

The passing strange that amid all the mistakes of the world, nobody ever passed a quarter for a twenty-cent piece.

They don't call them "soft" young men now; the distressfully polite thing is to say they are the down of society.

After trying in vain to start a balking mare, the driver touched her flank with a lighted cigar, saying, "I've tried all means to start her, now I will try to back her."

A young lady's hat blew off Friday morning and was run over by a broad-wheeled cart. The ribbons were somewhat soiled, but the hat is now the very latest fall shape.

Joy is a shy bird, but when a man comes unexpectedly upon a two-dollar bill in the pocket of an old vest laid aside last winter it flaps its wings and crows as loud as anybody's chicken.

An illiterate fellow, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the Secretary of the society: "Enter me also for a jackass." And he took the prize.

Democrats were milk and water men in 1874, and the independents of to-day flouted a ticket headed "White Man's ticket in that campaign. What will be the color designated for 1879? Pray tell us!

Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for his absence of mind, who, dining once at some sort of a shabby repast fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner.

A down-town policeman found a loafer on the wharf asleep, with his mouth wide open. Being at a loss what charge to make, the Sergeant suggested that he charge him with keeping a run-hole open without a license.

Independent-Republican-White League Democrat-Greenbacker, are the names of the five steeds that our political acrobats are riding. Such a team cannot go very far without a "smash up"; and its coming as sure as frost in December.

Old gentleman: "I shall report you, young man. Why didn't you stop the car before? Here I have been running after your car more than a block." Conductor: "All right, guv'n'r, I'm sorry, but I ain't like a pertater, eyes all over."

"I'm going on a journey, pa," the printer's daughter said; and as he thought of losing her, tears sad and salty he shed; but when he soon discovered her upon his workman's lap, "this is the jour-knee that I meant," she said unto her pap.

Two ladies presented themselves at the door of a fancy ball, and on being asked by the usher what character they personated, they replied that they were not in special costume, whereupon he bowed out, "Two ladies without any character!"

What were the "wild waves" saying in 1874, when the White League was being organized? What do those "same wild waves" sing in 1879? O, consistency, thou art a jewel indeed; but you've turned into a "billney stone" in East Baton Rouge!

The touching sentiment, "Our first in heaven," appeared after an obituary notice in a Philadelphia paper, and the father of the child went into the office raging mad. It was the third death in the family, and he wanted to know of the clerk where he supposed the others had gone.

The Baton Rouge CAPITOLIAN is warming up to the work of the campaign with a vim and vigor that does great credit to its editor.—Carroll Conservative.

And we are happy to be able to return the compliment. First, a platform for the general good; then "damned be he who first cries, hold, enough!"

When Mrs. Shodeigh read in the paper that the government had expended \$181,000,000 on its Indian service, she urged Mr. Shodeigh to write immediately and ascertain where it was purchased. She said her china service cost only \$3000, and she could never be happy again until she was the owner of an Indian service.

In the "Ironides" fourth ward the Independent-Republican Happy Family held a meeting last week, at which twelve persons appeared. One of these, an old colored citizen, accounted for his presence by saying: "I'd heard a good deal of talk 'bout dese 'ere Independent-Republican Dimmick-confusion people, an' I'd never seen one ob dem; so I was berry curis to see what dey look like!"

Three short years ago our Independents would have gone in for hanging such men as themselves on "sour apple trees." They were unselfish patriots then; but as their rewards were not on the "life policy plan," they have jumped the Democratic boat, for the time being with the view of getting their work in. Let's have no half-way business in this matter. We're either "fish or fowl!"

Monte Jim and Hen Brown played a heavy game of cards at Eagle City, Colorado. They quarreled when there was a stake of two thousand dollars on the table, leveled their revolvers and fired three shots apiece. Jim was killed, and Hen may not recover. The money is in the hands of the mayor of the town. The most distressing part of the affair consists in the fact that the local paper failed to tell which man was bluffing.

Our Independent-Republican-White League-Democratic-Greenback candidates carry a pail of water from which men of all political opinions can drink. They move it about from each one of their five shoulders with a dexterity that the carpet-baggers of old were unable to acquire. East Baton Rouge "has the horns" over any other parish in the State for producing political prestidigitators. Walking matches are unknown here, but when it comes to hurdle races for office, "our boys can jump over all obstructions to enter the lists. Baton Rouge fellows can beat kangaroos all hollow!

BEHIND THE BARS.

[Detroit Free Press.]

One night a year ago this month—one night when the heavens were as black as pitch, and the rain fell in a dreary, lonesome way and the fitful gusts shook down the wet, brown leaves in showers, a white-headed lonely old man sat in his cabin on the banks of the Platte river, Nebraska. He had come there alone. If his life had been embittered by some great misfortune he alone knew it. Once in awhile some settler visited him, or some hunter sought the shelter of his roof for the night, but he told no one the story of his life—a story which would have explained why an old man like him had come out there to live and die by himself.

On this night when "Uncle Abe" closed his cabin door against the storm, he felt no fear of men. He had little to tempt the cupidity of the lawless and he had no enemies who thirsted for revenge. He sat before the rude fire-place and looked into the flames and pitied those who might be abroad in the storm. They say that the dancing, quivering, dying flames are typical of human lives, and he may have watched them and remembered his years of prosperity and sunshine—his years of misery and misfortune.

All at once a shadow seemed to pass across the black night, and the old man started up like one who had received a wound. What was it? His face paled as he asked himself the question, and he bent his ear and listened as only one can when life depends.

Up the valley swept the wind, with stronger gust, bringing with it blacker clouds and more rain, and the old man trembled in every limb as he rose up and moved toward the door, to make sure that it was securely fastened. He had not reached it when it was burst open by a kick, and a stranger entered.

The old man would have given him welcome but the words died away on his trembling lips. The stranger was a man of 40, thick set, bushy hair and tangled beard, and from under eyebrows as heavy as a moustache, his wicked eyes glared at Uncle Abe with murderous light. For a moment they stood and looked at each other. Then the stranger approached the door, walked to the fire and said: "Is this your welcome on a night like this? Why don't you ask me to sit down? Why don't you put all the food in your hut before me?"

"I—I—!" The old man could not utter a sentence. Men had come to his cabin time and again by night, and had been greeted like old friends, but no other coming had ever sent such terror through his veins. "You stay there and I'll help myself!" growled the stranger when he saw that his victim could not speak; and he seized him, whirled him across the room with great force, and laughed in a brutal way as his victim lay stunned on the floor.

The cabin rocked in the gusts and the sound of pouring rain kept the old man from hearing the beating of his terrified heart. It was miles up and down that river to another cabin, and the coyotes were the only living things abroad. As the stranger placed provisions on the table and sat down to devour them the wolves crept close to the cabin walls and fought and growled and sent forth into the night such lonesome, unearthly howls as made the old man's flesh creep again. A quarter of an hour passed. Then the stranger shoved back from the table and said:

"Get up!" The old man slowly reached his feet. "I want your money!" Money! Why, that old man had not seen a dollar for weeks and weeks. He had little use for money, and he had few ways of earning it.

"I want money, or I'll cut your throat from ear to ear!" growled the stranger, as Uncle Abe failed to reply.

The sight of a keen, glittering knife turned the old man's face whiter than snow and brought speech to his lips. He said he had not a dollar—not a shilling—not even a single penny in his name. "You lie!" replied the stranger as he lifted the knife a little. "Bring out your money, or I'll carve you up by inches!" The poor old man trembled and pleaded and protested, but the man in the chair drew the edge of his wicked bowie lightly across his thumb and answered back:

"You lie!" Uncle Abe went down on his knees to him, and with terrified heart and gasping voice called God to witness that he had nothing to be robbed of. The man must have felt sure of this, but he had come there to do murder, and he fastened his hand in those gray locks, flourished his wicked knife before those frightened eyes, and said:

"I give you one minute of life—only one minute!" A moan of terror—a word of prayer—a feeble struggle to avoid the knife, and that black-hearted villain's work was done. Perhaps he remained there for hours to gloat over the gray hairs dabbled in blood—maybe he kicked the body of his victim and passed out into the black midnight, fearing neither God nor man.

Three—four—five long days afterward, when the sun shone and the birds chirped and peace reigned along the muddy river, a settler opened the door of Uncle Abe's cabin and found the corpse. He shrieked out in horror at the awful murder and ran away, but when his nerves were stronger he crept back again. The old man had been hacked to death, just as one takes a hatchet and cuts splinters from a board! Yet there was life in him when the murderer left—left in him when the morning came to end that long and dreadful night. In his dying agonies he had crept across the cabin to a box, taken out a piece of chalk, and on the rough floor he had written a description of his murderer. His stiff, dead finger still grasped the chalk when the settler looked into the cabin, and the last words were:

"—scar on cheek!" It was a fortnight after the murder before any one took the trail of the fiend, but in a week more they had him in their hands. The words chalked on the floor by the hand of death guided Justice like

a sign-board, and the circumstances hedged him round, and the man admitted the deed. On his trial he pleaded self-defense, and lawyers defended him so successfully that he got off with a ten-year sentence in the Detroit House of Correction. You may see him any day you pass through the workshops, and you will see a man who will die of remorse before three years roll away. When he lies down at night it is to remember the fearful pleadings of that poor old man. If he awakes at midnight he sees that white face looking down into his. If a fellow-convict touches him suddenly, he springs away in terror, as if he feared that the trembling hands of poor Uncle Abe were about to clutch his throat and be revenged. "Murder" is written in his eyes. "Remorse" is printed on every line of his face, and thugs and thieves draw from him and whisper: "He murdered a poor old man. Keep clear of him!"

CHARTER PERPETUAL LOUISIANA EQUITABLE Life Insurance COMPANY 39.....Carondelet & Gravier Sts.....39 NEW ORLEANS. E. B. BRIGGS.....President JOHN HENDERSON.....Vice-President A. PATTON.....Secretary

The Policies of the Louisiana Equitable Life Insurance Company are registered and the Reserve therein deposited to the credit of the Policy with the Auditor and Treasurer of State in compliance with an Act approved April 2, 77, entitled "An Act to better secure holders of Life Insurance Policies in this State; to provide a reserve fund therefor, and for other purposes."

A CERTIFICATE Of the Auditor of State is Attached to Each Policy. The company complied with the provisions of the above Act and made its SECOND deposit of the Required Reserve, January 23, 1879.

ALLEN JUMEL, Auditor. ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED. Apply to COURRIER & McNAIR, General Agents, Baton Rouge. Medical Examiners—T. J. Buffington, M. D., R. F. Hereford, M. D. n34y.

Fine Plantation For Sale. SPLENDID ORANGE! That highly improved plantation, owned by Mr. N. Wax, situated on the Bayou Sara Road, within eight miles of this city is for sale. There are one hundred and fifty acres of cleared land under fence, of which there are twenty planted in sugar cane; besides one hundred and fifty acres of well timbered land. A fine residence and necessary outbuildings, with a SUGAR HOUSE & HORSE-MILL, attachments, are included in this very desirable and handsome property. There are two good wells and a large cistern on the place, and every other needed improvement. For terms apply to oct18 tjan NICHOLAS WAX.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A full and complete line of Rogers' and Wadsworth's Pen-Knives, Razors and Scissors, the best assortment in this city at retail and at moderate prices.

ALSO A full and complete line of Pipes, Bowls, &c., from a 2c pipe to an amber-tipped; the Book and Pinatone Brand of Cigars, Havana Filled and Wrapped. When you want to smoke a good Cigar, get the New Orleans hand made and not the machine.

BASE BALLS AND BATS; and also have constantly arriving Colors dry and in Oil for Painters. Also Brushes of all descriptions, Linseed Oil (New York Made) Insurance Oil, and Turpentine, &c., &c.

VARNISHES KALSO always on hand, the Southern Company's strictly Pure Lead, said to be the best made, &c., &c.

W. T. CLOVERUS, DRUGGIST

[Bogel's Old Stand] BATON ROUGE.....LOUISIANA.

Registration Notice. ASSESSOR'S OFFICE, PARISH OF EAST BATON ROUGE, Baton Rouge, Sept. 30, 1879.

NOTICE TO VOTERS.—The Registration Office, for the purpose of registering voters, will be opened at the Court-house, on Wednesday, October 1st to Saturday, the 6th, inclusive.

At CONRAD'S, Eighth Ward, first precinct—Tuesday, October 7th. At LOPEZ'S, Eighth Ward, second precinct—Wednesday, October 8th. At MORTIMORE PRICE'S sixth Ward—Thursday, October 9th. At MASONIC LODGE, seventh Ward—Friday, October 10th. At GRIFFIN'S, ninth ward—Saturday, October 11th.

At STONY POINT, fifth ward—Tuesday, October 14th. At BETHEL CHURCH, fifth ward—Wednesday and Thursday, October 15th and 16th. At WOODLAND SCHOOL HOUSE, tenth ward—Friday, October 17th. At THOEMSEN'S STORE, third ward—Saturday, October 18th. At PLAINS, fourth Ward, Monday and Saturday, October 20th and 25th. At HEATH'S, fourth ward—Tuesday, October 21st.

At PORT HUDSON, Bayou Sara, Woodville, Jackson and Clinton promptly attended to. CITY ICE HOUSE. Open from 5:30 A. M., to 8 P. M. feb22 n34 td. Assessor and Registrar.

ICE!—ICE! Mr. CHARLES WIECK having received a large stock of PURE LAKE ICE,

is now prepared to furnish the same to coast trade, and supply all local demands at reasonable rates. All orders from Plaquemine, Bayou Goula, Port Hudson, Bayou Sara, Woodville, Jackson and Clinton promptly attended to. CITY ICE HOUSE. Open from 5:30 A. M., to 8 P. M. feb22 n34 td. Assessor and Registrar.

BUTTER AND CHEESE. A full stock of Straight's Creamery and Roll Butter, and Factory Cheese, at WM. GARIG'S.

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

SALAD dressing saves time and trouble; is very nice. For sale at David & Garig's. McMUNN'S Elixir of Opium, Hop Bitters, Black Draught, Ballard's Flea Killer, Insect Powder, Parker's Ginger Tonic, Brodie's Cordial, Cuticura, etc., etc., at Brooks' Drug Store.

NEW ORLEANS. TO PLANTERS Sugar and Cotton! YOU CAN BE SUPPLIED with good and competent Sugar Makers, Engineers, Carpenters, Brickmasons, Blacksmiths and other skilled Mechanics, and general labor for sugar and cotton planters, levee contractors and domestic use, by addressing or calling on W. F. McLEAN, 82 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La. (v1n31y)

L. C. ARMY, 86, 88, 90, BIENVILLE ST., NEW ORLEANS, -Bottler of- Lager Beer, Philadelphia ALE AND PORTER, Northern Cider, Ginger Ale, Lemonade and Sarsaparilla.

Wm. Massey & Co's famous PHILADELPHIA DRAFT ALE a specialty. CRESCENT CITY SPRING WATER From Waukesha, Wis., in barrels, half-carrels or bottles constantly on hand. Send for circulars. [v1n39 ty. JAMES B. LEAKE. P. J. GARDNER

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No. 40 Magazine Street, NEAR CANAL NEW ORLEANS.....LA Terms, \$2.50 per day. Special rates by the week or month. (v1n39

COSMOPOLITAN RESTAURANT, NOS. 13 & 15 ROYAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS. LOUIS CHAPLAIN.....PROPRIETOR

The FINEST ROOMS for the accommodation of travelers at all times. EVERY DELICACY the market affords served in the very BEST STYLE by polite attendants. TERMS MODERATE. ang29

MRS. KNIGHT, 123...CARONDELET ST....123 Between Lafayette and Poydras, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Handsome furnished rooms, with or without board, for such length of time as will suit the convenience of visitors in the city. Charges moderate. ang9

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ANDREW JACKSON, COTTON BUYER, -AND DEALER IN- GROCERIES AND PLANTATION SUPPLIES, Corner Main and Third Streets, BATON ROUGE, LA.

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Piper's Furniture and Undertaking Establishment, PIPER & BRADFORD'S OLD STAND, MAIN STREET, BATON ROUGE, LA. DEALER IN BEDSTEDS, ARMOIRS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Parlor and Bed-Room Sets, Kitchen Furniture, And various other articles at the lowest market price. Metallic and Imitation Cases, Coffins of all kinds with Hearses when required, furnished at any hour. Also, Woven-Wire Mattresses. Those Mattresses are so well known that it is not necessary to enlarge upon their merits. Their superiority over all springs is, they are Elastic, Noiseless, Durable, Cleanly, Healthy and Economical. The Guy Wire is an improvement, consisting of a large wire put on the fabric, which makes a stiff edge, and prevents its being pressed on the rail. No other Mattress possesses this excellent feature. Guaranteed for five years. feb9

B. FEIBELMAN, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Nos. 24 and 26 Main and No. 9 Third Streets, BATON ROUGE, LA.

C. K. DAVID, WM. GARIG, DAVID & GARIG, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS, -AND- COMMISSION MERCHANTS, MAIN STREET, BATON ROUGE, LA. ADVANCES MADE ON COTTON IN STORE OR FOR SHIPMENT.

BATON ROUGE. GEO. H. WILSON, Dealer in WESTERN PRODUCE GROCERIES AND PLANTATION SUPPLIES, SADDLERY AND HARNESSES, Corner Third and Convention Sts., feb15 BATON ROUGE, LA.

RED STICK CHEAP STORE, JOHN J. WAX, PROPRIETOR, Dealer in FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES, LIQUORS, CIGARS, TOBACCO AND CONFECTIONERIES, Corner of St. Ferdinand and Europe Sts., feb8 BATON ROUGE, LA.

JOSEPH LARGUIER, (Established in 1849.) Dealer in FOREIGN & DOMESTIC HARDWARE, House-Furnishing, Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Agricultural Implements, GLASS, Coopers', Blacksmiths' and Carpenters' TOOLS, CORNER OF THIRD AND FLORIDA STREETS, (Sign of the Red Plow.) feb8 BATON ROUGE, LA.

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