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Louisiana State Lottery Comp'y Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868 for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its ranchise made a part of the present state constitution in 1879 by an overwhelming pop-

Its Mammoth Drawings take place Semi - Annually (June and December), and its Grand Single Number Drawings take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS. For integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes. Attested as Follows:

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"We do hereby certify that we supervise
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Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louislana
State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves,
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parties, and we authorize the Contapany to use
this certificate, with fac-similies of our signa*ures attached, in its advertisements."



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PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State National B'k
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Natl Bank
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, Pebruary 12, 1889. Capital Prize, \$300,000.

200,000 Tickets at \$20; Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1; LIST OF PRIZES.

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IN SOUTHERN SEAS.

PAJAMAS AND WHITE DRESSES ARE WORN IN MIDWINTER.

Some of the Pleasures of a Trip to the West Indies-The Characters You Meet, and the Frantic Efforts Everybody Makes to Pleasantly Fritter Away the Time.

WEST INDIA ISLANDS, Jan. 5.-There is nothing novel in the departure of an ocean steamship from New York bound for the most distant ports. A dozen times daily one may witness the familiar picture of excited travelers and still more excited friends; of crowded cabins and mournful good-bys. As a rule it is not a cheerful picture. All kinds and conditions of men go down to the sea in ships, and so long as they do women will gather at the wharves,

Like Niobe, all tears,

and indulge in grewsome forebodings. They did it when the good ship City of Para left New York's lcy harbor on a dull December day bound for the land of the lotus eaters, and they will so continue until the end of time. These adieux, whether indulged in personally or merely witnessed, exert a rather morbid influence on travelers, and it is not until the passengers are a day or two at sea that they resume their normal condition. Finally, however, man's gregarious nature asserts itself, and he is ready to mingle with his fellows, and discuss the situation, political, material and spiritual. The sea being uncommonly quiet for the season, we quickly get acquainted, and by the time Hatteras is passed and we are within a few days of the West Indies, one knows with a perfect intimacy every human being, from the mining adventurer whose high hopes are taking him to his castles in Spain. to the greasy Jamaica waiter who, with touching affection, has daily brought me a hair of the cook's head in my soup.

The change from the shivering blasts of the north to the balmy and at times scorehing air of the tropics is comparatively sudden. Forty-eight hours from Sandy Hook we begin to feel the change very perceptibly, and on the morning of the third day January seems turned to July; the ladies robe themselves in soft white gowns and the men parade the decks in something akin to pajamas. We experience within the same week the comforts and discomforts of extreme heat and extreme cold. When the tropics are reached the ship company settles down to protracted dolce far niente, and under the beautiful skies of this gentle climate, watch and wait and observe.

bserve.

One need never grow old on voyages like this. It is an existence where life melts away in a continuous smile and reached. One doesn't have to care particularly for the opinions of one's neighbors, and fashion is not the inexorable tyrant she is on shore or even on the prominent transatlantic ships. During this long holiday we find that we are an amiable lot of passengers, take it all in all, without celebrities or notables in either cabin. By force of circumstances of us attain is merely a reflex one.

Still on the ship the types of characte and of nationality are as varied as Palmer Cox's "Brownies." We have the typical Briton, the almond eyed Mongolian, the conventional Celt, the genus Dude, the picturesque Spaniard, the bustling New Yorker, the latter in all things a law unto himself. Some of the Castilians look as though they had dropped out of Cervantes' book and were ready to fight windmills and scold Sancho Panza. The women are interesting and aumerous. A brand new bride, attended by her sighing Romeo from the wilds of Canada, heads the list, and on the principle that "all the world loves a lover," the passen gers pay her and her husband kindly homage The stately matron who guides the footsteps of young enthusiastic daughters, and the woman who appears to think she is destined to set the world right, are fellow voyagers. There are several meek and waiting girls on board, and when you look at them you think of Mr. Howells' description of the "lonely faces of uncourted women." The Dude is a naval officer whose mustache is irreproachable, whose corsets give his coat a perfect fit, and whose voice is as deep as a well. Although a naval officer in the service of his country, he has seldom been to sea, and

When the breezes blow He generally goes below;

a good fellow, a very good fellow, ready to talk largely and well on the maritime armament of the world, but nevertheless a little weak in the stomach. As the day moves on and the sun

grows botter it blazes down on the white decks and the passengers loll about under the awnings, yearning for a breath of cooler air and lazily watching the flying fish which sweep over the surface of these tropic seas in vast profusion. Presently land is sighted and the news is joyfully received, for three days have passed without even a sail in view. The land proves to be one of the West Indies -Salvador, in fact-and the captain points out the spot where Columbus first anded and discovered the western hemisphere. What a mighty scene that must have been! Who can think of it without wishing that the claim of visiting unknown lands and untraveled seas was his? What a joy to go into the vague unknown and to find that which man knows not of! There is greatness and sweetness even in the thought which makes puny and insignificant our mod-

ern "tour of the world in ninety days." Gradually the historic island sinks out of sight, and when we return for 5 freedom; but we all think a good deal of o'clock dinner to the deck the ocean is again an undotted expanse, a brisk trade and a brave soldier, they say who knew wind has arisen, and in the deepening twilight we enjoy a temperature delicious

The Si aniard takes his mandolin, the Canadian Romeo his guitar, and both join

the group in the after part of the ship. By and by soft English voices start a tender madrigal, and then comes song after song. Few of the motley assemblage are familiar with the airs we of the northern countries know, and national characteristics crop out. A Castilian barcarole, a French war song, a Canadian hunting ditty, a Dave Braham mel-ody, a Spanish glee follow each other in quick succession. The cosmopolite quality of the vessel is fully developed in

the songs the people sing.

And thus the hours glide on while the good ship speeds steadily through the tropic Atlantic, bound for the lands of eternal summer.

As the night grows old there comes a gradual hush over all; conversation as weli as merry melodies cease; no sound is heard save the swash of the sea and the gentle thrumming of the Canadian guitar. The company is thinking perhaps of absent friends, or meditating on future scenes. Suddenly the aimless picking of the musician touches a familar chord. It is "Home, Sweet Home!" Marvelous melody! Wondrous words! With one accord the whole assemblage freshens and revives, and when a young woman with a voice like Cordelia starts the verses, all appear to join in, for every heart seems touched by the song, just as it ever has been and ever shall be,

world without end. There is absolute catholicity in "Home, Sweet Home." I have heard it sung by rough miners in the wilds of the Rocky mountains; by discouraged climbers in the Swiss Alps, with the ghostlike Jungfrau standing out like a warning sentinel, and although the men and the women have been from far different climes, the universal pathos of the melody has appealed to all. Nothing was ever written or composed exciting such an influence on the traveler as this creation of a homeless man. Here in the simply because their wives are infatuated lonely tropic seas it was impressive even with the social splendor of the Federal to unsentimental natures, and when the city. Nearly all the women who aclast words died out on the night air the company their husbands to Washington song had fallen on the ship's people like are unable to accede to half the requests a benediction.

Listen! There go six bells. Eleven o'clock. The lights are ordered out. The and ambitious daughters to the capital day is done. FREDERICK W. WHITE.

PINE LAND PICTURES.

Rapid Vistas of Features and Folks at South Carolina Way Stations. [Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.-Charleston is seven miles from Ashley Junction. Journeying by direct route toward the Floridas and other winter haunts of wealthy northeners, one would naturally expect to find South Carolina's principal seaport on the through line of the Atlantic coast rail. It isn't there. Richmond, Va., is. So is Wilmington, N. C., and Savannah, Ga. So is Ashley Junction: where the acme of luxurious indolence is and here is a hurried transfer from comfortable sleeping and dining coaches to very ordinary cars, when the passenger is booked for Charleston.

compensating influences. Being located Washington woman of society is envied at a half hour's railway distance from wherever she is heard of but she de-Charleston, it served as a quarantine serves pity instead. against Jacksonville and its deadly saffron tinted epidemic of last year. No REMEMBER that the payment of the Prizes is guaranteed by Four National Banks of New Orleans, and the tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest courts; therefore, heware of all imitations or character is manifest when the glory any courts; therefore, heware of all imitations or character is manifest when the glory any courts; therefore, heware of all imitations or character is manifest when the glory any courts; therefore, heware of all imitations or character is manifest when the glory any courts; therefore, heware of all imitations or character is manifest when the glory any character is manifest when the glory any courts; therefore, heware of all imitations or character is manifest when the glory any courts; therefore, he ware of all imitations or character is manifest when the glory any courts; therefore, he ware of all imitations or character is manifest when the glory any character is manifest when the glory and the glory and the glory to a charm.

Branchville a colored preacher talked you guess what she is doing? Laying volubly about his race, its needs and its out the plan of campaign. Devising destiny. He knew the good time was ways and means for making the greatest coming; in fact, he believed that a big possible number of calls in a given numslice of it had already got here. It was ber of hours. Every one of those pieces his idea that the negroes were too much of board represents an obligation, a task. the prey and too little the care of their If she is to do her duty, if she is to "keep white fellow citizens. He deplored the up," not one must be neglected. Each poverty and illiteracy of the colored peo- card represents a call roade on her by ple of that section, but seemed greatly other victims of the Moloch of fashion. cheered by the brightening prospect. Himself raised from the servile position Several hundred ladies called, remained of a common field hand to a plane hon- a moment, and hurried away. The ored by men, he was a steadfast friend faces of four-fifths of them she has forof all educational institutions. "Let me gotten. Nine-tenths of them are nothing tell you, sir," he said, 'inding the waiter to her, nothing more than the other was an interested listener, "what South strangers she sees at the theatre or in the Carolina wants most is a higher grade of stores. Yet they have called, exchanged intelligence among laborers of both a hurried word or two with her, left sexes. Her working population, white their cards, and now, forsooth, she must as well as black, must become better ed- do likewise unto them. ucated.

cated.

Embodiment and sequel of the thirstructive study.

Increased transportation facilities, with cheap excursion rate., induces the freedman and members of his family to visit hotel in Darlington county, when the colored baggage crusher, pointing to one of his species on the opposite side of the road, suddenly exclaimed:

"Dat's a Charleston niggah, boss!" "How do you know?" I asked.

"Easy nuf, sah. He puts on too much style for dis yer place. Dat's shuah!" The hotel porter was right. A week afterward the stylish tourist of Darlington lathered my face as he scraped acquaintance in a King street barber shop. He knew me again.

"Shave close, sir?" I nodded my head, as affirmative. "Saw you in Florence a few days ago, didn't 1, colonel?" he questioned in the

next breath. "May be you did." said I.

"Yes, sir. It was last Wednesday." "Were you born in that county?" I inquired, as he deftly nicked me with his razor under the right ear and drew first blood.

"No, indeed, sir! I went up there to see my father's young master's grave. He was killed in the war, sir, at the place you call Antietam. I was born right here in Charleston after father got his young master, sir. He was a good man

him. I have written this literal dialogue not in the usual negro vernacular, for the barber did not use it. He was as choice of speech as those who had schooled him. HENRY CLAY LUKENS.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

IT IS FAMOUS FROM ONE END OF THE COUNTRY TO THE OTHER.

There Are Plans and Plans Without Number to Enter It Nipped in the Bud Every Year-The Good Folks There Are

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Jan. 81, -Capital society is famous from one end of this country to the other. In every state and termtory, in almost every county, are young women, and many not so very young, whose great and consuming ambition is s journey to Washington and entree to the charmed circle of which they have

Now in the Midst of the Season.



THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN. bought seats in either house or senate that are made of them from scheming mammas at home to bring their budding and introduce them to the gay whirl, Yet for the most part it is a very stupid sort of society, a very onerous and trying society, one in which few real friend-

ships are found, one which many women of sense and soberness have tasted only to abjure. We are now in the midst of the annual "season." and already society's devotees are beginning to need the attentions of medical advisers, to thirst for rest and quiet. The labors of public men, their long vigils at their official desks, their struggles with the masses of correspondence which continually flood them, have been much written about. Some sympathy has even been roused for them.

But you never hear of the labors of the women, who as a matter of fact work harder than their husbands in congress or the departments, who are daily confronted with tasks from which the strong-Yet Ashley Junction has developed its est. most active man would shrink. The

> Let us see what sort of labor the fash-On the table before her lie several hundred little pieces of bristol board. Can She had her reception the day before.

The poor woman counts her cards, teenth amendment of the national con- There may be 200. Even the pride which stitution, the Southern negro, whether she naturally feels at being honored with man, woman or child, is always an in- the Bristol boards of so many notables, or, to speak more correctly, the wives of so many notables, for the woman acquires importance here only as her husband does, by virtue of his money, his scenes dear to them from early associa- brains, or his demagogic facility for wintion. I was smoking an after dinner ning votes or otherwise intriguing himcigar one evening on the porch of a rural self into Lace-her pride in all this gives way before a flood of consternation.



RACING AGAINST TIME. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!" she exclaims, almost in tears, "how shall I ever do it? Why, that means forty calls a day for five days, without rest, and if I let a day go by I shall get hopelessly behind." She is weary and surfeited. But,

woman like, she grabs up the cards, takes a little comfort out of those which represent persons of the highest official station, and sets to work again on her plan of campaign. First, she assorts the cards by streets and avenues. Massachusetts avenue is well represented; so is Rhode Island avenue, K street, H whom she inherited \$150,000.

street and lowa and Dupont circles. Then she consults the society column of her morning newspaper to see what changes from the regular programme are announced. The cards of the ladies who receive on Tuesdays, or on Thursdays, or Fridays are placed in little piles. Thus order gradually comes out of chaos. In an hour the fair campaigner has laid out her route for the day. She has contrived to save all possible retracing of her steps, for time is everything. If she is experienced and skillful she will make a little map of the aristocratic or northwestern part of the city, and mark a cross thereon for each stopping place. This is for her coachman. Coachies are stupid fellows sometimes, and diagrams help them to cover the ground rapidly and without the loss of a minute.

Finally her eyes rest upon the clock. It is high noon.

"Dear me!" she exclaims, "is it so late? I am too tired to stir, but I must go and dress and get a bit of luncheon. have a hard day's work before me.'

At half past 1 the carriage appears, and our campaigner, looking very pretty in her light wrap with a little color at her throat, and a little more on her cheeks, sets out upon her raid. She is rather eager now, and impatiently asks the coachman if he fully understands what is expected of him.

"Forty calls today, you know, John,

and not a minute to spare." John touches his hat respectfully, and after my lady has scated herself in the carriage he raises his whip. John knows what forty calls mean. The horses know, too, and away they go. The avenue is full of other equipages, bearing other women on similar errands bent. The afternoon sortie is now on, and may all pedestrians look sharp. Washington society has the right of way.

Forty calls in four hours! Ten calls an hour, one call every six minutes. Three minutes for driving from house to house, one minute to get out of the carriage and into the drawing room, one minute for the exchange of compliments with the hostess, one minute to get into the carriage again and away. That is what it is. No wonder John whips up the horses and drives his equipage Desires to inform the public that his equip around the statue of Dupont or Me-Pherson or Thomas like a chariot in the hippodrome races. If our lady fails to make her forty calls it will not be John's make her forty calls it will not be John's fault. If it is his fault off will go his head, for the coachman who cannot successfully race againt time at the height of the "season" must sooner or later fall from his high estate to the ignominy of huckster's or coal wagon



GOOD-BY; MY HALF MINUTE HAS EX-FIRED!

In and out of the houses flies our campaigner. Her chatelaine watch is always in her hand, and if she catches herself a half minute behind time she redoubles her efforts in order to catch up.

If she be lucky enough to get a half minute on the credit side of her ledger Reopened 1033 O Street. she pauses in somebody's drawing room long enough to take a cup of tea or chocolate, or possibly a sip of the punch, to strengthen and cheer her for the fierce struggles yet to come. Now we find her absent mindedly looking at her little watch right under the very nose of her hostess, and cutting short a gracious remark about the weather with a somewhat ungracious:

"Good-by; my half minute has expired!"

And then she starts on another lap, leaving her hostess to take up the meteorological conversation with the next What, talking about the weather in

this brilliant society of Washington! Yes, indeed. Not much else is talked about in these kaleidoscopic afternoon drawing rooms. There is not time for any serious conversation. Hurry and triviality, stupidity and formality, become habitual on these occasions. Said the bright wife of an Illinois congressman who had been a school mistress: "I had heard so much of Washington society that I was almost afraid to enter it. I was timid about meeting the great ladies, and before coming here brushed up a little in art, literature and politics that I might not be wholly nonplused when engaged in conversation with the brilliant leaders of capital society. Im agine my surprise to find the weather always and everywhere the chief topic of conversation."

At 6 in the evening a pair of tired horses, a stiff coachman, a dust stained carriage draw up in front of the home of man steps upon the curb, and unless she has an evening reception to attend, or a dinner table to sit at from 7 to 10, she crams a little food down her throat, takes a peop at the children and goes off to bed to gather strength for the morrow's raid, and to dream of electric vehicles and pneumatic slides by which sixty calls may be made in sixty minutes.

And yet there are women who pretend to like it. WALTER WELLMAN.

Queen Victoria's new housekeeper at Windsor Castle is Mrs. Henderson. She is a niece of the former incumbent, from

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