

# The Louisiana Democrat.

A. B. RACHAL

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

(PUBLISHER)

VOL. 30.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1874.

NO. 5.

## The Democrat.

**TERMS:**  
THE DEMOCRAT is published Weekly, at FOUR DOLLARS per annum—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents for six months, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE! No subscription taken for a less period than six months. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square for the first insertion, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent one. Extra lines or less, (BREVIER) constitute a square. OFFICIAL Notices, Marriages, Public Meetings, Cards of Thanks, etc., to be paid for as advertisements. \* \* \* \* \* PERSONAL Cards, when admissible, charged double the usual advertising rates.

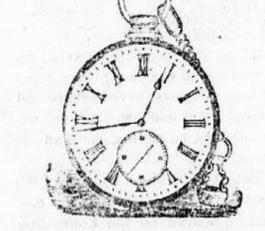
ALEXANDRIA.  
**DIRECTORY.**  
Parish.

JOHN OSBORN, District Judge  
C. V. LEBLANC, Parish Judge  
W. C. McCHAMPNEY, Parish Atty  
O. K. HAWLEY, Clerk of Court  
JOHN DELACY, Sheriff  
V. W. PORTER, Recorder  
M. LEGRAS, Assessor and Collector  
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J. P. SNEILING, J. G. COMPTON, T. S. CLIFTON, W. M. KELSO.  
CHAS. OWEN, Clerk Police Jury  
J. M. BARRETT, Parish Treasurer

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R. L. FOX, Mayor

Councilmen:  
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E. R. BROSSAT, Second Ward  
J. B. RICHARDSON, Third Ward  
M. LEGRAS, Fourth Ward  
J. C. FRENCH, Fifth Ward  
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SILVERWARE!  
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LEVIN'S ROW, MURRAY ST., ALEXANDRIA

A LARGE stock of Fine Calf Skin and Morocco a-

ways on hand. REPAIRING DONE WITH NEATNESS and DISPATCH -

CHEAP FOR CASH.

ALEXANDRIA, CHENEVILLE

RED RIVER and NEW ORLEANS LINE

United States Mail Coaches

A CONCORD COACH WILL LEAVE Alexandria DAILY at 2 o'clock P. M. making close connections at Red River Landing with the magnificent steamers Katie, Robt. E. Lee and Natchez for New Orleans. Returning—will leave Red River Landing on the arrival of the above Packets from New Orleans, arriving at Alexandria 10 o'clock the next morning. B. H. PETERSON, Proprietor. March 4th.

W. F. BLACKMAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW ALEXANDRIA.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS of the Parishes of Rapides, Natchitoches, Iberville, Sabine and Grant, and in the Supreme Court at New Orleans, La.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Lecture to Young Men.

JUST PUBLISHED, IN A SEALED ENVELOPE.

PRICE.....SIX CENTS

A LECTURE ON THE NATURE, Treatment and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, induced by Self Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotence, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBT. G. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the Green Book, &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bleedings, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents, or two post stamps. Address the Publishers, CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO., 127 Bowery, New York, Post Office Box 4586.

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HENRY ST. JOHN.

The Crescent Spectacles.

IMPROVE YOUR SIGHT.

THE CRESCENT SPECTACLES now offered to the Public are guaranteed superior to all others in the market. For clearness and distinctness of vision they are unrivaled, the total absence of prismatic colors and refractory rays always found in Pebbles renders their especially desirable. Being ground with great care, they are free from all imperfections and impurities. They are mounted in gold, silver, shell, rubber and steel frames and will last many years without change. For sale only by our Agents.

Ferguson & Schneck, Jewelers and Opticians, are Sole Agents in Alexandria, La.

None genuine without the trade mark stamped on every pair. Manufactured by

FELLOWS, HOLMES & LAPP, NEW YORK.

LOOK for TRADE MARK. No PEDDLERS EMPLOYED.

WARPATH!

WILL MAKE THIS season at "Wellswood"

at \$25 the season, payable the First of December next, and \$1 to the groom.

One bill for the season to accompany the mare. Mares kept in fine grass pastures with water, under good fence, free of charge. If desired, fed on grain at \$2 per week, payable when taken away.

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DAIGRE & CAZABAT, ATTORNEYS and COUNSELLORS at LAW, No. 3 LEVIN'S ROW, ALEXANDRIA, LA.

WILL PRACTICE THEIR Profession and give prompt and special attention to the collection of all claims in the Parishes of Rapides, Grant, Winn and Vernon, and before the Supreme Court at New Orleans, La.

T. G. NOEL, C. NOEL, T. G. NOEL & CO., Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF LIVE STOCK!

CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS, Stock Landings, NEW ORLEANS

\$5,920 TO BE WON IN THE FAIR LOTTERY. TICKETS ONLY SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

300 PRIZES IN THE FAIR LOTTERY TO BE WON BY ONLY RISKING SEVENTY FIVE CENTS.

REMEDY FOR NERVOUS HEADACHE.—A well known Kentucky minister, subject to severe spells of nervous headache, was in our office the other day, says an exchange, during one of those attacks. Major Brown, of Mexico was present, and proposed to relieve him in five minutes, which he did most effectually. The following is the prescription: "Take a dessert-spoonful of common soda, such as is used for making bread, and dissolve it thoroughly in a quart of water.—With this thoroughly shampoo the head for about five minutes, scratching the skin of the head and the back of the neck well with the finger-nails. Then rinse the head with clear, cold water." Major Brown says that he has used this remedy in perhaps a thousand cases since 1852, and never once failed to give relief in five or ten minutes. This remedy is for nervous headache, and is not for those afflictions of the head arising from deranged stomachs.

"Do you wish to have my bills sworn to?" inquired the physician. "No," replied the executor, "the death of the deceased is enough to prove that you attended him professionally."

Now and then a merchant who is asked to subscribe for arming the White League, stops to inquire how the murders to be committed by these patriots will affect the fall trade.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

ECLIPSE STABLE!

WELLS, TAYLOR, - - - Proprietor

CORNER OF THIRD and DESOTO STREETS, ALEXANDRIA, LA.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES and HORSES TO LET.

HORSES KEPT by the DAY, WEEK, MONTH

The STABLE is the LARGEST and MOST COMFORTABLE in the STATE.

Particular attention paid to HORSES left on KEEP, or for SALE.

To Drivers!

SPLENDID MULE PENS

Will rent STALLS by DAY or WEEK FOR HORSES

HORSES, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES and HARNESS

ALWAYS ON HAND FOR SALE NEW ORLEANS

Grand Ecure Weekly Packet

FOR GRAND ECURE, MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDRIA, PINEVILLE, NORMAN'S, BARBINS and

ALL WAY LANDINGS!

The A1 Magnificent and Fast Running Passenger Steamer

SABINE:

DICK SINNOTT, MASTER GEO. C. HAMILTON, Clerk

LEAVES NEW ORLEANS EVERY Saturday at 5 P. M. Returning leaves Grand Ecure every TUESDAY evening, and Alexandria every WEDNESDAY at 12 M. For Freight or Passage APPLY ON BOARD.

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY DONE

AT THIS OFFICE

DRAINAGE PUMPS.

PUMPS, SEPARATE, OR WITH ENGINE, BOILER and EVERYTHING COMPLETE. PUMP 100 to 100,000 gallons per minute.

PUMP SAND, GRAVEL, MUD and GRITTY SUBSTANCES.

PUMP MORE WATER with same power. PUMP MORE WATER according to cost. Are superior to any PUMP made. Send for Circular of Andrew's Centrifugal Pumps and Machinery. In use by the U. S. Government and all over the world.

WM. D. ANDREWS & BRO., 114 Water Street, New York

Special Notice to Planters!

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS secured the agency for the sale of the celebrated

Rust Proof Oats

and will be prepared to furnish them in quantities to suit purchasers, on or about the First of August next. Parties desiring some of these celebrated OATS had better make application at once.—Price \$1.25 per bushel.

H. A. BROSSAT, Cotile Landing, Red River.

CARPET WAREHOUSE!

17 CHARTRES ST. NEW ORLEANS

A. BROSSAT, IMPORTER and DEALER, OFFERS at Wholesale and Retail, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, Floor, Table and Enamel MATTING, 1000 rolls, White, Check and Fancy. WINDOW SHADES, Corsets, Table and Piano Covers, CURTAINS, Lace and Nottingham Lace, BROOD, UBBLE, Cotelettes, Turries, Reqs, etc.—HAIR CLOTH, Gimp, Plush, etc. Jan. 7-6m. A. BROSSAT.

## Poetical.

HOPE ON.

BY NELLIE NETTLE.

When sorrows depress, And blighted hopes fall, As the leaflets of Autumn Obey Winter's call; Though faded and weary, Let there not be a groan; For a sweet word of comfort Is—"Ever hope on!"

Weary hearts, in all ages, Have lent on its strength; "Hope ever" their watchword, Brought cheer at length. The days dark and dreary, Oh! shadowed the morn, But then came the sweet words "Ever hope on!"

Though prospects the darkest O'ershadow the view, And trials and cares, All our sorrow renew, Yet we know that by fire Is the gold tried alone; And, trusting God's word, We will ever hope on.

If we bear not a cross, We will never wear a crown; So, farewell repining, Despair is cast down. With the Christian's soul-anchor Brave the white billows foam, Looking upward for courage, We will ever hope on!

The Cant of Impostors.

It is so obvious that physical and constitutional vigor is the best defense against disease, that even the vendors of drastic purgatives advertise them as tonics, stomachics and invigorants, in the hope of enlisting the confidence of the public in the devitalizing and pernicious potions. It is amusing to note how these impostors imitate and copy the language in which the medicinal properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are described. Although the effect of their rasping evacuants is to destroy the tone of the digestive organs and the bowels, and to rob the system of its vital strength, they are unscrupulously recommended to the weak and prostrate victims of disease as stimulants! It is time this humbug (not a very successful one it is true, thanks to the mature common sense of the American people) was stigmatized as it deserves. Such mischievous falsehoods should be exposed pro bono publico. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, be it distinctly understood, is a stimulant. It has a spirituous basis, and that basis is the vehicle which diffuses its wonderful sanitary principles through every part of the system. The tonic, alterative and regulating ingredients of the Bitters would be comparatively inert if they were not, so to speak, carried to the localities where they are required by the stimulating agent. The cant which protests against the use of a pure alcoholic fluid, when employed as a means of giving full effect to medicinal extracts of the highest utility, is the cant of charlatanism. Every intelligent physician so characterizes it, and the sick who are gripped, convulsed and debilitated by the nauseous and disgusting nostrums of the parties who put it forth, soon find to their sorrow that it is delusion and a snare. Hostetter's Bitters, the great sanitary stimulant of the age, is in the truest sense of the word, a wholesome, vitalizing, renovating preparation.

On Friday the second act in the tragedy of the Peneceal murderers closed, and two of the murderers paid the forfeit of their lives to the laws of the country. One of the persons claimed to have taken no part in the murder, but admitted he was present and took a share of the stolen goods. The other was active in the outrage, and he has admitted to being engaged in several other murders, among them those of Murdock, Hatch and Crocker.

A strange ceremony, and one almost unknown in the annals of crime, was that of the marriage of Hypolito Tapia to his former mistress, while standing, as it were, with the rope around his neck. The woman, Trinidad Bayestero, had long been living with Hypolito, and was the mother of several of his children. To have them legitimized as far as possible, she induced Hypolito to consent to a marriage, which he really did. So on Thursday evening a large number of his relatives and friends, and those of the woman, assembled at the jail, and were admitted to an interview with the condemned. The priest soon came. Trinidad is an ordinary looking woman, with a five-months-old child in her arms, and was dressed in a common calico dress, with the never absent black shawl thrown about her shoulders.

The interview between her and Hypolito affected both greatly. The Rev. Father C. Jaillot officiated, amid surroundings in the highest degree dramatic and solemn. Under the sentence of death for the commission of a terrible murder, and within a short twenty-four hours of his doom; within a jail, at one portion of which stood the dread machinery that was to launch him into eternity; with witnesses composed of his sorrowing and weeping relatives and his companion in crime, doomed at the same time to suffer death with him; manacled and in chains, this man stood to take unto himself that holiest of all things—a wife! Two of the great events of life—marriage and death—under such circumstances!

Hypolito, during the ceremony, preserved a calm, collected demeanor, and made all necessary responses in a clear, firm voice. Not so Trinidad, who barely preserved sufficient command of herself to go through the ceremony. The marriage concluded, the parties present were told that the hour had come to close the jail for the night, and that they must now part.

On the scaffold, Tapia said: "My friends, I am here to-day to die by hanging. I have killed no person, nor helped kill any one. The people forced the person who was guilty to swear against me; but it's all right—good bye!" Davilla had nothing to say. He stood very still, with his eyes cast down, and evidently communing with himself.

When the drop fell a series of heart-rending screams were raised in the crowd! Unknown to Tapia, his family came to see the hanging, and they were loud in their lamentations and expressions of grief.

The necks of both men were broken, and they died without a struggle.—[Corpus Christi News Valley.

Love.—A complaint of the heart, growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain.—It attacks persons of both sexes generally between the ages of fourteen and thirty; some have been known to have it at the age of sixty.

Symptoms.—Absence of mind; giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs; gazing on the moon and stars; toothache; bleeding at the nose; loss of appetite; neglect of business; a loathing for all things—save one; blood-shot eyes, and a constant desire to sigh.

Effects.—A strong headache, pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleeplessness, and all that sort of thing.—At times, the imagination bright; bowers of roses; winged cupids, and battered pens; and then, again, oceans of despair, racks, tortures and hair-triggered pistols.

Cure.—Get married. If that don't cure you, it will at least open your eyes a little.

## From the Altar to the Gallows.

THE HANGING OF TWO MURDERERS IN CORPUS CHRISTI—ONE OF THEM MARRIED ON THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH—THE GRIEF OF HIS WIFE.

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Cure.—Get married. If that don't cure you, it will at least open your eyes a little.

## "Old Rossum, the Beau."

THE AUTHOR OF THAT SONG.

The veteran Colonel W. H. Sparks, of Louisiana, has been spending the summer in Atlanta, Georgia, and though in his seventy-fifth year, retains his health and mental and physical strength and vivacity to a remarkable degree. The Columbus, Georgia, Enquirer a few days ago contained an editorial allusion to Colonel Sparks as the author of that once universally known and widely sung American ballad, "Old Rossum, the Beau." This was shown to the old gentleman, and in reply he wrote a letter to a friend, which the Atlanta Herald publishes. He says, under date of August 21:

It is very true, I wrote the lines I sent you, and they are the very first that were ever sung to the air, which became famous.

I will give you a brief history of the writing, and of the man that inspired them. When I first went to the West, in 1826, I was some time in selecting a domicile.

Finally I located in Mississippi, and commenced the practice of law. It was in the midst of the noblest race of people I have ever known. Amongst these were two equally remarkable, but very unlike. One was a school master, who was quite old, and who had been teaching in that neighborhood over forty years. His name was James Rossum. He was peculiar in his habits. On Monday morning neatly dressed and cleanly shaven, he went to his duty in the old school house, where two-thirds of his life had been spent, and assiduously devoted himself to the duties of his vocation until Friday evening.

On the morning of Saturday he arrayed himself in his best, and devoted the day in visiting the ladies of the neighborhood. He was a welcome guest at every house. This habit had continued so long that he had acquired the sobriquet of "Rossum, the Beau." The other's name was Cox, who was a rollicking, good fellow, and the best vocalist I ever knew. He was in song what Pfenstiss was in oratory, and they were boon companions—both died young.

Cox was frequently at my office, and upon one occasion whilst he was there, Rossum walked by the door, and his age was apparent in his walk. Cox looked at him, and, after a pause, turned to me and remarked in quite a feeling tone, which he could assume at pleasure, and its eloquence was indescribable: "Poor old Rossum! some of these sunny mornings he will be found dead, when he shall have a noble funeral, and all the ladies will honor it with being present, I know."

Soon after he left the office, and being in the humor, I seized the ideas and wrote the following doggerel lines. Soon after Cox returned and I handed them to him. He got up, walked and hummed different airs, until he fell upon the old Methodist hymn tune, in which they have ever since been sung.

I have always considered Cox more entitled to the authorship of the song than myself.

Hundreds of lines have been written to the air, by as many persons, and almost as many have claimed the authorship of the lines; but this is of no moment. I claim no merit for my lines, but everything for Cox's singing them. I have seen him draw tears from the eyes of old and young, with the feeling he threw into the song:

Now, soon on some soft, sunny morning The first thing my neighbor shall know, Their ears shall he beat with the warning Come bury old Rossum, the beau.

My friends then so neatly shall dress me In linen, as white as the snow— And in my new coffin shall press me, And whisper: Poor Rossum, the beau.

And when I'm to be buried, I reckon, The ladies will all like to go; Let them form at the foot of my coffin, And follow old Rossum, the beau.

Then take you a dozen good fellows, And let them all staggering go; And dig a deep hole in the meadow, And in it toss Rossum, the beau.

Then shape out a couple of dornicks, Place one at the head and the toe; And do not fail to scratch on it— Here lies old Rossum, the beau.

Then take you these dozen good fellows, And stand them all round in a row; And drink out of a big-bellied bottle, Farewell to old Rossum, the beau.

W. H. SPARKS.

\$250 IN GREENBACKS ARE offered by the Fair Association as PREMIUMS ON COTTON.

## Curious Will.

To the remarkable papers "Curious Wills," published some time since by a contemporary, might be added with advantage a supplementary account of the more curious funeral directions which those documents frequently contain. An interesting case in point is that of the late highly esteemed Surgeon Major Wyatt, G. L., of the Coldstream Guards, who did such good service to suffering humanity in Paris after the siege in 1871. He desired in his will, lately proved, to be buried in the full-dress uniform of the regiment, in which he had passed the greater part of his useful and honored life. A Bible presented to him by his wife was to be placed in his coffin; and these behests being recorded, the Surgeon Major went on to direct that the horses used at his funeral might not be "decorated"—plumed and draped, we presume—in any manner; that the mutes and other attendants should not wear hat bands or scarfs; that each person attending his funeral was to wear in token of mourning only a black band of medium width, crape for relatives and cloth for friends; that the gloves should be black; but that each person in the train should wear a camelia or other white flower in his buttonhole, as it was the worthy Surgeon General's wish that the "ceremony should be free as possible from all gloomy associations, and to be considered more as an occasion for rejoicing than for mourning." Consistent with this leading idea was the expressed wish that no kind of widows cap or weeds should be worn by his relict, and no particle or crape on the garments of his relations.—[London Paper.

SAMBO'S PATIENCE EXPLAINED.—I have the story of an incident at one of the Richmond hotels which made me laugh, although all readers may not see anything funny about it. A Boston man and two Virginians set at the same table. The Boston man was shocked to hear the Virginians call the colored waiter "a black rascal" and "nigger." Surely, he thought, the spirit of slavery is strongly upon this people. He was careful to call the waiter his "friend," when ordering dishes, and to speak to him in the kindest and most polite manner. Notwithstanding, his honey speeches and bland smiles, he noticed that the waiter brought the Virginians altogether the best dinner. Upon reflection he ascribed it to the terror awakened in the poor waiter's mind by the rough speech and overbearing conduct of these Southerners.

No doubt he thought they would shoot this miserable creature dead in his tracks if he did not bring them just what they wanted, and in good style. When the Virginians left the table the sympathetic but rather poorly fed Boston man hastened to get the ear of the waiter. Thirsting for evidence of Southern barbarism, as well as for a good cup of coffee, he said to the waiter: "Here were those men, who insulted you and swore at you and talked rough, yet you brought them a much better dinner than me, who spoke to you most kindly and politely; how is this?" "Well," replied the African, as he cast a sly glance around and wiped the perspiration from his black forehead with the corner of a napkin, "I know these men talk sorter rough like, but they gives me money, and you don't!" The Boston man retired with a slight feeling of disgust for his colored brother.—[H. V. R., in Cincinnati Commercial.

"Papa, do you think Beech—" "Eush, Johnnie." "But, papa, don't you think Beech—" "Didn't, you hear me to tell you to stop your fuss, sir?" "I won't have you talking about these things. Go in the house, and get your face washed. And, Johnnie, with tears in his eyes, wants to know why papa won't tell him whether beechnuts are ripe.

A beggar posted himself at the door of an English-Chancery Court, and kept saying, "A penny, please, sir! Only a penny, sir, be-fore you go in." "And for what, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman. "Because, sir, the chances are that you will not have one when you come out."

Castor oil beans are extensively cultivated in Corpus Christi.