

ROBERTS & Co.

212 North 11th Street,
Undertakers & Embalmers.Telephones.—Office 145. Residence 156
Open Day and Night.

E. T. ROBERTS, Manager.



LADIES

Should call and
see our Goods
and
Spring
Novelties
and Ornaments
for the head.All the latest
shapes in Bangs
Switches, etc.

1114 O St.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over a Million Distributed.

A.S.L.

Louisiana State Lottery Comp'y.
Incorporated by the Legislature for Edu-
cational and Charitable purposes, and its
franchise made a part of the present state
constitution in 1879 by an overwhelming popu-
lar vote.Its MAMMOTH DRAWINGS take
place Semi-Annually (June and Decem-
ber), and its Grand Single Number Draw-
ings 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: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 man-
age and control the drawings themselves,
and that the same are conducted with hon-
esty, fairness, and in good faith toward all
parties, and we authorize the Company to use
this certificate, with fac-similes of our signa-
tures attached, in its advertisements.

Ed. J. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers
will pay all prizes drawn in the Louisiana
State Lotteries, which may be presented at
our counters.R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres't Louisiana Nat'l Bk
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres't State National Bk
A. BALDWIN, Pres't New Orleans Nat'l Bk
CARL KOHN, Pres't Union National BankGrand Monthly Drawing
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, September 10, 1889.

Capital Prize, \$300,000.

100,000 Tickets at \$20 each; Halves \$10; Quar-
ters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF \$300,000	100,000
1 PRIZE OF \$100,000	50,000
1 PRIZE OF \$50,000	25,000
1 PRIZE OF \$25,000	10,000
2 PRIZES OF \$10,000	20,000
5 PRIZES OF \$5,000	50,000
25 PRIZES OF \$1,000	25,000
100 PRIZES OF \$500	50,000
500 PRIZES OF \$200	100,000
100 PRIZES OF \$100	50,000
500 PRIZES OF \$50	25,000
100 PRIZES OF \$25	10,000
500 PRIZES OF \$10	50,000
100 PRIZES OF \$5	25,000
500 PRIZES OF \$2	10,000
100 PRIZES OF \$1	50,000

5,134 Prizes amounting to \$1,054,800.
Note.—Tickets drawing the Capital Prize
are not entitled to terminal Prizes.

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 re-
turn mail delivery will be assured by your en-
closing an Envelope bearing your full ad-
dress.

IMPORTANT.

Address M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.By ordinary letter containing Money Order
issued by all Express Companies, New
York Exchange, Draft or Postal Note.Address Registered Letters containing
Currency to
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 char-
acter and rights are recognized in the highest
courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or
anonymous schemes.ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest
part of a fraction of a ticket ISSUED BY US
in any drawing. Any thing in our name of-
fered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.J. H. W. HAWKINS,
ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.Buildings completed or in course of erection
from April 1, 1886.Business block, O.E. Montgomery, 11th and N.
do do L.W. Billingsley, 11th and N.
Restaurant (Odeon) C.E. Montgomery, N. near
11th.Residence, J.J. Imhoff, J. and 19th.
do J.D. Macfarland, Q. and 14th.
do John Zebrung, D. and 11th.
do Albert Watkins, D. bet 9th and 10th.
do Wm M. Leonard, E. bet 9th and 10th.
do E.R. Guthrie, 27th and N.
do J.C. Reed, M.D., F. bet 16th and 17th.
do J.G.M. Babin, E. bet 18th and 19th.Sanitarium building at Milford, Neb.
First Baptist church, 14th and K streets.
Marjory chancel and receiving tomb at Wyuka
cemetery.Rooms 38 and 3
Richards Block

THE DARKY DUCKED IN TIME.

It was a Trick He Learned During the
War, and It Served Him Well.From where we sat on the tavern veranda
we could look right across the Mississippi
river, although at the edge of the river on
our side there was a bluff 40 feet high, with
a strong current below. All along this bluff
were common, and we had an unobstructed
view. We were talking and smoking when
a goat came around the corner of an old
abandoned warehouse and began to feed
toward us. Five minutes later an old white
headed darky, using a cane to help him
along, came out from behind the same ware-
house and stood almost on the edge of the
bluff, and appeared to gaze across the river."What a fat take that goat has got, if he
only knew it," whispered one of the party."What a fool of a nigger to take such a
risk!" growled a second.We ought to have warned the old man,
who seemed totally unsuspecting of danger,
but we didn't. Human nature is just that
way. He had been there two or three min-
utes when the goat observed him and began
to twitch his tail. It was none of his busi-
ness that the man was there, and no law com-
pelled him to kick up a fuss, but we all saw
that he meant to do it. As he gathered for a
run every man rose up to warn the victim,
but no warning was uttered. It was human
nature to want to see the fun. The goat shot
away like a flash, and as he drew near he
made a long jump to give full force to the in-
tended blow. Next instant both had disap-
peared, and we ran down expecting to see
them struggling in the muddy waters. As we
reached the bluff the old man rose up from
a pit dug within two feet of the edge,
and grinning and lifted his hat and said:"Mawin', gem'en. 'Spected to find me
down dar', I reckon."He pointed to the goat, which was swim-
ming wildly about as the current carried it
down, and one of the party replied:"Yes, we certainly thought you were a
goat. You dropped in there, eh? You must
have been pretty quick about it.""Wall, sorter, but dat was no trick at all.
Doozin' de wah, when de Yankee gunboats
lay ober dar an' frowed shot at de guns up
heah, I war one of de cu'll'd gem'en who
handed de shovel an' de sand bags. Dat's
whar I larned to duck. Dem Yankees didn't
know me, an' dey kept tryin' to kill me, an' I
had to duck an' dodge so often dat arter de
wah chosed I nobber got straightened up agin.
Ize bin layin' fur dat goat more'n two weeks,
an' now he's done gone an' won't bodder no-
body no mo'. I used to cuss dat wah when it
was goin' but now I see what a blessing it
was. 'Whar' would de ole man be now if de
Yankees had not frowed ten tons of cannon
balls at him an' larned him to duck?"—New
York Sun.

The Had Boston Uncle.

Among the children of a certain Sunday
school is a bright little boy of four years. He
has an uncle who takes great pleasure in
teaching him nonsensical verses. A few
Sundays since his teacher was telling the
class about the busy bees, and asked if any
of the children could tell her anything about
them.

"Waldo can," spoke up the little fellow.

"Well, Waldo, you may stand in front and
tell us what you know."And Waldo, rising proudly, steamed away
with these lines:"How doth the little busy bee
Delight to bark and bite,
To gather honey all the day
And eat it up at night?"Trying to suppress a smile the teacher
asked:

"Did your mother teach you that?"

"No, my Uncle Arthur did!"—Boston
Transcript.

He Was Getting It.

At one of the towns below Rochester a woman
and her nurse and child got aboard, and
it wasn't long before the child, who was a boy
of 3, began to act up. The mother paid no
attention to him whatever, not even when he
began to kick and bite, strike and squall.The passengers soon agreed that the young
autocrat was in some need of a spanking, but
the mother had her nose in a novel and the
nurse didn't want to take the responsibility.By and by an old man, who had been suffer-
ing with headache, could stand it no longer,
and he leaned up and whispered to the nurse:"Why don't you give that young'un a good
pounding?""Kape still, yer honor," she replied with a
wink. "I've got four pins sticking into his
body already, and in a minute or two I'll
have thray or four more."—Detroit Free
Press.

Give the Fly a Chance.

"Good many flies in here," he said to a
shoemaker on Champlain street, as he sat
down to have a lift put on the heel of his
shoe.

"Yes."

"Never tried to drive 'em out, did you?"

"No."

"Don't want to keep 'em on the outside, I
suppose?"

"No."

"Wouldn't put up a screen door, then, if
any one should give you one?"

"No."

"You must be the house fly's friend!"

"My friend, I vhas soosh a man dot I like
caferpydy to get along all right. If you
pitch on some flies he vhas mad; if you gif
him a chance may he goes py himself and
does vhell and vhas your friend."—Detroit
Free Press.

Her Preference.

We sat upon the topmost step,
And talked of this and that;
She asked me if I'd been away,
And how I liked her hat.We chatted about various things,
Of novels and the weather;
For hours, or almost every theme,
We there conversed together.I asked what paper she preferred:
She hesitated some.
While through the dark around we heard
The gay mosquito's hum.She moved a little closer then,
And answered: "Can't you guess?
Why, the one of all that suits me most
Is The Daily Evening Press."—Chicago News.

A Matter of Taste.

Norah—An' has your mistress good taste?
Bridget—Good taste, is it? Faith, her
dresses look better on me than do me own.—
Yonkers Statesman.

A Last Request.

Boy to his friend who has fallen down the
hole—Say, Tommy, if you never should come
out of dere erive, can I have your ball purp
—Life.

A Great Invention.

"This is a machine that is to revolutionize
newspaper pictorial art," explained Mr. Gi-
nochio. "It is filled with clockwork and op-
erated by a strong electric battery. Its mate
is the other end of the line. Now, you can
write a signature or a letter, or a picture, and
transmit either, with the identical characters
formed with your pen. But that would be
nothing new. Autotelegraphy has been
known for fully ten years, but this will
carry out the autotelegraphic idea to the
fullest extent. You can write as much as
you please—thousands of words if you like,
as newspaper men and others frequently
have to do—and this machine will chew it up
—that is, transmit it—as fast as you can
write. Indeed, the writing can be done on a
continuous roll, and when a score of lines are
written the top of the roll can be fed to the
machine while the writer continues filling up
the rest, and without tearing the roll. It can
be regulated so as to keep pace exactly with
the speed of the writer; and by the time he
has finished the machine will be on the last
page, and will end its task almost immediately.
The newspaper or other office receiving the
matter will thus have it in the writer's own
handwriting and within a few moments after
it has passed out of his hands.""But how is it proposed to transmit pic-
tures?""By the same method. The paper to be
used will be washed with a weak solution of
chloride of calcium, which will make it a
conductor. The ink will be the non-conduc-
tor or insulator. The pictures will have to
be reproduced with pen and ink at the point
of sending, and with this as the only delay
they can be transmitted without difficulty,
every line and shadow being reproduced with
extreme fidelity."

"Have you tested the machine?"

"I have and found it work like a charm.
So long as the clockwork keeps running it
cannot get out of order. The machine is de-
signed especially for the use of the daily press
and will enable our newspapers to produce
accurate and excellent pictures of events in
the issue immediately following, instead of,
as now, waiting a day or two for the artist.
You can readily understand how such an in-
strument could be applied on a leased wire,
where voluminous press reports have to be
sent daily and nightly. Every reporter could
then be his own operator."—Philadelphia
Press.

An Old Time Fire Engine.

The old Deptford engine, of the Friendship
Fire company, of Winchester, Va., has been
purchased by C. T. Holloway, of this city,
who will put it in order and keep it as a relic
of the past. The Deptford was built by John
Rodgers, of this city, in 1850, for the volun-
teer fire department. After the dissolution
of the department it was sold to the Inde-
pendent Fire company, of Frederick, Md. The
Independent company afterward pur-
chased a steam fire engine and sold the Dept-
ford to the Friendship company, who in turn
sold it to Mr. Holloway. After purchasing a
steam fire engine, the Deptford will be en-
tered in the hand contest on Tuesday, Sept.
10, to be held in Mount Vernon place. It is
a double deck gallery engine and is worked
by hand. To be properly managed it re-
quires forty men to handle it. It plays one
stream from the gallery and two side
streams, and was considered the best playing
engine in the volunteer department. It is
capable of throwing a stream of water 100
feet.The gallery has four oil paintings on the
sides, back and front, which were executed
by a Baltimore artist. The engine is drawn
by hand. When in service it is placed di-
rectly in front of the fire and the water is
pumped through the hose to the engine from
the plugs. The gallery and box are mounted
with brass. The Deptford assisted in get-
ting under control the great fire in this city
on April 14, 1857. This was one of the fiercest
conflagrations that ever visited Baltimore,
and six persons perished in the flames, in-
cluding several firemen. The fire started in
a building in South Charles street, near Lam-
bard, and burned out a vast portion of the
property in the vicinity before it was sub-
dued. The loss amounted to \$340,000. The
Deptford also did good service in other fires
almost as destructive before the days of the
modern department.—Baltimore Sun.

Different Manners.

Manners are often worst in the most in-
dustrial and advanced parts of the country.
In the highlands of Scotland, where indus-
trial civilization is almost unknown, popular
manners are excellent; in some parts of the
lowlands they are rude, repellent and un-
sympathetic. The best English manners are
to be found in certain rural districts, the
worst in thriving and energetic Lancashire.
Too much energy is unfavorable to the best
behavior, which grows to perfection among
idle or in agricultural and pastoral com-
munities, where folks work in a leisurely
fashion and have many spare moments on
their hands. Manners always represent an
ideal of some kind. The English way of be-
havior seems to stand for dignity, the French
for grace. Manners in both countries are
more the representation of self in outward
form than any evidence of real consideration
for the person to whom they are addressed.
The Englishman wishes to convey the idea
that he himself has dignity, that he is a gen-
tleman; the Frenchman is anxious to show
that he is a witty and accomplished man of
the world. * * * The virtues of English
behavior are chiefly of a negative kind, and
those of French behavior positive. An Eng-
lishman is pleasant because he is not noisy,
not troublesome, not obtrusive, not contra-
dictory, and because he has the tact to avoid
conversational pitfalls and precipices. The
Frenchman is agreeable because he is lively,
amusing, is amiable, is successful in the
battle against dullness, and will take trouble
to make conversation interesting.—French
and English—Hamerton.

Breaking a Pitcher Saved Two Lives.

The breaking of a water pitcher saved two
young girls from death by asphyxiation at
Earle's hotel recently. Lena and Theresa
Mandelstrom, aged 24 and 16 years, arrived
Friday from Europe, meaning to join their
brother in Texas. Upon going to bed at the
hotel to which they had been directed the
girls turned off the gas, but must have turned
it on again. Early in the morning the elder
girl awoke, feeling, as she said, a terrible
thirst, and started out of the room to call
for some water. She fell in the hallway, how-
ever, and broke a pitcher she held, the noise
attracting the attention of several persons.
Somebody discovered the odor of gas and
that the younger girl was lying unconscious
in bed. Both had been seriously affected and
were removed to Chambers Street hospital.
—New York World.

His Idea of Modesty.

Customer—Why are you so unassuming
that you never make comparisons between
your goods and those of other houses?Manufacturer—Because modesty is the best
policy in business. You see, we never admit
that there is any comparison at all.—Epoch.

Correct English.

Teacher—What gender is girl?
Bright Boy—Sometimes feminine and some-
times neuter."Humph! When is a girl neuter gender?"
"When she's playin' tag and is 'it.'"—New
York Weekly.

SLOTS AND SLIDES.

Chewing Gum and Hymn Book Machines.
Automatic Novelties."G'd darn it, now!" was the exclamation
of a worthy rural as he stood gaping at an
automatic chewing gum machine with the
autumnal slot. "Then things, mister," turn-
ing to a bystander, "are mighty onartin in
their workings. It ain't a bad kind of game
for them as gits the nickels, but how about
the fellow as chucks in his last cent and don't
git his gum?""Slot" machines are making their appear-
ance everywhere and in the most curious
places. Hotels, stores, news stands, ferries,
restaurants, are supplied with all sorts of de-
vices on the "slot" principle, and selling a
varied description of merchandise.Most of these machines are kept in good
order, being regularly inspected by the pro-
prietors who place them. But they fre-
quently "don't work," as in the case of the
New Hampshire friend. It's often a game of
"perhaps," if it works you get your pur-
chase, if it doesn't you don't. Still, there
are thousands who drop in their nickels and
make no complaint, even if the slot is slovenly.
It is said that there's a knack in it, and
that the thing can be worked to a charm if
you know how.The candy slot is in high favor. Scores of
girls drop in their coins and giggle as the
resplendent packages roll out. The next in
favor is the chewing gum slot, and largely
patronized by girls. Then there is the foun-
tain perfume slot, worked with a penny,
which gives out a wee jet of cologne. This
unique contrivance doesn't always work, but
it sometimes gives a scent for a cent.Weighing slot machines, with their clock
faces, are said to be irregular in their action,
and a customer weighing would be puzzled
to know just what his weight was by these
wonderful machines.A candy motto shop was working admir-
ably the other day as two young people stood
spooning in front of it, dropping their nickels
and laughing over the prophecies and senti-
ments in which the chunks of candy were
wrapped. They must have spent at least \$1
on the game before they extracted enough
sweetness, and as they walked off, sucking
their fingers and repeating the soft nonsense
to each other, an observer might be inclined
to say: "God bless that slot."The latest automatic novelty, which has
become quite a craze in England, is the box
placed convenient in churches and chapels
for the purpose of providing folks with hymn
books. The box is a small wooden affair with
a slide lid. On the lid there is this inscrip-
tion:Put one penny in the box and ob-
tain the use of a hymn book.It is quite a scientific arrangement and
works easily. When the penny is placed in
the box it acts as a spring which throws open
the slide lid, disclosing the hymn book. The
penny drops down a secret slit in the lid and
is hidden from view and secured from re-
moval. It seems almost like a reflection on
the workmanship for the automatic beauty of
the workmanship is that the door or lid can-
not be shut until the hymn book is replaced
and the door is fastened. There is also an in-
dicator inside the box which shows how many
coins have been put in, so that even the vergor
has to be honest.What the future of the "slot" and "slide"
may be, who can tell? Perhaps when pneu-
matic tubes become as popular as telephones,
and are attached to our houses and stores,
shopping will be done by developments of the
slot and slide."Drop a dollar in the slot and receive your
groceries for the day" may some day be as
common as ice cars. An English church
has already ordered 500 automatic slide hymn
book boxes for its free seats.Who will be the man to start a pneumo-
automatic slot or slide delivery company?
—Boston Globe.

Girls Kept in Cages.

United States Consul Griffin, stationed at
Sydney, N. S. W., tells of a remarkable custom
of the inhabitants of New Britain as follows:
"The inhabitants, it is said by Wallace, have
a peculiar custom of confining their girls in
cages until they are old enough to be mar-
ried. This custom is said to be peculiar to
the people of New Britain. The cages are
made of twigs of the palm tree, and the girls
are put into them when 2 or 3 years of age.
The Rev. George Brown established a Wes-
leyan mission in New Britain in 1870, and I
learn from him that these cages are built in-
side of the houses and that the girls are never
allowed to leave the house under any circum-
stances. The houses are closely fenced in with
a sort of wicker work made of reeds. Ven-
tilation under the circumstances is rendered
difficult. The girls are said to grow up
strong and beautiful in spite of these disad-
vantages."—Chicago Tribune.

Paying His Road Tax.

About twenty years ago a Buckfield man,
noted for his shrewdness, was attacked by the
smallpox. Conceiving the idea, as he was
convalescing, that it would be a good time
to dispose of his road tax, he took his
staff in one hand and, shouldering his hoe,
started for the scene of operations. Like the
prodigal, he was seen "afar off." The men
began to throw up their heads and sniff trou-
ble. The surveyor sang out, "I sware, Jase,
I have got to work out your tax." "Say, Jase,
if you'll go back I'll cross out your tax,"
said the man. "All right," says Jase. And,
if we take the word of The Oxford Demo-
crat for it, the tax was "crossed out."
There's nothing like taking advantage of one's
opportunities.—Lewiston Journal.

The Truth About It.

There are two sets of articles constantly
about—one going to show the enormous com-
pensations of authorship, and the other to
demonstrate that the pen does not save its
wielders from starvation. The truth lies
midway, and the facts are that a truly ver-
satile writer, or a strong writer in one line,
gets well paid; but that the majority who
strive to write for the press fail of success
simply because it is out of their true line of
work. They are unfitted by education and
practice, and starve at it. R. W. Gilder, of
The Century, receives \$20,000 a year; Anatole
France makes about \$10,000; Howells receives
from the Harpers \$10,000; Miss Murfree is
said to earn \$5,000; and others reap from
\$1,500 to \$15,000 or more yearly; but the list
is not a long one.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Printers' Ink from Cotton Waste.

Until lately cotton waste has been cleaned
from the oil and reused, the grease being con-
sidered as useless and thrown away. It has,
however, been found that the oil thus de-
stroyed can be made, after very simple treat-
ment, to yield first class printing ink, and it
has been ascertained that one ton of this
spent waste yields 1,400 pounds of oil, from
which ink of an improved quality and a re-
duced price is manufactured. The refuse
cotton plant in steam chambers, and a solu-
tion of bisulphate of carbon, on being
pumped into these vessels, disengages the oil
and grease, and after traversing several
heated coppers the grease is soon converted
into the varnish for which printing ink is
made.—New York Telegram.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

Candy the American Girl Likes and the
Amount She Consumes.Candy is the great American delicacy. No
luncheon, tea or dinner is quite complete
without some confection or candied fruit, and
even breakfasts, when given to a party, are
supplemented by dainty bonbons, the color
of the flowers and favors.So general has the habit become of devour-
ing candy at the theatre or opera that the
jeweler's skill is brought to bear in designing
the daintiest gold and silver receptacles in
which to carry it. Dentists have repudiated
to a certain extent the idea that sweets
are hurtful to the teeth, and physicians have
announced that pure sweets are wholesome
and often needful to the system. Manufac-
turers have elevated their industry into an
art, and cater to the delicate, fastidious taste
of the epicure in candies, and if a statue
should be erected of the typical American
girl—the graceful, charming, proud faced
American beauty—instead of the distaff of
our grandmothers there would be carried in
her hand a box of bonbons or chocolate. If
a girl or woman goes shopping she is almost
sure to include among her purchases a box
of caramels, and though she will order every-
thing else not to her residence, even though
it be no more burdensome than a spoon of silk
or a package of hairpins, she will carry the
caramels in her own hands. A really swell
girl would as soon think of going to the play
without her gloves as without her bonbon-
niere, and the really elegant young man
knows that it is the correct and proper caper
to take his charmer candy instead of flowers
for the theatre. Many persons buy candy for
Sunday on Saturday night as regularly as
they market for their Sunday dinner, and
ladies take candy to their children in much
the same spirit as men take their little boys
to the circus.A box of candy is one of the most deligh-
tful of gifts. It means much or nothing, as
you will. It cannot be accepted as significant
of undying affection, and is not so sentimental
a souvenir as flowers, yet it delights the
heart of the sweet girl every time. One spe-
cial advantage is that it is sure to be de-
voured, and cannot be saved to show to the
other fellow after she is married.There are fashion in candies, as in bonnets,
and the first thing a girl does after she re-
ceives a supply from an admirer is to gauge
his affection by the name of the manufac-
turer of her sweets, and a box of buttercups
from the fashionable place is dearer to her
than the richest bonbons and nougat, or even
candied violets or crystallized rose leaves,
from a store on the wrong avenue. Fashions
change, too, in the kinds of candy eaten, of
which the gradual decline in the consumption
of caramels is an instance. A few years
ago a girl carried boxes of caramels to school
and on the cars, and to church and to bed, if she
were going to sit awake and talk with her
best friend awhile before she went to sleep.
Now you rarely hear an order for a box of
caramels, and this is not because caramels are
not being made as toothsome, but because to
the palate of the girl consumer they have
lost their savor. In England people are just
finding out how delicious they are, and Mr.
Munsey is making in one of his many factories
in London 500 pounds of them a day, and
keeps scores of children constantly employed
in wrapping them up in the little squares of
paper in which they are sold. Caramels are
said to be strictly an American specialty, and
their popularity in England is largely due to
the ubiquitous automatic box, through
whose agency 25,000 gross packages of car-
amels were sold last year.

The kind of confectionery that has the large-<