

# Louisiana Democrat.

E. R. BLOSSAT, EDITOR  
E. A. BLOSSAT, PUBLISHER

OFFICE—CORNER OF  
FRONT AND BEAUGRAND STREETS.

## Our Agents.

Thomas McIntyre, New Orleans  
J. Curtis Waldo, " "  
S. M. Pettengill & Co., New York  
Griffin & Hoffman, Baltimore, Md

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Wednesday, Nov. 20, 1872

## To Our Patrons.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a RED or BLUE cross marked on the margin, will take cognizance of the fact that their subscription is on and their paper stop paid. The Publisher will gladly welcome all delinquents.

M. Heyman, Cheneyville, is authorized to receipt for the Democrat.

## Ninth Judicial District—Official.

The following is the vote for Judge of this Judicial District. Two years ago the Radical majority in the District, on the State ticket, was 2400:

Rapides	1065	1161
Natchitoches	1250	551
Sabine	819	55
Vernon	691	17
Grant	Majority 210	

Seay's Majority 3172

The majority for M. J. Cunningham, Fusion candidate for District Attorney, does not differ materially from the above.

The following is the official vote in our Senatorial District, at the recent election:

	J. G. WHITE.	G. Y. KESLO
Rapides .....	1965	1159
Vernon .....	695	
	<hr/> 2715	<hr/> 1159

The majority for White, Fusion candidate, is 1501.

## TEMPERATURE

AS REPORTED BY LEVIN AND FERGUSON

Date.	Morn.	Noon.	Night.
10.	54°	69°	61°
11.	60°	62°	67°
12.	63°	65°	65°
13.	45°	57°	50°
14.	49°	50°	50°
15.	49°	50°	50°
16.	50°	52°	50°
17.	52°	51°	61°
18.	48°	50°	45°

## NOTICE!

THE LADIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH WILL HOLD A FAIR ON THE 17TH OF DECEMBER, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY, OF THIS TOWN.

Those who have witnessed the Pandemonium the Radicals have been accustomed to make of the Legislature, will be pleased to know that no such scenes will be repeated in future. Instead of a negro charlatan the Senate will be presided over by an elegant gentleman. The material for a good presiding officer of the House is abundant in the Fusion ranks. Among others we can call to mind Mr. Texada, of Rapides, and Mr. Smart of Vernon, veteran legislators, who have been members of both houses and of a Constitutional Convention; Mr. Elam, of DeSoto, who has already been speaker; Mr. Eastis, of Orleans, the leader of a former house; and Mr. McNeare, of Cade, who, amid the corruptions of the last Legislature, stood solitary and alone uncorrupted and incorruptible.

Our poor disconsolate and badly beaten Radicals of Rapides are still on the rampage and won't die like men or even decently. They are kicking up all sorts of baby-like tricks and having a noisy funeral. They have even gone so far as to contest some of the offices, and talk and swear dire vengeance, bank on the U. S. District Court, 15th Amendment and Grant. They really imagine the old fraud trick of their halcyon days is yet with them, and somebody will count them in, elected or defeated. It is hard to part with that chicken pie, hard to let loose Rapides' tent, but it can't be helped this time and they must grin and bear it. We started in to win and wipe them out and we have done it, and don't intend to be defrauded out of our just rights. The sooner, poor Radicals of Rapides, you come down to that patent fact, the better for all around, the sooner you stop your infernal nonsense and be men, the sooner somebody will respect you. Behave yourselves and get down to your private work and we will run the machine for Rapides for the next two years.

Cotton, at present, commands poor prices and freights are very high. This fact induces many of our planters to hold on and not ship; all in this vein will learn a matter of interest by reading Henry A. Blossat's card, to be found in another column.

There will be no Jury term of the District Court next month.

## THE RESULT.

Though the National Liberal ticket has been disastrously defeated, every lover of the State of Louisiana will be gratified to know that our State ticket has been completely successful. McEnery and the rest of the Fusion State ticket are elected by at least 6000 majority, and there will be a large Fusion majority—perhaps two thirds—in both branches of the Legislature.

We ought to be satisfied with this result. The main stakes for which we played in the late campaign were the control of the State government. Some of our voters were so intently bent on this that they either declined to vote the National ticket at all, or else cast their votes for Grant. This is evident from the fact that McEnery's majority is considerably larger than that of Greeley and Brown. The State government is now in the hands of honest men, and the responsibility of its condition for the next four years will rest upon the members of the Fusion party.

It is true that the patient is almost in *articulo mortis* and its recovery, even under the most skillful treatment, is extremely doubtful. Under the Radicals it has been so long subjected to Dr. Sangrado's blood-letting treatment, that its vitality has been well-nigh exhausted. In four years the debt of Louisiana has run up to forty millions of dollars; her rich men have been bankrupted and her poor forced to leave the State; her lands have lain idle; and emigration has been diverted from her shores. All this has been done to gratify Radical hate and malignity and to fill the pockets of corrupt Radicals officials.

Hence the task before the present Liberal government is one very difficult of performance. The debt and the present enormous taxation are to be reduced; credit to be restored; railroads to be built; and immigration invited to fill up our lands. But we sincerely believe that the newly elected government is equal to the task. They have honesty, capacity and fidelity to the interests of the State. Let them set to work in earnest to repair the ravages of the last four years. Upon the manner in which they perform their duties depends the question whether the Radicals shall remain in power, or whether the State shall be relegated to Radical rule.

## The Defeat of Greeley.

The defeat of Greeley and Brown has surprised no one. In these days of Radical corruption, when the administration wields unlimited patronage, it is next to impossible to prevent the reelection of a candidate for the second term. Radical bayonets and Radical money have accomplished the result, as any one might have foreseen. No matter who might have been the candidate, the result would have been the same. No device the opposition could have resorted to, would have materially changed the result. Even the acknowledged ability and known fidelity to Northern interests of both the Liberal candidates made no difference whatever. The North has given a larger majority against Greeley, the Republican, than it gave against Seymour, the Democrat. It has struck down its longest and ablest friend. And in this work the Northern people have been aided by the solid voice of the emancipated negroes, for whose freedom Mr. Greeley has spent a life of hard and unrelenting labor. Verily politics sometimes plays fantastic tricks.

And now that General Grant is elected we hope that he will redeem the promises and the mistakes which have been said to be worse than crimes, of the past four years. He has spent four years in trying to secure his reelection; now let him spend the next four years in doing something for the good of the country. Let him dismiss the weak and corrupt counsellors by whom he has been misled, and surround himself with the wisdom and patriotism of the Republican party. Let him at once put an end to the disgraceful policy which has marked his treatment of the Southern States. Many of the Southern States, which elected Democratic State officers, gave him their electoral vote. In all he ran far ahead of the Republican ticket. The South has presented to him the Olive branch; let him accept it in good faith and bring about his professed desire of peace between the two sections.

Our estimate and returns of the State vote are based on that received by Greeley and Grant. Kellogg runs on side of New Orleans, at least 2,800 votes behind Grant. Five hundred votes will cover the majority of McEnery over Kellogg outside of the City. In the City McEnery's majority will be at least 6000; so it will be perceived he is elected by a safe and handsome majority.

We have not the full returns from this Congressional District for members of Congress, short and long term. This we know certain, that our candidates, Bowman and Davidson are both elected by good round majorities.

The Sugar House of W. C. Thompson, on Bayou Boeuf, was entirely destroyed by fire, on last Thursday evening. About 30 Hhds of sugar and a fine lot of Molasses were also lost.

## A Foul Conspiracy Foiled.

THE RETURNING BOARD FIXED TO DEFEAT FUSION—GOVERNOR WARMOTH'S PROMPT AND MASTERLY STRATEGY.

Day before yesterday the Returning Board met, according to law, in the Governor's office, to act upon the returns of the late election. There were present the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Acting Secretary of State Herron and Senator Lynch.

After organizing, it was moved that Lieutenant Governor Pinchback having been a candidate in the late election, was ineligible to discharge the duties of a member of the Returning Board. Lieutenant Governor Pinchback acquiesced in this decision, on the presentation of the opinion of Chief Justice Ladeling that such was the law, and retired from the Board.

A like motion was made in regard to Senator Anderson. Thereupon, Governor Warmoth suggested that as Senator Anderson was absent, it would be better to postpone action in his case until he could reach the city.

During the setting, Senator Lynch declared his purpose to be to reject all the returns from the parishes and polls of the city which were charged to be fraudulent and illegal. It did not need this intimation to put Governor Warmoth on his guard as to the infamous conspiracy which had been concocted to cheat this people of their rights, and redeliver them into the hands of the Customhouse corsairs. He was fully prepared for their plot.

Accordingly when the Board met to-day, present, Governor Warmoth, Acting Secretary of State Herron, and Senator John Lynch, the Governor, after the reading of the minutes, presented the certificate of Auditor Graham showing that Acting Secretary of State Herron being a defaulter, he had been compelled by the constitution and law to suspend him from the exercise of his functions on charges which would be enumerated to the Senate.

Accordingly, Secretary of State Herron was requested to withdraw from the Board, which he did.

Governor Warmoth next presented the commission, and the evidence of his qualifications for the office, of Colonel Jack Wharton, as the successor of General Herron.

Colonel Wharton was in the ante-room, and on being sent for, promptly appeared and took his seat in the board.

Governor Warmoth then proposed the name of F. H. Hatch as a substitute for Lieutenant Governor Pinchback, which motion was adopted by the votes of Governor Warmoth, Secretary of State Wharton—Senator Lynch voting "No."

It was further moved that Durant DaPonte be elected in place of Senator Thomas Anderson. These nominations were adopted by the Board, whereupon Senator Lynch retired. The Board being thus completed, according to law, will proceed to its duties.

Thus has been foiled as foul and infamous a conspiracy as was ever concocted to defraud the people of this State of their rights, and set aside a lawful and honest election.—[New Orleans Times.

We have had, the past week, a real cold snap. Three good freezes and as many white frosts have been our portion, accompanied with beautiful weather. Business of the Town has picked up and been lively and brisk, but for the time of year, we are bound to pronounce things decidedly dull. Plenty of new sugar and molasses coming to Town—roads in fine condition.

We publish as far as heard from, a list by name of the members to our next House of Representatives. We are sure of a majority of at least eighteen in the House, and from two to four in the Senate. There will not be over ten negroes in the Legislature this session.

The Democrat, this week, will contain as complete election tables as can, at this hour, be compiled and made public. We have taken great pains in making them, and in the main they will be found correct and reliable.

Michael Legras, State and Parish Collector of Taxes, has an important notice in this issue of the Democrat. We would advise every body to read it and then go and see the Collector.

The River still low and navigation awfully bad. Steamboats charging very high prices, and making no money at that.

We desire to call the special attention of the public to the card of Mrs. Gossens, to be found among our new advertisements.

The Exchange Hotel, of our Town is now for rent. For particulars call and see Dr. J. S. Fish.

The St. Louis doctors are experimenting with the Turkish bath in a case of hydrophobia.

The Right Way, 13th Era and Belle Rowland have furnished us with late papers.

## General Herron Removed by the Governor.

LIVELY TIMES AT THE STATE HOUSE—COLONEL JACK WHARTON APPOINTED SECRETARY OF STATE—IMPORTANT ACTION BY THE ELECTION RETURNING BOARD.

The Returning Board met yesterday morning. The Chief Justice swore in Messrs. Lynch, Herron and Warmoth. Mr. Pinchback requested the opinion of the Chief Justice as to his (Mr. Pinchback's) qualification as a member of the Board. The Chief Justice decided that no one could be a judge in his own case, and Mr. Pinchback retired.

On motion of Mr. Lynch Messrs. Pinchback and Anderson were declared not qualified. Colonel Jack Wharton then walked in and presented a commission from the Governor as Secretary of State. The Governor recognized Colonel Wharton, who presented to General Herron the record of the latter's removal from office as a defaulter to the State in the sum of \$1100, as appeared by an official certificate of the Auditor. General Herron declined to recognize the situation, and orally protested.

The Governor then moved that vacancies in the Board be filled, and nominated Messrs. F. H. Hatch and Durant da Pouta. These gentlemen entered the room and were sworn in by Judge Cooley, as, also, Colonel Jack Wharton. General Herron again protested, and he and Mr. Lynch left the room, the latter taking with him the minutes. On motion, Mr. Brodhan was chosen secretary, and the Board entered on the work of canvassing the votes.

The following is the OFFICIAL ORDER FROM THE GOVERNOR removing General Herron:

STATE OF LOUISIANA,

Executive Department,

New Orleans, Nov. 13, 1872.

Whereas, By an amendment of the constitution of the State, adopted at the general election held on Monday, November 7th, 1870, it is provided that no person who, at any time, may have been a Collector of Taxes, whether State, parish or municipal, or who may have been otherwise entrusted with public money, shall be eligible to the General Assembly; or to any office of profit or trust under the State government until he shall have obtained a discharge for the amount of such collections, and for all public moneys with which he may have been entrusted.

And whereas, official information has been received at this office that F. J. Herron is indebted to the State for moneys collected by him as Tax Collector in and for the Sixth District of New Orleans.

Now, therefore, I, Henry Clay Warmoth, Governor of the State of Louisiana, charged with the faithful execution of the laws under the constitution of the State, and in due observance of the provisions of the amendments to the same, do issue this my order removing F. J. Herron from the office of Secretary of State, and do hereby appoint Jacob Wharton to discharge the duties of said office.

Given under my hand and the seal of the State, this 13th day of November, 1872, and of the independence of the United States the ninety-seventh.

H. C. WARMOTH,

Governor of Louisiana.

Y. A. WOODWARD,

Assistant Secretary of State.

## WONDERFUL RESTORATION OF SPEECH.

—About five years ago, says the Cumberland (Tenn) News, Miss Eliza Hite, now about twenty three years of age, residing on Bedford street, in this city, lost the power of speech entirely from the effects of a cold, and has not, up to Sunday last, uttered a word since. The skill of the best medical adviser of this city and Baltimore was obtained by her distressed parents, but all in vain, and all hope of the restoration of her vocal powers was given up.

On Sunday morning she was returning from church and was thinking of a particular tune sung by the choir at the services she had just attended, when she found herself unconsciously humming it. She was greatly astonished to hear sounds issuing from her lips, but proceeded to make other experiments, and found that she could speak!

How or where this miraculous cure, if such it can be called, was effected no one can tell, but the joy of the young lady's parents and friends is so great that they do not trouble themselves much on this head, but are content to look at it as an interposition of Providence. The young lady's joy, as may be imagined, is not unspeakable, and we suppose that after five years of enforced silence she will have a great deal to talk about for some time to come.

The Knoxville Press and Herald says: "What will Mr. Greeley do now? Well, Mr. Greeley will act wisely, like a Dutch land lord in Buffalo, who was defeated for the office of Canal Commissioner. On being told of his misfortune he exclaimed: 'Well, well! I shan't go back to Buffalo and keep the Mansion House like hell!'"

A terrible and awful fire has visited Boston Mass. Over 70 acres of the most magnificent edifices are in ruins. The loss is counted to exceed \$200,000,000!

## The Tar's First Ride.

The following description of a sailor's first ride, from a recent English novel, is a fine bit of humorous writing, and true to the life: "Therefore, arising betimes, I hired a very fine horse, and manning him bravely, laid his head east and south, as near as might be according to our binnacle. But though the wind was abaft the beam, and tide and all in his favor and a brave commander upon his poop, what did he do but house his stem and run out his spunkier driver, and up with his tailrail, as if I wearing him in a thundering heavy sea. I resolved to get the upper hand of this uncalled for mutiny, and the more so because all our crew were gazing, and at the fair I had laid down the law very strictly concerning horses. I slipped my feet out of the chains for fear of my sudden capsize, and then I rapped him over the cap heads, where his anchor ought to hang. He, however, instead of doing all what I expected, up with his bolt sprit and down with his quarter, as if struck by a whale under his fore foot. This was so far from true seamanship, and proved him to be so unbuild for sailing, that I was content to disembark over his stem, and with slight concessions. 'Never say die,' has always been my motto, and always will be; nailing my colors to the mast, I embarked upon another horse of less than half the tonnage of that one who would not answer helm. And this craft, being broken-backed, with a strange sound at her port-holes, could not under press of sail bowl along more than four knots an hour. And we adjusted matters between us so that when she was tired I was so sore, and therefore disembarked and towed her until we were both fit for sea again. Therefore it must have been a good meridian when I met Parson Chow near his house."

## The Warning Has Been Heeded.

Since the exposure of the attempts made by certain unscrupulous local dealers, to palm off their coarse astrinents, made from cheap and impure materials, in the place of the great national tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, public opinion has set strongly against these empirics and their preparations. Their occupation is gone, or soon will be. When the light is let into deception it soon withers down. Persons who trifle with their own health, by using unknown preparations, with no guarantee to sustain them, when an established specific, proven by twenty years experience to be exactly what it is claimed to be, is within their reach, are sure to repent their temerity. Many have done so in this instance, but it is hoped that the truth plainly spoken has arrested the evil. In the meantime the demand for the leading protective and restorative medicine of America was never so great as it has been this season. From the fever and ague districts of the west, south-west and south, it is literally overwhelming, and it may be said of the advices from all parts of the country of the cures it is effecting in dyspepsia, bilious complaints, and chronic constipation, that "their name is legion." Everywhere the sick and feeble seem to have realized the importance of "holding fast that which is good," and of avoiding what is spurious and dangerous.

The numerous "Bitters," under various names, which mercenary dealers endeavor to substitute for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, should be avoided, for their own sakes, by the sick and the public at large. Hostetter's Bitters are procurable in bottles only, and never sold in bulk.

Dog Story.—To the Press, published at Salem, Washington County, New York, is to be credited this story of a dog: Last Saturday night, as James Donnelly was coming up the railroad track followed by a dog, the midnight train came along. The dog, instead of leaving the track as a prudent and sagacious dog would have done, turned round and faced the coming train and began barking at it. The train came rushing on, and though Donnelly called his dog it maintained its position, and the result was that the train ran over it dividing its body into equal parts.—The strangest part is yet to be told. The train passed on and Donnelly called the dog, and the part that had the head on crawled toward him ten feet, and the other half remained on the railroad track.

A Hartford gentleman, weary with travel, put up at a hotel at Westly, Conn., on last Saturday evening, and, on awaking the next morning, heard a plaining mill next door in full blast and the people pursuing their usual avocations. "Great heavens," said he, "have I slept till Monday morning?" The landlord explained that the folks were Seventh-day Baptists.

It costs \$10 a word to swear in Utah. That is the regulation fine for each offence in Salt Lake City, and they collect the fines when they are imposed.

The Parish Court, Judge Daigre, has been in session all last week.

## The Village Bar-Room as it Was.

One of the best things in an address delivered before the Pioneer's Central Association of Central New York, last week, by Governor Seymour, was the exaltation of the educational value of an institution which has become nearly extinct in these days of railroads, viz: the village bar-room, or rather, the company that used to assemble nightly at that place of universal resort. Here is the picture which Mr. Seymour drew of that old-style training school: Ordinary, he who kept a house of public entertainment was a man of larger means and generally of more consideration than most of his neighbors. And when they gathered around that fire, the clergyman, the lawyer, the doctor, the mechanic, to discuss things; they heard both sides of questions. They were not the men of one newspaper, the men that we are so much afflicted with to-day, that see so clearly because they see but one side of the question, and therefore never have any problems to settle in their own minds. Matters were then discussed in the hearing of all by four brightest minds. There was a collision of mind and sentiment; there was an argument upon both sides. A man could not in those days indulge in that kind of declamation and house statement of which we hear so much to-day, for he had a wary and sharp opponent to hold him close to the truth. Then, too, in regard to business matters, the best men of business gathered together, and all the transactions of the country were substantially done in public. The young men stood near the fireplace and listened to those words. "The poor man, the unfriended youth who had no other means of education, used to listen to these discussions, and perhaps there learned the truths of good conduct, of skill, of business affairs, that in after life made him a successful man. To make clear what I mean, I remember when, in the days of Philo Rast, there used to gather in the public room of the Syracuse House men of more shrewdness and more capacity than any similar body of men that I can call to mind. A man who could maintain for one year a high standing in that room for his good sense and ability was sure to be a pretty marked man. It required a great deal more sense than to be member of Congress now."

## Beware!

Beware of Colic and all Mercerial Complaints. Better, far better, endorse disease than tamper with this mineral poison, no matter how carefully prepared. Its extensive use has already proven the cause of great and distressing injury. Dr. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS contain not a particle of Mercury, and can be taken at all times with perfect safety.

YAZOO COUNTY, MISS.,

May 31, 1865.

Dr. Wm. H. TUTT:

I have been a martyr to Liver Complaint for three years, and after employing the best of doctors, and spending almost all I was worth for different kinds of medicine, your agent induced me to try your Liver Pills. I have taken them regularly for several weeks, and have been so much benefited by them that I feel confident of a perfect cure. I consider them the best Liver Medicine ever discovered.

Respectfully,

J. CRAPON.

DR. TUTT'S HAIR DYE REQUIRES BUT A FEW MINUTES.

"Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh, such a disgrace!"

"What is it, my dear? Don't keep me in suspense!"

"Oh, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it to be addressed to myself—certainly it looks more like Mrs. than it does Mr."

Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife opening her husband's letter?"

"No harm in the thing itself, the contents. Such a disgrace!"

"Who has dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?"

"Oh, no; it is couched in chaste and beautiful language. But the contents! the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing out aloud, while her husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had nearly broken his wife's heart.

It was a bill from the printer for three years' subscription for a newspaper.

MARY JANE THE BOSS THERE.—The Detroit Free Press says:

During the excitement of registration one of the carriages stopped at a house on Beech street, and the driver pounded at a house tenanted by a man who had neglected his duty, and whose vote might be lost in consequence. A big, stout woman opened the door, and, upon ascertaining what had brought the politician around, she replied: "No, sir, he can't go. He's washing now, and he's got to iron to-morrow. And if he wasn't doing anything he could not go. I run this house, I do, and if any one votes, it'll be this same Mary Jane."

An Illinois man, while drunk, fell from a wagon and died. The man who sold him the whisky compromised by paying the dead man's heirs \$1,800.

## A Little Bit of Romance About the Marchesa Garibaldi.

A gentleman who sat next to me the other day at a dinner party gave me a little bit of a romance about the Marchesa Garibaldi, the second wife of the famous Italian general is called. I had heard that she was the wife of Garibaldi's son.

"No at all," said my dinner-table companion, a Milanese count, who knew all about the strange affair.—"She is the second wife of the general himself. She left him the day after the wedding, and they have never met since."

I looked all the questions I was dying to ask, upon which he added, with a laugh and a shrug, as if he knew more than was proper to tell at that moment:

"No reasons were ever given on either side."

The subject was dropped, but it recalled to me a strange story I had heard some years ago, of a second marriage of Garibaldi's and which served well to join on to the unfinished or unbroken link that my dinner acquaintance had given me. I'll tell it to you as it was told to me, and you can join the two links or not, just as you please. It was at least a dozen years ago. The lady was young, tall, rich, handsome and fast. No name was given me.

She conceived a desperate, passionate admiration for the famous "Liberator of Italy." She was young enough to be Garibaldi's daughter, and he was passing then, as he has always for the inconsolable widow—the celebrated "Anita," his first wife who accompanied him through many of his adventures, and whose sad death has been an often and so touchingly described, is supposed to be the only love of Garibaldi's life. Nevertheless, the marriage took place between the general and the young Lombardy marchesa. But, sad to relate, on the wedding day, after the ceremony, Garibaldi received information, with undoubted proofs, of the immaturity of his young bride. Why had he not been informed sooner? I cannot tell you anything but the simple story as I heard it. I never ask questions on such occasions. I think it keeps the dream of a romance from rising properly. When the married pair were left alone, Garibaldi told his young wife what he had heard, but added: "If you will say you are an honest woman, I will take your word."

"But if I cannot, what then?" asked the marchesa.

"We must part forever this very moment," replied Garibaldi.

The young woman turned, left her husband of an hour and never saw him again. It was said that the stories against her character were false, and the young girl, though gay, was innocent. But her pride was so wounded at the charge being made by her husband at that moment, and in such a peremptory manner, that she scorned to justify herself; his want of faith in her dispelled her illusions and broke the chain of her love.

I saw the Marchesa Garibaldi at one of the regattas on Lake Como early in September. She is about thirty-five years old, I should think; a handsome but coarse-looking woman; has fierce, defiant black eyes, dark skin, heavy black hair parted on one side; thrust through the thick braids at the back was an oxidized silver snore, placed in the same way that the Transverse tortoiseshell daggers are worn in the hair. She was dressed very simply in a sea outfit, or silk costume, and round hat with cock-of-the-wood's feather.

"Say Amen to that, Brother."

In the south of New Jersey, some years ago, there traveled over some of the hardest countries, a good, faithful, hard working brother by the name of James Moore, or James Moore, as he was familiarly called. A true loyal Methodist, plain, pointed and sharp in all his preaching and exhortations.

He had been laboring a year on one of his circuits, and before leaving for his new field he gave his people, who dearly loved him, his farewell sermon.

At its close he said:

"My dear brethren, this is my last address to you. I am going from you and you may never hear the voice of James Moore, again."

"Amen!" came loudly from the seat before him.

He looked at the man with a little surprise, but thinking it was a mistake went on:

"My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man, and you may not only never hear the voice of James Moore but never see his face again."

"Amen!" was shouted from the same seat, more vigorously than before.

There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man—he knew him to be a hard, grinding man, stingy and mercenary to the poor.

He continued his address.

"May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored Him with your substance, who have been kind to the poor, and—"

Pausing and looking the intruder straight in the eye, and pointing to him with his finger—

"May his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under their heels. So amen to that, brother!"

The shot told. He was not interrupted again.