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**Louisiana State Lottery Comp'y.**

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present state constitution in 1875 by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its Grand Extraordinary 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.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

*Ed. J. Emery*  
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries, which may be presented at our counters.

**E. M. WALMSLEY, Pres't Louisiana Nat'l Bk**  
**PIERRE L. S. AUBRY, Pres't State National Bk**  
**A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank**  
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**MAMMOTH DRAWING**  
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans,  
Tuesday, June 18, 1889.  
**Capital Prize, \$600,000.**

100,000 Tickets at \$40; Halves \$20; Quarters \$10; Eighths \$5; Twentieths \$2; Fortieths \$1.	
<b>LIST OF PRIZES.</b>	
1 PRIZE OF \$600,000 is.....	\$600,000
1 PRIZE OF \$200,000 is.....	200,000
1 PRIZE OF \$100,000 is.....	100,000
1 PRIZE OF \$50,000 is.....	50,000
2 PRIZES OF \$20,000 are.....	40,000
5 PRIZES OF \$10,000 are.....	50,000
10 PRIZES OF \$5,000 are.....	50,000
20 PRIZES OF \$2,000 are.....	40,000
100 PRIZES OF \$500 are.....	50,000
500 PRIZES OF \$100 are.....	50,000
250 PRIZES OF \$50 are.....	12,500
500 PRIZES OF \$25 are.....	12,500
<b>APPROXIMATION PRIZES.</b>	
100 Prizes of \$1,000 are.....	\$100,000
100 do. 500 are.....	50,000
100 do. 250 are.....	25,000
<b>TWO NUMBER TERMINALS.</b>	
1,968 Prizes of \$200 are.....	\$393,600
3,144 Prizes amounting to.....	\$2,159,600

**AGENTS WANTED.**

For Club Rates or any other desired information, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an envelope bearing your full address.

**IMPORTANT.**  
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By ordinary letter containing Money Order issued by all Express Companies, New York Exchange, Draft or Postal Note.

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**NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,**  
New Orleans, La.

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, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes.

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a ticket ISSUED BY US in any drawing. Anything in our name offered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.

**HAGENOW & ASCHMANN,**  
**Philharmonic Orchestra**  
AND  
**MILITARY BAND,**  
Room 10, Opera House Block

**J. H. W. HAWKINS,**  
**ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT,**

Buildings completed or in course of erection from April 1, 1888.

Business block, C E Montgomery, 11th and N. do. L W Billingsley, 11th near N. Restaurant (Odella) C E Montgomery, N near 11th.

Residence, J J Imhoff, J and 12th. do J D Macfarland, Q and 14th. do John Zehring, D and 11th. do Albert Watkins, D bet 9th and 10th. do Wm M Leonard, E bet 9th and 10th. do E R Guthrie, 7th and N. do J E Reed, M D, F bet 15th and 17th. do L G N Baldwin, Q bet 18th and 19th.

Sanitarium building at Milford, Neb. First Baptist church, 14th and K streets. ordinary chandel and receiving tomb at Wyuka cemetery.

Office Rooms 33 and 34  
**Richards Block**

**CEMETERIES OF PANAMA.**

Graves Rented and Bodies Buried in Second Hand Coffins.

The cemeteries of Panama, five in all, are at Cocca grove, and are within one minute's walk from one another. They are all managed by one firm, *Sives Obarrillo Cia.* One of these gentlemen went with me through all the graveyards and explained everything of interest. The five cemeteries are the foreign, the Chinese, the Jewish, the old Spanish and the new Spanish. People may be buried in any of these according to desire. The managers of the cemeteries are the only ones in the business of manufacturing, selling and letting coffins; so they have a coffin monopoly just as the Boston Ice company has a monopoly of ice, or a New York house has a monopoly in hams.

There the Panama Canal company manufacture whatever coffins they need for their employes, and transact a very brisk business in this particular. In the price of coffins there is a wide margin, the sum being from \$7 to \$100. If even \$7 is higher than can be afforded, an old coffin more or less clean, in good condition of repair, can be hired for one-tenth the selling price of a new one, and a second hand coffin of rather disreputable appearance, bought for interment at \$1, the corpse being transferred at the grave. This is done to a large extent. For instance, if a poor man's friends want to give him a first class send off for a little money they can hire a \$100 coffin for one-tenth, i. e., \$10, and buy an old one for interment at \$1, making \$11, or hiring a \$40 one, the whole cost is only \$5, or he may buy a \$1 one at once and not hire any other, or he may go still lower by not using any coffin at all, in which case he is sandwiched between two weather beaten boards. It is said that he sleeps as long and perhaps as comfortably this way as in the most superbly trimmed receptacle.

The graves are not sold, but rented for one or two years. If the regular rental is not paid the body is disinterred, the bones thrown in a common heap and the coffin used as a second hand one. This is a very general result of burial. The same system prevails, too, in the Boreadas, where holes in masonry are let for \$12 for eighteen months. Friends are usually neglectful after a period of mourning, and a common heap of bones kept in a high yard is enormous. There, Celestias, Caucasians and Africans are mixed up like *Batterton's babies*. This jumble of human remains suggests much trouble when Gabriel blows his trumpet. Who will be able to find the full complement of his own skeleton? The agile one may make up his own deficiency from the pick of the rest, but the slow moving individual will be apt to miss it. I fear there will be many misfits to the Celestial grave. Who can tell whether one is entitled to admission if one is composed partly of some one else? The very thought is disagreeable and perplexing.—A Panama Letter.

**Window Ventilation.**

To obtain ventilation by a window, without a draft to strike a person, a direction to the following effect has been constantly repeated by every hygienist and hygienic publication for a number of years past without a suspicion of its fallacy, apparently, on the part of any one of the public's instructors: "Fit a strip of board into the window casing at the bottom, under the lower sash, so as to raise the sash two or three inches, and the thin spaces between the panes, where the sashes lap over each other, will be open above and below, affording egress and ingress to the air in vertical directions, while the board excludes a horizontal draft that would strike a person near the window."

The objection to this plan is that it is built exactly wrong side up, in defiance of the law of gravitation, and will not work. It contemplates the exit of the warm and rarified air of the room downward through the colder air between the sashes, and expects the still colder and heavier air outside to climb upward through the lighter inclosed air and tumble over the top of the sash into the room. The amount of air exchanged between outside and inside in this way will be hardly perceptible, unless a strong breeze blows against the window.

The way to get ventilation through this interspace, and a truly excellent way, is to push up the lower sash to the top of the casing, and pull the upper sash down within a few inches of the sill, stopping the gap at the bottom with the board above mentioned. The outer air will then find a downward entrance and the lighter air within will escape upward.—Sanitary Era.

**The Skull of a Cobra.**

The skull of a cobra lies before me. From the tip of the snout to the back of the skull the length is one and one-quarter inches. The brain case is an ivory casnet of great solidity, but the jaw bones are loosely connected, and during life are capable of a good deal of motion. The two side pieces of the lower jaw are in the snake only united in front by elastic tissue. Behind they do not hinge on the brain case itself, but on long supping ones which jut out at the back of the skull, and these are capable of motion outward, so as to widen the space between them. Not only are there teeth on the lower jaw and along the outer edges of the upper jaw in the python's skull, but there are also extra rows of teeth implanted in the bones which lie one on each side of the palate. The teeth are not for crushing or tearing or chewing. They all slope markedly backward and are for holding the prey. Your finger will slip into the mouth of a small python easily enough; but try and draw it out again—that is a different matter. The curved teeth are constructed to prevent that.—Murray's Magazine.

**A Story for Bon Vivants.**

One man invited another to a dinner at the Manhattan club, of which both were members. It was agreed that the one who arrived first should order the meal. Some time after the appointed hour the host of the occasion found his guest at a table in a remote corner of the cafe. "Have you ordered?" asked the host. "Yes," "Well, so have I," was the answer. Both laughed, and then the host with a flash of the eye inquired what soup his guest had ordered. The soup was named and the host answered: "Then we've ordered the same dinner; any man with proper notions of sequence in dining would follow that soup with just what I've ordered." The scientific diners compared menus and found that the orders agreed in every particular. Both dinners and all the wines ordered were served.—New York Letter.

**Made Him Feel Comfortable.**

"Do you know what is the difference between you and myself?" This conundrum was buried at a Pittsburg broker by his better half, who had been sitting up for him, when he arrived at home about 1 o'clock in the morning. "Can't say, my dear," he replied. "What is it?" "You speculate all day, and I speculate late at night."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

**Not a Doubt of It.**

Mr. Greathead—I have devised a great scheme, Mr. Holden, a railroad to convey corpses to all the principal cemeteries. Mr. Holden—if you can assure them of a return ticket your fortune is made.—Philadelphia Call.

**Taking a Drink.**

At a Park Drinking Fountain—Have a drink, Phoebe?  
"No, you drink, Sadie."  
"No, you drink."  
"Oh-ugh. You drink."  
"Drink!"  
"Drink yourself."  
"Oh-ugh, I'm not much thirsty, anyway."  
"Well, I'm in no hurry. You drink, Sadie."  
"Age before me, hurry. Ho! Ho! Drink, Phoebe."  
"No, you drink. I drank first at the other fountain."  
"That doesn't make any difference. I got the cup first. You drink."  
"No, you drink."  
"You drink."  
And so on for about five minutes, to the rapturous delight of the thirsty crowd waiting for the two young women from Goshaw to settle the question of precedences.—Chicago Tribune.

**A Wakeful Guardian.**



Johnson—Dat's a mighty pore dawg ob yours, Yallerby. He's bones mos' stick out frough he's skin.  
Yallerby—Huh! Dat's jes' what makes him a good watch dawg. He kain't lie down wivout hurtin' ob hisself.—Judge.

**Discount.**

It used to be the custom, and is now in many localities, to "beat down" in all trades with storekeepers and merchants. An amusing example of this practice is given below:

In the old haggling way of trade it was customary to demand a great deal more than the asker hoped to get. One time, on the Texas frontier, a man came into a camp riding on an old mule.

"How much for the mule?" asked a bystander.

"Jist a hundred dollars," answered the rider.

"I'll give you five dollars," said the other. The rider stopped short, as if in amazement, and then slowly dismounted.

"Stranger," said he, "I ain't a-goin' to let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yours."

**Another story, somewhat of the same sort,**

is related of an old tenant farmer who, on paying his rent, told his landlord that he wanted some timber to build a house, and would be much obliged if he would give him permission to cut down what would answer for the purpose.

"No!" said the landlord, sharply.

"Well, then, str., the farmer went on, "will you give me enough to build a barn?"

"No!"

"To make a gate, then?"

"Yes."

"That's all I wanted," said the farmer, "and more than I expected."—Yankee Blade.

**A Severe Shock.**

First Exquisite—Bah Jove, Cholly, you are looking all broke up. What's up?  
Second Ditto—I was walking down street just now, with my choicest suit on, and a fellow insulted me grievously.

"You don't mean it, old boy! What did he do?"

"Why, the rascal stuck into my hand one of those beastly three-dollar-panis circulars. My goodness! I really thought I should swoon."—Boston Transcript.

**The Revenge of Time.**

Tapeyard—Who is that stunning girl you raised your hat to?  
Ribbonley—Miss Goldie Bullion.  
Tapeyard (timidly)—She didn't return your courtesy. Perhaps she doesn't know you.  
Ribbonley (bitterly)—No! she does not know me now; but when I am the only young man at Ocean Foam next summer she will not only know me but pine for me in vain.—Lowell Citizen.

**Always Make a Good Beginning.**

Milkman—Know where the folks of this house moved to? They owe me \$2 for milk.  
Policeman—Don't know. Presume there was \$1.50 worth of water in the milk, wasn't there?  
Milkman—No; that's what hurts me. They were new customers and I hadn't begun to water their milk yet. I always sell straight goods for the first ten days and make it up the next ten.—Omaha World.

**They Made Nothing Useful.**

Wiggins (reflectively)—Lord MacEnoch! Lord MacEnoch! I don't remember any one of that name in the British nobility. Who was the founder of his family?  
Baboon (haughtily)—My friend's family, sir, includes no founders, nor any other kind of manufacturers.—Judge.

**Heading Her Off.**

Mrs. Travis—Ah, Johnnie! I have caught you with a fish pole over your shoulder! I shall go right and tell your father. Where is he?  
Johnnie Dumpey—Down at the foot of the garden diggin' the bait.—Burlington Free Press.

**A Precocious Caution.**

Uncle—Bobby, don't you hear your mother calling you?  
Bobby—Yes'r.  
Uncle—Well, why don't you hasten to her?  
Bobby—Why, ma has heart disease, and she'd be surprised most to death if I answered the first time she called me.—Omaha World.

**Success Difficult.**

Mr. Lytewaito—It's too bad about poor Langley. His publisher has sold only twenty copies of his book of poems.  
Billipid—Indeed, I'm surprised. And he is an excellent poet.  
Lytewaito—Oh, yes, an excellent poet, but you see he doesn't know a dialect.—Tuna.

**Edison Eclipsed.**

"Who is that man over there who is receiving so much attention?"  
"Why, haven't you heard of Mr. Cloverhead, the great inventor?"  
"No—what did he invent?"  
"That great puzzle, 'Fishes in the Frog Pond.'"—Yankee Blade.

**How the World Degenerates.**

One hundred years ago not a single game of baseball was played anywhere in the United States. Now look at us.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**They Cannot.**

When an Indian dies his relatives pay his debts. And yet some people think Indians can be civilized.—Life.

**THE ARIZONA KICKER.**

Its Motto is "Live and Let Live"—An Obituary and a Free Pass.

The last issue of The Arizona Kicker contains the following interesting items:

CAN'T DO IT.—We have been offered \$25 in cash and a barrel of wild plum vinegar to publish the record of the man who runs the weekly further down the street. While there is no doubt in my mind that he is a bigamist, horse thief, barn burner and anarchist sympathizer, we know what belongs to decency and we positively refuse the bribe.

There is too much mud throwing among the editors of the west, anyhow. They seem to have forgotten what is due to the position. If one of our doctors kills a patient by some mistake the rest are always ready to swear him clear. If one of the editorial fraternity makes a trip, the rest are eager to pitch into him. It shouldn't be so. There should be more of the fraternal spirit—more of the pride of profession. Therefore, while we are perfectly satisfied that the bald headed, bow legged, squint eyed old coyote who calls himself the editor of the moribund dish rag eleven doors below ought to be in state prison for life, we are not going to forget what belongs to the amenities of editorial life.

PASSED AWAY.—"Injun Joe," as he was familiarly called, has finally passed in his checks, although he hung on for a year longer than any one thought he could. He crept into one of the A. & T. stage coaches and surrendered to the grim destroyer. We always looked upon Joe as half witted, but we beg to acknowledge our mistake. In his last hours he wrote down the fact on a bit of paper that we owed him seven dollars borrowed money, and that bit of paper was left where it could not help but be seen. The first we knew of his death was when the coxswain brought in the note. We borrowed the money a year ago, and as Joe had never dunned us we supposed it had slipped his mind. We shall probably have to pay it, but whether we shall do so before appealing to the law remains to be seen.

DESERVING OF PATRONAGE.—It is over seven months since the A. & T. coaches were put on to connect our town with the outside world. The Kicker has not before mentioned the fact, for the reason that no pass was sent to us. If a stage coach or a railroad company starts out with the idea that it can paddle its canoe without the aid of the press, the best way is to give them rope. We have been giving the A. & T. line rope. Yesterday it threw up its hands and sent us a beautiful annual pass.

The Kicker now takes pleasure in calling public attention to the fact that the A. & T. Stage Line company, limited, has three roomy and comfortable vehicles running from the post-office to Topknot Station, on the U. P. road, nine miles away. The fare is very low, the drivers are enterprising, and the speed satisfactory. It is an enterprise which deserves patronage, and we hope the company will have the support and good wishes of every citizen of the town.—Detroit Free Press.

**He Won't Enthusias.**

"This George Washington they are making such a fuss about was the old George, wasn't he?" he queried, as he leaned against the city hall fence yesterday.

"He was," replied the other.

"Wasn't the George Washington of New Orleans, who fought twenty-three rounds after his left arm was broken?"

"No."

"Wasn't that George Washington, of Chicago, who carried a billiard table around a square on a bed of \$5?"

"No."

"There was a George Washington in Omaha who looked up a bank cashier for \$6,000. Do you think he could be the man?"

"Oh, no. This is the original George—used to be president."

"Led the American army and suffered at Valley Forge, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Crossed the Delaware one night in the winter?"

"Yes."

"Got the bulge on Cornwall at Yorktown?"

"He's the one."

"All right, then. If he's the man I'm not going to split my coat up the back. If it was some of the boys I've met I'd be willing to help the thing move off lively and push 'em up a peg. I never try to get in any work on a dead man. He can't recip."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Very Human Little Boy.**

Little S—, 4 years old, was taken to church one day, and, in the course of the service, it gradually dawned upon him that the attention of the congregation was centered, not upon himself, but upon the clergyman, who was unobtrusively of S—. He felt the neglect keenly. He exhibited signs of restlessness, sighed most wearily, and finally attracted the attention of a lady sitting directly behind him, who leaned over and whispered:

"What is the matter, S—?"

"Oh," he replied, "I can think of so many things to do so much better than this."—Drake's Magazine.

**A Bright Little Boy.**

Susie—Tommy is a bright little boy. He is going to school now, and is learning very fast.

Tommy (aged 6)—I know what a lot of words mean.

The Young Man Who Calls on Susie—Do you, indeed?

Tommy—Yes, I know what "pals" means. The Young Man—What does it mean?

Tommy (triumphantly)—You and Mr. Brown are pals, and pals means companions in crime.—Yankee Blade.

**A Sad Sight.**

Bagley—I saw a melancholy sight a few days ago—a messenger boy standing pensively on a street corner.

Fogg—That's nothing.

Bagley—No, but some one had hung on the boy's back a sign that read: "Will move about May 1."—America.

**She Knew but Little About Cigarettes.**

Botanist—This, Miss Harriet, is the tobacco plant.

Miss Harriet—How interesting! And when does it begin to bear cigarettes?—Tuna.

**Time Loves a Youthful Mark.**

Time Loves a Youthful Mark.

Time Loves a Youthful Mark.

**Bessie—They say she is as pretty as a picture.**

Jennie—Perhaps so. But she's not as pretty as her last picture.—Harper's Bazar.

**CLEARING SALE**  
MAY 27 TO JUNE 1.

We have many short lengths of **Carpetings** running from 10 to 35 yds. We will give special prices on **all these this week.** In our **drapery department** on all odd pairs and pieces in **Curtains, Coverings, etc.,** we will do the same.

Remember, we shall give prices that will positively sell these goods.

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**GENTLEMEN:**

I shall display for your inspection a new and very carefully selected Stock, comprising many of the latest and newest designs of the European Manufacturers, and I am now prepared to take all orders for making up garments for gents in the latest styles.

**LADIES TAILORING:**

Having for seventeen years met with great success in Brooklyn, N. Y., in cutting and making Ladies Jackets and Riding Habits, shall be pleased to receive patronage from the ladies during the coming season.

I am also prepared to receive orders for all kinds of Uniforms and Smoking Jackets.

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Most Popular Resort in the City.  
**ODELL'S DINING HALL,**  
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Meals 25 cts. \$4.00 per week.

Steam and Hot Water Heating.

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