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H. M. FAYROT, J. H. LAMON, Attorneys at Law. Office on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge, La. Will attend to all law business entrusted to them in this and all adjoining parishes.
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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. Please examine stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.
HOES, AXES, ETC.—The well known "Lynden" Hoe, and Planter's Steel Hoe, Collins' celebrated Axes and other brands, Traces and Buck Bands, Nails, Powder and Shot, Woodware, etc. For sale by ANDREW JACKSON.
SADDLES, HARNESS, ETC.—A description of Saddles, including the latest styles, and Harness combining the newest improvements, for sale at most reasonable prices.
GARDEN SEEDS—Of the justly popular crops of D. M. Ferry & Co., fresh and genuine. For sale by ANDREW JACKSON.
SUGAR AND MOLASSES—By the hogshead and barrel, or by retail, at bottom prices.
FLOUR—150 barrels and half barrels of Fancy and Choice Extra Flour, at the lowest cash prices, at store of ANDREW JACKSON.
MEAT—Green Sides and Shoulders, Bacon, and, in fact, all articles needed by planters. For sale by ANDREW JACKSON.
CORN, OATS AND BRAN—Large stocks of the above, for sale low, by ANDREW JACKSON.
COFFEE—In store: 50 bags of Rio Coffee, different grades, at lowest prices. ANDREW JACKSON.
WM. GARIG.

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RUBBER BELTING—Just received, a stock of Rubber Belting, manufactured by the New York Belting and Packing Company, and also Lacing Strings for same.
STUBBLE DIGGERS—I have on hand a full stock of Von Phul & Mallo's Stubble Diggers, which will sell at factory prices.
TEAS—I have just received, direct from the importers, a fine assortment of fresh Teas, in convenient packages for retailing.
SPOA—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.
CORDAGE—A full assortment of Rope, Cotton, Sisal and Manila, Cotton and Hemp Packing, Clothes Lines and Baling Twine, always on hand at store of 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.
TERRA COTTA WARE—Flower Vases, Hanging Baskets and Lawn Vases, in great variety, at prices to suit the times, at WM. GARIG'S.
COOPERAGE—I am fully prepared to meet the demand for Stave Hoops, Hubs, Molasses Barrels, Half Barrels and Syrup Kegs, at the lowest market price.
ROCK SALT—Just received, 5 tons of Rock Salt, suitable for salting stock, and for sale at a low figure by 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.
200 LBS. New Crop Turnip Seed, direct from Robert Buis, Jr., also, Buis'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.
A FULL line of Landberg's and Lubin's Famous Extracts and French Sachet Powder, at Brooks' Drug Store.
DAVID & GARIG.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK stopped when the old man died, but the rush for Groceries is still kept up at David & Garig's.
INSURANCE OIL—170° fire test; guaranteed to be non-explosive. David & Garig.
NOTE 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.
RUSSIAN Caviar—Try it and you will find it at David & Garig's.
JUMBLES—The very finest in the world, are sold by David & Garig.
OAT MEAL—Five pound packages, at David & Garig's.

Select Miscellany.

A BARTEENDER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

I'm writing now, my lovely Sue, Beside a smoking toddy, To say that I belong to you In spirit and in body.
I yearn to praise your eyes so fair, Those orbs as brown as sherry, And tell you that your rippling hair Hath hues like "Tom and Jerry."
Your wit pops up like ginger beer, 'Tis varied as a tulip; And your delicious breath, my dear, Is sweeter than a Julep.
You seraph voice is like the tink Of forty silver zithers, And it is just as sound, I think, As Angostura bitters.
You know I've sworn to love you long, But words were not my band; I simply state that love is strong, Yes, quite as strong as brandy.
Take pity on the fluttering heart Your eyes have filled with gashes; I cannot stand sly Cupid's dart As I stand whisky smashes.
Life unto me without thy face Hath neither taste nor odor; 'Tis tame, and flat, and commonplace, Like seltzer or plain soda.
Alas! I dream of you so much, I think of you so madly, That I begin to lose my touch, And mix my cocktails badly!
I make my sangarees so weak That they would vex a Quaker! Last night I let a beer keg leak, And lost my silver "shaker!"
I have forgotten all the laws, I'm always making botches; I serve my cobblers without straws, And nutmeg in my "Sootches."
In fact, if by your proud disdain, I'm left without a guide, I soon will lose my mighty brain, And serve "stone fence" for cider!
For grim despair each dismal night Comes down upon me thickest, And oh, sweet Sue, if you don't write I'll have to take to liquor!
CUPID JONES.

JIM.

The first time I ever saw Jim he was lying on a doorstep, wrapped in a dirty old shawl, sucking his little thumb. His mamma was washing indoors, and a pig rooted near in a friendly manner.
The time was fourteen years ago, in the place Mauch Chunk, in Pennsylvania. Jim's blue eyes were fixed with earnest gaze on the woody mountains; he was dreaming those baby fancies that come to an older folk like ripples in the rushing tide of memory.
Jim wasn't a baby; oh, no! he was two years old, but so tiny and emaciated that he looked like a scrap left from some larger and fatter boy. Pretty soon his father comes along; he is a brakeman on one of the great coal trains that rumble and roar through the quiet valley, sending jets of fire into the green woods and driving the little birds from their nests, to fly up into the blue sky. Jim's father is rough, but so kind; he catches his boy up on his shoulder, and the two go in, the soft yellow hair against the tangled black beard.
That was my first view of Jim. While I stopped at the quaint old "Mansion House," near the canal, I cultivated his acquaintance. All the candy I bestowed on him he carried home for pap and mam, never taking a veno bit until they had eaten their share. The next time I saw Jim he was five years of age. He was picking up coal on the railroad track. "Well, Jim," I said, "you have gone to work."
"Yis, I work," he said, cheerfully. "I git all mam's coal, these 'ere droppings of the train."
"Just then a small ragamuffin came up and helped himself out of Jim's basket. I left them engaged in an animated discussion.
Three years later business carried me to the same spot. I came on the night coal train.
Just as we reached Mauch Chunk, I felt the train run over something. I did not know what, but nevertheless, I shuddered.
We stopped. I put my head out of the little window in the car; it was in a man rushed by with a white scared face.
"There's a man killed," he gasped, and was out of sight.
I followed him.
Something lay beside the track, surrounded by a fast gathering crowd.
"Who is it?" said one. "Karn told me to look on him, he's so smashed!" said another, holding his lantern close to the disfigured mass.
"Send for a carrier," whispered a fat man with a red face.
"Who's missed on the train?" said the conductor, coming up. A pause.
"Tim Kohler," said the fireman.
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