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New Orleans Pacific R.R.

TRAINS EAST.	FREIGHT.	MAIL.
West Baton Rouge	7:00 A M	2:30 P M
Plaquemine	8:27 A M	3:14 P M
Donaldsonville	10:41 A M	4:20 P M
St. James	12:00 M	4:59 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.		
New Orleans		8:00 A M
Algiers	7:00 A M	8:20 A M
St. Charles	10:36 A M	9:34 A M
St. James	1:45 P M	10:56 A M
Donaldsonville	2:50 P M	11:35 A M
Plaquemine	5:13 P M	12:46 P M
West Baton Rouge	7:00 P M	1:30 P M

For rates and information, address,
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 Cluvelius' 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

BISMARCK SALOON
-AND-
LACER BEER HOUSE,
J. PHILIP BOTT.....Proprietor,
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.

SUMTER HOUSE!
CHARLES WIECK, PROPRIETOR.
Corner of Third and Laurel Streets,
BATON ROUGE, LA.
BAR-ROOMS and families supplied with Champagne, Port, Sherry, Claret and White Wines; Irish, Bourbon, Olive Branch, Chicken Cock and other Brands of WHISKY; Western Lager Beer, Ale, Porter, Ginger Ale, etc.
Kauffman's Celebrated Premium Cincinnati Lager Beer, always on hand in suitable quantity
Best Brands of Cigars always on hand.

CAPITOL GROCERY STORE,
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BATON ROUGE, LA.
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, Staple and Fancy Stationery, Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, Worsted, Canvas and Notions of all kinds, agency for the celebrated Blake Piano Subscriptions received for any Newspaper or Magazine published.
GEO. M. HEROMAN, Manager.
aug21v2n58 6m.

Fresh Stock, New Styles
-AT-
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 seasonable fancy 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.
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.
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 5th, 1881. For circulars, apply to
aug21-2m W. H. N. MAGRUDER.

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—GENERAL—
INSURANCE AGENTS
REPRESENTING $70,000,000!
FIRE, LIFE & MARINE INSURANCE.
Baton Rouge, La.
GINS INSURED AND LOSSES PROMPTLY and SATISFACTORILY ADJUSTED

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. 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

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.

Seekers After Health.

Unfortunates who are seeking to renew their health are many. So often have they been deceived by the advertisements of worthless compounds, that many are discouraged, and refuse to believe anything they read in the papers. Therefore, the best advertisement of a really good medicine is the reputation it has gained in places where it is being sold. No other remedy ever discovered has grown so rapidly in public favor as that true medicinal tonic called Brown's Iron Bitters. In localities where its extraordinary merits have become fully known and realized by those who have been in ill health, the sale is unprecedented. One druggist in our city reports the sale of 238 bottles in one week. It is, indeed, a wonderful, health-giving, life-saving preparation. It is soothing and refreshing in its effect, and strengthens ever part of the body, and creates healthy appetite and digestion, even when the system is almost destroyed by the many hurtful cathartics so commonly used. Reader, beware! duty demands that you try Brown's Iron Bitters, if your health is poor from any cause.—Enquirer.

"I love my wife" young Mr. Sculus, who had been married only six weeks, was saying, "I love my wife as no other man does." And then the rippling smile of approbation went around the company and died away in whispering giggles in shadowed window seats and dimly lighted corners, and the young man felt that he had failed to make himself understood just as he wished to be.

Senator Edmunds, who is now in Washington is writing a magazine paper on the political aspect of mormonism.

The man whose wife was squeezed by the minister does not believe in the religious press.

CAPTAIN TODD'S HORSE.

"You see, Dr. Bragg," said Captain Todd, "I want a regular clipper-built hoss. I don't want stiffness and breadth of beam so much as I want a good clean run. I want a hoss to show off with."

"Well, sir," said the doctor, patting on the neck a vicious-looking animal which he held by the bridle, "if you want a smart horse, I can't recommend a better animal than this. Just look at those heels! Hi, don't go near 'em. As I told you, I have three horses that I want to sell; but if you want a mare that will go, this mare is just the animal you want."

"You see," said the captain, confidentially, "I don't know much about horses. I'm a seafaring man. Followed the sea, man and boy, nigh thirty-five years. Now I'm going to settle down on shore, and I'm looking around for a wife. I don't mind telling you that I'm sorter courtin' the Widow Bunn. Now, the widow is mighty fond of a good fast horse, and there's another feller, Sam Bliss—perhaps you know him—that's shinin' 'round the widow, too. Sam's got a first-rate hoss, and takes the widow to ride a good deal. Now if I don't get something better than Sam's got I won't stand any show, for the widow will be sure to ride most with the man that's got the fastest hoss, don't you see."

The doctor nodded affirmatively. "I see," he said, "I see. Well, now, I think the mare will suit you. She's a knowing beast. Just see how her ears are laid back, listening. If you find her getting lazy, just touch her up a little with the whip, and she'll climb, I can tell you."

"Well," said the captain, "if she's all you say she is, bring her around to-night and turn her into my pasture, and to-morrow I'll hitch her up in my new buggy and give her a trial."

The next afternoon Capt. Todd ran his new buggy out of the barn, and throwing a halter over his arm, summoned Bill Tyke and proceeded to the pasture where the doctor had left the mare the previous evening.

Bill Tyke was the captain's right hand man. He had sailed with the captain all his life, and now that the former had retired from active duty, Bill had retired with him, and undertaking to learn the art of farming. In appearance he was like what the immortal Bunsby might have been, and he was not much the inferior of that worthy in taciturnity or oracular wisdam.

The captain and his factotum circumnavigated the pasture and "bore down" upon the mare persuasively from the windward. But the intelligent animal saw them coming and flattened her ears. The captain was within reach, when she threw up her head, changed ends, and cantered away to the other end of the field.

The captain swore a round oath and divided his forces. Bill Tyke was seen to coast around the fence while the captain lay "off and on" in the offing. But it was a game that the mare understood best. She trotted leisurely around the pasture, keeping tantalizing out of reach, and resisting all the blandishments offered her in the shape of wheedling words and ears of corn.

The captain and Bill Tyke both fell to swearing, and followed the beast around for an hour. At last, with consummate generalship, they succeeded in cornering her, and as she tried to rush between them, both sprang at her mane.

The captain was successful and hung on like grim death, but Bill Tyke failed to secure a satisfactory grip, and was kicked head over heels into a blackberry bush, whence he emerged, torn and bleeding, and swearing worse than ever. As to the captain, he was dragged a hundred yards before he managed to "board" her, but at last he found himself on her back, tearing across the pasture, and bounding a foot in the air at every jump. The mare made straight for the bars, went over them, and finally came to a halt in the captain's door yard. The captain slipped off in an exhausted condition, and drove his new purchase into the barn.

The operation of harnessing was one requiring all the seamanship of both the captain and Bill Tyke to successfully perform. The uses of the various straps, buckles and "belaying-pins" were the subject of several animated discussions before the harness was finally adjusted. When all was complete Bill Tyke cruised round the wagon several times, and observed that the "darned thing was all right, anyhow."

"Then," said the captain, "just put that old boat anchor into the buggy, with about three fathoms of stout line, and you get in behind. Darn ye," he continued, addressing the mare "if ye play a trick like that again, I'll fix ye."

Bill marched off to the tool house and returned carrying an old iron keelock and a coil of inch manilla rope. To one end of this line he fastened this anchor. The other, by the captain's direction, he tied by a double hitch in the rear axle of the wagon.

"Now," said the captain, "jump in, Bill. I'll make the old vixen hum when we get the widow in."

To the captain's great delight the widow was at home, and surveyed the new turnout with admiration. The harness, she thought looked somewhat peculiar, but she didn't know much about such things. Of course she would go to ride. How kind of the captain. What a beautiful horse.

She was not long in getting ready, for expedition at such times was one of the widow's many virtues. The captain helped her in, and the mare trotted placidly off, while Bill Tyke sat behind, with his legs hanging over the "stern" of the wagon.

It was a delightful drive. The mare's head was turned away from home, and she behaved herself much better than the captain expected. The sun was setting as they turned about to go home, and as the evening shadows began to fall the captain began to grow tender. Gradually his arm slipped around the widow's waist.

Promptly she removed it.

"Captain Todd," she exclaimed, "you must not; I cannot allow it."

She glanced back at Bill Tyke, who still sat dangling his feet over the tailboard in the most blissful unconsciousness.

"Oh, don't mind him," said the captain. "He don't see nothing.

"It isn't that," said the widow, blushing, "but—I suppose I ought to tell you—in fact, I don't know as I had ought to come to ride with you at all—because—"

"Because what?"

"Because I am engaged to be married soon."

"Engaged!" roared the captain. Who to?

"To Mr. Samuel Bliss."

"Heavens and earth!" yelled the captain, giving the mare a savage cut with the whip; but he had no opportunity to add more, for the mare made a bolt as though to jump out of her skin, and tore along the road like mad.

The widow shrieked, and grasped the captain by the arm.

"Oh don't, don't!" she cried.

"Let her rip!" exclaimed the captain, more forcibly than politely. "I want to get hum. Engaged to Sam Bliss. Good Lord!"

The captain gave the mare another slash with the whip, and Bill Tyke rose up on his knees and held on for dear life. It was getting dark rapidly. The road was full of deep holes, and the sides of the road were bordered with clumps of bushes and large rocks, over some of which the carriage bounced like a rubber ball. The mare had it all her own way now, for she had the bit between her teeth, and she was on a dead run.

"Hold her up, cap'n; hold her up," exclaimed Bill Tyke, in evident alarm. "Port your hellum and lay to."

"Hold up your grandmother," replied the captain, savagely. "I can't hold her any more than I could hold a three-masted schooner in a hurricane."

The widow relieved herself of a series of piercing screams and threw her arms around the captain's neck.

"I shall be killed!" she cried. "Oh, captain, dear captain! For heaven's sake stop the horse and let me get out please."

The captain gave a quick jerk to the reins. The bridle gave a quick jerk to the reins. The bridle gave way and both he and the widow went over backward in the bottom of the wagon. The mare increased her speed if that was possible, and the occupants of the vehicle devoted all their attention to keeping on board the craft, which touched the ground, apparently, about once in fifty feet. The captain surmised that the mare would make straight for Dr. Brigg's corn crib, and, if the wagon held together long enough, they might come to a halt there; though as for stopping right side up, it was scarcely to be hoped for. The mare was evidently not that kind of a horse.

"We are almost to a long hill," shouted Bill Tike.

The road thus far had been straight; but at the foot of the long hill was the lane that led to the doctor's barn, and the captain surmised that at their present rate of speed the entire party would get out about the time the mare turned the corner.

The captain extricated himself from the widow's petticoats and threw himself around the wagon seat.

"All hands on deck!" shouted the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded Bill Tyke.

"Let go the anchor!" screamed the captain.

Bill Tyke raised the keelock in his arms and flung it overboard. It bounded along the road from side to side for a few yards, and then caught under a large rock among the bushes. The mare darted headlong onward; the stout rope straightened in a second; there was a crash like the report of a cannon; the mare fell forward on her knees, tearing up the ground as she went; while the widow, the captain and Bill Tyke shot up into the air about six feet and alighted in a semi-unconscious condition amid the wreck and debris of what had been the wagon.

It was the end of Captain Dodd's courtship. The wagon was an indistinguishable mass of kindling-wood; the mare had broken both forelegs and required to be shot, and the widow kept her bed for three weeks afterward. The captain again follows the sea, for as he often remarks to his first mate:

"The sea, Bill, is our proper sphere. We know more about sailin' vessels than we do about drivin' horses."

"Speak for yourself, cap'n," Bill always replies. "At my end of the wagon I did my duty."

HOW HOFFENSTEIN CAUGHT THE 'POSSUM.

Joe C. Aby, in N. O. Times.

"My gr-a acious, Herman, vat you dink," exclaimed Hoffenstein as he rushed into the store, his face beaming with happiness: "My son Abe vat vas in de wholesale shoe pisness in New York mit his uncle was married de o der day und I shust got de letter."

"Vas his vife velty, Misder Hoffenstein?" inquired the clerk, becoming interested.

"Vell, Herman, you don't dink dot Abe vas fool enough to make a charity asylum oud uf himself by marrying a voman dot vas poor. He write me dot his vife vas vert fifdy dousand dollars und haf an inderest in a soap factory vat belongs to her fader. My gr-r-a-cious I don't can hardly dink dot Abe vas married. It don't seem any longer den last veek ven he vas a leedle poy running around Vickspurg mit varts on his hand. Herman, he vas the vorst poy uf de whole place, und no matter how much I vip him, I don't can make him go to de school. All uf de day he vas going around de streets mit his bare feet, vistling. He vould knock his toes mit sdumps undil dere vas a bundle of rags on efery von uf dem. Ven he vasn't doing dot, Herman, he vas hunning bossums. Did I efer dell you abound de vay me und Abe killed de bossum?"

"No, Misder Hoffenstein."

"Vell, my house vas oud of de town near de voods, und von day Abe comes to me und says, 'Pa, me und my dog haf run a bossum avay up in a log vat vas hollow, come und help me kill him.' I vent out vere de bossom vas, und Abe says again, 'Pa, I dink you petter grawl inside uf de log, and pull de bossum oud, vile me und de dog stands at the oder end und see dot he don't get avay dere.' I don't stop to dink, und I says, 'Abe, sdand dere und kill de bossum mit a sdick if he runs oud.' Den I grawled into de log. Vot you dink, Herman, ven eferyding but my veet vas in de log, a lot of bumble-bees vat haf a nest in dere got on my bean. My gracious Herman, I try to get oud, but my boots got caught mit a snag, und dere I vas, mit de bumble-bees. I sgreams to Abe, und he dinks dot I means to look oud de bossum vill get avay, und he makes de dog growl into de log at de oder end. De dog dinks my head vas de bossum und he bites me on de ear, und barks ven bees sding him, dinking dot de bossum vas biting him. Ven I got out of dere, Herman, I almost vas dead, und my head vas so big dot I dink it vas a moundain."

"Did you get de bossum, Misder Hoffenstein?" inquired the clerk.

"No, Herman. My gr-r-acious, do you dink I vas going to vaste my dime hunding for de bossum ven I found de bumble bees. You must dink I vas a fool, you know."

Mr. William R. Seymour, of Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I attended a course of lectures several winters ago at the Ohio Medical College, of Cincinnati, Ohio. There I was taught that 'Iron is a prominent element in the physical organism of mankind; without it life is an impossibility. A vast percentage of the diseases and premature deaths to which the race is subject, is caused, or at least made possible by a weakening of the body in consequence of a lack of Iron in the blood.' Having suffered from ill-health, poor digestion and urinary troubles ever since I recovered from typhoid fever, complicated with malarial fever, I determined to give Iron a trial. From investigation I learned that Brown's Iron Bitters were the best, and that they did not blacken the teeth, so I concluded to make use of them. They have acted like a charm. I never before felt so robust, hearty and strong."

Obeyed his Parent.

From the Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

Not long ago a young man in Carson got married, and started for California with his young wife. His father bade him good-bye and gave him the paternal blessing. "My son," said the aged sire, shaking with emotion, etc., remember these words if you never see me again. Never go into a place where you would not take your wife." Last week the old man went down to visit them. He proposed a bear hunt, and they were fortunate enough to track a grizzly to his lair among some of the bowlders in this chapparal. As the two approached, the bear roused up and sent forth a growl of defiance which shook the tress. "Go in there and kill im," said the old man, excitedly. "Count me out," said the son. "Have I crossed the seas and settled in America to raise a coward?" shouted the father, brandishing his gun. "I recollect your advice when I left Carson", was the reply. "Didn't you tell me never to go where I could not take my wife?" Now how would Sal look in there with that bear?" The old man clasped his dutiful son to his bosom, and as the bear issued forth exclaimed: "Speaking of Sal, let us hasten home; our prolonged absence might cause her needless alarm." In about fifteen minutes they reached the ranch, the old man a little ahead, and the distance was about four miles.

Mosby Outwitted.

J. Esten Cooke.

Mosby was seldom defeated and never out witted to my knowledge but once. The incident has never been in print, I believe, and I am assured that the partisian never related it, it was so very mortifying. It is a trifle, but may amuse the reader. Colonel Mosby had crossed the mountains with a few men into Clarke county, when he was informed that a Federal officer with a squad of cavalrymen was in the vicinity. The officer had stopped at 'Clay Hill," the residence of Mr. Whitting, and Mosby made up his mind to capture the officer and men. His action was prompt, as usual. He went to Clay Hill, captured the Federal officer while he was seated at supper and carried him off prisoner to Upperville, east of the Blue Ridge. There had been nothing at all unpleasant about the whole affair. Mosby and his prisoner were on most friendly terms. The partisan had ridden his favorite gray mare on the scout, and at Upperville was standing besides her ready to mount, when the Federal officer said:

"That's a superb animal, Colonel."

"Yes," was the gratified reply of the partisan as he patted the mare's neck. The officer sauntered closer.

"A very fine animal!" he repeated. "I'll try her paces!" And throwing himself into the saddle he disappeared at full speed, and Colonel Mosby never again saw his favorite gray mare or his prisoner.

Led Astray.

"FERNANDINA, Nassau Co., Fla., March 29th, 1880."

"I have used Dr. Simmons Liver Regulator and always found it to do what is claimed for it. The last bottle and two packages did me no good and were were worse than nothing. I see it is put up by J. H. Zeilin & Co., and not genuine, and a waste of money to buy it. I would be glad to get the pure and genuine. Send me some from honest hands (with red Z and Zeilin & Co.'s signature on wrapper). The fictitious stuff sold will injure some one badly.
"Your Ob't Servant, BENJ. T. RICH.

Miss Benson learned that Randall, who was wooing her at Mount Vernon, Ohio, already had a wife. She waited until he made a formal proposal of marriage and then applied to a justice for his arrest on a charge of bigamy. Being told that the crime of bigamy required a double marriage, she kept her secret, let the engagement result in a wedding, and then triumphantly sent him to jail immediately after the ceremony.

Elixir Vitæ for Women.—Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., has made the discovery! Her Vegetable Compound is a positive cure for female complaints. A line addressed to this lady will elicit all necessary information.

In Philadelphia a married man was bound over by a local magistrate for making love and writing love letters to a married woman. She was not his wife or he never would have got into trouble. Men don't get into trouble for making love to their wives, and this ought to be remembered.

Pain and weakness of lungs, liver, kidneys, and urinary organs relieved by using Brown's Iron Bitters.