The Louisiana Democrat.

A. B. RACHAL) THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH. (PUBLISHER

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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.

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OBITUARY Notices, Marriages, Public Meetings, Cards of Thanks, etc., to be paid for as advertisements.

☞ PERSONAL CARDS, when admissible, charged double the usual advertising rates.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEOPOLD. GEHR

SECOND ST.,

UNDER THE TOWN HALL

ALEXANDRIA

FAMILY

GROCERIES

FINE WINES,
LIQUORS and
FRENCH BRANDY

PURE OLD BOURBON WHISKEY!

CONFECTIONERIES

CANDY,
CAKES,
FRUIT.

FINE TOBACCO

— AND —

CIGARS

REMOVAL!

HENRY HEYMAN

HAS REMOVED TO

FRONT

Between MURRAY and DE SOTO STS

AT THE OLD STAND OF

B. WEIL & BRO.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS

— and —

FAMILY GROCERIES!

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS

BOOTS,
SHOES,
HATS,
WOOD and
TINWARE

HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR COTTON and ALL COUNTRY PRODUCE.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

A BEAUTIFUL QUARTERLY JOURNAL, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant colored FLOWER PLATE with the first number. Price only 25 cents for the year. The first number for 1877 just issued in German and English.

VICK'S FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN, in paper 50 cents; with elegant cloth covers $1.00.

VICK'S CATALOGUE—300 Illustrations, only 2 cents. Address

JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y

NOTICE!

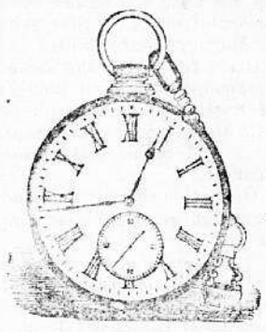
I HAVE 53 GOOD TEXAS MULES which I will sell at reasonable rates. Call at Excelsior Stable for further particulars. N. L. McGINNIS.

Oct. 25.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FERGUSON & SCHNACK

and JEWELERS WATCH-MAKERS



—DEALERS IN—

WATCHES!

CLOCKS,
JEWELRY

SOLID SILVER & PLATED WARE.

SPECTACLES,
EYE-GLASSES,
TOILET SOAP,
PERFUMERY

FOREIGN & AMERICAN

CUTLERY

PISTOLS,
GUNS AND
CARTRIDGES!

TOYS

FANCY GOODS & NOTIONS

☞ FINE WATCHES REPAIRED AND ENGRAVING NEATLY EXECUTED.

AGENTS FOR

THE SINGER

NEW FAMILY

SEWING MACHINE

ALEXANDRIA.

JUDGMENT.

MARGARET E. HOPKINS, vs. LOU LAURENCE, her husband. } No. 1325—Parish Court.

STATE OF LOUISIANA—RAPIDES PARISH.

IN THIS CASE BY REASON OF THE law and the evidence being in favor of Plaintiff, Margaret E. Hopkins, wife of Louis Laurence, it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the Plaintiff recover from the Defendant, Louis Laurence, the sum of Four Hundred and Fifty Dollars, with five per cent. interest per annum from the 17th of April, 1877, and costs of this suit with recognition of her mortgage according to law. And for reason aforesaid it is further ordered, adjudged and decreed that the community of acquets and gains between them be and is hereby dissolved;—that she be separated in property from her said husband, and that she have the management and control of her property independent of her husband.

Thus done and signed in open Court, this the 21st day of April, A. D. 1877.

JOHN CLEMENTS,
Parish Judge.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a correct copy of the judgment on file in record 1325 of the Docket of the Parish Court of Rapides Parish.

{L. S.} In testimony whereof I have hereto signed my name officially and affixed the seal of the Parish Court, of Rapides Parish, at Alexandria, La., on this the 3d day of May, A. D. 1877.

JAMES H. RANSDELL,
May 30, 1877-3t. Clerk.
Printer's fees $6.00.

DOING BUSINESS WITHOUT ADVERTISING IS LIKE WINKING AT A PRETTY GIRL IN THE DARK—YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING, BUT NO ONE ELSE DOES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

G. M. BAYLEY & POND vs. M. T. DOZIER. } No. 2165.

NINTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT—PARISH OF RAPIDES.

BY VIRTUE OF AND TO SATISFY a writ of Fieri Facias issued and to me directed in the above entitled and numbered suit, I have seized and will offer for sale at Public Auction in front of the Court House door in the Town of Alexandria, La., between the hours prescribed by law, on

SATURDAY, the 16th day of JUNE, 1877,

the following described property, to-wit:—

A certain piece or lot of ground situated in the village of Pineville, Parish and State aforesaid, fronting on the Harrisonburg road, with a front of one hundred and forty-three feet; bounded above by Cemetery Road, below by lands of Mrs. Charles W. Boyce, and in rear by the Catholic Cemetery, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon, consisting of dwellings, store, warehouse and outbuildings.—Also a certain lot of ground situated in the village of Pineville, State and Parish aforesaid, fronting on the Harrisonburg road, with a front of one hundred and two feet, and running back in parallel lines four hundred feet, bounded above by lands of C. W. Gilette, and below by lands of W. W. Jones, and in rear by lands of W. W. Jones.

TERMS OF SALE:—Twelve months' credit or bond, the purchaser being required to furnish good and approved joint security, and special mortgage retained on the property sold.

H. M. ROBINSON,
May 30, 1877-tds. Sheriff.
Printer's Fees $6.00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOOD NEWS!

MRS.

E. S. HETHERWICK,

FRONT

BETWEEN MURRAY & JOHNSTON STS.

THIS OLD AND RELIABLE BUSINESS house under the charge and management of

B. C. DUKE

continues business at its old stand, where all the GOODS, WARES

GROCERIES

—and—

PLANTATION GOODS!

are still kept, and offered at the MOST REASONABLE RATES FOR CASH.

CLOTHING

HATS, BOOTS,
SHOES, HOSIERY,
and UNDERWEAR

still continue a marked specialty of the house, a large and fashionable assortment having been just received, all of which goods were selected and purchased in person by the Manager. In the

DRY GOODS

line we are offering the newest designs, the choicest colorings, and at the lowest prices. The only stock of

HARDWARE

in all of its branches in Alexandria. Every one calling can be SUITED and TURNED OFF PLEASED.

REGISTRATION & ASSESSMENT.

THE TAXPAYERS AND VOTERS of the Parish of Rapides are notified that I will visit the different Polling Precincts of the Parish on the following days, for the purpose of assessing property for State and Parish taxes, and registering voters, to wit:

Alexandria—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Monday, May 30th and 31st, June 1, 2 and 4th.

Rapides—Tuesday and Wednesday, June 5th and 6th.

Cotile—Thursday, Friday and Saturday—June 7th, 8th and 9th.

Oakland—Tuesday and Wednesday, June 12th and 13th.

Lecomte—Thursday and Friday, June 14th and 15th.

Cheneyville—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 18th, 19th and 20th.

Pineville—Monday and Tuesday, June 25th and 26th.

Prairie—Wednesday and Thursday, June 27th and 28th.

Big Island—Friday, June 29th.

Catannier—Monday and Tuesday, July 2d and 3d.

Wiley's—Thursday and Friday, July 5th and 6th.

Nicholls'—Monday and Tuesday, July 9th and 10th.

Hineston—Wednesday and Thursday, July 11th and 12th.

Cherrywinchie—Friday and Saturday, July 13th and 14th.

Calhoun's—Monday and Tuesday, July 16th and 17th.

As the time for completing the rolls is very short, the taxpayers are requested to prepare full descriptions of their lands, horses, mules, cattle, wagons and all kinds of taxable property, and have the lists ready on the days and at the places above designated.

Under recent laws the Assessor is charged with the duty of registering voters, and in order to vote at future elections it is absolutely necessary that the names shall appear on the new rolls.

☞ The office in Alexandria will be opened for Assessments, during my absence at the country precincts.

GEO. O. WATTS,
May 30, 1877. Assessor.

CENTENNIAL

SAW MILL!

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

HAVING SPARED NEITHER MONEY nor time, to erect a first class Mill, which is now in full operation, I hereby announce to the public, that I can fill and deliver any bill of Lumber here or at any point on Red River, within short notice.

Parties in need of Lumber, of any kind, would act to their interest to call at the Office, before ordering elsewhere, as my facilities are such as to meet the demand of the public generally.

OFFICE—at Schmalinski & Bloom's Store. LUMBER YARD—at the old Railroad Depot. Respectfully,

May 30-tf. E. SCHMALINSKI.

CONDITION POWDERS

—FOR—

HORSES AND MULES!

THIS IS THE TIME OF THE YEAR to IMPROVE the CONDITION of STOCK. If they are at all "OUT OF SORTS" use the CONDITION POWDERS. Sold in ONE POUND TIN CANS—PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

Henry St. John.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HEED THE

Words of Advice,

RESPECTFULLY offered by W. H. TUTT, M.D., for many years Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Medical College of Georgia.

Thirty years' experience in the practice of medicine, together with fifteen years' test of Tutt's Pills, and the thousands of testimonials given of their efficacy, warrant me in saying that they will positively cure all diseases that result from a diseased liver. They are not recommended for all the ills that afflict humanity, but for Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, Skin Diseases, Bilious Colic, Rheumatism, Palpitation of the Heart, Kidney Affections, Female Complaints, &c., all of which result from a derangement of the Liver, no medicine has ever proven so successful as DR. TUTT'S VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS.

TUTT'S PILLS CURE SICK HEADACHE.

TUTT'S PILLS REQUIRE NO CHANGE OF DIET.

TUTT'S PILLS ARE PURELY VEGETABLE.

TUTT'S PILLS NEVER GRIPE OR NAUSEATE.

THE DEMAND FOR TUTT'S PILLS is not confined to this country, but extends to all parts of the world.

A CLEAR HEAD, elastic limbs, good digestion, sound sleep, buoyant spirits, fine appetite, are some of the results of the use of TUTT'S PILLS.

AS A FAMILY MEDICINE TUTT'S PILLS ARE THE BEST—PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CTS.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 18 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

DR. TUTT'S

EXPECTORANT.

This unrivaled preparation has performed some of the most astonishing cures that are recorded in the annals of history. Patients suffering for years from the various diseases of the Lungs, after trying different remedies, spending thousands of dollars in traveling and doctoring, have, by the use of a few bottles, *entirely recovered their health.*

"WON'T GO TO FLORIDA."

New York, August 30, 1872.

DR. TUTT:

Dear Sir:—When in Aiken, last winter, I used your Expectorant for my cough, and realized more benefit from it than anything I ever took. I am so well that I will not go to Florida next winter as I intended. Send me one dozen bottles, by express, for some friends.

ALFRED CUSHING,
123 West Thirty-first Street.

Boston, January 11, 1874.

This certifies that I have recommended the use of Dr. Tutt's Expectorant for diseases of the lungs for the past two years, and to my knowledge many bottles have been used by my patients with the happiest results. In two cases where it was thought confirmed consumption had taken place the Expectorant effected a cure.

R. H. SPRAGUE, M.D.

"We can not speak too highly of Dr. Tutt's Expectorant, and for the sake of suffering humanity hope it may become more generally known."—CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00

NEW ORLEANS

—and—

Grand Ecore Weekly Packet

FOR GRAND ECORE, MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDRIA, PINEVILLE, NORMAN'S, BARBIN'S

and

ALL WAY LANDINGS!

THE MAGNIFICENT AND FAST RUNNING STEAMER

BART ABLE

R. SINNOTT,.....MASTER
HAMILTON AND DOWTY,.....CLERKS

WILL LEAVE NEW ORLEANS EVERY SATURDAY at 5 o'clock P. M. Returning—leaves ALEXANDRIA every WEDNESDAY at 12 o'clock. For Freight or Passage

APPLY ON BOARD.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DEMOCRAT

W. W. WHITTINGTON, JR.,

Attorney-at-Law

—and—

NOTARY PUBLIC,

OFFICE AT THE TOWN HALL

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Our Poet's Corner—Selected

SWEET MARY.

BY REV. J. WOLFE.

If I had thought thou couldst have died
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had passed,
The time would e'er be o'er,
That I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon thy face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay even as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

TOO MUCH BLUE.

EARLY on a fine summer morning, an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur. He expected a friend to arrive by the diligence, and he set out sometime before it was due, to meet it on the road. Having a good deal of time to spare, he amused himself by watching any object of interest that caught his eye; and at length stopped to inspect the operations of a painter, who mounted on a ladder placed against the front of a wayside inn, was busily employed in depicting a sign suitable to its name, "The Rising Sun."

"Here," said the old man to himself, "is an honest dauber, who knows as much of perspective as a cart-horse; and who, I'll warrant, fancies himself a Rubens. How he brushes in that ultra-marine sky!"

The critic commenced walking backward and forward before the inn, thinking that he might as well loiter there for the diligence as walk on farther. The painter, meantime, continued to lay on the fresh coats of the brightest blue, which appeared to aggravate the old gentleman very much. At length when the sign painter took another brush full of blue paint to plaster on, the spectator could endure it no longer, and exclaimed, severely:

"Too much blue."

The honest painter looked down from his perch, and said in a tone of forced calmness, which an angry man sometimes assumes.

"Monsieur does not perceive that I am painting a sky."

"O, yes, I see very well, you are trying to paint a sky, but I tell you there's too much blue."

"Did you ever see skies painted without blue, Master amateur?"

"I am not an amateur. I merely tell you, in passing—I make the casual remark—that there is too much blue; but then do as you like. Put more blue, if you don't think you have troweled on enough already."

"But I tell you, that I want to represent a clear blue sky at sunrise."

"And I tell you, that no man in his senses would paint a sky at sunrise, blue."

"By Saint Gudula, this is is too much!" said the painter, coming down from his ladder, at no pains this time to conceal his anger; "I should like to see how you would paint a sky without blue!"

"I don't pretend to much skill in sky-painting; but, if I were to make a trial, I wouldn't put in too much blue."

"And what would it look like if you didn't?"

"Like nature, I hope, and not like yours, which might be taken for a bed of gentianella, or a sample of English cloth, or anything you please—except a sky; I beg to assure you, for the tenth time, there is too much blue!"

"I tell you what, old gentleman," cried the insulted painter, crossing his maul-stick over his shoulder, and looking very fierce, "I dare say you are a very worthy fellow when you are at home; but should not be let out alone."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because you must be crazy to play the critic after this fashion; too much blue, indeed!—What, I, the pupil of Ruysdael, the third cousin of Gerard Duow's great grandson, not know how to color a sky? Know that my reputation has been long established. I have a Red Horse at Malines, a Green Bear at Namur, and Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, before which every passenger stops fixed in admiration!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the critic, as he snatched the palette from the painter's hand. "You deserve to have your portrait painted to serve for the sign of Flemish Ass!" In his indignation he mounted the ladder with the activity of a boy, and began with the palm of his hand to efface the *chef d'oeuvre* of Gerard Douw's great third cousin.

"Stop! You old charlatan!" shouted the latter, "you are ruining my sign! Why, it's worth thirty-five francs. And then my reputation—lost! gone forever!"

He shook the ladder violently to make his persecutor descend. But the latter undisturbed either by that or by the presence of a crowd of villagers, attracted by the dispute, continued mercilessly to blot out the landscape. Then, using merely the point of his finger and the handle of a brush, he sketched, in masterly outline, three Flemish boors, with beer glasses in their hands, drinking to the rising sun; which appeared above the horizon, dispersing the gloom of a grayish morning sky.—One of the faces presented a strong and laughable caricature of the supplanted sign-painter. The spectators at first were greatly disposed to take part with their countryman against the intrusive stranger. What right had he to interfere? There was no end to the impertinence of these foreigners.

As, however, they watched and grumbled, the grumbling gradually ceased, and was turned into a murmur of approbation when the design became apparent. The owner of the inn was the first to cry, "Bravo!" and even Gerard Douw's cousin nine times removed felt his fury calming down into admiration.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "you belong to the craft, honest man, and there's no use in denying it. Yes, yes," he continued, laughing, as he turned toward his neighbors, "this is a French sign-painter, who wishes to have a jest with me. Well, I must frankly say he knows what he is about."

The old man was about to descend from the ladder, when a gentleman, riding a beautiful English horse, made his way through the crowd.

"That painting is mine!" he exclaimed in French, but with a foreign accent. "I will give a hundred guineas for it!"

"Another madman!" exclaimed the native genius. "Hang me, but all these foreigners are mad!"

"What do you mean, Monsieur?" said the inn-keeper, uncommonly interested.

"What I say—I will give one hundred guineas for that painting," answered the young Englishman, getting off his horse.

"That picture is not to be sold," said the sign painter, with an air of as much pride as if it had been his own work.

"No," quoth mine host, "for it is already sold, and even partly paid for in advance. However, if Monsieur wishes to come to an arrangement about it, it is with me he must treat."

"Not at all, not at all," rejoined the Flemish painter of signs, "it belongs to me. My fellow artist here gave me a little help out of friendship; but the picture is my lawful property, and I am at liberty to sell it to any one I please."

"What roguery!" exclaimed the inn-keeper, "my Rising Sun is my property, fastened on the wall of my house. How can it belong to any body else? Isn't it painted on my board? No one but myself has the smallest right to it."

"I'll summon you before the magistrate!" cried he who had not painted the sign,

"I'll prosecute you for breach of covenant" retorted the inn-keeper, who had half paid for it.

"One moment" interposed another energetic voice, that of the interloper; "it seems to me that I ought to have some little voice in this business."

"Quite right, brother" answered the painter. "Instead of disputing on the public road, let us go into Master Martzen's house, and arrange the matter amicably over a bottle of beer."

To this all parties agreed, but I am sorry to say that they agreed in nothing else; for within doors, the dispute was carried on with deafening confusion and energy. The Flemings contended for the possession of the painting, and the Englishman repeated his offer.

"But suppose that I don't choose to have it sold?" said the author.

"Oh, my dear Monsieur," said the innkeeper, "I am certain you would not wish to deprive an honest poor man, who can scarcely make both ends meet of this windfall. Why, it would just enable me to lay in a good stock of wine and beer."

"Don't believe him, brother?" said the painter, "he is an old miser. I am the father of a family; and being a painter, you ought to help a brother artist, and give me the preference. Besides, I am ready to share the money with you."

"He!" said Mr. Martzen. "Why, he's an old spendthrift, who has no money left to give his daughter as a marriage portion, because he spends all he gets on himself."

"No such thing; my Susette is betrothed to an honest, young French cabinet-maker; who poor as she is, will marry her next September."

"A daughter to portion!" exclaimed the strange artist; "that quite alters the case. I am content that the picture should be sold for a marriage portion. I leave it to our English friend's generosity to fix the sum."

"I have already offered," replied the best bidder, "one hundred guineas for the sketch just as it is; I will gladly give two hundred for it if the painter will consent to sign it in the corner with two words."

"What words?" exclaimed all the disputants at once.

The Englishman replied:

"PIERRE DAVID."

The whole party were quite dumb now; they were struck dumb with astonishment. The sign painter held his breath, glared with his eyes frantically clasped his hands together, and fell down on his knees before the great French painter.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, "forgive me for my audacious ignorance!"

David laughed heartily; and taking his hand, shook it with fraternal cordiality.

By this time the news of the discovery had spread; the tavern was crowded with persons anxious to drink the health of their celebrated visitor; and the good old man, standing in the middle of the room, pledged them heartily. In the midst of the merry-making, the sign-painter's daughter, the pretty Susette threw her arms round her benefactor's neck.

—DION BOUCICAULT tells this story of a brother actor: "A great many years ago, longer than I like to remember, I went to Philadelphia to try one of my pieces, 'Jessie Brown,' at one of the theaters. A small actor was cast for a very small part, that of Achmet, I believe. He had only six lines to speak, and he took the stage and spoke them like a tragedian. I called him down and said, "See here, young man, you're not playing Othello!' 'I know I ain't,' he replied, 'but I will some day,' and then walked off muttering something about punching my head. His prediction come true. That bad Achmet but good Othello was John McCullough."

—THE American pilgrims to Rome were received by the Pope on the 24th. The delegation comprised 50 Ecclesiastics and 150 lay members, and was led by the Archbishop of Philadelphia, and the Bishops of Alleghany, Natchitoches, Albany, Louisville, Galveston, Detroit, Green Bay, Hartford and others. Offerings to the amount of over $25,000 were presented.

—HAPPINESS is the perpetual possession of beings well deceived, for it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes and produce more wonderful revolutions than fortune or nature can be at the expense to furnish.