

Lake Charles Commercial.

NO. 1.

LAKE CHARLES, CALCASIEU PARISH, LA., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1881.

VOL. 1.

Stories of Andrew Jackson.

[Cincinnati Gazette.]
When Jackson was president, Jimmy O'Neil, the Irish doorkeeper of the White House, was a marked character. He had his fables, which often offended the fastidiousness of the president's nephew and secretary, Maj. Donelson, who caused his dismissal on an average of once a week. But on appeal to the higher court the verdict was always reverse by the good nature of the old general. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offense, and being summoned before the president himself, was thus addressed:

"Jimmy, I have borne with you for years in spite of all complaints; but this goes beyond my powers of endurance."

"And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy.

"Certainly," answered the general; "I have just heard it from two senators."

"Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty senators say about you it's little I'd think you was fit to be president."

"Pshaw, Jimmy," concluded the general, "clear out, and go back to your duty, but be more careful hereafter."

Jimmy not only retained his place to the close of Jackson's presidential term, but accompanied him back to the Hermitage, and was with him to the day of his death.

Gen. Jackson had very little love or taste for poetry, his favorite author being Dr. Isaac Watts, from whose "Psalms and Hymns" he used to make his selections for the inscriptions in the ladies' albums which were once so fashionable, when they were sent him with a request for his autograph.

It is said that while president he never drank any ardent spirits. This was corroborated by his negro servant who said that "Massa Jackson no drink rum, but den he drink his coffee strong enough to kill de debil."

The Waltz of a Bishop.

The Mormon Church looks with disfavor on the familiarities of certain styles of modern dancing, and the bishops have sought to regulate this matter among the young and giddy saints. At a dance in Salt Lake recently the bishop expressed himself as highly displeased with round dancing. He said that it was condemned by the priesthood, and if the saints could not get along without the round dances they had better go home. The young folks remonstrated with him, but all to no purpose. "If you must waltz let me show you how to do it," said he, and he got on the floor with a 133-pound blonde. The band struck up the "Blue Danube," and away they slid. Down the hall glide the bishop and the blonde; the tips of their fingers touch, and cruel space is between them. This was the church method—the priestly approved arm's length waltz. Soon there was a slight contraction of the arms, and space between gradually decreased. Presently one arm encircled the fair form. The blonde was the first to give way, and her cheek looked like a sunflower in a tulip field as it rested on the shoulder of the man of God. Round and round they went, and the fascinating, weird-like strain floated like heavenly music to his soul. Forgotton was the round dance dogma of the church, and with the calm smile that stole across his face he knew that the theology was defeated, and one man at least utterly indifferent to a future punishment. —[Graphic.]

It does not always follow that a man is a sculptor because he chisels his tailor out of a suit of clothes.

A Diamond Ring in a Horse's Hoof.

[Richmond (Ky.) Register.]
A wealthy physician of Murfreesboro, Tenn., bought a \$1,500 diamond ring for his daughter. About three years since, while riding out, the ring was lost. It was advertised and liberal rewards offered for its recovery, but nothing was ever heard of it. A few weeks ago a child of a blacksmith was taken sick, and the physician referred to called to see it. While at the bedside he had occasion to mention his daughter's name. At this the child's mother took from her finger a ring, handed it to the physician and asked him if his daughter had recently lost a ring, for the ring contained the name he had just pronounced. The physician said she had not, but that some years ago she lost a diamond ring, and as his eyes fell upon the sparkling object he recognized his daughter's long lost treasure. The lady said her husband had found it in the bottom of a horse's foot only a few days before that while cleaning out the hoof for the purpose of shoeing him. One small diamond was missing.

The Queen of Home.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world; the eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other person on earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars can keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love when the world shall despise and forsake you; when it leaves you by the wayside to perish unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disgraced by vice. Love her tenderly, and cheer the declining years with holy devotion.

What They Said.

[New York Tribune.]
A confirmed misogynist in Boston has been jotting down fragments of conversation which he has heard when passing young women on the streets of that city. His note-book contains 1,000 of these scraps. Out of that number 780 begin with either "And I said to him," or "He said to me," or "She told me that he said," or "She told me to hate or despise that referred to hate or despise that were either "perfectly lovely," or "just splendid," and the remainder were pretty evenly divided between comments on other girls, who were "horrid," or "stuck up and hateful," new novels, studies, and the latter vacation, the Greek play at Harvard and the latest scientific discoveries. Now let this enterprising statistician take a census of the complimentary remarks made about himself by those one thousand luckless victims of his eavesdropping.

A Quaker maiden of sixty accepted an offer from a Presbyterian elder, and being remonstrated with by a delegation of friends appointed to wait upon her, for marrying out of the meeting, she replied: "Look here! I've been waiting just sixty years for the meeting to marry me; and if the meeting don't want me to marry, bring along its young men!" The delegation departed in silence.

Professions and Trades.

[Galveston News.]
Papers from every quarter are filled with accounts of exercises in colleges and the graduation of young men who give promise of brilliant careers. It is sad to think how few will realize the high hopes and honorable ambition of their entrance on the field of active life. The laborers are too many for the harvest. Too many young men seek the learned professions, especially the law. The late reports of college graduates furnish some interesting statistics. Of eighty-nine graduates just turned out from Yale College, forty-nine are to be lawyers, eleven physicians, five preachers, three editors, eight teachers, six manufacturers, five bankers and brokers, eighteen merchants, and one planter. It is stated that eight hundred lawyers have been graduated from different colleges since January 1st. What is to become of the high-toned young men who have souls above buttons and productive labor? West Point has heretofore offered an opening for many of those who had a turn for study, while the navy took in those disposed to be idle and dissipated. Now the San Antonio Times says West Point is turning out too many officers for the limited number of vacancies to fill. Only fourteen of the present graduating class of thirty-three can get commissions. The proportion of officers to private citizens in civil life will soon be almost as great as that of colonels and other military magnates to privates. Just now New York is the Mecca of the office-seekers. Besides the armies of municipal and State officers, running up into thousands, the Collector of Customs reports that in April there were 953 persons employed in the Custom-house, of whom 313 were clerks, 49 messengers and 10 deputy collectors. In the Naval office 83 employes; in the Surveyor's office 36; in the Appraiser's department 308. A grand total of 1340 in the Custom-house, exclusive of laborers and temporary appointments. It requires some effort to find places for all the elegant gentlemen who scorn to work with their hands. Their numbers are constantly increasing, at a greater ratio than the easy places they seek to fill. There is much missionary work to be done in teaching people the value of skilled labor, and the superior rewards it holds out to young men. Old Peter Cooper, one of the wealthiest and most public-spirited men of New York, says: "I learned three trades. I learned to be a brewer, a coachmaker and a machinist. I determined to give the world an equivalent in some form of useful labor for all that I consumed. All the money I ever made was made in mechanical business, and not in speculation."

Too Mad to Answer.

[Steubenville Herald.]
Topnoddy was mad when he went out this morning to do his chores and found somebody had scattered everything forty ways for Sunday. "Mrs. Topnoddy," he growled, "what is this?" "What's what, Topnoddy?" came back the response from that lady. "Why, everything, every which way. I'm blamed, Mrs. Topnoddy, if the fool-killer came to this house if he wouldn't get a good haul." "You are mighty right he would, Topnoddy, mighty right; and when he went away, if he did his work with any sort of accuracy and judgment, I'd be a widow, too; wouldn't I, Topnoddy?" But he refused to answer, and finished up his chores in a worse humor than ever.

The purest Administration we ever had, as the Hayes regime was called, has left lots of scandals behind it. The United States Marshal of North Carolina was recently asked to approve a bill of \$3000 for some shelving and pigeonhole cases which a local mechanic offered to enter into bonds to construct for \$600. At the same place a person armed with a contract from the Government, issued at the Treasury, arrived to fresco the ceiling of the court-house for \$15,000. The marshal, who would have to approve the bill, informed the contractor that he would not approve any such expenditure, because it was not necessary to do the work, and if it were necessary \$150 would be a sufficient price. —[New York Express.]

The Body of an Indiana Woman Turned into Stone.

[Logansport (Ind.) Special to the Cincinnati Enquirer.]
Sixteen miles west of this city, on the State line division of the Pan-Handle Railroad, is situated the village of Idaville. Near this place is located a cemetery, and in this silent city of the dead a discovery has just been made which can, indeed, be characterized as strange and sensational. A few days ago a stranger named Samuel Wilson desired to remove the remains of his wife, who died six years ago, and those of his father, whose death took place thirteen years since. Accordingly he procured help, and the work of excavating began. The grave in which the father's remains lay was first opened, when it was found that nothing except the bare skeleton remained. Then the wife's grave, which was less than two feet distant, was excavated. Upon reaching the bottom the startling discovery was made that the body was petrified. The arms and limbs, however, had withstood the effect of whatever element in the earth had caused the petrification to occur, and nothing remained of them but the bones. The trunk of the body was as hard as flint, and upon being taken from the grave was found to weigh about 300 pounds, while the woman during her life weighed about 140 pounds. The case has caused a good deal of interest to be manifested in the matter, and although the wise men of the neighborhood have put their heads together in counsel, they can study out no satisfactory reason why the woman's body should thus be turned into stone, and other remains, located so near, should be in no way affected by the petrifying influence. Another strange feature of the case is the fact of the arms and limbs turning to dust, while the remainder of the body hardened into stone. The woman whose remains are thus attracting so much attention was once a resident of Harrison Township, this county, and it was there she and Mr. Wilson were married. She was a daughter of John Small, a respected old farmer, and herself and husband took up their residence near Idaville about the year 1867. This case of petrification is the only one ever known in this section of Indiana, and, as a natural consequence, a large number of people have taken the pains to see the strange sight.

Keeping the Head Clean.

Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician, who has spent much of his time at quarantine, said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day, rarely took contagious diseases, but where the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted, it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in ten minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in cases of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes and nose after one thorough washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterward, and avoid draughts of air for a little while. —[Golden Rule.]

AN ELECTRIC FENCE.—Dr. J. H. Connelly, of Pittsburg, Pa., has applied to cattle the old device employed by country druggists to keep loungers from thrusting elbows through their show-cases, namely, a wire fence charged with electricity. The electricity is to take the place of the barbs now used on wire fences, the aim being to repel the cattle by a slight shock, instead of by pricking with the risk of severe laceration. It is to be presumed that the doctor is not a practical farmer. —[Scientific News.]

"There is no disgrace in being poor," we are told, and we're howling glad of it, for there are enough other disadvantages about it, without that one.

How to Drive a Hen.

[Mobile Register.]
When a woman has a hen to drive into the coop, she takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly at the delinquent, and says, "Shoo, there!" The hen takes one look at the object to convince herself that it is a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop. A man doesn't do that way. He goes out doors and says: "It is singular nobody can drive a hen but me," and picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending bird, and observes: "Get in there, you thief!" The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back with her head down, her wings out, and followed by an assortment of stove wood, fruit cans and clinkers, and a very mad man in the rear. Then she skims under the barn, and over a fence or two, and around the house and back again to the coop, and all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for handling, and a man whose coat is on the saw-buck, and whose hat is on the ground, and whose perspiration has no limit. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge missiles, and the man says every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down the street, and the woman has every one of those hens housed and counted in two minutes.

A NOVEL DISPATCH BOAT.—A ship which sailed from England for Australia recently took a four-foot "life" boat, designed not to save the passengers but the records of the ship in case of accident at sea. This would seem to be a decided improvement on the conventional bottle, since it will carry more information and be more likely to be seen and picked up. The boat carries a sail, and is expected to make four or five miles an hour in favorable weather.

Scientific News.

A Danbury bootblack was in South Norwalk when the train went through there on its way to Hartford with the nation's military dignitaries. "Did you see General Sherman?" asked a citizen this morning while having a shine. "No; was he looking for me?" was the response. The citizen was shocked. —[Danbury News.]

He was a bachelor, had traveled extensively, and could speak any language, dead or alive; but when he returned home the other day, and talked to his sister's baby, and when it cried and was pacified by its mother saying: "Did his naughty wuntie uncle come homey womey and scarey warey my little putsey wntsey?" he just leaned over the back of the chair and wept.

It was their first night aboard the steamer. "At last," he said tenderly, "we are all alone, out upon the deep waters of the dark blue sea, and your heart will always beat for me as it has beat in the past?" "My heart's all right," she answered languidly, "but my stomach feels awful."

There is nothing like being properly armed and equipped for the battles of life. Still, few are in the happy condition of the Irishman who sent a letter to a friend saying that while he was writing he had a pistol in both hands and a sword in the other.

The London Times, in its naval intelligence column, says: Plans are preparing at the Admiralty for the construction of an iron-clad approaching in bulk and armament the great Italian ships, to be of 13,000 tons and 10,000 horse power engines, with a speed of eighteen knots an hour. The vessel will possibly be built at Chitum.

A census report gives statistics of the Pacific coast fisheries. Fifty-three vessels and 5,547 men are employed in the business. The capital invested is \$2,748,383, and the annual production is as follows: Fresh fish, 178,048,920 pounds; crabs, shrimp, etc., 2,500,000 pounds; oysters, mussels, etc., 125,000 pounds; whale oil, 158,685 gallons; whale-bone, 61,000 pounds.

It is estimated that something between 800,000,000 and 1,000,000,000 feet of logs are yearly made into shingles in the United States.

Mutually Disappointed.

[Youth's Companion.]
When General Lafayette visited this country, he greatly enjoyed meeting the friends he had known in the revolution, and with whom he had shared many hardships. But sometimes he was sorely disappointed. The changes which time works in all men were such that now and then, he could scarcely recognize his old associates. It is equally amusing, however, to know that occasionally his former friends were equally disappointed in him.

He paid a visit to John Adams, at Quincy. The expectations of both parties were high, and they counted on a joyful day. But the changes of time were not allowed for, and the reaction was therefore great.

Lafayette said to a friend, as he was leaving the house: "What a sad change in Mr. Adams! I can see scarcely a trace of the man whom I used to admire and honor."

Mr. Adams' comment was equally striking. "I was asking myself continually, 'can this be Lafayette?' He is wholly unlike the general whom I loved in the revolution. It is unpleasant to miss the old friend."

Both expected too much, and as usual, both were disappointed.

USE OF THE EYES.

The man who avoids excesses of every description has a fair chance of retaining his eyesight until old age sets in. A time comes to every one when the physical powers begin to decay, and then, unless the brain has been kept active and recipient by exercise, there is nothing left to live, and the man perishes. We say that he died of gout, or over-eating, or of heart disease, or of kidney disease, or of the failure of the particular organ which was the first to exhibit symptoms of the approaching end. In reality he has died of stupidity, artificially produced by neglect of the talents with which he was endowed. That which is true of the organism as a whole is true, also, of its parts; and the eyes, among others, are best treated by an amount of systematic use which preserves the tone of their muscles and the regularity of their blood supply. Acuteness of sight is aided by the attention bestowed upon objects within the vision. In people who cannot read, the sight is far more acute. I have even had reason to think, says a writer, that the wives of such men were indebted to their household needlework for the maintenance of a higher standard of vision than that of their husbands; and I have no doubt that idleness of the eyes, if I may use such an expression, is in every way hurtful to them, and that proper and varied employment is eminently conducive to their preservation in beauty and efficiency.

The Way to Look at It.

In all labor there is poetry, if we can but find it, containing its deepest meaning and its truest realities. One mechanic sees nothing beyond his tools and their daily use; another beholds the civilization and refinement which his work is daily spreading. One merchant measures his business only by his yearly account of profit and loss; another sees in the extension of commerce, the employment given to labor, the triumph of honest principles. One physician looks at his profession only as a ladder for his own advancement and popularity; another beholds suffering assuaged, disease overcome, sanitary habits enforced, healthful living secured, happiness increased. One woman sees in her house only an arena for hard work and physical comfort; another sees exquisite pictures of the possible happiness, honor, development and value which may be cherished within it, and may issue from it to bless society and strengthen the nation. It is only as these higher truths of labor become vividly pictured in the imagination that labor itself can rise to its true position. Its poetry is its best reality and ennobles all its prose of hard work or dry details.

How He Made His Money.

The Fakir of Aya retired from the show business several years ago with a fortune. He was a good sleight-of-hand performer, but his great success was in inventing the attraction of gifts. He was the first showman to give prizes to his audiences. He was on a tour in the South in 1867, and business was very bad indeed. "I happened to attend an auction sale," he says, "and I was astonished to see how colorful people bought the cheap jewelry that was put up. I thought the matter over, and the more I thought the more I could see money in it for me in my business. I came North and went to a friend of mine in the jewelry business. He said he would sell me a bushel of sleeve buttons, studs, brooches and earrings for as much as a few dollars. It was mighty nice-looking—all brass, of course. I figured that my sleeve buttons cost me three cents a pair, my brooches and earrings seven cents a set, and so on." The bait was easily bitten by the people, and the Fakir, whose name is Hughes, is now worth \$100,000.

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for desert but oranges.

The printing press used by Benjamin Franklin when an apprentice to his brother James has been placed on exhibition in the Old South church in Boston. It is a cumbersome hand-press, worked by a bar and screw.