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NO. 126.

ATTORNEYS.

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| TRAINS EAST. | PRELIM. | MAIL. |
|-----------------------|-------------|------------|
| West Baton Rouge..... | 7:00 A. M. | 2:30 P. M. |
| Flagmont..... | 8:27 A. M. | 3:14 P. M. |
| Donaldsonville..... | 10:41 A. M. | 4:30 P. M. |
| St. James..... | 12:00 P. M. | 4:50 P. M. |
| St. Charles..... | 3:13 P. M. | 6:17 P. M. |
| Algiers..... | 6:45 P. M. | 7:35 P. M. |
| New Orleans..... | 8:00 P. M. | |

| TRAINS WEST. | PRELIM. | MAIL. |
|-----------------------|-------------|-------------|
| New Orleans..... | 7:00 A. M. | 8:00 A. M. |
| Algiers..... | 10:36 A. M. | 9:34 A. M. |
| St. Charles..... | 1:45 P. M. | 10:56 A. M. |
| Donaldsonville..... | 2:50 P. M. | 11:35 A. M. |
| Flagmont..... | 3:13 P. M. | 12:46 P. M. |
| West Baton Rouge..... | 8:00 P. M. | 1:30 P. M. |

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M. R. SPELMAN, G. F. & T. A.
H. S. MORSE, Superintendent.

CAPITOL HOUSE.

The undersigned begs leave to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has opened a **Restaurant and Oyster Saloon** at the corner of Lafayette and Main streets, opposite Cluverius' drugstore, where the **Choicest Wines**, together with every delicacy in season, to be found here or from New Orleans markets. The **HOTEL**, above the Restaurant, having been thoroughly repaired and renovated, is now open for guests. **ALEXANDRE GROUCHY**, Proprietor.

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Corner St. Louis and North Boulevard Sts.

The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always kept on hand. Customers carefully attended to.

Bott's Livery Stable

Adjacent to his Saloon.
Will always be supplied with Horses and Carriages for hire, at all hours. Feed and stabling for animals. Rates as low as the cheapest.

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BAR-ROOMS and families supplied with Champagne, Port, Sherry, Claret and White Wines; Irish, Bourbon, Olive Brandy, Chicken Codd and other Brands of WHISKY; Western Lager Beer, Ale, Porter, Ginger Ale, etc.
Kaufmann's Celebrated Premium Cincinnati Lager Beer, always on hand in suitable quantity. Best Brands of Cigars always on hand.

CAPITOL GROCERY STORE,

Cor. Convention & Third sts.,
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This establishment has lately been opened under the management of

M. GOTTlieb.

A full assortment of Family and Plantation Groceries, Liquors, Tobacco, etc., and Supplies will always be found on hand. None but the choicest Goods at the lowest cash market prices are kept. Give the Capitol Grocery a call.

MRS. C. BONING,

BOOK, MUSIC AND VARIETY STORE,

Third Street, Near State House,
BATON ROUGE, LA.

DEALER in School, Miscellaneous and Blank Books, Stationery and Fancy Stationery, Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, Waxwork, Carvers and Notions of all kinds, agency for the celebrated Blake Piano. Subscriptions received for any Newspaper or Magazine published.

CEO. M. HERMAN, Manager.
aug21 v213 5m.

Fresh Stock, New Styles

MRS. C. MAILLOT'S

Third Street

Millinery Store!

MRS. C. MAILLOT takes pleasure in announcing to her patrons and the ladies generally that she is in receipt of a splendid and carefully selected stock of fashionable and Millinery Goods of the latest styles and patterns, which will be sold at the lowest prices. She will be happy to show the new goods to all callers.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,

Baton Rouge, La.

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THE PUPILS OF THE BOARDING School are regarded and treated as members of the family. The home feeling is carefully fostered, and the kindly influence of the domestic circle supplied. Number of boarders limited. The next session will begin Wednesday, October 25, 1881. For circulars, apply to
W. H. N. MAGRUDER.
aug23-2m

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FIRE, LIFE & MARINE INSURANCE.
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GINS 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 rituated 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

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.

At Shelbyville, Indiana, last week, a couple by the name of Sandefere was divorced. As soon as the decree was granted the former man and wife met at the door of the court room and involuntarily they rushed into each other's arms, and such a scene of hugging, kissing and crying occurred as caused the Judge to call them back, deliver them a lecture, and annul the decree. The wife's mother objected, saying she wanted them divorced, whereupon Judge Hard delivered a caustic address on the disease of mother-in-law from which these two people were suffering. The man and wife went off to try their likes again.

"See!" said a reverend gentleman, "here is an illustration. At one time I should have sworn awfully at this fly—but, look now." Raising his hand, he said, gently, "Go away, fly go away." But the fly only tickled his nose the more. The reverend gentleman, raising his hand with some vehemence, made a grab at the offender, and being successful, opened it to throw the insect from him, when, in extreme disgust, he exclaimed: "Why, d—n it, it's a wasp!"

Anna Dickinson says she "kicked over the traces." She couldn't have done it if she had stuck to female attire. She'd have been afraid to kick so high.

IN A TRAP.
"Meet Me on the Bridge"—The Young Lady did, and so did His Wife.

Cincinnati Enquirer.
The crash of broken glass, the whirr of a black snake whip as it cut the air and with a thud fell across the head and shoulders of a crouching man, and an excited woman who dealt blow after blow upon the face of her victim, made up the scene that attracted considerable attention at the Twelfth Street garden about half-past 7 o'clock last evening. A few moments before that time a gentleman and lady entered the resort together. Almost before they had time to find seats, from the dark shadows over the street there appeared the figure of another woman. Regardless of the fact that no crossing was in sight, this new comer hurried through the mud, and with a spring from the sidewalk she landed in the garden door, which she hastily closed, and then confronted the pair. The man, with a hasty muttered exclamation, turned to leave, but the woman was too quick for him, and drawing an ugly looking whip which had been concealed in the folds of her dress, she gave him a stinging slash; which left the mark of ignominy across his face.

With a low cry of pain and anger the man dashed at his assailant, but with blow after blow she kept him at bay, turning him finally to the corner of the room, when in the struggle, which had then become hand to hand, the windows were knocked out. While they were clinched a bystander rushed between them, and taking the whip from the hands of the woman, he forced them apart, but not before the victim of the assault had left the imprint of his hands about the other's throat.

In a voice half choked the woman turned to the one who had interfered and said: "That man is a cousin of Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky. He's my husband. He's been trying to ruin my daughter, and I'm now going to expose him." While she spoke the man threateningly bade her silent, but she paid no attention to him. With the bystanders' sympathies enlisted for the woman, the whip was returned to her, and for several minutes she continued to flog the victim, who finally managed to escape through the door, which was opened to him. Down Twelfth Street, over the canal to Central Avenue, the chase was continued, but the man made good use of his legs and he was soon lost to sight. The other principal in the exciting episode arranged her disordered apparel, and coolly marched to the Central Station, where she applied to Lieutenant Spaeth for a warrant for the arrest of the man she had just so thoroughly cowed.

"Meet me at Twelfth and Plum streets Saturday evening at half-past 7 o'clock." That was the substance of a little note that caused the whole of last night's rupture. C. E. Blackburn, a clerk at the M. & C. depot, was the writer, and Miss Lillie Lee, of Olive street, the young lady who received it, came straightway to Mrs. Blackburn, who resides at No. 8 Linn street, and showed it to her. Here these ladies prepared the trap into which Mr. Blackburn fell. Miss Lillie met him at the appointed time, and his wife was also present, and she and her horsswhip joined the little party in a manner which her husband didn't relish.

The wife's charge was rather a serious one to make in such a manner in public, and later in the evening an Enquirer reporter called at the Blackburn residence on Linn street to get a little light on the matter. Mrs. Blackburn was not at home, and Mr. Blackburn had not yet returned; and the daughter who opened the door, remarked that there was little likelihood of the latter coming around, because he and her mother had had a little fuss during the evening. When questioned upon the charge that her mother had made against her father, the girl, who is nearly 17 years of age, said: "He's not my father: he's only my step father. He never tried to ruin me, and he'd better not. There is my sister Alice, who is two years younger than I am: she could tell you more about it." But Miss Alice would not talk, and then the elder sister set all fear at rest by saying, "He didn't succeed."

Mr. Blackburn was married to his present wife six years ago. She was then Mrs. Johnson, a widow with several children. He was not seen after the whipping last evening.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great medicine for the cure of all female complaints, is the greatest strengthener of the back, stomach, nerves, kidneys, urinary and genital organs of man and woman ever known. Send for circular to Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

RAILWAY THROUGH A DESERT.
Russian Enterprise in Central Asia and its Political Meaning.

London Times.
By the completion of the line of railway from Krasnovodsk to Kizil Arvat the Russian Government have finished the first section of the Transcaspien railway, which is intended to bring the territory recently conquered from the Turcomans into direct communication with both the Caucasus and the interior of Russia. The port of Kizil Arvat has long been one of some importance, and during the eventful period of the last ten years it has played a considerable part in Russian operations in this quarter, and now, as the actual terminal point of this railway, it is not likely to sink into insignificance. From Krasnovodsk, which after the suggestion of several alternative places, seemed destined to remain the principal Russian harbor on the eastern side of the Caspian, to Kizil Arvat, the distance is about 200 miles. The country through which the line passes is mostly desert, lying between the two Balkan ranges, and completely waterless, save at the few spots where wells are to be found. Of these, the principal are those at Mollack Kari, Tager, and Kapanjik. Although the scarcity of water has hitherto constituted an obstacle in the path of an army or of a caravan, it is probable that the Russian engineers are right in saying that a sufficient supply can always be procured en route for the engines, while the naphtha springs of the Caspian provide a cheap and easily obtained fuel.

It is not to be expected that the Russians will remain long content with Kizil Arvat as the terminus of their new line; especially as a brisk trade is likely to spring up with the Turcomans and also with the towns of the northern borders of Persia. East of Kizil Arvat the difficulties of engineering are very much less than those that presented themselves west of that place, although even there were not very formidable, and have now been successfully overcome. As Russia has formally annexed the region up to Ashkabad, which is about the same distance from Kizil Arvat that that place is from Krasnovodsk, there will probably be no further delay than financial consideration may impose in carrying the line to the capital of the new trans-Caspian province. The energy shown in improving their means of communication with this new possession is in striking contrast with the indifference or sluggishness exhibited by the Russian authorities in other parts of Asia. While Tashkend remains more remote from Moscow than our possessions at the antipodes are from London, and while the resources of Siberia are undeveloped for want of railroads and canals, the same six months have witnessed the subjection of a brave race and the connection of their subdued territory with the main lines of communication in the empire. To pretend that this exceptional energy has not a peculiar significance would be to disregard facts, nor, although we may repeat that there is nothing unreasonable in Russia desiring to bring her latest Central Asian acquisition into direct communication with Tiflis or Derbend; can the plain fact be ignored that the first section in a line of railway which must some day connect Russia with Meshed, and possibly with Herat also, has been successfully laid down and opened for traffic. It may very well be that at some future periods we shall have to recognize in this peaceful triumph of human skill a circumstance not less pregnant with important consequences to the destinies of Asiatic peoples and powers than the fall of kingdoms and the destruction of dynasties.

Consumption Cured.

BALTIMORE, Md., February 12th, 1881.
Upon the recommendation of a friend, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters as a tonic and restorative for my daughter, who I was thoroughly convinced was fast wasting away in Consumption. Having lost three daughters by the terrible disease, under the care of eminent physicians, I was loth to believe that anything could arrest the progress of the disease; but to my surprise, before my daughter had taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, she began to mend, and is now quite restored to her former health. A fifth daughter began to show signs of consumption, and when the physician was consulted, he quickly said, "Tonics were required." And when informed that the elder sister was taking Brown's Iron Bitters, responded, "That is a good tonic, take it."
ADOLPH PHELPS
of Askey & Phelps.

She (bewitchingly): "O, I am so glad you're going to see me to my carriage, Mr. Brown." He (dattered): "Indeed, and may I ask why?" She: "Oh, because the girls are so jealous, and I want to prove that I do not monopolize all the good-looking men." Browne satisfied, but not so happy as he expected to be.

A certain handsome Boston actor recently said to his valet: "Take such things as I may want to my room." And the valet took a night-dress, tooth-brush, and a cork-screw.—Boston Post.

HER LITTLE BROTHER'S TROUBLES.

We were sitting on the veranda at Brighton. A family group near us attracted our attention by the mother's severe remarks in connection with a loud, dashing blonde, who had just deserted a table near, in company of two evidently ardent admirers.

"Good heavens! how changed the times are. In my young days—"

"Yes, in your young days," the husband sarcastically remarked without permitting the lady to finish her sentence, "things were a trifle different, perhaps. I doubt whether the girls of to-day would dress up in their brothers' clothes and go running after their beaux—"

"Father!" exclaimed the outraged matron, glancing meaningfully at the two young ladies, but "father" evidently enjoyed the fun of telling tales out of school, and continued with a jolly wink at the girls: "I knew a young lady who got into her little brother's pantaloons one evening and stole into a neighbor's where there was another young lady, who dressed herself in her big brother's pantaloons, and after much whispering and giggling and tiptoeing and peeping around the front door, to see whether the coast was clear, they stuck a cigar between their lips and marched boldly down the village street, past the postoffice lounging corner, where the big brother of the one young lady stood with a dozen other young 'bucks,' who were posted on the fun in store for the girls by the little brother of the other miss in pantaloons. The young fellows didn't want to make the fun too rough, so they waited quietly until the pantaloons team approached, when one of the boys—the real boys, I mean—stepped forward, and holding out his blazing cigar, said, politely: 'Ah, strangers, won't you have a light? One of the girls—boys—the one with her little brother's clothes on, boldly accepted, and boldly lit her cigar, the other walked rapidly on trembling like a scared baby I'll bet. The first thanked the young man in a bass voice, part assumed and part hoarse with tobacco smoke, and tried to walk away with dignity, while stifling a cough and swallowing smoke enough to preserve her. Just then, as previously planned, the young men gave a simultaneous yell and started after the boy-girls, and they in turn gave vent to a shriek. 'Oh, Lord!' and took to their heels. Oh, what a race that was," laughed the gentleman, but the lady tried to look severe, and remarked, "That's enough now, father."

"Oh pa, tell the end of it; do, do," chorused the young ladies.

"Like all such tricks, it came to a very bad end." The mother said, sternly. "Not a bit of it!" The gentlemen cried.

"For when one of the young ladies was at last overtaken she was leaning against a house the sickest creature ever you saw. The fright and the tobacco smoke had used her up badly, and besides, the big brother of the other girl had to take off his coat and put it around her, for her jacket was awfully short, as it belonged to her little brother, and in the tussle with an indignant stomach her trousers—"

"Father!"

"Hlad busted the whole length of the seam."—Ex.

Success in Printing

Type World.

No one in these days of progress in the "Art Preservative" can reasonably expect to succeed who does not understand the details, and who does not devote his entire energies to his profession. Printing to-day is indeed an art, and one which to acquire, no matter how apt the scholar, requires application, earnest and unending. Such men as De Vinne, Haight, Kelly and others whose master hands rest on the topmost round, have attained the position only by making printing the ruling idea of their lives. The boy who would succeed must put his whole soul into it—he must study as well as work, and while hands perform, brains must plan tasks more difficult and perfect. His studies should be the masterpieces of his superiors; and his searches after the mysterious and details should be persevering and persistent. Never get the idea that you know it all, but let no day pass without adding something to what you have already learned about your own business.

Learn from books, learn from your fellow workman, learn from experience, learn from any and every available source, but learn, and success is as sure to follow as the day to dawn.

Nervous pains and weaknesses, malarial diseases, fever and ague, positively cured by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

PRESIDENT GREY'S DAUGHTER.

The marriage of M. Daniel Wilson, under financial secretary, to Mlle. Grevy, daughter of the president of France, was solemnized at the Elysee Sunday. The presidents of both chambers and all the ministers were present. Count von Bunsen, the Austro-Hungarian ambassador to France, was the only representative of the diplomatic body present.

Mlle. Grevy has a merited reputation for intelligence and originality of mind. She is also very artistic. She has expressive dark eyes, very black and luxuriant hair, and a small delicate figure, which shows agility and express decision. Mlle. Grevy's education has been that of an English or American girl of independent character, and the only daughter of an intellectual, easy-going father, who wished to make her his companion. She has always refused to be married according to the French fashion, which ordains that young girls passively accept suitors offered to them by their families. She and M. Wilson have been well acquainted for thirteen years, during which time M. Grevy has been to him a close friend and something of a mentor.

M. Wilson is of English parentage, but brought up in France, a naturalized Frenchman, and understanding English. Gas was introduced into Paris by his father. The bonds of marriage placarded at the mayoralty of the eighth arrondissement describe the bridegroom as Daniel Wilson. Deputy under secretary of state at the finance ministry, son of Daniel Wilson and Henrietta Cazenave, both deceased, and Alice Grevy, spinster of no profession, residing with her father and mother at the Elysee (palace), daughter, of full age of Francois Jules Paul Grevy, president of the Republic, grand officer of the Legion of Honor, and Marie Louise Eudoxie, Coralie Fraisse, his wife of no profession.

TALMAGE ON NEWSPAPERS.

A Good Newspaper God's Grandest Temporal Blessing.

From Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sunday Sermon.

I tell you, my friends, that a good newspaper is the grandest blessing that God has given to the people of this country—the grandest temporal blessing. The theory is abroad that anybody can make a newspaper with the aid of a capitalist. The fact is that fortunes are swallowed up every year in the vain effort to establish newspapers. The large papers swallow up the small ones. The big whale eats up about fifty minnows. We have 7000 dailies and weeklies in the United States and Canada, and only thirty-six are half a century old. The average life of a newspaper is five years. Most of them die of cholera infantum. [Laughter] It is about high time that the most successful way to sink a fortune and keep it sunk is to start a newspaper. A man with an idea starts the Universal Gazette or the Millennium Advocate. Finally the money is all spent, and the subscribers wonder why their papers do not come. [Laughter] Let me tell you that if you have an idea, either moral, social, political or religious, you had better charge on the world through the columns already established. If you can't climb your own backyard fence, don't try the Matterhorn. If you can't sail a ship, don't try to navigate the Great Eastern. To publish a newspaper requires the skill, precision, vigilance, strategy and boldness of a commander-in-chief. To edit a newspaper one needs to be a statesman, a geographer, a statistician and, so far as all acquisitions are concerned, encyclopedic! If you have a notion to start and publish a newspaper, take it for granted that you are threatened with softening of the brain. Take your pocket-book and throw it in your wife's lap. Rush up to Bloomingdale Asylum and surrender yourself before you do something desperate. [Laughter]

A story is related of a Boston congregation that when they closed their church edifice to give the minister a summer vacation, a sign was put over the entrance, reading: "No services or Sunday school in this house during the hot season. Some sarcastic wag drew on the door of the side entrance, in colored chalk, a picture of the devil, life-size, and in full costume, horns, hoofs, tail and all, with the inscription underneath: "Not too hot for me here!"

A Business Man's Experience.

He could not tell what ailed him. He knew his digestion was poor and his heart palpitated. He felt his nervous system was shattered. He knew his urine was milky and ropy, but he had suffered from these disorders for years. Only of late had he begun to feel himself completely exhausted and his nervous system shattered, and his constitution broken down. A friend recommended Brown's Iron Bitters. It suited his case precisely, and now he is as healthy, robust and strong as his heart could desire. Go thou and do likewise, then may you live long and be happy.—Commercial.