

The Louisiana Democrat.

A. B. RACHAL

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

(PUBLISHER)

VOL. 33.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1877.

{NO. 14.

DEMOCRAT.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH.

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.
A. VERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square for the first insertion and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent one. Eight lines or less (brevier type) constitute a square.
OBITUARY NOTICES, Marriages, Public Meetings, Cards of Thanks, etc., to be paid as advertisements.
PERSONAL GARS—when admissible—charged double the usual advertising rates.

LIST OF THE JURORS DRAWN TO SERVE AT THE NEXT DECEMBER TERM OF THE DISTRICT COURT.

CLERK'S OFFICE, ALEXANDRIA, LA., October 13, A. D. 1877.
BE IT KNOWN THAT ON THIS, the 13th day of October, A. D. 1877, we, Charles C. Weems, John P. Snelling, Joseph W. Moore and Benjamin Turner, qualified electors and duly appointed members of the Jury Commission for the Parish of Rapides, did assemble in the office of James H. Ransdell, Clerk of Court for said Parish, and in company with said Clerk, did draw from the General Venire Box prepared for that purpose, the names of one hundred and ten qualified electors, who are to serve as jurors at the next December term of our District Court, as follows to-wit:—

- JURY FOR FIRST WEEK.**
- 1. John Dove
 - 2. C. L. Robinson
 - 3. J. E. Moore
 - 4. Joe Cruse
 - 5. Prince A. Prothro
 - 6. C. R. Haworth
 - 7. T. Spence Smith
 - 8. G. L. Wilson
 - 9. J. A. Graham
 - 10. Romeo Herbert
 - 11. R. H. Whittington
 - 12. H. E. Gorman
 - 13. J. T. Crutcher
 - 14. Henry Taylor
 - 15. J. W. Gordon
 - 16. L. C. Sanford
 - 17. R. G. Mallox
 - 18. H. P. Osborn
 - 19. J. H. Dawson
 - 20. John Walker
 - 21. J. L. Squires
 - 22. Theo. Chevallier
 - 23. John Andrews
 - 24. R. W. Waddell
 - 25. W. L. Squires
 - 26. A. G. Compton
 - 27. Watkins Amber
 - 28. David Turner
 - 29. T. B. Holt
 - 30. Leonard White
 - 31. Wm. Mills, Jr.
 - 32. W. R. Hobbs
 - 33. D. T. Stafford
 - 34. J. H. Caruth
 - 35. W. A. Vestal
 - 36. E. P. Dodge
 - 37. A. J. Rames
 - 38. W. J. S. Johnson
 - 39. George F. Smith
 - 40. Linn Tanner
 - 41. R. F. Bailey
 - 42. Bob Hathorn
 - 43. James J. Roberts
 - 44. Sam Capel
 - 45. Francis Caswell
 - 46. W. S. Nally
 - 47. P. T. Kerrigan
 - 48. L. T. Dulany
 - 49. B. F. Carroll
 - 50. Anderson Hill

- SECOND WEEK.**
- 1. F. S. Norfleet
 - 2. P. H. Oswald
 - 3. Ephraim Slaughter
 - 4. J. J. Buggus
 - 5. A. Chapman
 - 6. John A. Newell
 - 7. S. P. Lynch
 - 8. Simon Well
 - 9. C. Haack
 - 10. A. W. McLaurine
 - 11. E. G. Henderson
 - 12. Meredith Marler
 - 13. J. F. Sollibellas
 - 14. J. L. Squires
 - 15. W. H. Randolph
 - 16. W. C. Honeycutt
 - 17. Abram Martin
 - 18. C. C. Cudd
 - 19. Walter M. Clark
 - 20. A. F. Bassano
 - 21. Josiah Miller
 - 22. J. J. Goffe
 - 23. John W. Harris
 - 24. Nathan O'Neal
 - 25. Enoch Polk
 - 26. C. W. Nash
 - 27. M. C. Barbee
 - 28. J. W. Sarvey
 - 29. James Carlin

- THIRD WEEK.**
- 1. Geo. H. Salis
 - 2. J. B. Merchant
 - 3. A. H. Hathaway
 - 4. J. T. Odum
 - 5. Wm. Lacroix
 - 6. J. C. Price
 - 7. Geo. L. Hargood
 - 8. Simon Marline
 - 9. Harrison Wilson
 - 10. Isaac Lacroix
 - 11. Oran Dorsett
 - 12. Geo. Dhoran
 - 13. Thos. C. Barron
 - 14. J. S. Sandiford
 - 15. N. L. McGinnis
 - 16. J. J. Gregory
 - 17. S. Schmalzki
 - 18. J. F. Hathaway
 - 19. S. L. Connella
 - 20. Os. ar Cheney
 - 21. Laey Varboro
 - 22. F. H. Labat
 - 23. J. W. Miller
 - 24. J. P. Gill
 - 25. W. H. Randolph
 - 26. C. M. Flower
 - 27. J. F. Johnson
 - 28. James T. Flint
 - 29. D. W. Hynson
- C. C. WEEMS,
J. P. SNELLING,
J. W. MOORE,
BEN. TURNER,
J. H. RANSELL, Clerk.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SUN.

1878. NEW YORK. 1878.

AS THE TIME APPROACHES for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and well-wishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which have hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.
The DAILY SUN is a four page-sheet of 28 columns; price by mail, postpaid, 55 cents a month, or \$6.50 per year.
The SUNDAY edition of THE SUN is an eight-page sheet of 56 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter especially prepared for it. THE SUNDAY SUN has met with great success. Postpaid \$1.20 a year.
THE WEEKLY SUN.
Who does not know THE WEEKLY SUN? It circulates throughout the United States, the Canada, and beyond. Ninety thousand families greet its welcome pages weekly, and regard it in the light of guide, counsellor and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural and literary departments makes it essentially a journal for the family and the fireside. Terms: ONE DOLLAR a year, postpaid. This price, quality considered, makes it the cheapest newspaper published. For clubs of ten, with \$10 cash, we will send an extra copy free. Address: PUBLISHER OF THE SUN, Nov. 14-St. New York City

LAND FOR RENT
—and—
CORN FOR SALE
RICHLAND PLANT'N., BAYOU ROBERT, PARISH OF RAPIDES, LA., November 6, 1877.
I WILL RENT THE WHOLE OR PART of this Plantation for one or two years. To good tenants having the means to put up such additional buildings as they may need, very liberal terms will be made in the way of rent. The Plantation has on it a good Steam Gin and Grist Mill; it has one of the most extensive and best pastures in the Parish. The locality is remarkably healthy. For further particulars apply to James G. White, Alexandria, La., or on the premises to E. B. PENDLETON, Lessee, Nov. 7, 1877-31.

B. T. WALSH
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS
BOYS' & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
No. 110 CANAL ST. NEW ORLEANS

Sporting Club.
AT A MEETING OF THE RAPIDES Sporting Club, J. W. Prescott was chosen President.
Dr. James S. Fish, Vice-President.
L. B. Baynard, Treasurer.
W. W. Whittington, Jr., Secretary.
It was resolved that all persons desirous of joining the Club are requested to meet at the Drug Store of E. G. Tait on Wednesday the 5th day of December next, 1877 at 12 o'clock. On motion it was resolved, That these proceedings be published in the LOUISIANA DEMOCRAT in its next issue. The Club adjourned until Wednesday, the 5th day of December 1877, at 12 o'clock.
J. W. PRESCOTT, Pres't.
W. W. WHITTINGTON, Jr., Sec'y.
Nov. 14-21.

STATE OF LOUISIANA.
Parish Court—Parish of Rapides. No. 293.
WHEREAS, DANIEL EDWIN Nicholson has made application to this Court to be appointed Administrator of the Succession of Fanny Milton, late of this Parish, deceased.
Notice is hereby given to all whom it doth or may concern, to show cause within ten (10) days from the date hereof, why the same should not be granted.
By order of the Court, Clerk's office, Alexandria, La., this 13th day of November, 1877.
C. L. RANDELL, Deputy Clerk.

BUTCHERY.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAS NOW a Butcher's Stall in the Market House, and will sell at current Cash rates BEEF, MUTTON, and PORK. He solicits a share of the public's custom, promising to keep at all times the best market affords.
S. PINCUS, Agent.
Oct. 3-3m.

BUTCHERY.
THE UNDERSIGNED has taken his OLD STALL, in the MARKET HOUSE and will sell the best of BEEF PORK and MUTTON, at CHEAPEST RETAIL PRICES.
JACOB IRVING, JR.
Nov 14-17

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DEMOCRAT

Our Post's Corner—Selected

VANITY.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And the day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of amber and shining sand,
Sliding in or out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight,
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-it dream,
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always dreaming the dreamer wakes!

THE PEDDLER'S DEATH.

On the evening of September 10, 1858, Pablo Mortione, a peddler, trading among the scattered villages of the French and Spanish Pyrenees, applied for shelter from an approaching storm at the house of Antonio Maschez, a small farmer, who lived a couple of miles from St. Pol de Leon, in the Andorre Pass. He was well known to the farmer, as indeed he was to every one else for twenty miles around, and met with a cordial reception from both Maschez and his wife, a stalwart Cordovan woman, who ruled her husband and her household with a rod of iron. Both, indeed, professed extreme pleasure in seeing him, and with true mountain hospitality made him welcome to the very best the house afforded.

While awaiting the preparation of supper in the great kitchen of the farm house, Mortione whittled away the time by displaying the contents of his pack to the little daughter of his host and hostess, and the mother in more than one instance neglected her cookery to feast her eyes, sparkling with cupidty, upon the gorgeous fabrics, the gaudy handkerchiefs, flashy jewelry, and a host of other attributes of the peddler's stock in trade.

When at last supper was announced, she devoted herself to a minute inspection of the pack while its owner satisfied the cravings of his appetite with an ample meal. That over, he bundled his stock together, and pleading the weariness of a long day's journey, went to bed on the floor of the next room. The little girl also retired to her pallet in a remote corner of the same apartment.

Shortly after, Maschez, who had gone out to secure his cattle from the storm and split some billets of firewood, returned. He bore an armful of wood, and a heavy hatchet with which he had been cutting it. He found his wife pacing restlessly up and down the kitchen, every now and then pausing at the door of the bed room to listen to the heavy breathing of the tired peddler, already fast asleep, with his precious pack for a pillow. As he threw the wood noisily into the fireplace, she turned upon him with a warning gesture.

"Caramba! Wife, what ails you?" he asked.
"Fab! Quiet! Do you hear how soundly he sleeps?"
"Well, he has had a long journey to-day, and is tired enough to sleep well."
"He must never wake from that sleep!" hissed the wife, close to his ear.
"How!"
"He must never wake, I say. Listen, Antonio Maschez. That man has enough wealth to make us rich, and with the contents of his pack I can dress better than the alcaide's wife, who will break her heart of envy. He must die!"
"What do you mean?" cried the horror-stricken farmer, starting back.
"Quiet, you poor, cowardly fool!" said his wife, fastening on his shoulder with a grip of iron, and snatching the sharp hatchet from his hand.
"If you are afraid to do it, I am not."
"Do you mean to murder him?"
"Ay, and you too, if you give the alarm."
Standing in awe of his wife, as he did, the farmer dared not utter another word of expostulation. Clinging to the side of the fireplace for

support, the miserable man watched the murderess stealthily approach the bed-room door. She set the candle close to the threshold, so as to obtain sufficient light for her purpose without running any risk whatever of disturbing her intended victim.

In a moment more her figure disappeared in the gloom of the room where her child and her guest were sleeping. At this instant a terrific crash of thunder shook the earth, and the tempest broke down the narrow pass in which the house was situated with a frantic howl. All earthly noises were drowned in the conflict of the elements. A vivid flash of lightning, however, revealed the figure of Madame Maschez standing in the doorway. She still held the hatchet in her hand, but it was dripping blood.

In the brief moment which had passed a human life had been taken for the sake of a few gewgaws and a couple of hundred francs.

Such was the tragedy which occurred in the Andorre Pass on the night of September 10, 1858, as told at his trial by the husband of the murderess himself. So quick and noiseless had the crime been that the little child, who had been awakened by the crash of the storm, had heard no other sound than that which had disturbed her slumbers, and went to sleep again.

The female tigress compelled her cringing spouse, by furious threats, to assist her in dragging the body into the kitchen. Under cover of the storm this was done without detection, and the pack was likewise transported to the common room. The sheepskin over which the murdered man had been lying was soaked with his blood, and together with his clothing, was thrown into the fire. The pools of blood on the earthen floor were speedily soaked up by the ground.

The only evidences of the murder left were the pack, the hatchet and the corpse itself. This latter was quickly disposed of. In a shed at the back of the house were half a dozen wine casks, most of them empty. Into one of these the body was thrown, and at daylight Madame Maschez headed it up with her own hands and ran it full of water.

Several days passed, and the Maschez house was always so beset with visitors that no opportunity for a burial of the body occurred. No one had seen the peddler enter the house, and his absence was not noticed.

On September 18, the little girl, while at the village school of St. Pol de Leon, exhibited a very fine silk handkerchief, one of a number contained in the peddler's pack. The handkerchief attracted the attention of the village priest who taught the school, and he asked: "Where did you get this fine kerchief, little one?"

"Mother has plenty of them," was the innocent reply. "The strange man with a bundle who slept at our house one night, and never went away, had them."
The child had unwittingly betrayed her guilty parent. Suspecting something from her remark, the priest at once despatched a messenger for the alcaide. He came accompanied by a muleteer from Andorre, who, that very morning, had called at his house to inquire for the missing peddler, to whom he wished to deliver some goods. Within an hour the school was dismissed and a strong party of villagers assembled, and, under the leadership of priest and alcaide, set out for the Maschez house.

The farm house was deserted. From a gully behind it, however, came a sound as of splitting wood, and guided by it, the party pushed on. As they crossed the patch of vegetable garden at the back of the house they noticed a smooth track on the ground as if a heavy wine-cask had rolled over it. On reaching the gully this track was explained.

At the foot of the steep bank Maschez himself stood, spade in hand, beside a trench, newly dug and deep enough to accommodate the body of a man. Madame Maschez, armed with a sharp but rusty hatchet, was beating in the head of a wine cask near by. Her face was flushed and her manner determined. Her husband, on the contrary, was pale as death and trembling in every limb.

Without a word the party made a rush for the guilty pair. At the crash of their approach Madame Maschez beat the head of the cask in, and turned, with weapon uplifted, to meet them.

In the cask, almost full of water, they could see the head and shoulders of a man!

With a howl of fury the half-savage mountaineers rushed at the murderess; unable to escape, the amazon faced them, dealing blow after blow with the formidable weapon in her hand. Half a dozen of the assailants sustained fearful wounds. Then one of them with a frantic rush drove the tines of a hay-fork, with which he was armed, clean through the body of the murderess. With a furious out of her hatchet she severed the stout staff as if it had been a reed, and fell. One of the tines of the fork had pierced her heart.

Maschez had disappeared at the commencement of the fight. Search for him, however, revealed him insensible from fright in the open grave.

He was taken to Andorre for trial, and the facts of the murder elicited. The entire spoil gained by the poor peddler's death was a little bag containing 260 francs, and the contents of his pack, worth perhaps twice as much more. For his involuntary complicity in the affair Maschez was sentenced to the galleys for life.

FOUR & FIVE DOLLARS ARE THE ruling prices of E. J. HARDNER, of Pineville, for his choice SHOES and GAITERS.

SHE DIDN'T WANT IT MENTIONED.
—There has been an unpleasant scandal up in the neighborhood of Tenth Avenue and the Park. About a year and a half ago a young man, a drummer for a commercial house, made his appearance in New York, coming from Chicago, became acquainted with a pretty young woman, paid court to her and married her. They lived together happily till last May, one child being born to them; then the husband, under the plea of business which would occupy him all summer, set out for Atlanta, Georgia. Some little time after the wife received news from Chicago concerning her absent lord which startled her. She made inquiries, and was not long in finding out that he had left a wife and child in Chicago when he came on East and married her, and that previous to that he had deserted at least one wife in Iowa. Further search showed that he had married a fourth wife, with whom he was living in the honeymoon. A World reporter, hearing of the complication, sought out the betrayed New York wife and inquired when she proposed taking action to unmask and punish the deceiver, and was somewhat surprised to learn that she intended to take no action whatever.

"Oh," said the reporter, in astonishment, "the old love—with all his faults you love him still—that is, you shrink from the publicity."
"Not at all," said the betrayed woman, calmly, "but another gentleman is paying attentions to me, and thinks I am a widow, and—and you will oblige me by publishing nothing about the matter."—[New York World.

E. J. HARDNER, THE MODEL SHOEMAKER OF PINEVILLE, has now on hand a FULL ASSORTMENT of KID-TOP, CABLE-SCREWED SHOES and GAITERS.

TEXAS TABLE TALK.—A San Antonio gentleman recently had occasion to visit a neighboring town. He did not expect much in the way of accommodation at the local hotel, and in this his anticipations were more than realized. He was very hungry, but had the luck to lose most of his appetite before he got through with his dinner, owing to his discovering a few blonde hairs in his soup. He thought the landlord would feel very bad about it, but that gentleman merely remarked, as he excavated a perishing fly from the butter: "All I ask is, Judge, that you don't fish 'em out with your fin ger. You have got to use a fork.—It is one of the rules of the house that no gentleman is expected to put his fingers in the vittles. This ain't no railroad town, but when it comes to style and tone we carry off the blue ribbon every time that the horn toots."

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, who visited the Continent with Governor Tilden, and made a lengthy stay in Paris, since his return to his seat in Congress, in a conversation with a correspondent of the New York World, gave him a really interesting account of the coming Paris Exposition. We are sure our readers will be interested therein, therefore, we give the conversation and views of Mr. Hewitt in full:

"The Paris Exposition is laid out on a larger scale than any previous Exhibition. The area covered by the buildings is larger than that of the Vienna Exposition, and more extensive than the Philadelphia Exhibition, which up to the present time is the largest international exhibition ever held. The Exhibition grounds are on the Champs de Mars, at precisely the same location as the old Exhibition of 1867. If a straight line were drawn through the centre of the Arc de Triomphe down the river, it would pass over the Exposition grounds. Street cars and omnibus lines run direct to the grounds, but the distance from the thickly populated portion of Paris is not difficult to walk. The new Exhibition grounds being much more extensive than the former ones, extend on both sides of the river Seine and are connected by the old Pont Jeanne, which is to be used exclusively for the purposes of the exhibition. In order that the street running parallel with the river on the Champs de Mars side may be kept open for public use and not interfere with the Exhibition, the roadway has been sunk to pass under the end of the Pont de Iena. The Trocadero is on the opposite side of the Seine from the main buildings. The river bank rises steep, rocky and precipitous from the water's edge. Here is built the permanent building of the Exhibition intended for the use of the judges, juries, commissioners, etc. of the Exhibition; also, for the special exhibitions, concerts, etc.—The structure is of stone. Iron girders support the edifice, the architecture of which is magnificent, and equals anything in Paris, unless it be the Opera House. The Trocadero is in the form of a crescent. Just in front of the building the cliffs have been cut away and a splendid waterfall constructed artificially. Grottoes have been cut in the rocks and innumerable caverns, where an extensive aquarium will be arranged. I think that the external arrangement of the Trocadero is as fine a piece of landscape gardening as can be found anywhere.

"The buildings or sheds of the Exhibition cover fifty-six acres. The ground is not divided off into various buildings for each branch of the Exhibition, having one building for machinery, another for agriculture, a third for horticulture, etc., as at Philadelphia. In Paris the whole Exhibition is under roof or succession of roofs. The sheds are built of iron and glass, so erected that when the Exhibition is over they can be taken down and sold for railway stations or anything of that sort. The sheds are built on the longitudinal plan, each one being 2,200 feet long. There are twelve of these sheds, each being 100 feet wide, connected by obtuse-angled roofs of glass. In the centre of the sheds there is an open space, originally intended for a flower-garden, but I believe that as the officers of the Exhibition found they were crowded for space a portion of this open space was given to the city of Paris for its exhibition. These buildings are now unoccupied, but they will undoubtedly be finished by the 1st of January. Speaking of the architecture of the Trocadero, I was very much pleased while in Paris to meet one of the old students of the Cooper Institute. He had studied architecture in the night school, and coming to Paris in search of work presented his diploma from the Institute and was made an assistant architect of the Exhibition buildings.

"The management of the Exhibition is in the hands of men who are Republicans. The monarchists of Paris seem to feel very little interest in the Exhibition. I conversed with the officers of the organization, and as Republicans they feel extremely sensitive concerning the representation of America in Paris; they also feel that our absence from

the Exhibition would evince a lack of interest on the part of America in the struggle of France for freedom. Germany will not participate in the Exhibition from motives of hatred and envy. Russia will not be represented because of the war in which she is engaged. There are many reasons why the United States should not fail to be represented in the Exhibition, putting aside the question of sentiment and the friendly ties which peculiarly connect the two nations. England is making every effort for the largest representation of any foreign nation. The Prince of Wales, who is at the head of the British Commission, is constantly traveling between London and Paris perfecting arrangements for an excellent representation from his nation. Our interest in the Exhibition and the principal reasons why we should not fail to participate therein is because it will open a foreign market for our products. America made a poor representation at the Paris Exposition of 1867, and our show at Vienna was not one of which we could be excessively proud. I can state positively that we cannot be represented at the French Exhibition unless our Government accepts the invitation of France in regular form, appoints a commission and enters into the affair in a national spirit. If our Government will do this thing nearly every prominent American manufacturer will exhibit his wares. Our manufacturers at last are recognizing the fact that the strength of our home market is nearly expended, and we must depend for trade on competition with foreign manufactures. Our manufacturers see that our protective system has ceased to protect, and in order to compete successfully with foreign nations we must place our goods on the same basis as theirs, and the price of our labor on the same financial basis. This is no aggression on the rights of working men, because if the price of labor be reduced the purchasing power of what labor can earn will be correspondingly increased.

"The effect of these international exhibitions in general is obviously to enormously increase the commerce of the world since 1857. Since the first exhibition was held, and the nations came together for the first time to examine the manufactures and products of each other, the commerce of Great Britain has quadrupled and our commerce has trebled in extent. Prior to that time there was an increase in the commerce of both nations, but that increase was exceedingly slow. By attending these exhibitions the manufacturers of the world have learned to adapt their products to the wants of each nation. The information obtained by this country at the Exhibition of 1867 in the manufacture of steel has increased the steel trade in the United States \$20,000,000 within the past five years. The information we obtained at Vienna about the manufacture of leather has increased the leather trade of this country to the extent of several millions of dollars within the past few years. Again, I say, leaving aside all question of sentiment, for the sake of our commerce and manufactures alone we cannot afford to be unrepresented at the Paris Exhibition. The amount of the appropriation asked for is but a drop in the bucket compared to the benefits which will result to us by participating in the Exhibition."

"Says the Terra Haute Leader: 'A young married lady in this city recently named her canary after a friend whose first name was Charley. The other day her husband, who didn't know of this, returned, and as he went up the stairs leading to her room he was horrified to hear the wife of his bosom using such expressions as 'You're the dearest little fellow I ever knew, Charley.' 'You're a nice old boy, ain't you?' 'Kiss me, Charley,' and like endearing words. He grasped the banister for support, and was with difficulty able to reach the door and shout 'Madam!' His wife gave a scream, and he started for the villain, but of course found him not. That canary goes by a different name now."

"The late General Forrest was an illiterate man, although he rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Confederate Army. Some one asked him just before the close of the war, when his victories made him particularly conspicuous, what was the secret of his success. In his own homely way he said it was by 'gitting the most used thing first.'—[Exchange.

ROGERS' ENGLISH TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, LADIES' SCISSORS AND OTHER FINE GOODS KEPT BY HENRY ST. JOHN.

"The management of the Exhibition is in the hands of men who are Republicans. The monarchists of Paris seem to feel very little interest in the Exhibition. I conversed with the officers of the organization, and as Republicans they feel extremely sensitive concerning the representation of America in Paris; they also feel that our absence from

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