

The Louisiana Democrat.

A. B. RACHAL

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

(PUBLISHER)

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ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1879.

NO. 51.

DEMOCRAT.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH

TERMS:
THE DEMOCRAT published Weekly at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum—ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS for six months—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per square for the first insertion and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent one. Ten lines or less (briefly type) constitute a square.
OBITUARY NOTICES, Marriages, Public Meetings, Cards of Thanks, etc., to be paid as advertisements.
PERSONAL CARDS—when admissible—charged double the usual advertising rates.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1846 - 34 YEAR - 1879.

THE HOME JOURNAL

INCREASED IN SIZE,
IMPROVED IN QUALITY,
and REDUCED IN COST.

"THE BEST LITERARY AND SOCIETY PAPER IN AMERICA."

THE LEADING DEPARTMENTS OF THE HOME JOURNAL comprise Editorials on topics of fresh interest; Brilliant Romances and Portraits of American Life; Editorial Reviews of new events in the world of Letters, Letters, Painting, Sculpture, Science, Music, and the Drama; Original Essays; and Excerpts from the best European Writers; Spicy Letters from Correspondents in all the great Capitals of the World; The First Look at New Books; and racy accounts of sayings, happenings, and doings in the Beau Monde; embracing the very freshest matters of interest in this country and in Europe—the whole completely mirroring the wit and wisdom, the humor and pathos, the news and sparkling gossip of the times.

TERMS:—FREE OF POSTAGE.
The Home Journal, one copy, one year, \$2 00
Three copies, one year, 5 00
Six copies, one year, 9 00

ADDRESS—
MORRIS PHILLIPS & CO
No. 3 Park Place,
NEW YORK

\$500 REWARD

STATE OF LOUISIANA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

WHEREAS, ON THE FOURTH day of October, 1876, FRANK A. BROSSAT was brutally killed and murdered at Oatle, in the Parish of Rapides, in this State; and
Whereas, JAMES LIGHTFOOT and WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT stand indicted for said crime, and it has been represented to me that they are fugitives from justice;
Now, therefore, I, FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS, Governor of the State of Louisiana, by virtue of the authority in me vested by law, do issue this proclamation, commanding the officers of the law and all good citizens to aid and assist in arresting the said James Lightfoot and William Lightfoot, to the end that they may be brought to justice and dealt with according to law.
And I do hereby offer a reward of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the arrest and delivery of said James Lightfoot and William Lightfoot in any of the jails of this State.
James Lightfoot is about thirty years of age, five feet nine inches high, spare build, high cheek bones, large gray eyes, has always a downcast look, slow to speak, dark hair, weighs about 130 pounds; was called James White before coming to Oatle.
William Lightfoot is about twenty-five years of age, five feet seven inches high, rather stout, weighs about 145 pounds, sandy hair, blue eyes, full face, rather pleasant, free spoken and very quick, and makes friends fast.
Given under my signature and the seal of the State of Louisiana, at the City of New Orleans, this tenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS,
Governor of the State of Louisiana.
By the Governor:
WILL A. STRONG,
Secretary of State.

The Specialty of the 19th Century,
Sarham's Infallible PILE CURE.

Manufactured by Dr. Sarham, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

TO \$1000 A YEAR—OR \$5 TO \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Without cost as well as men. Many make more than the amount stipulated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cents to \$2 an hour by detaching your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free samples worth \$5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

\$1500

BRIDGE LETTING.

THE UNDERSIGNED COMMISSIONERS, on the premises, on Wednesday, August 13, 1879, will let out to the lowest bidder, the repairing of the Parish Bridge over the Mouth of the Bertrand, on the plantation of Mrs. Luckett.

H. P. LUCKETT,
ROBT. CRUIKSHANK,
H. MAGRUDER,
Commissioners.
Aug. 6, 1879.

LOST OR STOLEN.

A CERTAIN PROMISSORY NOTE drawn by J. R. Musgrove, dated sometime about the 1st of September (as nearly as remembered) and payable on January 1st, 1880, to William Tally or order, for the sum of forty-five dollars. The public are cautioned against trading for the same.

WILLIAM TALLY,
Pineville, July 21, 1879.

NEW THIS DAY.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE

DR. C. McLANE'S

CELEBRATED

LIVER PILLS,

FOR THE CURE OF

Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,

DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

Beware of Imitations.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS. The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS., on the wrappers.

Insist upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

RESERVE YOUR EYES.

THE CELEBRATED
CRESCENT SPECTACLES & EYE-GLASSES,
IN GOLD, SILVER AND STEEL FRAMES.

Brazilian Pebble Lenses to fit all Frames. All eyes accurately fitted by our new Optical Instrument. Get a correct fit and preserve your eyesight.

FERGUSON & SOHNACK, JEWELERS, 230

A MONTH GUARANTEED.

\$19 a day at home made by the instructions. Capital not required—we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can do right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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WILLIAM TALLY,
Pineville, July 21, 1879.

Poetry.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I put my arm—
It felt as soft as cake;
"Oh, dear," says she, "what liberty
You printermen do take!"
Upon my living soul she looked
Almost too good to eat!
"I squeezed her some I guess,
Can you say anything my love, against
The freedom of the press?"
I kissed her some—I did by gum!
She colored like a beet;
Upon my living soul she looked
Almost too good to eat!
"I gave her another buss, and then
Says she, "I do confess
I rather kinder sorter like
The freedom of the press."

—The most thoughtful and impressive speech that the Fourth of July called forth was made by Horatio Seymour to the inmates of the New York State Prison, from which we give the following extract: "Sitting before my fire in a winter evening, and musing, as old men are apt to do about their acts, their errors, their successes or their failures, it occurred to me what I would do if I had the power and was compelled to wipe out twenty acts of my life. At first it seemed as if this was an easy thing to do. I had done more than twenty wrong things for which I had always felt regret, and was about to seize my imaginary sponge and rub them out at once, but I thought it best to move with care, to do as I had done with others, lay my character out upon the dissecting table and trace all influences which has made or marred it. I found, to my surprise, if there were any golden threads running through it they were wrought out by the regrets felt at the wrong; that these regrets had run through the course of my life, guiding my footsteps through all intricacies and problems, and if I should obliterate all of these acts to which these golden threads were attached—whose lengthening lines were woven into my very nature—if I should obliterate all of these, I should destroy what little there was of virtue to my moral make-up.— Thus I learned that the wrong act, followed by the just regret and by thoughtful caution to avoid like errors, made me a better man than I would have been if I had never fallen. In this I found hope for myself and hope for others, and I tell you who sit before me, as I say to all, in every condition, that if you will you can make yourselves better men than if you had never fallen into errors or crimes. A man's destiny does not turn upon the fact of his doing or not doing wrong—for all men will do it—but of how he bears himself, what he does and what he thinks after the wrong act. It was well said by Confucius, the Chinese sage, that a man's character is decided, not by the number of times he falls, but by the number of times he lifts himself up. I do not know why evil is permitted in this world, but I do know that each one of us has the magical power to transmute it into good.— Every one before he can, if he will, make his past errors sources of moral elevation. Is this not a grand thought, which should not only give us hope, but which should inspire us with firm purposes to exercise this power which makes us akin to the Almighty? He has given it to us and has pointed out in His words how we shall use it. The problem meets us at every step. There is nothing we do which will not make us better or worse. I do not speak merely of great events, but of the thoughts upon our beds—the toil in the workshop and the little duties which attend every hour. God in His goodness does not judge us so much by what we do; but when we have done things right or wrong, our destiny mainly turns upon what we think and do after their occurrence. It is then we decide if they shall lift us up higher level or bear us down to a lower grade of morals. Our acts mainly spring from impulses or accidents—the sudden temptation, imperfect knowledge or erring judgment. It is the afterthought that gives them their hue. The world may not see this; it may frown upon the deed and upon the man, who, nevertheless, by his regrets makes it one which shall minister to purity and virtue in all his after life. You who sit before me in some ways have advantages over other men whose minds are agitated by the hopes and fears of active pursuits, who find no time by their thoughts to make them tend to virtue and to happiness. With each of you, in a little time, the great question will be—not if you are to be set free, not what the world thinks of you, nor what you have—but what you are; for death often knocks at the door of your cells, and some of your number are carried from these narrow walls to the more narrow walls of the grave. Let it not be thought that I prove wrong may be done so that good may follow. With St. Paul I protest against such inference from the truth that men are saved by repentance of their sins."

MET HIS MATCH.

TILT AT LYING BETWEEN A NEWSPAPER REPORTER AND CIRCUS AGENT.

Yesterday afternoon a dapper little man, with a two-ounce cane and a half-pound cluster diamond pin, came into the Chronicle office and asked if the amusement reporter was in. When the man he sought was pointed out the stranger grasped him warmly by the hand, remarking, "Delighted to meet you, sir, really I am. I've heard of you every place I have stopped on my way from New York. I had such a curiosity to see you that I got off at Reno and took a run up. But really I had expected to find an older man, considering the magnificent reputation your dramatic and circus criticisms have given you. All of our boys told me to be sure and see you, if I didn't get aboard of anything else in Town."

"Ah," said the reporter, blushing in four colors, "I am very glad to see you. Might I inquire your name?" "Well, here's my card," said the little man, handing out a piece of pasteboard about five inches square. "You may have heard of me before—Clarence De Lacy Slocum, agent for the Sebastian Van Buena Vista Circus and Menagerie. This is by far the hugest combination of gigantic circuses ever put on the road. We started out about five years ago in a small way, with not over 400,000 feet of canvass, only nine tents, and scarcely 1500 animals, but we gradually absorbed all the small fry shows. They'd go into bankruptcy along the route, and we would buy their outfits. Sebastian, our owner, is the most sympathetic man on the earth. He'd buy their little shows and pay double price, just to help the poor devils along. Money is of no account to him. He's traveling simply for pleasure and a desire to see the great West."

"I'd like to know him," remarked the reporter.
"Oh, he knows you—that is by reputation. He has your picture set in a frame that cost him over \$100. He was saying to me one night that whenever business was dull he just took a look at that phiz of yours, and it always made him feel as happy as if he was obliged to turn 500 people away from the door."
"How came he to get hold of my picture?"
"Oh, he begged it of De Murska or Modjeska, or Clara—I forget which. She hated like thunder to part with it, but you see he had loaned the great actress \$10,000 once in Paris to buy a wardrobe and some jewelry for a new piece, and as the debt was not canceled she couldn't very well refuse. But I just came in to give you a little information about our show. I always like to give a man all the points when I know he possesses the talent to handle them in the right style. Some fellows down at Reno and Carson tried to pump me, but I didn't propose to let a description of my show to be mangled up by scrub writers. Besides Sebastian telegraphed me from New York last night not to let anybody but you get aboard of the first grand description. Just mention four miles of cages containing wild beasts, with twelve new varieties of elephants, and a recently discovered monster from Africa, called the Jabberwock, which weighs four thousand pounds."

"Indeed!"
"Yes, sir; and a man like you, with a fine descriptive ability and inexhaustible command of language—which has made you famous in two continents—
"How many columns do you want?"
"Oh, as many as you please."
"When will your show be here?"
"Perhaps not for two months; it takes such a long time to move the animals that our progress across the country is slow."
"Just so. Well, our figures for big circuses like yours are \$140 a column, cash down, and thirty per cent. of the gross receipts if the show is a success."

The circus agent seemed greatly affected. "Isn't that rather steep?" he said.
"It would be, perhaps, for a small provincial journal like the New York Sun, or even the London Times, but we circulate such a mammoth edition that the price is comparatively trifling. Fourteen freight cars come up every day with paper for our edition, which is worked off on five big

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

GRAVE OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

Walter presses, lightning generated.—Our expense for steam alone is \$2000 per day. We have more carriers than you could pack into your largest tent. Our Eastern circulation has been increasing at the rate of a thousand a day for the last two years. By simply cutting down the size of the paper an eighth of an inch our proprietor has saved enough money to build four school houses at \$40,000 each, and endowed an orphan asylum in each county in the State. He doesn't run the paper for money, but just simply for his health, and because he likes the country. Our mailing and folding machinery would remind you of the Ridson Iron Works."

"Is it in this building?"
"Oh, no; this is simply the branch office—the place where we write up circuses. Our principal establishment—"
The circus agent groaned as if in agony, and fled.—[Virginia City Chronicle.]

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING.—A man was denouncing newspaper advertising to a crowd of listeners. "Last week," said he, "I had an umbrella stolen from the vestibule of the church. It was a gift; and, valuing it very highly, I spent double its worth in advertising, but have not recovered it." "How did you word your advertisement?" asked a merchant. "Here it is," producing a slip cut from a newspaper. The merchant took it and read: "Lost from the vestibule of the church, last Sunday evening, a black silk umbrella. The gentleman who took it will be handsomely rewarded by leaving it at No. — San Fernando street." "Now," said the merchant, "I am a liberal advertiser, and have always found that it paid me well. A great deal depends upon the manner in which an advertisement is put. Let us try for your umbrella again, and if you do not acknowledge then that advertising pays, I will purchase you a new one." The merchant then took a slip of paper from his pocket and wrote: "If the man who was seen to take an umbrella from the vestibule of the church last Sunday evening does not wish to get into trouble and have a stain cast upon the christian character which he values so highly, he will return it to No. — San Fernando street. He is well known." This duly appeared in the paper, and on the following morning the man was astonished when he opened the front door of his residence. On the porch lay at least a dozen umbrellas of all shades and sizes that had been thrown in from the sidewalk, while the front yard was literally paved with umbrellas. Many of them had notes attached to them, saying that they had been taken by mistake, and begging the loser to keep the little affair quiet.

BEARING BURDENS IN YOUTH.—In nine cases out of ten a man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or vanity of father or mother keep him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of the row; if instead of taking his turn at pitching off he stowed away; in short, if what was light fell to him, and what was heavy about the work to some one else; if he had been permitted to shirk, until shirking has become a habit—unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents. On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk his responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his head ache or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents as they bid him good bye may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.—[Young Folks World.]

A YOUNG lady graduate in an adjoining county read an essay entitled "Employment of Time." Her composition was based on the text, "Time wasted is existence; used, is life." The next day she purchased eight ounces of zephyr of different shades and commenced working a sky-blue dog with sea-green ears and a pink tail on yellow canvass. She expects to finish it by Christmas.—[Post-Dispatch.]

GRAVE OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

GRAVE OF LINCOLN'S MOTHER.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis *Scimitar*, who recently visited the grave of Lincoln's mother, at Rocheport, Ind., writes as follows: "No stone, no tablet, not even a rough wooden headboard marks the windowless palace. Where the headboard should stand a small, uncouth dogwood bush has deeply planted its roots, thus reminding one of the apple tree story associated with the burial place of Roger Williams. To the right of the grave, as you face the east, towers a graceful oak, whose quiet shadows seem, as it were, to hold communion with the careless slumberer that reposes beneath its roots.

As I stood there in the beautiful midmorning of a refreshing summer day, reflecting on the world's ingratitude, a blithe, nimble squirrel was jumping and chattering in the branches overhead. Pretty little songsters made the woods vocal with their gushing minstrelsy, while all the mourning cooing of a dove swelled on the fragrant air like the dying cadence of some weird requiem. The scene, though impressive, was beautiful, and recalled vividly to my memory those enchanting lines of ill-fated Shelley:
"Twas softer than the night winds sigh,
"Twas milder than the unmeasured notes,
Of that strange lyre,
Whose springs the gent of the breeze sweep."
Thomas Lincoln, father of the ill-starred Abraham, emigrated to Spencer county in 1817. The following season his wife died, and in a very few years after this domestic bereavement he removed to Illinois. This, in brief, is the whole story of the Lincoln family's history connected with Indiana. The little rude log cabin constructed by Mr. L. and his son, was carried away, I learn, several years ago, by some enterprising Chicago Yankees. And Little Pigeon church, where the boy Lincoln listened to the hymns of Zion, has changed with the generation who gathered there in the dim years of the past. All is changed.

Just why the grave of Mrs. Lincoln has lain in neglect so long is a mystery to me. Surely the spirit that actuated the Phillips, Garrison and Davises, and the followers of these old time Abolitionists is dead. Could not their followers pay the simple tribute of respect to the memory of their great champion by erecting a plain shaft over the resting place of his mother. For sixty one years not a single stone has marked her nameless grave. Is not this neglect another accumulated evidence that the world is uncharitable and republics ungrateful?
ROSSE COLYDON.

A MOTHER'S DING HEROISM.—Westmoreland county shared in the devastating effects of the storm. At Shaner's station, on the B. and O. R. R., two houses occupied by the families of miners, named Maguire and Dailey, were swept by the fierce torrent of McGrew's run into Youghogheny river. The Maguire family all escaped in safety from the death that threatened them, but the six little children of the Daileys remained in the building almost until it had been carried into the river. The mother of the children, nearly frantic, rushed to the bank, and springing into the alternately moving and stationary structure, one at a time, picked her little ones up, and as though endowed for the occasion with wonderful power and nerve, sprang ashore with each and placed it in safety. When she had in her arms the last child, the house again began to move toward the river. The distance to the bank measurably increased and by a miracle only could a leap carry her beyond the swelling flood that roared between. The mother closed her eyes and sprang forward once more. It was an awful leap—an awful moment for the spectators, powerless to aid her. She reached the bank and a hearty murmur of thankfulness went up, she threw her little one forward, safe upon the ground. Then fainting away, she fell back backward—back into the boiling current, which dragged her down into its muddy, invisible depths, and out into the midst of the river. The brave mother's body had not been recovered last night up to midnight.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.]