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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.

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.

MAMMOTH DRAWING At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, December 17, 1889.

Capital Prize, \$600,000. 100,000 Tickets at \$6. Halves \$3. Quarters \$1.50. Eighths 75c. Fortieths \$1.

Table of prizes: 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; 25 PRIZES OF \$2,000 are \$50,000; 100 PRIZES OF \$800 are \$80,000; 200 PRIZES OF \$400 are \$80,000; 500 PRIZES OF \$200 are \$100,000.

AGENTS WANTED.

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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.

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JACQUES BONHOMME.

By MAX O'RELL, Author of "Jonathan and His Continent," "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull's Daughters," Etc.

III—THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

A Comprehensive, diverting and instructive Description of Her Who Holds Jacques Bonhomme in Leading Strings. The national character of the French has greatly altered since the disasters of 1870, and no one need wonder at it.

The rage for equality is often manifested by a ferocious jealousy of those who rise, either in literature, the fine arts or politics. All these are failings that we possessed before the Franco-German war, but in a much less degree.

What has not changed, fortunately, is the character of the French women—I mean especially the women of the people.

Good society is much alike everywhere—like hotels: it is a question of more or less manners in the former, of more or less fleas in the latter. Good society in France is no exception to the rule. No more are the hotels—far the contrary. But what is there to be learned in what is termed "high society" except gossip from club smoking rooms and from boudoirs, which might, perhaps, furnish a few pages of Scandalous Chronicle? It is the people who preserve the traditions of a country; therefore it is the middle classes, the working classes in town and country, that the observer must turn to.

That the French women of the upper classes are the leaders of fashion all over the world, everybody knows; but I cannot pass them over without dwelling upon the reason why our best men are still at the feet of our women.

"If I were queen," said Mme. Recamier one day, "I would command Mme. de Staël to talk to me all day long;" and a contemporary of this celebrated authoress relates how he and some friends of his were driving with her one day, and were suddenly surprised by a violent storm bursting over their heads without their having noticed a sign of its gathering, so absorbing were the charm and vivacity of her conversation.

There are plenty of French women of whom similar things might be said. From the Seventeenth century they have continued to hand down this charming sovereignty of converse. Mother bequeathes it to daughter, or it is transmitted in the blood; and, to my mind, this is what chiefly distinguishes them from the women of other countries.

In spite of telegraph and railways, in spite of politics, which in these days absorb all ranks of French society, people still caustic in France; and this, thanks to French women. Excuse me for using the word caustic, but you have no equivalent for it in English. That is perhaps the nearest approach to it, but even that fails to render its meaning. A caustic is marked not only by interest of subject, but also by a lightness of touch which the French language eminently lends itself to.

Can you imagine a drawing room attractive without the presence of ladies? Have you never noticed that, left to themselves, the most clever men fall into argumentation, that their oratory fails to interest or convince you, and that there is a general feeling of coldness and restraint? But let a woman come in, a woman of taste, and gaiety comes with her; conversation becomes animated and attractive. It runs gracefully from one subject into another, like a butterfly from spray to spray. It touches each lightly, rises to high thoughts, comes to earth again, passing from lofty to lowly subject, from grave to gay, with infinite meanders. Every one is moved to show himself at his best, and draws from his vocabulary his choicest expressions, his happiest reflections, surpasses himself, and is surprised to find himself inspired as by a muse. Just now they were killing time; now every one is enjoying himself. All constraint is gone; each one gives free expression to his thoughts.

In a word, just now they were talking; now they ceased. And in taking leave of their hostess they might repeat the expression that a certain courtly abbe of the Eighteenth century used in speaking to a grand dame who had communicated to him something of her irresistible spirit: "Madame, I am but an instrument, on which you have played with skill."

So much for the French women of the upper classes. Now let us pass on to the different working classes of society. There, too, we find woman's sovereignty indisputable, and the men in leading strings. In the French household the woman is queen. Her empire over her children is perfect, and she leads her husband by the nose. He does not complain of this; on the contrary, he enjoys it, and he thinks that, after all, much worse might happen to him. The wife knows all her husband's affairs, and when he has a few savings to invest he does not think it beneath him to ask her advice. She knows, as well as he, the current price of stocks at the Bourse; and if he should be seized with a prurient to embark in speculation, she brings to bear all her influence over him to induce him to buy consols or any other government securities. Call on her husband on business, and if he is from home you will not need to make a second visit on that account; she has all the affairs of the firm at her finger's end.

Every little bourgeoisie keeps a memorandum book, in which she writes down all her expenses. Nothing is forgotten; not even the halfpenny to the blind beggar who plays the flute at the street corner.

The French woman has a genius for cookery, and is thoroughly awake to the fact that it is good policy in married

life to see that monsieur dines well. I believe there is a saying in England that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach; but I fancy there are many English women who do not use this pathway as much as they might.

The politics of matrimony is a science inborn in our women. Let a French woman be rich or poor, she has always the charm of femininity. She is always smart, always alert, and has a little fluttering, bustling way with her that is bound to keep awake your interest in all she does. She may be sometimes a little affected, but she is never vulgar. On Sundays and holidays she dresses still a little more elegantly than usual, but she never appears to be in Sunday clothes. The middle class French woman is lady-like, not only in her dress, but in her speech. You will never see her loaded with cheap jewelry, this great stamp of vulgarity; and when she speaks to you, you cannot guess whether she is the wife of a gentleman or of a small tradesman.

Notice that she often changes the style of her hair. That is because she knows that love lives on trifles, and that the best dishes become insipid if they are always served with the same sauce. Even if her stock of clothes is scanty, her clever brain and fingers help her to cover its deficiencies by constant little changes. With two or three dresses in her possession, the dear little humbug will make you believe that she has a well filled wardrobe.

I have often in England heard French women called frivolous. But this is the height of absurdity, and, in my quality of Frenchman, surely I ought to be as good a judge of the point as the English tourist. How can French women, who are perhaps, of all women in the world, the most initiated into the affairs of their husbands, be frivolous? If frivolity consists in trying to remain young and attractive as long as possible without becoming ridiculous, then the French bourgeoisie is frivolous.

If, again, frivolity consists in making a home cheerful and gay, and preventing a husband from being absorbed by the cares of business, then she is frivolous. But this is nonsense. Is she frivolous, this woman who is the friend and confidante of her husband—who, in important matters as well as in the smallest, has both a consultative and deliberative voice in the household? It is she who knows, with her economy and good management, how to face the danger when, from one cause or another, the family revenue diminishes; it is she who knows, with her energy, how to ward off ruin from her threshold. If this woman were frivolous, how could you explain the adoration for the mother which, even to the lowest of the low, you find in French children? How could this be, unless she were the example of all domestic virtues? If a Frenchman of 40 would hesitate to take an important step in life without first consulting his mother, surely it must be that he recognizes in her a wise guide. It would be mere naivete on my part to dwell longer on this absurd charge of frivolity.

Take now the shop keeping classes. There you will see the wife the active partner of her husband. Behold them both as the commercial traveler displays his goods on the counter. The wife is supreme. Her objections are without appeal, her opinion final. It is she who generally has charge of the books and the cash box, and neither books nor cash were ever intrusted to better guardianship. She is not a mere housekeeper, with or without wages; she is the partner, not merely a sleeping partner. This not only enables her to be of great help to her husband, but it also enables her, if she happens to become a widow, to carry on the business without her husband, to be independent and to bring up her children. She has not, to obtain her living on her husband's death, to become a working housekeeper or a nurse; she is the mistress of her own house as before, and now the head of the firm. In her shop she is most polite, but never servile; and if you wish her to take you for a gentleman, don't keep your hat on while you are engaged with her in a commercial transaction.

I have still present in my memory the following little anecdote: A well dressed man once entered a perfumer's shop where I was purchasing a pair of gloves. Keeping his hat on all the time, he addressed the perfumer's wife in a most offhand manner. But what exasperated the dear woman was that, after inquiring about the price of some score of articles, he prepared to retire, saying: "He didn't think he wanted anything."

"I think you do," replied the woman, who was not to be wholly without a revenge; "you want a few lessons in politeness, at all events."

It is said that Louis XIV, the most haughty and magnificent monarch of modern times, used to lift his hat even to the female servants of his court. If so, no man need think that he derogates from his dignity by keeping his hat off in a respectable shop when he is served by a woman.

I might say a word or two on the drawbacks of the influence of women on Frenchmen; but there is no doubt that this influence has polished our manners.

You cannot obtain a perfect notion of French industry unless you pay a visit to our peasantry. I must say that now the woman ceases to be attractive. She does not even attempt to look so. Sunburnt, hale and hearty, behold her, dear English tourist, that is the fortune of France. She has a coarse serge gown on and simple snowy cap. She is clean and tidy and the personification of industry. I do not doubt, however, that, thanks to the blessings of gratuitous and compulsory education, the time will soon come when she will want to imitate the ladies of the town in her habits and dress, and that her sons will despise the dear land where they were born, and will all want to be clerks, and swaggers in town with high stand up collars, tight trousers and sticks. Thank goodness, this sickening spectacle is not yet to be seen in France!

is simply prodigious. You will always see her busy, either working in her field, selling the produce of her little farm in the market place of the nearest town, or engaged about her little household. Whether she takes her cow to the field or is on her way to town; whether she is sitting behind her wares waiting for customers, or in a railway station waiting for her train, look at her fingers busy on a pair of stockings. She does not know what it is to be idle for a single moment. She has never left her dear village, and for her the world is made up of her "three acres and a cow." But she has got them, and, thanks to her frugal habits and splendid management, her family can live and thrive on them. She is not attractive, but she is a picture of health and contentment.

Shares and bonds may go up or down without disturbing her peace; she holds none. She trusts her savings to nobody. Bankers, she thinks, company directors and stock brokers, may be very respectable persons; but when the old stockpile is swollen with five franc pieces, she rounds off her little family domain and buys a new field—something she is quite sure to find in its place when she wakes up in the morning. Her daughter goes into service, and makes a capital servant. Like her mother, she thinks but of one thing—saving her wages. She does not get a new hat every month to get photographed in it; she puts her money in the savings bank.

Let me give you an example of her frugality, and allow me to take it from a personal recollection. My mother has a housemaid who has been with her twenty-five years. Not long ago, while in France, I took aside this old servant: "I know how devoted you have been to my mother," I said to her. "You are not strong, and I dare say you will not wish to go into service again; but make yourself easy about this. If anything should happen to my mother, I shall see that you are comfortable for the rest of your life. But," I said inquiringly, "I have no doubt you have something of your own by this time?"

Imagine my surprise when I heard her tell me she had saved over 10,000 francs, all well invested, including one share in the Suez Canal company!

Since I have mentioned the Suez canal, why should I not take the opportunity for trying to explain the uneasiness that was some time ago created in France by the British policy in Egypt? You must bear in mind that the Suez canal was not made by big capitalists. It was made by the savings bank of France; by the "old stockings," that is to say, by the small bourgeois, the working people and the servants. When we reflect that the riches of France arise from the economy imposed upon every French household by the women, I might even say that the Suez canal is the work of the French women. This canal is essentially a national enterprise, and the least French mechanic will tell you "we have made the Suez canal." You will find very few French families possessing as many as ten shares. They are spread all over the country.

Well, let a few unscrupulous journalists attempt to prove to the people that the English want to annex or protect Egypt in order to seize on the Suez canal, and you will easily imagine the effect. What a pity it seems that nations can only talk to other nations through their political press! What a pity it is that the British people cannot let their French neighbors know in plain words that they admire them for the gigantic work they have made, and that they will never dream of being connected with the Suez canal otherwise than as good customers to help them get good dividends!

These same women of France did something grander than this. It was they who redeemed their beloved country, and paid off the Prussian eighteen years ago.

To Be Continued.

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Notice of Publication. To Millard T. Stevens, non-resident defendant: You will take notice that on the 10th day of September, 1889, George G. Waite, plaintiff filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against you the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by you to Henry C. Bittenbender and by said Bittenbender duly assigned to this plaintiff, upon lots one (1) and two (2), in block 115, in 1st Main Heights, Lancaster county, Nebraska; to secure the payment of two promissory notes dated July 27, 1887, for \$75.00 each, interest 8 per cent, and 10 per cent coupons attached, alldue.

You are hereby required to answer said petition on or before Monday, November 19, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Attorney for Plaintiff. J. S. BISHOP. Dated, Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 15, 1889. (10-19-4)

Notice of Publication. To Charles Holland and John N. Baldwin, non-resident defendants: You and each of you will take notice that on the 14th day of October, 1889, David A. Baum, plaintiff, filed his petition in the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, against you and others, the object and prayer of which are to foreclose a certain mortgage, executed by the defendants, James E. Baum and Tillie Baum to Daniel Baum, upon that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the county of Lancaster and State of Nebraska, more particularly known and described as follows: To-wit: The southwest quarter of Section number Twenty-seven (27), Town number Eleven (11), Range number Six (6), being one hundred and sixty acres more or less according to the government survey thereof, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note dated May 23d, 1887, for the sum of \$2,500, made by said James E. Baum to said Daniel Baum, and which note and mortgage have been duly assigned and transferred to this plaintiff; that there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$2,500, with interest from May 23, 1888, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, for which sum and interest the plaintiff prays for a decree that the defendants be required to pay the same or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount found due on said note and mortgage; that the mortgage which said Charles Holland has or claims to have on said premises may be decreed to be subject to said mortgage and that the said Charles Holland and John N. Baldwin be foreclosed and barred of all equity of redemption and right, title and interest in and to said premises.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 25th day of November, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m.

By Pound & Burr, his attorneys. Dated Oct. 15, 1889. (10-19-4)

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