POOR GENTLEMAN.

Do Viierbeck returned to the parlor, fell into the chair and covered his brow with both hands, as a heavy groan burst from his breast, which heaved with almost hysterical emotion. The country of the command sheet and me-tonless; but soon his rands fell heavily on his

declosure! Alas! What to say to her? how to explain it?"

A bitter smile contracted his lips as he continued, with bitter lrony: "Ah! hide thy and faring, old man; rally thy strength; take courage! If thy heart is torn and hieeding—if despair devotes thy soul,—oh, smile, still smile! Yes! your life has been a continual farce! Tet, miserable abortion that thou art, what canest thou do but anbmit, yield without a fight, and how thy neck to the yoke like a powerless slave! Begone, rebellions feeling! Be eilent, and behold thy child!"

Lenora opened the door and ran to her father, her questioning eyes fixed on his with a look of hope. All of poor De Vilerbeck's efforts to disguise his sufferings were nuncoussful, and Lenora soon read in his face that he was a pray to some overwhelming sorrow. As he still obstinately kept silence, she began tenne:

well, father, -well, -bave you nothing to

say to me?"
"Alsa! my child," said he, sighing, "we are
not happy. God tries us with heavy blows.
Let us bow before the will of the Almighty."
"What do you mean? what is there to fear?"
said Lenors, beside hereoff. "Speak, father!
Has he refused his consent?"

"Refused it, because he possesses millions and we—nothing!"

"It is true, then? Gustave is hopelessly lost to me!—lost to me forever!

"Hopelessly!" echoed the father.

A sharp ory escaped Lenora as she tottered to the table and fell on it, weeping bitterly.

De Vlierbeck arose and stood above his sobbing dangater, and, joining his uplifted hands, exclaimed, in suppliant tones:

"Oh, pity me, pity me, Lenora! in that fatal interview i have suffered all the torments that could rack the beart of a parent; I have drunk the dregs of share; I have emptied the cup of humiliation; but all, all are nothing in comparison with thy grief! Calm yearself, child of any love; let me see the sweet face I so love to look on; let me regain my lost strength in thy boly resignation! Lenora! my head swims; I shall die of despair!"

As he natured these words he sauk heavily

abily resignation: Lonors: my needs heavily chall die of despair!"
As he uttered these words he sauk heavily into a chair, overpowered by emotion. The sound of his fall seemed instantly to recall Lenors to herself, and, dashing the tears from the leavest her head on his shoulder. or eyes, she leaned her head on his shoulder b listen and assure herself that he had not stated.

of! Alas! alas!"
"Lenora! Lenora!' exclaimed her father, entreatingly!"
"Oh, beloved father," sobbed the poor girl, "to loss Gustave foreer! The dreadfolthought overwhelms me! While I am near you I will bless God for his kindness; but my tears overgower me; ob! let me weep, let me weep, I besseeh you!" ch you!" De Vlierbeck pressed his daughter more sely to his heart, and respected her a mistion

in silence
The stillness of death reigned throughout the
spartment, while they remained locked in each
sther's arms until the very excess of grief reBaxed their embrace and opened their hearts to sutual consolation.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VI.

Four days after Denecker had refused his consent to the marriage, a hird carriage might have been seen drawing up carefully in a screen of wood that bordered a by-road about half a mile from Grinselnof. A young man got out of it, and, giving directions to the coachman to await him at a neighboring in, walked briskly across the moor toward the old chates: A soon as Grinselhof began to loom up ower the trees, he moved cantionsly along behind the bedges and thickets, as if seeking to

the bridge, he opened the gate, passed through the dense copies that surrounded the house, and entered the garden.

The first object that greeted his sight was Lenora, seated at her table beneath the wall-known catalpa, with her bead resting on the board, widently absorbed insorrow. Her back was turned toward him as he approached, and, although he advanced with the utmost caution, the sound of his fectsteps disturbed her in the intense silence of the apot, and she loaped to her feet, while the name of Gustave broke in surprised accents from her lips. She was evidently anxions to escape into the bouse; but her lover threw himself on his knees, and, grasping ber hand, poured forth a passionate appeal:

"Listen to me, Lenora! haten to me! Year.

passionate appoal:

"Listen to me, Lenora! haten to me! If you,

"Ly and refuse me the consolation of telling you,

with my last farewell, all I have suffered and
all I hope, I will either die here at you feet, or

I will go henes, forever a broken-hearted
wanderer over the face of the earth! Listen to

me! Listen to me! Listen to me, Lenora, my
steber, my beloved, my betrothed! By our price

and holy love, I beseech you not to repulse

me?"

nd noisy love, and trembled in every limb, her Though Lenors trembled in every limb, her wounded

features assumed an expression of wounded spride, as she answered, with cold decision:
"Your boldness surprises me, sir! You are indeed a daring man to appear again at Grinshife far your nucle's insating conduct to may father! He is ill in bed; his soul is crushed by the outrage. Is this the reward of all my affection for you?"
"The God! oh God! Leaver do I have you God! Lanors do I

mef Alas! what have I done, and what

"Ob, God! ob, God! Lenora, do I hear you accuse me? Alas! what have I done, and what could I prevent!"

"There is nothing, sir, any longer, in common between us," said the girl. "If we are mot as rich as you, the blood that runs in our wise cannot ander by comparison. Arise! degene! I will see you no more!"

"Mercy! pity!" exclaimed Gustave, lifting his clasped hands towards her; "mercy, Lenora, for I am innocent!"

The maiden dashed away the tears that began to start in her eyes, and, turning her back on him, was about to depart.

"Cruel, cruel!" exclaimed Gustave, in broken tonce. "Can you leave me without a fare well?—without a word of consolation! Will you remain insensible to my grief and deaf to my prayers! Tis well; I will submit to my lot, for you have sentenced me! I forgive you be happy gu earth without me, and farewell forever!"

As he uttared these words his strength memond utterly to fail him, and, sinking into the chair which Lenora had quitted; his head and arms fell lifeless on the table.

The determined girl had made a few steps in acc retreat to the house, when abe unddenly halted on hearing the agonized tones of Gne.

tent against every ill as long as the hearts beat in our bosoms?

Lenora bowed her head and oast down her ejes.

"Do not imagine, Gustave," said she solemoly, "that our separation causes me lergiet toan it does you; and, if the assurance of my love can assuage the pangs of absence, let it strengthen and encourage you. My lonely heart will keep your image sacred in its boliest abrine; I will follow you in apirit wherever you go, and T will love you till death shall fill up the gulf that separates us. We shall meet again above, but never more on earth."

"You are mistaken, Lenora," cried Guetave, with a feeble expression of joy; "you are mistaken! There is still hope: my uncle is not inexorable, and his compassionate heart must yield to my despair."

"That may be," replied Lenora, in sad but resolute tones; "that may be, Gastave; but my father's hour is infactible. Leave me, Gustave; I have already disobeyed my father's orders too long, and slighted my duty in remaining with a man who casnot become my husband. Go now; for, if we should be surprised by some one, my poor, wretched father would die of shame and anger"

"One moment more, beloved Lenora! Hear what I have to tell you. My uncle refused me your hand; I wept, I besought him, but nothing could change his determination. In despair I was transported beyond myself; I rebelled against my benefactor; and, treating him like an ungrateful wretch, I said a thon-sand things for which I begged his pardon on my knees when reason resumed her empire over my excited son!. My uncle refused mo my mind; but think not, Lenora, that I can ever forget you! A sudden though this shed through my fancy, and I accepted his terms with a secret joy. For months and months I will be alone with my uncle; and, watching him ever with the love and gratitade I feel for all his kindness, I will gradually wear away his objections, and, conquering his heart, return, my iove, to place the bridal wreath upon your brow, and claim you, before the altar of God, as the companion of my choice!"

For

ness; but the gleam disappeared almost as quickly as it arose, and she answered him, with inter sadness;

"Alasi my dear friend, it is cruel to destroy this last hope of your heart; and yet I must do it. Your note might coment; but my father "She faitered for an instant."

"Your father, Lenora? Your father would pardon all and receive melike a long-lost son."

"No, no; believe it not, Gustave; for his honor has been too deeply wounded. As a Christian he might pardon it; but as a gentle man he will never forget the cutrage."

"Oh, Lenora, you are unjust to your father. If I return with my uncle's consent, and say to him, "I will make your child happy; give her to me for my wife; I will anround her path with all the joys a husband has ever bestowed on woman;—if I tell him this, think you he will deny me?"

Lenora cast down her eyes.

"You know his infinite goodness, Gustave," she said "My happiness is his only thought on earth; he will thank God and biess you."

"Yes, yee; he will consent," continued Gustave, with ardor; "and all is not lost. A blessed ray lightens our future, and let it rekindle your hope, beloved of my heart. Yield not to giref, let me go forth on this dreary journey, but let me bear along with me the assurance that you awatt my return with trust in God. Remember me in your prayors; utter my name as you stray through these lonely paths which withessed the dawn of our love and where for two months I drained the cap of perfect blies. The knowledge that I am not forgotten by you will sustain my heart and enable me to endure the pangs of separation."

Lenora wept in silence Herlover's eloquence had extinguished every spark of her prige, and

the rebellious heart which so lately was ready to cast off its rosy fetters had no longer a place for any thing but love and sadness. Gustave saw that he had our agent.

gone.
"Unstave!" sobbed the poor girl, as she
sank on the chair and allowed the pentup
passion of her soul to burst forth in tears.

CHAPTER VII.

Lenors secretly cherished in her heart the hope of a happy fiture; but she did not besitate to inform her father of Gustave's visit. De Viterbeck heard her listlessly, and gave no other reals hat a hitter smile.

tate to inform her father of Gustave's visit. De Vilerbeck heard her littlessly, and gave no other raply but a bitter smile.

From that day Grinselhof became sadder and more solitary than ever. The old gentleman might generally be seen seated in an arm chair, resting his forchead on his hand, while his eyes were fixed on the ground or on vacancy. The fatal day on which the bond foll due was perhaps always present to his mind, nor could he basish the thought of that frightful misery into which it would plonge his child and himself. Lenora carefully concealed her own sufferings in order not to increase her father's grie! and, although she fully sympathized with him, no effort was omitted on her part to cheer the old man by apparent contentment. She did and said every thing that her tender heart could invent to arouse the sufferer from his reveries; but all her efforts were in vain: her father thanked her with a smile and carees; but the smile was sad, the caress constrained and feeble.

If Lenora sometimes asked him, with tears, what was the cause of his depression, he adroitly managed to avoid all explanations. For days together he wandered about the lone-lists paths of the garden; apparently anxious to ecape the presence even of his daughter. If she caught a glimpse of him at a distance, a flerce look of irritation was perceptible on his face, while his arms were thrown about in rapid and convalive gesticulations. If she approached him with marks of love and devotion, he scarcely replied to her affectionate words, but left the garden to bary himself in the solitude of the house.

An entire month—a month of bitter sadness and macropressed suffering on both eides—

An entire menth—a month of bitter sadness and unexpressed suffering on both sides— passed in this way; and Leners observed

with increased anxiety the rapid emaciation on the table. As she glanced backward at the convulsed frame of her lover, a spasm that denoted the violent conflict fetween duty and affection passed over her teartiful face; and, as her heart appeared gradualty to conquer in the fight, the tears began to pour in snowers from her eyes. Step by step and slowly she terraced the path to the table, and, learning over the sofferer, took one of his hands tenderly hers:

"Are we not wretched, Gustave? Are we not wretched?"

At the teach of that gentle hand and the wont off to his own, chamber. But his damph. this time that a slight change in the old gen-tieman's conduct convinced her that a secret-and perhaps a terrible one-weighed on his heart. Every day or two he went to Antwerp in the calcase, without informing her or any one else of the object of his visit. He came back to Grineelhof late at night, seated him self at the supper table silent and resigned, and, persuading Lenora to go to hed, seon went off to his own chamber. Bet his daugh-ter was well aware that he did not retire to rest, for doring long herrs of wakefulness she heard the floor creak as he paced his apart-ment with resilence.

with no companion but her sad reflections. At length she entered the apartment where her father usually studied or wrote, and, after a good deal of hesitation, in which her face and gestures displayed the anxiety of her purpose, opened the table drawer, and saw in it, unrolled, a written document. The paleness of death overspread her countenance as she persaged the paper and instantly closed the drawer. After this she left the apartment hastily, and returning to her chamber, ast down with hands clasped on her knees and eyes fixed on the floor in a stare of wild surprise.

"Sell Crimachof?" exclaimed she. "Sell

the floor in a stere of wild surprise.

"Sell Grinselhof!" exclaimed she. "Sell Grinselhof! Way? Monsieur Denecker insulted my father because we were not rich enough for him. What is this secret? and what does it all mean? If it should be true that we are beggars! Oh, God! does a ray of light penetrate my mind? is this the solution of the enigma and the cause of my father's depression?"

For elance:

depression?"

For a long time she remained motionless in

ber.

For some minutes she stoad on the doorsill, undecided as to what she should do; but
by degrees her brow and cheeks began to reddee, and the light of resolution shone in her

himself in this solitude and seems to fly even from his child?"

"Lenora! thou last and only treasure that remainest to me on earth," replied De Vijerbeck, in a broken vote, with despair in his wild gaze, "Lenora, then hast suffered dread fully, my child, hast thou not? Rest thy poor head in my bosom. A terribe blow, my caild, is about to fall on os! "a.

Lenora did not seem to pay any attention to those remarks, but, disengaging beaself from her father's embrace, replied, in firm and decided tones,—

Lenora did not seem to pay any attention to these remarks, but, disengaging beaseif from her father's embrace, replied, in firm and decided tones,—

"I have not come bere, father, for consolation, but with the consterable determination to learn the cause of your suffering. I will not go away without knowing what misfortane it is that has so long deprived me of your love. No matter how much I may venerate you and respect your silence, the conse of duty is greater even than veceration. I mast—li will—know the secret of your grief?

"Thom deprived of thy father's love?" exclaimed De Viterbeck, reproachfully and with surprise; "my love for thee, my adored child, is precisely the secret of my grief. For ten years I have drained the bitter cap and prayed the Almighty to makeyon happy; but, ains! my prayers have always been not heard?"

"Shall I be unhappy, then? asked Lenora, without betraying the least conotion.

"Unhappy, because of the misery that awaits us," replied her father. "The blow that is about to fall on our house destroys all that we possees. We must leave Grinschof."

The last words, which plainly confirmed her fears, seemed for a moment to appall the girl; but she repressed her feelings, and an swered him, with increased courage:

"You are not dying this slow death because il-fortune has overtaken you, my father; I know the unconquerable force of your character too well for that. No! your heart is weak and yielding because I have to partske your poverty! Bless you, bless you, for your alection! Sht, tell me, father; if I were offered all the treasures of earth and meet poverty without a single day, what think you I would answer?"

Damb with surprise, the poor man looked proudly at his daughter, and agentle pressure of her hand was his sole reply.

"Ah?" continued she, "I would refuse all the treasures of earth and meet poverty without a sigh. And you, father—if they offered you all the gold of America for your Lenors, what would you do!"

"How can you sak, child?" exclaimed her father; "do we sell our

gold?"
"And so," continued the girl, "our Maker has left us that which is dearest to us both in this world; why then should we mourn when we ought to be grateful for his coupassionate care? Take heart once more, dear father; no matter what may be our future lot—should we even be forced to take refoge in a hovel,—nothing can harm us as long as we are not separated."

Smiles, astonishment, admiration, and love, by turns flitted over the wan features of the poor old man, who seemed altogether unnerved and disconcerted by the painful densucement. At length, after some moments of unbroken silence, he clasped his hands, and gazing intently into her eyes through his etarting tears—"Lenora, Lenoral my child!" he exclaimed. "thou art not of earth!—thou art an augel! The unselfish grandeer of thy soul unmans me completely!"

Shie saw she had conquered. The light of ourage was rekindled again in her father's eye, and his lofty brow was lifted once more under the sentiment of dignity and self-devotion that struggled for life in his suffering heart. Lenora looked at him with a heavenly smile, and exclaimed rapturously.

"Upl upl father; come to my arms; away with grief! United in each other's love, fatelized is powerless in our presence!"

Father as d daughter sprang into each other's arms, and for a long while remained speech-less, wrapped in a tender embrace; then, seat-ing Libraselves with their hands interlocked, they were silent and absorbed, as if the world

they were silent and absorbed, as if the world and its binery were slogether forgotten.

"Anew life—a new and refreshing current of blood—seems to have been suddenly poured with the world blood—seems to have been suddenly poured bow wrong I was not to divalge all! But you must pardon me, beloved onlyd; you must pardon me, lt was the fear of a fficting you—the hope of finding some means of resons of secape—that sealed my lips. I did not know you, my daughter; I old not know the inestimable treasure that Gud in his mercy had lavished on me! But now you shall know all; I will no longer hide the secret of my conduct and my grief. The fatal bour has come; the blow I desired to ward off is about to fail and cannot be turned aside! Are you prepared, dear child, to hear your father's story!"

Lenora, who was delighted to behold the calm and radiant smile that illuminated the face of her broken-hearted parent, answered him instantly, in caressing tones:

"Pour all your wors into my heart, dear father, and conceal nothing. The part I have to perform must be based on complete knowledge of every thing; and you will feel how much your confidence relieves your burdened soul!"

Take, then, your share of anfering.

name.

"I had a younger brother, who was endowed with an excellent heart, but generous to a fault and somewhat impredent. He lived in town, and married a lady of noble family who was no richer than himself. She was shown in her tastes and habits, and, I fear, induced him to increase his revenue by adventurous means. There can be no doubt that he speculated largely in the public funds. But probably you do not understand what this means, my child. It is a species of gambling, by which a man may in a moment gain millions; and yet it is a space that may, with equal rapidity, plunge nim into the depths of misery and reduce him as if by magic to the condition of a beggar.

"At first, my brother was remarkably successful, and established himself in town in style of living that was the envy of our wealthiest ciuzens. He came to see us frequently, bringing yos, who were his godulid, a thousand beautiful presents, and lavished his affections with testimonish of kindness which were proportioned to his fortune. I spoke to him often about the dangerous character of his adventures, and endeavored to convices him that it was unbecoming a gentleman to risk his property upon the hazards of an hour; but, as continued success emboldened him more and more, the passion for gambling made him deaf to all my appeals

to raise her; but she clung to my kness, beg-ging my assistance, impluring me, by aver-passionate appeal she could mink of, to save her hasband's life, and convincing me by her sobs and distraction that some frightful cai-

ging my assistance, impliring me, by every passionate appeal she could think of, to save her hosband's life, and convincing me by her sobsand distraction that some frightful calamity was impending over my brother!

"Your mother joined me eagerly in my efforts to calm the sufferer, and by degrees we managed to extract the cause of her singular conducts and mesasonable visit. Mg brother—alas!—had lost all he possessed, and even more! His wife's story was heart-rending; but its conclusion filled us with more anxiety for her hasband than his losses; for, overcome by the certainty of a dishowered name, haunted by the reflection that law and justice would soon overtake him, my poor brother had made an attempt upon his life! The hand of God had providestially guided his wife to the apartment, where she surprised him at the fatal moment and snatched the deadly instrument from his grasp! He was then locked up in a room; domb, overcome, bowed down to the earth, and gyarded by two faithful friends. If any one on earth could save him, it was sarely his brother!

"Such was the wild appeal of my wretohed sister-in-law, who, heedless of the stormy night, had thrown herself into a coach and fled to me, through the tempest, as her only hope for their salvation. There she was at my feet, bathed, in tears, sobling, screaming, who saw at once the frightful condition of the family, and sympathized as woman's heart alone can do with human misery, eagerly implored me not to lose a moment. 'Save him, save him'; exclaimed she; 'spare nothing: I will consent to every thing you may think proper to do our sacrifes!"

"We flow back to towe through the storm and darkness. You grow pale, Lenors, at the very thought of it, for it was indeed frightful, and you can never know the impression it made on me: these whitened hairs—whitened before their time—are the records of that terrible night! But let me continue.

"It is needless to describe the wild despair in which I found my brother, or to tell you have him how long I had to wrestle with his

A happy smile beamed on his face as he met the questioning glance of his daughter, and answered firmly:

"I loved my brother, Lenors; but I loved you, my only child, much more. The sacrifice demanded of me by his creditors insured misery for your mother and for you?

'On, God! oh, God!" sobbed Lenors.

'On, God! oh, God!" sobbed Lenors.

'On one side my heart was distracted by this dreaoful thought, while on the other I was assailed by the despair that was present in the bankrop's chamber; hut generosity conquered in the awful trial, at d at daylight I sought out the principal creditors and signed the documents that saved a brother's life and honor but gave on my wife and child to want."

"Thank God!" gasped Lesors, as if she had been relieved from a horother inghtmare.

"Bless you, bless you, father, for your noble, generous conduct!"

She rose from her seat, and passing her arms around his neck, gave him a glowing kies with as much solemnity as if she had been acxious to endue this mark of love with all the fervor and sacredness of a benediction.

"Ah! but cause thou bless me, my child," said he, with eyes full of gratitude, "for an act that should implore thy pardon!

"My pardon, father!" exclaimed Lenora, with surprise on all her features. "On, had you done otherwise, what would I not have suffered in doubting the goodness of my parent's heart! Now, now, I love, you more than ever. Pardon you, father? Exclaimed Lenora, we have a drawer foreview in eyen the research when the in your keeping?"

"Alse, Lenora, the world does not reason the advance of reason in the advance of reason."

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