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BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1881.

NO. 14.

ATTORNEYS.
C. C. BIRD, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him. Office on Convention street, between Third and Church streets, Baton Rouge, La.
C. W. POPE, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Port Allen, West Baton Rouge, La. Special attention given to the collection of accounts, taking testimony under commission, and to all other matters requiring the attention of an Attorney or Notary in the parish of West Baton Rouge. April 25th 1881.
H. S. LANG, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Donaldsonville, La. Will practice in all the courts of the State of Louisiana.
THOS. B. DUPRE, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office—No. 6, Pine Row, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the State and Federal Courts.
HERRON & BEALE, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. Office on North Boulevard street, near the post office, Baton Rouge, La. Will attend to all law business entrusted to them in this and adjoining parishes.
A. S. Herron, L. D. Beale.
FAVROT & LAMON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge, La. Will attend to all law business entrusted to them in this and adjoining parishes.
H. M. Favrot, J. H. Lamon.
E. W. S. M. ROBERTSON, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. Office on North Boulevard street, Baton Rouge, La. Will practice in the Seventh and Eighteenth Judicial Districts.
E. W. Robertson, S. M. Robertson.
GEO. W. BUCKNER, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Baton Rouge, La. Business promptly attended to.

LOCAL DIRECTORY.
J. STEENSEN, Druggist, dealer in drug, medicines, chemicals, cigars, fancy and toilet articles, Third street.
A. ROSENFELD, dealer in dry goods, ready made clothing, boots and shoes, hats and caps, all of the latest styles.
W. M. GARG, dealer in plantation supplies and general steamboat, purchasing and collection agent, Front street.
A. DREW JACKSON, Cotton Buyer, and dealer in groceries and plantation supplies, northeast corner of Main and Third streets.
NICHOLAS WAX, wholesale and retail grocer, dealer in plantation supplies, fancy and staple groceries, wines, liquors, crockery, cutlery, cigars and tobacco, St. Louis street.
G. R. KANDOLPH, wholesale and retail grocer, and dealer in western produce, wines and liquors, Main street.
JOSHUA BEAL, Family Grocer, dealer in fancy groceries, canned fruits and every article needed in the household, corner Third and Laurel streets.
GEORGE H. WILSON, dealer in western groceries, groceries, plantation supplies, saddlery, harness, corner Third and Convention streets.
JOHN J. WAX, dealer in fancy and staple groceries, liquors, cigars, tobacco and Confectioneries, St. Ferdinand street.
J. J. CADEVILLE, dealer in groceries and liquors and ear corn, lime, hoop-pole and flat-boat agent, Front street.
E. DW. WITTING, dealer in fancy and staple groceries, fruits and confectioneries, cigars, smoking tobacco, Third street.
M. CHAMBERS, Stationer, dealer in stationery, books, cutlery, and Quaker strings, and fashion papers, Third street.
F. W. HELDMAN, Blue Store, dealer in news literary and fashion periodicals, stationery, and pictures, Main street.
J. PHILIP BOTT, proprietor of Bismarck Saloon and Lager Beer House, corner St. Louis and North Front street.
CHARLES WIECK, proprietor Sauter House, dealer in law, wine, liquors, cigars and cigars, corner Third and Laurel streets.
W. G. CLAUVERUS, Druggist, dealer in all kinds of drugs, medicines, cutlery soap, garden seed and fancy articles.
F. M. BROOKS, Druggist, dealer in drugs and medicines of every kind, cigars, smoking tobacco, cutlery, etc., Main street.
B. A. DAY, proprietor Red Stick Drug Store, keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of drugs and medicines, corner Africa and Someruel streets.
B. FEIBELMAN, dealer in Dry Goods and the most fashionable styles of ready made clothing, hats boots and shoes, Main street.
MRS. J. M. PARKER, dealer in Millinery and Dry Goods and fancy articles of all descriptions, Main street.
JOHN JOHNSON, watchmaker and jeweler, dealer in jewelry, silver ware, pictures and picture frames, Third street.
ALEXANDRE GROCERY, proprietor of the Capital House, Board by the day, week or month, with the best of the market affords.
VERANDA HOTEL and Restaurant in the market, Third street, C. Cremonini, proprietor.
W. P. KIRBY, proprietor Ladies' Restaurant and dealer in fruits, confectioneries, cigars, etc., cor. Third and Florida streets.
JOSEPH LARGUER, dealer in foreign and domestic hardware, house furnishing goods, corner Third and Florida streets.
G. GESSELY, Civil and Military Tailor, Latest styles, Third Street.
M. J. WILLIAMS, manufacturer of steam trains, strike pans, boilers and tanks, and all kinds of sugar house work, corner of Main and Front streets, near the ferry landing.
WILLIAM GESSELY, worker in tin, copper and sheet iron, and dealer in stoves, tinware and crockery ware, cor. Third and Florida.
BATON ROUGE OIL WORKS, manufacture cotton seed oil, oil cake, cotton seed meal and linters, Front street.
LOUISIANA CAPITOLIAN Book and Job Printing establishment on Third street, is one of the most complete in the State.
A. D. LITTLE, Photograph Artist, Main st. Photo-albums, frames, etc., kept on hand.
PIPER'S Furniture and Undertaking Establishment, Main street, well supplied with everything in this line.
E. D. THOMAS, dealer in Fancy and Staple Groceries and Dry Goods, at Tim Dugan's old stand, on Main street.
MISS P. BERTRAND, Milliner, dealer in Millinery Goods and Fancy Goods, Main street.
MRS. C. MAILLOT, Third street, dealer in Millinery and Dry Goods, Trimmings, notions, etc.
MANUEL RODRIGUEZ, Lafayette street, Manufacturer of Choice Cigars.

GOURRIER & MCNAIR,
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENTS.
FIRE, LIFE & MARINE INSURANCE.
BATON ROUGE, LA.

WOUNDED.
"Steady, boys, steady! Keep your arms ready. God only knows when we may meet here. Don't let me be taken—I'd rather awaken tomorrow, in—no matter where—Than lie in that foul prison-hole over there."
"Step slowly! Speak lowly! The rocks may have life. Lay me down in the hollow: We are out of the strife. By Heaven! the foe may track me in blood. For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood. No! no surgeon for me; he can give me no aid; The surgeon I want is a pickaxe and spade. What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on you man. I thought you a hero; but since you began to whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens, By George! I don't know what the devil it means."
"Well! well! I am rough, 'tis a very rough life—This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool! I know a brave man, and friend from a foe; And, boys, that you love me I certainly know. But wasn't it grand, When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand? But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock, Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock. Did you mind the loud cry, When, as turning to fly, Our men sprang upon them determined to die? Oh, wasn't it grand? God help the poor wretches who fell in the fight, No time was then given for prayers or for flight, They fell by the score, in the crush, hand to hand, And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand."
"Good Heavens! this bullet hole gapes like a grave! A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave! Is there never a one of you knows how to pray? Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?"
"Our Father! Our Father! Why don't you proceed?"
"Can't you see I am dying? great God, how I bleed! Ebbing away! the light of day is turning to gray."
"Our Father in Heaven—boys tell me the rest, While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in my breast, There's something about forgiveness of sin: Put that in, put that in!—and then I'll follow your words and say amen."
"Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand, And, Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud, And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd? Where's Wilson—my comrade—here, stoop down your head: Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and the dead?"
"Christ, God, who died for sinners all, Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry! Let not 'em this poor sparrow eye! Unheeded by thy gracious eye! Throw wide the gates to let him in, And take him pleading to thine arms: Forgive, O Lord, his life-long sin, And quiet all his fierce alarms."
"God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn, It's the light in my path, when my sight has grown dim, I am dying—head down—till I touch you once more! Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper the war! Confusion to our enemies! Keep hold of my hand— And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land."

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"I know it is so. But promise me that when I have told you my story you won't leave me—that you will still be kind to me, and not turn from me. Promise."
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"You are George Chesterfield's wife? I know it. You need not answer. You remember ten years ago receiving some letters written to Olivia?"
Remember! The wife's cheek paled. She remembered it always.
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A FATAL SUPPER.
There lives on Arch street, in this city, says the Philadelphia Times, a landlady who mourns the death of her husband in a manner so peculiar as to attract the attention of all who knew her. Her husband was a member of an influential religious denomination, and had considerable local celebrity in the church in question. He was accustomed to receive visits from many of the clergy, as well as an occasional call from a bishop. Several years ago a supper was given in the boarding-house over which his wife presided in his honor. There sat down at the table a score or more of prominent ministers and laymen of the creed to which he was attached. A profusion of dainties were served to the guests, and all partook heartily. The genial husband, however, seemed to have surpassed them all in the consumption of the menu and he indulged extensively in jelly, cake, ice-cream, strawberries, pineapples, apples and nuts. He also participated in a glass of sherry wine. During the night he died in spasms.
Now comes the odd feature of the feature of the story. His wife lamented his death pathetically, and had funeral services of the most extensive kind. On his coffin were placed, among other flowers, some lilies and a cluster of immortelles. These tokens of regard were not buried with the body, however, but were preserved by the widow. Soon after the burial she related to a friend that her love for the defunct was so great that she intended having a memorial of him made, and she thought nothing could be more appropriate than a quantity of the different articles of food equal to the amount by means of which the good man expired. She went therefore, to a well-known confectioner, and had him place a cup of jelly, piece of sponge cake, plate of ice-cream, with half dozen strawberries in it, a pineapple, several apples, a glass of sherry wine, and some nuts. It appears that the cup of jelly eaten by the deceased at the supper was filled to the brim, and a portion of the contents spilled over on the table. In the place of the cup is filled to the very top, and several glazed pieces lie around the bottom of the cup. All these models, very nearly the same quantity as the late lamented partook of, were placed under a glass case, and in addition two rosettes, worn by the husband and wife on the festive occasion, were placed and put among the fruit beneath the glass.
The entire case stands in the corner of the large parlor of the boarding-house, on a table. On a shelf above the glazed fruit is the wreath of lilies which rested on the breast of the deceased at the obsequies. That also rests under a glass case. In a room across the hall are the immortelles, which also decorated the coffin. The widow landlady loves to recount, with tears in her eyes, the story of that last supper and its consequences. Each new boarder sooner or later hears the strange story, possibly with great amusement. The lady is very kind hearted and benevolent, despite her eccentricity. The glass work is well done, indeed, causing the fruit to have an exceedingly natural look. Were the name of the lady and the number of the house to be disclosed, it would be recognized at once by many persons all over the country, as the house is noted as an excellent one, and the same landlady keeps a large and much frequented house in the summer at Asbury Park.

STATE NEWS.
Shreveport Standard: When the fatal accident occurred on Wednesday night, in which Mr. Michel Pompot lost his life by the crushing in of Leman & Co's store by a falling wall, a stranger appeared in front of the building, and learning there was a man beneath the rains, at once volunteered, at the peril of his own life, to enter, and did so, through the debris. Gropping his way on hands and knees through the fallen timbers, in some places the openings being hardly wide enough to squeeze through, he reached the point where Michel Pompot lay dead, entirely covered with the debris. Finding it impossible to remove the body, he returned and with the assistance of others succeeded in digging the body out, after several hours work. The stranger we refer to was Mr. E. B. Carpenter, an employe on the New Orleans Pacific Railway, and brother of Dr. Carpenter, of the firm of Carpenter & Malloy, bridge contractors. He was assisted in recovering the remains by Chief Anstin, Commissioner Grim, Mr. Frank Denham, Mr. John Wabl and another gentleman whose name we did not learn. Such deeds of bravery as displayed by Mr. Carpenter should not be allowed to pass unrecorded. Nor, indeed, should the names of either of the gentlemen named, for the duty they performed was of a most perilous character, and while the whole was going on the crowd on the outside waited with breathless anxiety fearing the precarious walls still standing would fall and bury the noble workers beneath them.
Ouachita Telegraph: Mrs. Mary F. Richardson, the wife of our esteemed fellow citizen, Col. Robt. Richardson, departed this life on last Friday, the 25th inst., after a long and painful illness. An illness which she had borne with that patient fortitude which constitutes one of the most beautiful traits in a true womanly character. But scarcely thirty-five years old, Mrs. Richardson leaves a devoted husband and a large family of children to mourn their irreparable loss. Besides this, she has left a blank in our community which it will be difficult to fill. She had, for years, occupied a leading position in the social circles of our city and but few public works of charity or benevolence were commenced or achieved without her aid, countenance and support. Truly may we say, a lovely woman has gone to her rest—gone, secretly trusting in the blessed promise of a crucified Redeemer.
North Louisiana Journal: A difficulty, growing out of a game of cards occurred last Sunday on Mrs. Stacy's Botany Bay plantation, between two colored men, Bill Smith and Richard Blue, in which the latter was stabbed in the back. Smith made his escape, and at this writing it is believed that Blue is mortally wounded.
Point Coupee Banner: On last Monday, an old negro, who lives on the Olivia plantation, on False River, and who is fully one hundred years old, died suddenly. Immediately preparations were made, the corpse was laid out, the negroes of the neighborhood congregated, prayed, sang and mourned several hours around the late lamented. Just as preparations were made to bury her; when the mourners were well high exhausted, to their horror, the old woman came to life, not being dead, but in a state of lethargy. It would be a hard matter, however to convince the negroes of the neighborhood that the old woman was not really dead; that she did not visit the other world, obtain a new lease of life, besides being clothed with super natural powers; that she will live a long number of years, that she can reveal the secrets of the future, can heal the sick and perform any and all miracles. If the old woman will only take advantage of this state of things, and go about the sick, performing all kinds of incantation, there is no telling how many miracles she will perform.
The DeSoto Democrat says the people of Mansfield have displayed more enterprise, in trying to further the interests of the place, than any other town on the line of the New Orleans Pacific road, for which we are proud to say, that they now have every prospect of being richly rewarded. Many merchants and business men are anticipating removing to this town, and as this point will handle the freight of a large portion of DeSoto and Sabine parishes, as well as those of three counties in Texas, there is every reason to believe that it will be a place of four or five thousand inhabitants within the next few years, and will be one of the best towns in North Louisiana.
A lawyer's advice is of greater value than a friend's. He charges for it.

TEETH! TEETH! TEETH!
DR. D. L. McKITTRICK,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Third Street.
OPPOSITE the Bank Hotel, and over E. Witting's store, most respectfully informs the people of this country that, after an absence of over eight years, he has returned and resumed his dental practice at the above location. His office is fitted up with all the latest improvements and appliances in every branch of the art. Hundreds of people are carrying his fine gold fillings in their teeth that were made twenty-five years ago. Is this sufficient proof of qualifications? Motto—Low Prices, Teeth extracted without pain. Jan 20th

THE WIFE'S SECRET.
"Can I hear it?" asked George Chesterfield's wife of her own heart, as she knelt beside the bed, her arms upon it, her face hidden upon them. "Can I bear it—can I bear it?"
Then her own heart answered, "You can, for if he does not love you, you love him." And she arose and stood beside her baby's cradle.
That morning a letter had been brought to her—an anonymous letter, accompanied by a packet. The letter ran thus:
Madam—A friend who does not wish

to see you posed upon sends you these longer when she came, but who often looked at her in a strange way, quite unaccountable to Helen; who sometimes began to speak, and paused and said: "Another time," as though she postponed some conference—the story of her life, perhaps. Only God knows what it might be.
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"I promise," said Helen.
"You are George Chesterfield's wife? I know it. You need not answer. You remember ten years ago receiving some letters written to Olivia?"
Remember! The wife's cheek paled. She remembered it always.
"Go on," she said hoarsely, bitterly; "her whole woe upon her as it had never been before. Go on."
"I am Olivia," said the woman. "I sent those letters myself. I did it to make you wretched, to revenge myself upon him. He was young when he met me. I, a married woman, though not older than he—I lured him on; I delighted in his hopeless love—in those letters—in his protestations. I joyed in the receipt of that one written on his wedding night. Pure women can not understand how wicked women rejoice in crushing hearts they do not care for; in ruining young men's lives for a petty triumph. Lady, do not turn from me; I've not done yet."
"Had you not enough?" gasped the wretched wife. "Could you not bear to keep it from me? You ruined my young life. You killed me; yes, you killed me, as far as heart went."
"Ah!" cried the woman, "it was not when he wrote love to me that I betrayed him. Revenge prompted me. Six months after his marriage I received this. Read it. When that came I sent you the others. I was a fiend; I knew it; but perhaps I can undo my work even now. Read this and see."
Helen seized the faded, dingy envelope that the woman drew from her bosom, and hurried with it to the light. She tore it open and looked upon the lines within. This was what she read, dated months after her marriage:
"OLIVIA—My Friend: I told you I would never write to you again, and I wrote like a fool. I told you that I had married a woman that I did not love and I should love you forever. Being so true a friend as I believe you are to me, you will rejoice to know that I was quite mistaken. I have forgotten the unhappy passion of my youth, as you so often bade me, and man never loved a wife so fondly as I love my darling Helen. She is the life of my life, the soul of my soul, and I cannot leave you under the false impression I have given you. Love came after marriage, it is true, to me, but its germ was in my heart. You will be glad to know of this and wish me, as I wish you, every happiness."
GEORGE CHESTERFIELD.
She read it through—she read it twice, this poor wife to whom balm had come after so many years—and sank down upon her knees, forgetful of all else, and thanked God for it. When she turned once more toward the bed she saw that in that moment the death-angel had come, and that the unhappy Olivia had passed into eternity. When George Chesterfield met his wife that night he hardly knew her. Her smile charmed him as of yore; her eyes were bright, her lips red again.
"How happy you look!" he said. And she answered:
"I am happy." Nothing more then, but one day she told him all.
The North Georgia Citizen says that a county youth, 16 years old, was in Dalton on Friday last, who is doubtless the largest specimen of humanity in two Georgia, for his age. He is six feet two inches high, weighs 175 pounds, and wears number eleven brogan boots, split on the top, with a piece of leather inserted to make them fit. That paper says: "If there is a county in this neck of the woods that can beat Murry's boy we would like to hear from it."
We know a young man, Mr. Jeff. Chrisman, now living in McComb City, Miss., who, when he was 17 years of age, was 6 feet four inches high and weighed 224 pounds. He is the son of Judge J. B. Chrisman, of Brookhaven, Miss., and was a schoolmate of the writer. Next, P. S. We haven't room in this issue to mention the size of Jeff's feet.

POWER OF THE EYE.
A story is told of Van Amburgh, the great lion tamer, now dead: On one occasion, while in a bar-room, he was asked how he got his wonderful power over animals. He said: "It is by showing them that I am not the least afraid of them. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye." Pointing to a loutish fellow who was sitting near by, he said: "You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me, and I won't say a word to him." Sitting down, he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow got up and came slowly across to the lion tamer. When he got close enough, he drew back and struck Van Amburgh a tremendous blow under the chin, knocking him clear over the chair, with the remark: "You'll stare at me like that again, won't you?"
The much talked of feat of eating thirty partridges in as many consecutive days, has been recently performed by Miss Lee, who resides with her brother-in-law, Josiah H. Smith, Esq., of Carlinville, in this county. Instead of feeling any discomfort on account of it, Miss Lee thinks she could relish and digest a plump partridge every day for any period.—Selma Times.

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