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**G. GENSELLY,** Civil and Military Tailor, Latest styles, Third Street.

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**WILLIAM GENSELL,** 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. LITTLE,** Photograph Artist, Main st. Photo-albums, frames, etc., kept on hand.

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### FIRE, LIFE & MARINE INSURANCE.

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ALL RISKS INSURED AND LOSSES PROMPTLY AND SATISFACTORILY ADJUSTED



## REED'S 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 disturbance 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.

Druggists, Grocers & Wine Merchants Everywhere.  
**HENRY BUSCH, Agt.**  
Will supply the trade at Manufacturer's prices

## W. S. BOOTH,

Manufacturers' Agent,

Has just received a full stock of

### Carriage and Buggy Material,

READY-MADE WHEELS.

Hubs, Spokes, Felloes, Bows, Shafts,

And everything in this line, which he offers at

### NEW ORLEANS PRICES.

Also, a fresh stock of

### Saddles and Harness

OF ALL STYLES.

**BELLS ON SHEEP.**

Mr. James S. Grinnell, writing in the Spring Republican of bells on sheep as a protection against dogs, gives this illustrative experience:

"A good farmer in Leyden, Mass., who keeps about a dozen excellent South-down ewes, always belled, was grieved and surprised one morning to find that dogs had raided his flock, killed two, mangled others, and scattered the rest. On collecting his little flock in the yard after a days search he found that the tongue was lost from the bell. This was replaced, and never since have his sheep been worried. The experiment is so simple and cheap that it is worth trying.

**An Old Woman's Advice.**

Aunt Rachel, writing the Cincinnati Enquirer, says: "When you feel unwell and think you must take medicine, for goodness sake 'get the best.' If you need a remedy that will make you regular in your habits, give you a good natural appetite, make your skin clear and smooth, and remove all spots and blemish that indicate ill-health; if you wish to be free from mental depression, fretfulness, peevishness, wakefulness and other disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic assists Digestion

### NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"An old bachelor?" said Honora Maywood.

"That's what he told me, just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the threshold of her best room, with her head tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and a hair-broom in her hand, wherewith she gesticulated after a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a wild lily, stood in the hall, with a roll of music under her arm, and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby black shawl. "And he's willing to pay my price, cash down, every Sunday night. Never attempted to beat me down a penny, if you'll believe it, my dear."

"Why should he?" said Honora.

"Most people do, my dear," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "A wrinkled old widow woman like me, who has her living to earn, is mostly fair game for everybody. But he never objected to many terms. A real gentleman, my dear—every inch of him. But he's a little particular, I'm afraid."

"I suppose most old bachelors are," said Miss Maywood, smiling.

"Yes, my dear—yes!" nodded Mrs. Pennypacker. "But this gentleman is beyond the average, I think."

"And if he is?"

"Nothing," says Mrs. Pennypacker, making a dab with her broom-handle at a stray moth-miller which was fluttering blindly against the garnet damask window curtains; "nothing, except that one don't quite know where to have him. He drinks only English breakfast tea, and he wants his pie-ornade made with the best Alderney butter, instead of lard, as is good enough for other people; and he must have ventilators to all the windows, and an open grate; instead of the base-burning stove; and—I hope you'll not be offended, my dear—but he particularly dislikes a piano."

"Dislikes a piano?" said the little music teacher, reddening in spite of herself.

"And he says, says he: 'I hope, Mrs. Pennypacker, that there is no piano in the house. A piano,' says he, 'plays the deuce with my nervous system, with its everlasting tum, tum!' and says I: 'You'll not be troubled with one here, sir.' And so, my dear, I'll be grateful if you won't mind doing your practicin' until he's out for his daily walk—from 1 to 3, just as regularly as the clock."

Miss Maywood looked piteously up in the old landlady's face.

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs. Pennypacker," she said, earnestly. "I haven't forgotten how much I am indebted to you, both in actual money, and in kindness, which money can never repay."

And her soft blue eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Pennypacker, hastily, "you've been sick, and you've got a little behind, and it's quite natural you should be a little low-spirited now and then. But you mustn't get discouraged. Things will look up, after awhile. And you're quite welcome to stay on here, until you're able to settle up your little account."

Honora Maywood sighed as she remembered how often her little advertisement had been inserted in the daily newspapers, without attracting the least notice from the world of patrons and pupils. There were so many "capable music teachers, willing to give lessons at moderate prices," nowadays, and how was any one to know how sorely she needed the money?

And, as the time crept on, and no pupils came, Honora began seriously to ask herself whether she should go out in some mental capacity, or stay genteelly at home and starve.

"Clothes, ma'am!"

Honora started from her reverie as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl banged herself, like a human battering-ram, up against the door, with a preposterously large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put them down, Sally. But I—I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother today."

"Mother didn't say nothin' 'bout the pay," said Sally, wiping her forehead with a whisk of her arm, and sniffing herself well nigh off her feet. "I was to leave the clothes, with her 'umble duty, and she 'oped they'd suit; but it was that damp and muggy on Monday and Tuesday as starch wouldn't stick. And she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time."

"I dare say they are quite right," said Honora, with a little sigh, as she marvelled at this unexpected access of courtesy on the part of her Milesian laundress.

But when Sally had stumped off down stairs, her flapping slippers beating a

sort of tattoo as she went, and Miss Maywood took off the fringed towel that covered the basket of clothes, she gave a little start.

"Shirts," said Honora, "and socks, and turning collars No. 16, and great big pocket-handkerchiefs, like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and—goodness me, what does it all mean? Mrs. Mulvey has sent me some gentleman's wardrobe by mistake. I must send these things back at once."

But then Miss Maywood looked down at the articles in grave consideration.

"I never had a brother," mused Miss Maywood; "and I can't remember my father; but of this I am quite certain—if I had either one or the other, I should thank any girl to mend their dilapidated wardrobes, if they looked like this. And Mrs. Murvey can't send before night, and unfortunately I've nothing to do, so I'll just mend this poor young fellow's clothes, whoever he may be. A half-starved theological student, perhaps a newspaper reporter, or a pale clerk, under the dazzling light of some dry goods palace. At all events he's worse off than I am for he can't mend his old clothes, and I can."

And the smiles dimpled around Honora Maywood's little roebud of a mouth, as she sat down to darn holes, sew on tapes and insert patches.

"He'll never know who did it," said Honora to herself; but, I dare say, he'll be thankful; and if one can get a chance to do a little good in this world, one ought not the grudge one's time and trouble."

And as Honora stitched away, she mused sadly whether or not she ought to accept a position which had offered itself of assistant matron in an orphan asylum, where the work would be almost unendurable, and the pay next to nothing, with no Sundays nor holidays, and a lady's committee, consisting of three starched old maids, to "sit" upon her the first Friday of every month.

"I almost think I'd rather starve," said Honora. "But dear me! starving is a serious business, when one comes to consider it face to face."

Sally Mulvey came, puffing and blowing like a human whale, in about two hours.

"Mother says she's sent the wrong basket," said she breathlessly.

"I thought it very probable," said Miss Maywood.

"And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things no longer, Miss Maywood, 'cause she does a cash business, and there ain't nothing been paid on your account since last June."

Honora felt herself turning scarlet.

"I am very sorry, Sally," said she. "Tell your mother I will settle my bill as soon as I possibly can."

Sally flounced out of the room, red and indignant, like an overcharged thunder-cloud, and poor little Honora, dropping her head on her hands, burst into tears.

"Pretty girl that—very pretty," said Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor, to his landlady.

"Do you mean?"

"I mean the young lady boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then," said Mr. Broderick. "Nice figure big, soft eyes, like a gazelle. Didn't some one tell me she was a music teacher?"

"That's her profession," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "But there ain't many pupils as wants tuition, and poor little dear, she has but a hard time of it."

"Hum!" grunted Mr. Broderick. "What fools women are not to have a regular profession! If I had a daughter, I'd bring her up a self-supporting institution."

And Mr. Broderick disappeared into his room, in the midst whereof stood a girl with flapping slippers, a portentous shawl and a bonnet which had originally been manufactured for a woman twice her size.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Broderick.

"Please, sir, I'm Sally—the washerwoman's Sally!" was the response.

"And what do you want here?" said Mr. Broderick.

"Please, sir, I've come to bring your things," said Sally, chattering on her lessor like a parrot. "And, please, sir, her 'umble duty, and she 'opes they'll suit, but it was that damp and muggy Monday and Tuesday, as starch wouldn't stick; and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time, sir—please, sir."

"Who mended 'em?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk eye had already caught sight of the dainty needlework upon his garments.

"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally. "And mother says it's easy to see as the new agent is a bachelor, on account of

the holes in his heels and toes, and strings off his dickeys."

"I can tell you who mended 'em," said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I see her at it, the pretty dear—Miss Maywood! And says she, 'I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennypacker; but,' says she, 'they need mending—and a kind action never comes amiss.' No more it does sir, Lord bless her!"

"Hum!" said Mr. Broderick; "she's right—no more it does. And she's a regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch, Mrs. Pennypacker! 'Euclid's Geometry' couldn't produce a straighter line or truer angles. See the toe of that stocking! It's like a piece of Gobelins tapestry. That's the way I like to see things done!"

And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formally introduced to Honora Maywood, and had thanked her with equal formality for the good offices she had unwittingly rendered him.

It was a golden October evening that Honora came down into the kitchen, where Mrs. Pennypacker was baking dies for her eccentric boarder, with the crusts made of the best Alderney butter instead of lard.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Pennypacker; "what a thing it is to be an old bachelor."

"He won't be a bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and coloring as she laid her cheek on the good lady's cushioning shoulder.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Pennypacker.

"He has asked me to marry him," said Honora, "after only two week's acquaintance. He says that a girl who can mend stockings as I do needs no other test. And he says he loves me; and—"

"Well?"

"I almost think I love him!" whispered Miss Maywood.

And so the problem of Honora's solitary life was solved, all through the magic influence of "Needle and Thread."

### MY COMPANY.

"I have read," said Mr. Spurgeon, "of one who dreamed a dream when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banner of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music."

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets, who are gone to be with God," and he heaved a deep sigh as he said: "Alas, I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By and by there came another band equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were shouts of welcome heard within.

"Who are they?"

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas," he said, "I belong not to that fellowship and I cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered, in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multitude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm branches. He waited still and saw that the next was a company of godly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but he could not go with them. At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross hard by the Savior; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and he thought:

"There will be no shouting about them."

But to his astonishment it seemed as if all heaven was rent with seven-fold shouts as they passed in. And the angels said to him:

"These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace."

And then he said: "Blessed be to God! I can go with them."

And so he awoke.

A delegation of temperance people called upon President Arthur and formally requested him to sign the pledge and not keep any liquors in the White House, and Mr. Arthur naturally desired to know what the temperance people meant to insinuate.

Women among savages is a beast of burden; in Persia she is a piece of furniture; in Europe she is a spoiled child; in America she is an honored wife and mother—the queen of her household.

Miss Wilson, wished, and was about to join the Baptists of St. Louis. She made an attempt to reach the officiating minister breast-deep in the water, but her cork leg was seized with unwonted activity. Miss Wilson knew nothing of the law of specific gravity, and was not to blame. She was suddenly reversed in the water. The minister feelingly righted her up, and observing the grinning of the spectators at the solemn scene, asked Miss Wilson please not to do that again. He was innocently ignorant of the cause of the disturbance of her equilibrium. He gently led the maiden out, when, with a wild shriek, she fell backward and her lively leg shot out of the water. The minister made half a dozen efforts, but could not keep the convert right end up long enough to baptize her. At length she told him of her trouble and he asked for a weight to ballast her. The spectators fled precipitately to give vent to their feelings. Miss Wilson flip-flopped ashore, indignant and amazed, and went and joined the Presbyterians.

Although he did not like being told he was no gentleman, George IV. had once, at least, while regent, forgotten he was one. That was when he flung a glass of wine in Colonel Hamlyn's (fact, with: "Hamlyn, you are a blackguard!" The insulted officer could not return the compliment without committing something like treason; it was out of the question to challenge the prince, while to let the insult pass unnoticed was equally impossible. The Colonel filled his glass and threw the contents in the face of his neighbor, saying: "His royal highness' toast; pass it on!" "Hamlyn," cried the regent, "you're a capital fellow! Here's your health!" And they were fast friends from that evening.

What is that which has three feet, but no legs, is all body, but no limbs, has no toes on its feet, no head, moves a great deal and never uses its feet for that purpose, has one foot at each end and the other in the centre of its body? It never walks out, but goes with one foot where its head might be, dragging the other foot behind. These feet have nails, but no toes, no heels, and no bones in the feet. A yard measure.

The German gardeners, who give much attention to the cultivation of violets, have succeeded in transforming the nature of that modest flower. By preventing it from blossoming for several years, and training it to grow upright, they produce small violet trees of palm-like appearance, about five and a half inches high, crowned with leaves and luxuriant blossoms.

"I'm a very sick man," observed the tramp languidly, as he anchored himself at a restaurant table; "the doctor says I must have strengthening food. Give me something with a plenty of iron in it." The waiter shaded the corners of his mouth with his hands and then bellowed in stentorian tones, "One keg of nails!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Mrs. Lucy E. McCormick, Covington, Ky., writes: "My constitution was completely shattered by rheumatism. I suffered intensely; stimulants only gave me temporary relief. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters. It has cured me completely, and I believe permanently. After using two bottles I felt better and stronger than ever I did in all my life before."

The Salisbury Watchman says: "An old hen in this town sat for two weeks on thirteen eggs, but became disgusted during the heated term and quit her nest. A week afterward the deserted eggs showed life, and nine little motherless chicks are now in the yard, hatched out by the heat of the weather, and the hen refuses to own or scratch for them."

The scales used for weighing gold in the assay office, at New York, are so delicate that when brought to a balance with two pieces of paper of equal size in the pans, the mere writing of a name with a lead-pencil on one of the pieces of paper will add enough weight to the paper to turn the scales in its favor. (?)

It was their first night aboard the steamer. "At last," he said tenderly, "we're all alone, out upon the waters of the dark blue sea; and your heart will always beat for me, as it has in the past!" "My heart's all right," she answered languidly, "but my stomach feels awful!"

Improper medicines only aggravate human diseases. Don't experiment with your health. If you don't know just what ails you, use Brown's Iron Bitters. It will strengthen you and assist nature in removing every symptom of distress.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic Regulates the Bowels.