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ATTORNEYS.

C. C. BIRD, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will attend promptly to all business intrusted 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. apr24 v2n13

H. S. LANG, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR At Law, Donaldsonville, La. Will practice in all the courts of the State of Louisiana.

THOS. B. DUPREE, ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law. Office—No. 6, Pike's 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 Seventeenth 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.

JOHN GASS, dealer in western produce, tobacco, cigars, dry goods, clothing, corner of St. Ferdinand and Europe streets.

JOHN GARVIN, general steamboat, forwarding and shipping agent, Front street.

JADOT & VAY, auctioneers, commission merchants, office and salesroom on Third, between Laurel and Florida streets.

MRS. P. KAUFMAN, dealer in dry goods, fancy and family groceries, crockeryware and tinware, Main street.

GEORGE N. BUCHEL, dealer in family groceries, liquors, dry goods and plantation supplies, corner Main and Jackson streets.

G. PICARD, New Orleans cheap store, dealer in dry goods, Laurel street, between Lafayette and Third.

LUCAS LITTY, dealer in fruits and confectioneries of all kinds, nuts, etc., corner of Third and Laurel streets.

G. & B. ENOCHS, tombstones, mausoleums, monuments, tombs, head and foot stones, Main street, next to Piper's.

S. MELOELSOHN, dealer in staple and fancy groceries, liquors, tobacco, etc., corner of Main and Lafayette streets.

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

A. ROSENFIELD, dealer in dry goods, ready made clothing, boots and shoes, hats and caps, all of the latest styles.

ANDREW JACKSON, Cotton Buyer, and dealer in groceries and plantation supplies, northeast corner of Main and Third streets.

DR. B. C. DUPREE, dentist. Office on Main street, between Fifth and Church.

NICHOLAS WAX, wholesale and retail grocer, dealer in plantation supplies, fancy and staple groceries, wines, liquors, crockery, cutlery, cigars and tobacco, St. Louis street.

W. G. RANDOLPH, 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 produce, 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. CAPDEVIELLE, dealer in groceries and liquors and ear corn, lime, hoop-pole and flat-boat agent, Front street.

EDW. WITTING, dealer in fancy and staple groceries, fruits and confectioneries, cigars, smoking tobacco, Third street.

M. CHAMBERS, Stationer, dealer in stationery, books, cutlery, Violin and Guitar strings, and fashion papers, Third street.

LOUISIANA CAPITOLIAN Book and Job Printing establishment, on Third street, is one of the most complete in the State.

PHILIP BOTT, proprietor of Bismarck Saloon and Lager Beer House, corner St. Louis and North Boulevard streets.

CHARLES WIECK, proprietor Sumter House dealer in the finest wines, liquors and cigars corner Third and Laurel streets.

W. T. CLUVERIUS, Druggist, Bogel's old stand, dealer in 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 Somerulos 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 Milinery 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 GROUCHY, proprietor of the Capital House. Board by the day, week or month, with the best the market affords.

JOSEPH LARGUIER, dealer in foreign and domestic hardware, house furnishing goods, corner Third and Florida streets.

G. GESSELLY, 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 GESELL, worker in tin, copper and sheet iron, and dealer in stoves, tinware and crockeryware, cor. Third and Florida.

BATON Rouge Oil Works, manufacture cotton seed oil, oil cake, cotton seed meal and linters; Front street.

A. D. LYTLE, 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 Duggan'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.

REED'S

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. It should not be confounded with triturated compounds of cheap spirits and essential oils, often sold under the name of Bitters.
FOR SALE BY
Druggists, Grocers & Wine Merchants Everywhere.
HENRY BUSCH, Agt.
Will supply the trade at Manufacturer's prices

MODERN COURTSHIP.

"And do you reality love me dearly?" he asked, as he coiled his arm around her wasp-like system. "And you'll always love me so?"

"Always, Frederick; ever so."

"And you pledge me to sew but—"

"Sir!"

"You pledge me to so beautify my life that it will always be as happy as now?"

"With my last breath, Frederick."

"And darling, you will mend my soc—"

"Your what, sir."

"You will mend my social ways and draw me upward and onward to a better existence?"

"It will be the pride of my love so to do, Frederick; I will sacrifice all for your complete happiness."

"I know that, sweetheart. But suppose in the fullness of time some accident should happen to—to—say the tron—?"

"You forget yourself, sir. To the what?"

"To the trousseau; would it defer the hour that makes you mine?"

"Never, Frederick. I am yours, mind and heart, and naught can separate us."

"But I what want to say is, that should my pant—?"

"Begone, sir, what do you mean?"

"Hear me, my life. I say if my panting bosom should grow cold in death, would your love still warm it?"

"As the sun melts the iceberg, Frederick, so would the rays of my affection thrill your heart again."

"And you will care for me ever, my soul, and I for you, for though I may never have a shir—"

"Enough! Leave me forever."

"But listen. Though I may never have a shirking disposition, I shall sometimes, in the struggle for life, forget the plain duty—"

"And I'll remind you of it, Frederick, in tender actions, and make the duties of existence so pleasant of performance that to avoid them would be pain."

And so on. That's modern courtship. Lots of abstract swash, but a manifest disinclination to contemplate such conveniences as buttons; socks, trousers and shirts.—Brooklyn Eagle.

If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT.

BY MRS. ROSA THORPE.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad, bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy—walls so dark, so damp, and cold—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die.
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmy spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart:
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloamy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep center, Bessie made a solemn vow:
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh.
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood *must die*,"
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro:
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"*Curfew shall not ring to-night!*"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done,
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white,
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now:
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light:
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell! "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

THE TWIN BRACELETS.

"I will not threaten you, Hilton! Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I will not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, you may defy my wishes in every way, and lose my love and respect, but this money will be yours."

"Do you mean Uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?"

"Or any other woman who is absolutely nobody. What do you know of her?"

"Only what she has told me herself, that her mother died in poverty; after struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began giving work to Ada's mother. When she died Mrs. Willet took Ada to her own home, and after giving her every advantage her own child could have enjoyed, adopted her."

"What was her name?"

"Smith."

"Bah!" said Mr. Hilton, with every expression of disgust. "Well, marry her if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here; and with a sudden fierceness he added: "I want no woman here to remind me of the past I had hoped forgotten."

Never, in all his recollection of his grave, quiet uncle, had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp with the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

"You are a man now," he said, with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved men, "a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what never passed my lips to another living being. I have a wife somewhere and a child it may be." Utter astonishment kept Hilton silent.

"It was all my own fault," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I am a lonely, miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago, when I was past forty years old, I fell in love. Fell in love, for I was nearly insane over Myra Delano when I had seen her three times. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery—every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty years of age. I had traveled extensively, been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, and commanding large wealth. Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome, accomplished and graceful.

"I thought she loved me. I thought there was only love and devotion in the love light of her dark blue eyes, the varying color on her cheek. We were married, traveled two years on the continent, and then returned to this house, and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and what love I could spare from Myra I gave to baby Anna. We were very popular, being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were traveling, all in all to each other, there was sleeping in my heart a demon who was stirred to life when we returned. Strong as my love I found my jealousy. I was an idiot—a mad, jealous idiot—for I stung a proud, sensitive woman to contempt of my opinion, defiant of my unworthy suspicions. Now I see that Myra was but filling her proper place in society as a hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any man a pleasant smile or a cheery word. I can not tell you now of every scene that turned her love for me to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, often sullen and defiant. Finally she left me.

"Left you?"

"I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and found a note on the table telling me that Myra could no longer endure the life of quarrelling and reproach. She had taken her child and would never return to me."

"Did she not go to her relatives?"

"She had but few. Her father died while we were abroad, and, having been considered a rich man, was found to have less than his funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, to all of whom I went, but who denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep and sincere, and love most profound, I finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain; I never found wife or child."

"Yet you think they live?"

"I can not tell. I remained here for five years and then, as you know, went to see my only sister dying of consumption."

"And to become my second father."

"But, Uncle George, can nothing be done now?"

"We have been in London three years and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy. It is hopeless now. If in the future you ever know of my wife and child I trust them to your care and generosity."

"When we were in Paris," he said, "I had a bracelet made of Myra's hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, but three months old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this, which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You are as white as death." "Nothing. Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes; you see how beautiful she was?"

"I see more than that," said Hilton; "and I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one little hour, to see if—"

"If what"

"Only one hour—I will be back then."

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement.

But his nephew was gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock until the hour should be over. He walked up and down, tried to read; he lived over again that past, whose remorseless memory had been so vividly recalled. With Myra's picture before him, he thought over again of that wild, fierce love that had been his happiness and his blight.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable, as became my years and my position?" he asked himself bitterly. "Why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society and respected all its requirements? I lived an idle life—Myra the one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only three minutes gone and it seems a day since he was here."

But before the hour was over Hilton returned. In his eagerness to question him Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing-room to the library, where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton inquired.

"To procure this!" Hilton answered, gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate to the bracelet on the table.

The same braid of sunny-brown hair, with here and there some raven black streaked with gray; the same small clasp with a wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering too—George and Myra twined together with fantastic scroll and twists. For several minutes there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young one would not break in upon what he felt to be sacred emotion. At last, lifting his head, George Hilton asked: "Does Myra live, and can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, "but in heaven she has surely forgiven you. She never spoke of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she spoke of you as dead."

"My child! Do you know my child?"

"I know and love her. Do you not guess, Uncle George where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face is the living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willett rescued from poverty and adopted for her own is my cousin and your daughter!"

"Ada Smith?"

"Smith is the name that her mother thought most probably would best conceal her identity, and Ada is the name of Mrs. Willet's only child, who died in infancy."

"But why have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice.

And as he spoke, the door which Hilton had left ajar, opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall, beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quickly to meet her.

"Anna!" he said softly. "Can this be my baby—my wee daughter? It must be for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and gray, as I have, but lived in perpetual youth. My child, I wronged your mother but have sorrowed and repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me?"

The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs as she said:

"My dear father!"

That was all; but as George Hilton folded his child in his arms, he knew he was forgiven, and for him at least there might be happiness in making others happy.

RAPE AND MURDER.

A Colored Boy Aged Eighteen Rapes a Six Year Old Colored Girl and Afterward Kills Her and Throws the Body Into A Sink.

Shreveport Standard.

Mr. James Riley, a citizen of Shreveport, who has been in the parishes east of us purchasing cattle, returned Sunday night, and yesterday gave our reporter the facts of one of the most damning crimes it has ever been our duty to record. He says that while coming along the Mount Lebanon road, about ten miles beyond Minden on last Wednesday morning, he met with full five hundred people, white and black, many of them having guns and pistols, in search of a

COLORED BOY AGED EIGHTEEN,

whose name he could not remember, who had raped a colored girl about six years of age and afterward killed her and threw the body into a sink, about eighty yards from the cabin of her parents. The greatest excitement prevailed. From Mr. Riley's statement, the particulars of which were gained from the people he met, it seems that the parents of the unfortunate girl had left her and the boy at home the Sunday before to take care of their baby while they went to church. On their return to their cabin after church they found only the baby, the boy and girl having turned up missing. Search was instituted, but neither could be found. On Tuesday morning

THE FEET OF THE GIRL,

were found sticking out of a sink about eighty yards from the cabin, the body being covered with brush and dirt. When taken out it was discovered that rape had been committed, a knife having been used to accomplish the hellish work. The brains of the unfortunate victim had been beaten out with a pine knot, which was found near, and several stabs with a knife were found around the temples. As soon as the discovery was made search was commenced for the boy and he was captured on Tuesday evening by two white men and

CHAINED TO THE FLOOR

in a cotton-house, to be taken to Mount Lebanon the following morning. In the morning he was not found and it was supposed by some he had been turned loose by some of his friends. He was tracked to his mother's house some distance off by the party referred to above as having been met by Mr. Riley, but had not been found up to 12 o'clock Wednesday, when he passed.

Mr. Riley said it was the impression of many that he had been taken out of the cotton-house and hanged during the night, and when they did find him his body would be dangling from a tree, which would be decidedly the best place to find the body of such a hellish fiend.

MILITIA APPOINTMENT.

STATE OF LOUISIANA,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
NEW ORLEANS, May 11th, 1881.

General Orders No. 7.

I. The following appointment has been made by his Excellency, Gov. Louis A. Wiltz, Commander-in-Chief:

II. Mitchell F. Jamar, of East Baton Rouge, to be Lieut. Colonel, "Special Militia Force," Third Military District, to date from April 30th, 1881.

He will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

III. Lieut. Colonel Jamar will report for duty to Brigadier General L. Jastremski, Commanding Third Military District, at Baton Rouge, La.

IV. Brigadier General L. Jastremski, Commanding Third Military District, will issue the necessary orders instructing Lieut. Col. Jamar to report for duty, without compensation from the Militia appropriation, to Col. William P. Johnston, President of Louisiana State University and Mechanical and Agricultural College, at Baton Rouge, La.

By order of Commander-in-Chief.

G. T BEAUREGARD,
Adjutant General.

To Brig. Gen. L. Jastremski, Com'd'g 3d Military Dis't Baton Rouge.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD MILITARY DISTRICT,
BATON ROUGE, LA., May 13th, 1881.

Lieut. Col. Mitchell F. Jamar, La. S. M.

DEAR SIR—The Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of the State of Louisiana, through General Order No. 7, a copy of which I herein enclose, has directed me to forward to your address your commission of Lieutenant Colonel in the Special Militia Force, Third Military District.

I am also instructed to direct you to report for duty to Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston, President Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College, at the city of Baton Rouge.

It affords me great pleasure to comply with the above instructions, which associate so able and gallant an officer of the Army of the United States, as yourself, with the "Special Militia Force," of the Third Military District.

As you well know, the Militia of the States is the Grand Reserve Force from which the Army draws its strength in time of war. It is eminently proper, therefore, that even in profound peace, the Army and the Militia should be, as far as practicable, intimately connected.

I have the honor to be very respectfully, etc.,

LEON JASTREMSKI,
Brig. Gen. Com'd'g 3d Military District.

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY
AND A. & M COLLEGE,
BATON ROUGE, LA., May 17th, 1881.

The Assistant Adjutant General, 3d Military District, Louisiana State Militia:

SIR—I have the honor to report, that in compliance with the personal instructions from the Brigadier General Commanding, I have reported to the President of this University, Col. William Preston Johnston, per General Orders No. 7, dated Adjutant General's Office, New Orleans, La., May 11th, 1881.

The General Commanding will permit me to express my sincere thanks for his cordial welcome to me among his subordinates, who form a part of the most perfect State militia in the Union, and I deem it a high honor to be considered one of their number. I trust that my earnest efforts in promoting the welfare of the Louisiana University will show my appreciation of this high compliment from the Chief Executive of this State. I am, Sir, very respectfully,

M. F. JAMAR,
Lieut. Col. La. State Militia.

Dr. Thomas Chalmers was a very bad writer, and used to write home to his parents, but when his letters arrived there they could not be read. His mother used to say, "Never mind, just let them lie tae oor Tam comes hame, and he'll read them tae us himself."