, deacon; keep her or not? I kind o' like her looks, and the dear knows it 'ud be a good lift while we're killin', if she couldn't do more than set the table or make mush for the bread."

"Take her, of course, Hannah. You are hard driv', I know. Let her stop a week or so, anyhow."

So Mrs. Clement came slowly back and sat down again.

"You can't get away to-night, anyhow--there's a snow storm been brewin' these three days, and its on us now, sure enough. See them 'ere flakes fine and thick! You may as well take your things up stairs to the west garret, and then come down and help me get supper."

Then followed directions to the west garret, and when she was gone Mrs. Clement turned to the deacon and said:

"I never saw a girl before I'd trust up stairs alone. But such a her don't steal; I can tell you that if nothing else."

Directly she came in a purple print dress and 'white apron; her hair brushed off her face into a net; a narrow linen collar, fastened with a sailor's loop of narrow ribbon. It seemed as if she had life, too, so handsly she fitted in and out of the pantry, and then down into the cellar. Then after the meal she gathered the dishes in a neat, quiet way, that was a heaven of bliss to Mrs. Clement's ears.

"She's determined to earn her bread anyhow, and I like her turn, too!"

"It's so uncommon lonesome since the boy left the farm," she went on; "but it's worse since he got married. It seems like deserting me altogether."

"Have you got a son? You never mentioned him?"

"No, George has gone his way, and we must go ours. Yes, he married one of those crack headed boarding school people, who can't tell the difference between a rolling pin and a milk pan."

But despite her scorn, Mrs. Clement dashed off the tears with her brown fist.

"Is his wife pretty? I suppose you love her dearly?"

"I don't know anything about her, and never want to know. He's left us for her, and us old folks will leave him for her, too. Mary turn them cakes around; seems as if they're burnin'."

When Mary had turned the cakes, Mrs. Clement was leaning on the arm of her chair.

"Mary, supposin' you stop with us another month yet, anyhow. The deacon will make it all right."

"It isn't the money I care for, Mrs. Clement; I only wish I might stay always. You don't know how much I love you!"

"Love us! Do you? Bless your heart. If poor George had only picked you out, what a comfort it would be to us all! But it can't be helped now."

She sighed wearily, then glanced out of the window, looked a moment and then threw down her work.

"Bless my soul, if there ain't our George coming up the lane! Deacon! Deacon! our George is coming!"

With all the mother love rushing to her heart she hurried out to meet him. Oh, the welcoming, the re-echoing, the caresses, the determination to love him still, despite poor, innocent little Marion! Then, when the table had been set in the next room by Mary's deft fingers, and she returned to her 'west garret,' Mrs. Clement opened her heart.

"There's no use talkin' George, this fine, fancy lady o' yours 'll never suit me. Give me a smart girl like our Mary Smith, and I'll ask no more. Come in to supper now, Mary, Mary!"

She raised her voice to call the girl, when a low voice near surprised her.

"Oh, you dressed up in honor o' my boy! Well, I must confess I never knew you had such a handsome dress, and you look like a real picture with your net off and those short bobbing curls. George, this is Mary Smith, my--"

George came through the door and glanced carelessly at the corner where the young woman stood. Then, with a cry, sprang with outstretched arms to meet the little figure that sprang into them. The deacon and Mrs. Clement now stood in speechless amazement. Then Marion, all blushing and tearful smiles, went over to the old pair and took both of their hands.

"I am George's wife. I was so afraid you would never love me, so I came determined to win you if I could. Mother, father, may I be your daughter?"

And a happier family, when they had exhausted their powers of surprise, amazement and pride in the beautiful Marion, never gave thanks over a supper table.

A "PINTED" QUESTION.

From an exchange we clip the following "pinted" anecdote:

Not long since, being upon one of my piscatorial peregrinations, I came across a man and brother, one of the nation's wards who, like myself, was vainly endeavoring to entice from the placid waters of the Whiteoaches, fish enough to make a fryin' pan feel like it had a mission.

Now, I, that have fished from the blue tipped mountains of West Virginia away down to the 'Swanee Ribber,' am somewhat inclined to be hypercritical when fish won't bite.

Says the man and brother: "Mars' Billy, ain't you one ov dem furniners?"

"Well, Sam, I am not 'native and to the manor born.' I am from old Virginia."

"Ole Fernginy! I didn't think you growed dat ar mufstish in dis here piney woods country. Fo' God, it's mos' long as my fishin' pole! Sunn good land in Ole Fernginy, Mars' Billy?"

"Yes, Sam, some of the very best land in the world."

"Heap better dan 'tis here in Georgy?"

"A great deal better, Sam."

"Fokes up dar is got mo' munny dan we us?"

"Oh, yes, munny is far more plentiful in Virginia."

GEN. BOUTON'S ADVENTURE.

(From California Paper.)

Reports of the adventure of General Bouton with highwaymen near San Jacinto have been coming in for some days, but the General himself arrived yesterday. General Bouton was chief of artillery under General Sherman, who speaks of him as having a record as an artillery officer unsurpassed in the world. He was engaged in forty-two battles and never lost a gun. He tells of his thrilling experience on the mountain top at San Gorgonia in the following way: The General and J. C. Collins, his partner, started from San Gorgonia for their ranch at San Jacinto in a light wagon. About three miles out, and when at the top of the grade on the new road leading to San Jacinto, three men suddenly rose out of the brush, which at the place grows close to the roadside, and, two, presenting revolvers and one a shotgun, cried, "Halt! The team was stopped, when they were ordered to give up their arms. They both promptly answered that they had no arms, although each of them had a revolver in his pocket unknown. Upon getting out of the wagon pieces of chain were produced and their hands chained behind them and six-foot chains placed about each of their necks. This jewelry was made from the chain used about the straw-carrier of a threshing machine. The links are made of heavy wire bent into shape but not welded, and when they were placed upon prisoners the links were pressed down with a pair of shoemaker's pinners. Collins was chained to the wheel of his wagon, with the chain about his neck. The man carrying the shotgun was handed a pistol by the other, who, taking hold of the chain about the General's neck, said, "Come on," while the armed man fell in the rear with his gun about a foot from Bouton's back. The third man had meanwhile been unitching the horses, and taking them ahead a short distance tied them to some bushes. All this time, and the time was not nearly so long as it takes us to tell it, the General had been furtively feeling along the slack of the chain on his hands trying to find a link of the chain that was not entirely closed. His touch, which must have been intensified by the tight place in which he was placed, suddenly found a link partly open. He dropped the other link down, and with the slight leverage which this afforded pried open the little opening upon which his life depended. Keeping his hands in the same position he then parted the skirts of his coat and caught his hand pistol, which was a self-cocker of the bull-dog pattern. They had not yet gone more than thirty paces and had just turned out of the road into the brush when the General accomplished this, and it was just at this time that the man in the rear noticed his movements and cried "halt!" At this General Bouton whipped out his pistol, and, half turning fired at the man in the rear, who fell. George as though he whittled and bored a hole through the one in front. He then ran to release Collins, when the third man came running toward the wagon, from where he'd tied the horses. Bouton, thinking his purpose was to shoot Collins, waited until he passed the rear of the wagon, when he blazed away and dropped him. It took but a moment to jerk the chain apart which was about Collins neck and to free his hands. Then hitching up their team they drove like wildfire to the office of Justice Kennedy, some nine miles distant, with the parted chains still dangling from their wrists and necks, where they at once told their story. With the aid of a file they were relieved of their jewelry, and as soon as they broke a piece started back to the scene of the tragedy.

Near by they found where three horses had been tied and two masks on the ground. Taking up the trail of the horses they found, about a half mile further on, the body of John Wakefield, who had dismounted, unsaddled his horse, turned him loose and then laid down and died. He was found to have been shot in the right side just below the nipple, the ball lodging just beneath the skin of the back. On Wednesday young Covington went to his home, near El Casco, immediately after the shooting, with a flesh wound in the thigh, where he stated to his friends that they did not intend to murder General Bouton, but only wanted to compel him to sign an order on his wife for five thousand dollars and intended to keep him as a hostage until it was paid.

NO GOLD HEADED CANES THERE IN HEAVEN.

At a Southern camp-meeting, held many years ago, says the Boston Transcript, were two ministers who were mutually antagonistic. One of them, Brother Davis, had a wooden leg, and when he was especially wrought up, would emphasize every word by thumping it on the platform. During one of the sessions of the camp-meeting, when the public text was crowded, and Brother Davis was exhorting with all the energy in his power, Brother Jones appeared with a gold headed cane. Pointing his long bony finger at him Brother Davis exclaimed, "Brother Jones, there'll be no gold-headed canes in heaven!" "No," said Brother Jones, angered by the sudden attack, "and no wooden-legged preachers, either!"

A sobbing English lady, who had just lost her husband, asked the clergyman of her parish whether relatives are able to find one another readily in the next world. He said emphatically that they will be reunited at once. "Then," said she, "my first wife has got him by this time!"

The name "eagle" was a happy designation for our gold coin, considering that riches are prone to take unto themselves wings and fly away.

WILMOT H. GOODALE.

Under the head of "a Good Recommendation," a correspondent of the Marksville Bulletin says:

I belong to a class of Democrats who believe that no man has a hereditary or indefeasible right to any particular place or office, and therefore I subscribe most heartily to the doctrine of rotation in office. Without however disparaging the claims either of the present incumbent, or of any other candidate, I desire to present to your readers the name of W. H. Goodale Esq., of Baton Rouge, as suitable candidate for the place of State Superintendent of Public Education.

Mr. Goodale is a graduate of Yale College, and an experienced educator, conversant with all the recent and improved methods of Education as now practiced in the older States. He is a gentleman of the highest administrative capacity, and, though at present a leading member of the Baton Rouge bar, is still more or less prominently connected with the leading educational interests of the State, being at this time a member of the Board of Examiners of Centenary College, La., and Vice President of the State Board of the Institute for Blind.

Should Mr. Goodale be elevated to this responsible office, he will bring to the discharge of its duties an enthusiastic love for popular education, and a zeal and energy in its cause which can not fail to impress themselves most favorably on the public school system of this State. He is a gentleman of unassuming deportment, genial and affable in manner, and will always be found accessible to those whose good fortune it may be to be brought into official relations with him. Mr. Goodale's name has already been most prominently and flatteringly mentioned in other connection with this responsible position, and I recommend him to the people of this parish as a public spirited man, and a candidate deserving their confidence. CITIZEN.

The following in regard to the same gentleman is from the Avoyelles Villager:

We see that this accomplished gentleman is prominently mentioned in connection with the office of State Superintendent of Public Education. Mr. Goodale is an experienced educator and will make an efficient Superintendent. We hear him highly spoken of as an accomplished gentleman, a man of liberal culture, and altogether a pleasant gentleman. He is zealous and energetic, and an enthusiast in the cause of popular education, and, if nominated, will bring to the discharge of his high duties an intelligence and spirit that will be felt in our public schools. Mr. Goodale is a graduate of Yale College, and a prominent member of the Baton Rouge bar.

COULDN'T GAME HIM.

There was a strapping big young fellow from the interior down on the wharf yesterday, to see the shipping. Several boat-loads had tackled him for a job in van, and they finally got together behind some bunches of shingles and went into committee of the whole, to concoct a scheme for revenge. As a result, an innocent looking shiner silled up to the stranger and said:

"See here, Johnny, I've made a bet with the boys."

"Wall, I don't keer," was the cold-hearted answer.

"I've made a bet that I kin shine one o' them shoes o' your'n in less'n four minits," continued the boy.

"The bet is a quarter, and I know you'll gin me a chance to win it. Jest stick out yer foot here and the job won't cost we a cent."

The stranger slowly consented, and held his watch to time the work. The lad worked fast, and he had a good polish on the shoe in about three minutes. When through he rose up, packed away his brushes, and the stranger found himself in just the fix the boys had planned. They expected an offer to complete the job, but it did not come. After a moment devoted to thought, the man descended the steps to the Harbor-master's boat, reached out his leg for the water, and 'souse' went the shiny shoe below the surface.

"I reckon," said the stranger, as he pulled in his leg and let half a gallon of water run out of his shoe, "I reckon you boys think you're smart, but none of our family ever mistook saleratus for sal-sody, and I didn't come to town to have my hair cut with a buzz-saw!"

It was rather late yesterday morning when Mr. Willaby got up, and he was vaguely conscious of a confused recollection of things, but he didn't day much and tried to appear as cheerful as he knew how. Presently breakfast was announced, and the family took their places at the table, but Mr. Willaby was amazed, as he sat staring at six little round wooden boxes of axle