

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.

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

LOCAL DIRECTORY. J. STEENSEN, Druggist, dealer in drug, medicines, chemicals, cigars, fancy and toilet articles, Third street.

REED'S GILT EDGE TONIC. IS A THOROUGH REMEDY. In every case of Malarial Fever, and Fever and Ague, while for disorganization of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbances of the animal forces, which debilitate, it has no equivalent, and can have no substitute.

W. A. LE SUEUR, Publisher. L. JASTREMSKI, Editor. J. STEENSEN, Druggist, dealer in drug, medicines, chemicals, cigars, fancy and toilet articles, Third street.

REED'S GILT EDGE TONIC cures Dyspepsia. "My wife got mad—terribly mad—at me last night," said Ragbag. "She threatened to leave me and sue for a divorce, and, by Jove, I was awfully scared, for I think she meant it. But I had presence of mind. I said I hoped she would, begged, implored her to do so, and then she swore she'd stick to me till death, just to spite me. A woman is a curious critter to manage, anyway."

"WEARING OF THE GREEN." LINES RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE BY JOHN J. DALY. Ye send canting words of comfort To the kinsmen of the Czar, Your hearts are sorely troubled By the Fern-Chilian war.

AN ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY. "I'm an editor myself," said he, as he planted his feet on the Eagle editor's desk, and lit that functionary's pipe. "I throw ink on the Up Guish Snorter at Deadwood, and you bet I make some reading matter for the boys. Got the Snorter on exchange here?"

"You don't get any better truck than that in the East. You see, our people have got to have the first crop or bust. It livens a paper up, too, this poetry, and its fat for the printers. Here's a little thing I dashed right off on the Yanktown Vindicator for claiming that I swindled the government on a bay contract."

"Don't grow old and rusty and cross, afraid of nonsense and fun. Tolerate the follies and crudities of youth. Gray hair and wrinkles you cannot escape, but you need not grow old in feeling unless you choose. And so long as your age is only on the outside, you will win in confidence from the young, and find your life all the brighter for contact with theirs."

REED'S GILT EDGE TONIC REGULATES THE BOWELS. It is not necessary, says an exchange, to search the rocks for the antediluvian man; he is here, and can be found in the store that don't advertise.

for two weeks, and for high artistic kicking she has no peeress. Her standing jump shows careful thought and study, and her toe whirls are unprecedented in the history of the ballet. Mr. Whitney has shored up the east end of his minstrel troupe with the justly celebrated Patsey Maginnis, the Bones of modern eras. We are sorry to chronicle a row at this temple of Thespian virtue last night, and we recommend manager Whitney, if Shang Johnson comes monkeying around there again, to crack his nut with a bottle. And he did it, too. It shows the power of the press.

"How are you on the political questions?" asked the Eagle. "Well, we purport to be Democratic, but men makes a difference. It depends on who's nominated. We supported Klingman for City Marshall though he's a Republican. We said, While the Radical party is pig headed as a freight mule on all questions of importance yet we have a pledge from Tom Klingman that he will not use the office of Marshall to effect the tariff, and we will bet four hundred and fifty that he will go through the canvass, as the coroner goes through the pockets of a dead nigger. Klingman put up pretty well and I stood to win on the racket."

"I suppose your paper is confined to local matters. You don't do much in the way of literature," said the Eagle, by way of keeping up the conversation. "There's where you're on your back again. It comes high, but our people must have it. See this story from Harper's boiled down to a half column, but it gives all the facts. Then here's a poem by my daughter. She's a powerful slinger when her's fed up to it. Boiled beef sets her going and a bottle of beer fetches the balance. How does this strike you? This is hern. It's called 'Ode to Night'."

"I've this timid, shrinking Night, Its shadows and its dews, I love the constellations bright, So old and yet so new! I love night better than the day, For people looking on Can't see me skinning round to meet My own, my darling John!"

"He ain't been seen since." "Well, pard, I must get out on the trail. If you're ever out Deadwood way drop down the chimney and see me. You might as well put me on your exchange list, and if you ever pick up an item you can't use, drop me a line and I'll pay you a little something. So long."—Brooklyn Eagle.

KEEP YOUNG. Don't grow old and rusty and cross, afraid of nonsense and fun. Tolerate the follies and crudities of youth. Gray hair and wrinkles you cannot escape, but you need not grow old in feeling unless you choose. And so long as your age is only on the outside, you will win in confidence from the young, and find your life all the brighter for contact with theirs. But you have too many grave thoughts, too many weighty anxieties and duties, too much to do to make this trifling possible, you say. The very reason, my friend, why you should cultivate fun, nonsense, lightness of heart—because you need them so much, because you are "weary of thinking." Then do try to be young, even if you have to be foolish in so doing. One cannot be wise all the time.

HER PHOTOGRAPH. A Boston drummer was the other day taking an order from a firm in Elizabeth, N. J., and when he left the store he left behind him a memorandum book, a lot of cards, and a photograph of a very good looking lady. In the course of an hour he returned with an anxious step and said: "Just my careless way. I left my book and a photograph here. It is the photograph of my sister who is dead, and I prize it very highly. Haven't seen it, have you?"

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TRUE JOURNALISM. Meridian Mercury. That which an old Roman writer said of a historian, that "he should never dare to speak falsely, nor fear to speak what is true," is equally applicable to the editor of a newspaper, who is the historian of passing events. Indeed he is much more than this; he is the guardian of public liberty—the censor of public morals, the protector of innocence, and the friend of justice and worth, and a public instructor, hence, "he should never dare, to speak falsely, nor fear to speak what is true." The press has suffered a marked declension in the matter of independence since the war, that has greatly detracted from its influence with the masses and diminished its power of control over public men. Republican newspapers conceive it to be their highest duty to berate Democrats and praise and white-wash their own party leaders, while Democratic newspapers rarely touch on the errors of their own leaders, or expose the trickery of aspirants for office. This is justified on the plea that "it is wrong and naughty to tell tales out of school," but this plea is unsound at the core. Even churches are apt to act on this false and delusive plea, and to cover up the sins of members, to the damage of real religion.

Having worn the editorial harness on our back from early manhood, it is but natural we should feel a lively interest in preserving the usefulness, dignity and independence of the press, and in preventing it from sinking into a mere caudal appendage of scheming and unscrupulous politicians and greed gripping corporations, to be wagged at their pleasure, or into the puffer of fast girls and ambitious men with no brains in their heads. The dignity of the press is part of its usefulness—while its independence is its firmest hold on the people. Why should a respectable newspaper devote entire columns to the arrivals and departures of all the noodles in the town where its insides are put and stitched up? Why should it announce the birth of all the babies and caper and cavort over a few sheets of wedding cake, sent as a bribe, to the editor? No decent paper announces the reception of a few slices of wedding cake from the shoddyites, who could not dream of inviting the editor, or chronicles the present as a cheap hat from a merchant, who wants a puff. These things are mean and undignified. They belittle newspapers and degrade editors. The trouble is, many newspapers, with patent outsiders, do not pretend to have editors, there are no brains in the concern, and no sense of feeling or the dignity, independence and usefulness of the press. Formerly, a newspaper could no more get along without an editor, than a man could without a head—now, a puffer and local itemiser, and a patent outside, "fill the bill." We appeal to our brethren of Mississippi to keep up the time-honored fame of the press of our State, and even to raise it to the higher path for manly dignity, dauntless independence and knightly courtesy.

There has been a fad of long standing between two Galveston darkies. They were continually fighting and quarreling. Not long since one of them died, and, to the astonishment of the colored population, the other one attended the funeral. After the funeral services were over the Rev. Amindab Bledso, of the Blue Light Colored Tabernacle, met the surviving enemy and said, impressively: "I was much pleased to see you at de obsequies of yore ole enemy. Hit does credit to de goodness ob yore heart. Hit shows dat yer don't carry yore presentments beyond de grave. Eberybody is praisin' yer for yore goodness." "I dunno about dat ar. I had to lose half a day's work attendin' dat ar funeral, and de Bible says, 'Bizness fust and pleasure afterward,' and I tuck de pleasure fust and did my work afterward. I reckon I ought to be ashamed of myself."

A FAST LOCOMOTIVE.—The locomotive which is to make ninety miles in ninety minutes, between New York and Philadelphia, has been finished at Altoona; and made a trial trip, in which a mile was made in so many seconds less than a minute that the engineer said he could make the ninety miles in less than ninety minutes and leave the furnace doors open.—Exchange.

A good parson, who had the happy faculty of saying a kind word for everybody in whose behalf one could possibly be said, recently officiated at the funeral of a farmer who was known to be the meanest and most miserly man in the neighborhood. Instead of execrating the deceased for his extortionate and niggardly habits, this kindly disposed clergyman simply spoke of him as "the best arithmetician in the county."—Catskill Recorder.

A little miss has a grandfather who has taught her to open and shut his crush hat. The other day, however, he came with an ordinary silk one. Suddenly he sees the child coming with the new stovepipe wrinkled like an accordion. "Oh, grandfather!" she says, "this one is very hard; I've had to sit on it, but I can't get it more than half shut."

Morgan City Review: Morgan City was aroused, at about 7 A. M., last Saturday by a fire alarm. There was a prompt response both by the entire department and citizens generally. The heat from a chimney fire at the kitchen of the residence of Emile Angeloz, corner of the alley between Federal Avenue and Third street and Duke street, cracked the flue with a smart report, and the flames escaped to the wood work near by, between the ceiling and the roof. Contrary to report, no coal oil was used in the stove, or stove of coal oil barrels. The pumps of the engine were clogged by gummy oil and could not be made work until too late, sad to say. None felt more keenly than the engine company itself the terrible inability and suspense, and it most certainly was the wrong time to make such a discovery.

All that the firemen and citizens could do, in the face of a strong east wind, was unavailing to prevent the flames spreading to other houses close by; and in a short time it was evident that there would be a serious fire. We have never seen more hard and honest work done in less time, but the most of it was ill-directed and useless. A side from tearing down and removing the little house of Paul Lyons, but little effective labor was performed, calculated to stay the fire. Nearly all the house, hold effects were saved, but seven dwelling house were entirely consumed.

The next and a great danger was from the flying cinders, carried by the force of the wind to nearly every house eastward from Third street to the bay. The people promptly mounted the roofs, and many incipient fires were extinguished, any one of which, if neglected, would have resulted in destroying nearly every business house in town. A small portion of the railroad depot was burned, but no further damage of consequence was sustained.

We estimate the total loss at \$8,500. The principal losers are Mrs. V. Goumar, Mrs. A. Buniff, Messrs. A. A. Ozanne, E. Angeloz, L. Nini, Henry Husband and Paul Lyons.

Opelousas Courier: We learn that about one month ago, three men were drowned in the Atchafalaya on the same day. A young man by the name of Louis Fisher was drowned at Churchville while crossing shingles in a skiff. He clerked for Sam Jacobs, in Opelousas about three years ago. The second man—whose name we could not learn—rode into the river in a state of intoxication, and met a watery grave. The third, was an employee of the N. O. Pacific Railroad, who, while crossing provisions for the laborers upsets the skiff and lost his life. These accidents all occurred within a few miles of each other on the same day.

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