



E. R. BOSSAT, EDITOR

OFFICE—CORNER OF FRONT & JACKSON STS.

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OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE TOWN

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11, 1880

—Fresh Bread every day at the 3rd Street Bakery.

—Don't Forget It! Landreth's Seeds are the best. Ask for them.

—We are indebted to our always attentive Congressman, Hon. J. B. Elam, for public documents.

—Let the bald and gray use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer if they desire as good a head of hair as in youth.

—The Town is flooded with Pictorial Bills, etc., of the St. Louis Circus, which exhibits here on Friday, February 13th.

—ADOLPH E. BORIE, ex-Secretary of the Navy under Grant, died at his home, Philadelphia, on the 5th inst., in the 71st year of his age.

—Our circulation is steadily increasing. Every week shows the appreciation of our efforts in behalf of the people, who are our real sovereigns.

—Fresh bread and cakes every day at P. O'Shea's Bakery and Grocery Store. Orders from country stores solicited and promptly attended to.

—Business before pleasure is the duty of our Legislators; therefore, work and do not talk; do much and say little. Be sure you're right and then go ahead.

—Among the members of the staff of Gov. Wiltz as announced in general orders, we observe the name of our fellow-citizen, Henry P. Luckett, who is aid de camp with the rank of Major.

—The Circus is coming at last! Thornton's St. Louis Circus and Cosmopolitan Allied Shows. Friday, February 13. Come to Town early and see the lady walk the wire. Remember the date.

—No member of the Legislature can make himself more popular than by giving his most earnest attention to the bills he has presented for his immediate constituency. He should recollect outside of his own Parish he is a myth.

—A man who attempts to do business without advertising, reminds us of the fellow who went into a hole in the ground, and tried to pull the hole in after him, in order that the passer-by would be in ignorance of his whereabouts.

—Rev. J. N. Galleher, on the 5th of the present month, in New Orleans, was consecrated Bishop of Louisiana, at Trinity Church. Imposing ceremonies were conducted by Bishops Green, of Mississippi; Dudley, of Kentucky; Wilmer, of Alabama; Robertson, of Missouri; assisted by Drs. Girault, Percival, Thompson and Waters. A large congregation and many of the clergy were present.

—CHAS. GOLDENBERG, that Prince of good caterers, has resumed business, and his headquarters are now permanently at the favorite stand under the Town Hall. He has a neat and cosy establishment, where can be had the finest confectioneries of all sorts and kinds, soda water, cordials, etc., in fact everything in the fancy eating and drinking line. No whiskeys or such ardent beverages, but purely a house that ladies can visit with profit and pleasure.

—The book, so long expected, of the late General J. B. Hood, is now just published, and the delay is well repaid by the beauty of the style in which it is prepared and published for the sole benefit of "The Hood Memorial Fund." It is called "ADVANCE AND RETREAT—Personal Experiences in the Armies of the United States and Confederate States," contains two portraits; (one a fine heliographic photograph, the other a fine line engraving); four fine maps of battle fields; 360 pages, 8vo., well printed, handsomely bound. Write to General G. T. Beauregard, New Orleans, for all the particulars, or better, send in a postal order or registered letter, Three Dollars, and have a copy sent to you registered postage free, and then ask your neighbors to subscribe for it. Why not?

EXTRA TERM OF THE SUPREME COURT.

A bill has passed the State Senate, and is now before the Lower House, providing for an additional term of the Supreme Court at Shreveport. We are not prepared to say what efforts are being made by our Representatives to secure the substitution of Alexandria for Shreveport, but a consideration of the relative advantages of the two places, we must think, would be sufficient to carry great odds in favor of this town.

It will be remembered that Alexandria had a term of the Supreme Court until after the War, and that it was only then moved because it was supposed there was no room large enough for it, which, in fact, was not the case. Alexandria is central and might be made the Appeal term for all North Western Louisiana, as it formerly was, and the facilities of access are uninterrupted throughout the year; while Shreveport is located in an extreme corner of the State, and at the season when the term would be held can only be reached by traversing Texas, or by a protracted journey up Red River. There is not a single reason which can be adduced in favor of the selection of Shreveport that cannot be urged, with far greater consistency and propriety, in favor of Alexandria. The Court House at this place is the largest and best in the State, outside of New Orleans, and the hotel accommodations are not surpassed by any other town. We would most respectfully invite the attention of our Senators and Representatives, and others who are apprized of the facts, to the importance of this matter and the satisfaction it would give to much the greater number of those who are interested, to bring this term of the Supreme Court to Alexandria. We are constrained to think that only a very imperfect presentation of the facts could influence the members of the Legislature to give the preference to Shreveport. The interests of the public demand that the bill as it passed the Senate should be amended and Alexandria substituted for Shreveport.

SEND YOUR WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY TO T. M. BOSSAT, WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER, to be repaired.

Report of the Superintendent of Public Education for 1879.

Through the kindness of Thos. McIntyre we have received the Annual Report of the Hon. R. M. Lusher, State Superintendent of Public Education, for 1879. We have perused it with much interest, and were at some pains to ascertain his views in relation to the plans to be pursued in securing, under the provisions of the new Constitution, the best results in the organization of a Public School system for the State. As our readers are aware, the limit of taxation by the State is six mills. It has been assumed that of this amount the allowance for school purposes would be insufficient to maintain anything like a system of schools for a time long enough to accomplish any material good. Mr. Lusher, after a careful examination of the whole matter, concludes that the Legislature have it in their power to set aside a total of one and five sixths mills from the six mills tax. In Document 3 of the Report a complete exhibit is made of all the revenues for school purposes. While the fund derived from the State levy would be comparatively small the total, including the Poll-tax, which will hereafter be expended in the Parishes in which it will be collected, will be considerably in excess of what it has been for several years past. The levy made by the Police Jury in this Parish, and in others, will more than make up the diminished fund raised by the State, provided it can be collected. We have no doubt that the present Legislature will make every provision possible to sustain and carry on the system of Free Schools, which Mr. Lusher and the present administration have done so much to bring to their present degree of success. The Report contains many suggestions and recommendations worthy the attention of teachers and others, who feel an interest in popular education.

In his relegation to private life Mr. Lusher carries with him the highest regard and best wishes of all who are capable of appreciating his efforts in behalf of Education in Louisiana.

"EAT when you're hungry and drink when you're dry," is the advice of one of the DEMOCRAT'S staunchest friends, who died happy at a ripe old age. Therefore this localist says to all who need invigorating, step to the "GEM" and get an "opera glass." Its potatoes are delicious, and are dispensed right side up with care.

—These few lines contain the most important tidings to the whole community—our New Orleans mails have reached us regularly and punctually, since our last, and here's a buck and a tiger to all concerned.

HE COMES.

In the light of the declaration of the late Republican Convention in Pennsylvania, it would seem that "the man on horseback" with which the country has been threatened, at intervals, for several years past, is something more than a myth. We are no longer permitted to believe that the Republican leaders have lost any of that fearless and aggressive spirit with which, in years past, they have been accustomed to confront their adversaries. Whether "within" or "without" the Constitution, under the "forms of law" or in open violation of all law, they have manifested the same reckless and defiant disregard of established precedent, as characterized the action of the late Convention at Harrisburg. The third term principle has been so fully canvassed by the press, and by the leaders in both parties, during the past few years, that there is no feature of it with which our readers are not familiar. The tendencies of Republicanism towards centralization and a strong government in which, if the identity of the States is not actually lost by an obliteration of State lines, would be virtually so, have become so manifest that the issue upon that point is fully made up. In whatever way the Republicans, for the time being, may think it advisable to disguise their real designs, the conclusion is plain and admits of no denial. Perhaps it is best that the people of the United States should have presented to them, at the earliest moment, for final adjudication, and in the most direct manner, the question of the life tenure of the Presidential office and the merging of all the rights of the States in the one central government located at Washington. We apprehend that the finances and all other questions in which the public, at large, at the present time, is absorbed, will be lost sight of in the Presidential canvass should General Grant be made the nominee of the Republican party.

New Orleans Market.

Cotton opened 1/4 higher and closed firm. Ordinary 11 1/2; Good Ordinary 11 1/4; Low Middling 12 3/8; Middling 12 1/2; Good Middling 13; Middling Fair 13 1/4. Flour quiet and weak. Superfine \$4.75; XX \$5.50; XXX \$5.75; higher grades \$6.00@6.75. Corn Meaf \$3.50. Corn 54c. Hay dull; Ordinary \$21.00; Prime \$24.00; Choice \$26.00. Pork dull, weak and lower; old \$12.75; new \$13.25. Lard steady; tierce 7 1/4c; keg 8 1/4c. Dry Salt Meats steady and in good demand; Shoulders, loose 4 1/2c; packed 4 3/4c; Clear Ribs 7c; Clear Sides 7 1/4c. Sugar, demand fair and market firm; Inferior 5 1/4c; Common 7 1/4c; Fair 7 3/4c; Prime 8 1/4c. Molasses in good demand, Common 32c; Fair 38c; Choice 52c.

VALENTINES!

For Sale at T. MOORE BOSSAT'S. —BREAD! bread!! bread!!! is the cry which resounds throughout Ireland to day. Bread, the staff of life, is all that the starving thousands ask. The revolutions of the planet though they bring the vicissitudes of day and night, can bring only misery to those whose hunger is not appeased. While we should contribute our mite to the relief of the sufferers in that distant Isle, let us not forget that at P. O'Shea's our families can be supplied every day with the very best light bread to be had in this Town. He uses only the best flour, and the products of his Bakery would tempt even her Majesty the Queen. The magic of his skill as an artist results from his wish to please—and pleasing, he must be sure to give you the best—which he always does. Remember "the proof of the pudding"

IT IS NOT THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—One cannot say that "Jack," he of proverbial architectural fame, had anything to do with the construction of Fred. Scheu's building, occupied by Gus. Gehr, opposite the Town Hall. Gus. looked after its construction himself, and he just made it a model—"and don't you forget it." It is handsomely furnished, especially the portion over which George Wilson presides; a Sample Room completely stocked with the very finest and best of liquors and cigars.

—THERE are many changes in Fashion's fancy, and some ladies make them a study, as for instance does Mrs. C. Geiger, dressmaker, corner of Third and Beauregard Streets. Keeping continually up with the times, this lady has all the modes and fashions at her finger's ends, consequently she has a steadily increasing custom and executes superior work. It's a way the ladies have of patronizing one on whom they can depend for perfectly fitting and well-made dresses.

—We owe special thanks to the Jesse K. Bell and Laura Lee for City papers.

THE JESSE K. BELL!

Our new and superbly palatial steamer, built expressly for this trade and with a side-wheeler, made her maiden appearance at this Town, early Monday morning. She was received by salvos of the "two old anvils," from Alexandria and Pineville, and the *bijou*, John C. Rogers, hoisted her colors in her honor and saluted her with blasts of her whistle. The Bell approached the wharf, with flying colors, and answered all these salutes with her harmonious and so notorious gong whistle. Conspicuous among her flags were the Rex-colors of Capt. Dick Sinott, who has leave of absence specially to mount the deck of his peerless and nonpartisan steamboat.

Twice in these columns have we treated our legion of readers to a full and complete description of this steamer, and now we have to add from personal observation and inpection, that they were all more than merited, in fact, fall short of her merits, outfit and finish. No boat that ever floated can claim superior accommodations in all regards to the Jesse K. Bell, and the people of her trade, the best one in the Red River Valley, should feel proud of having such a perfect and complete steamer in our trade. It now remains to be seen whether Capt. Sinott will be patronized as he merits, and deservedly so, to the full lion's share of his favorite trade, and one that in our opinion, he has honored with the finest steamboat ever built for it, and invested a large capital which would of itself make nine men out of ten comfortable and contented.

The Bell is entirely officered by the old crew of the favorite old Bart. Able, takes her place as a Saturday Packet, and goes down regularly every Wednesday.

The Drama.

On Monday night the "Star Alliance Opera Company" commenced their engagement at this place. We might say that they had created in advance the most favorable impression by the highly flattering notices which have appeared wherever they have appeared. The large and appreciative audience by which they were greeted on their first night gave ample proof of the inclinations of our community and their disposition to accord to a talented combination such a recognition as they deserve. The bill presented for the evening comprised the Operatic and Dramatic three act sensation, "Maritana," and a final piece, the Operatic Fair Scene, "The Bells of Corneville." The first piece was admirably rendered throughout, and the many humorous "bits" of the "Count" Don Cesar de Bazan, or the "Rigged Knight," elicited roars of laughter. As the sojourn of the "Count" may be, perhaps, rather brief, we would advise his "creditors" to avail themselves of this opportunity to confer with him. The part of "Maritana" was finely presented by Miss Alice Vane, and "Lazarillo" was personated by the "Star" of the troupe, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Fay Templeton. The entire production was worthy of the high reputation of this superb company.

The final piece, characteristic in its features, was also well received. Limited space prevents a more extended notice which we must reserve for our next. All the lovers of the Drama should not forego this rare opportunity, so seldom presented, in our rural town, by a first-class Company.

—THE price of printing paper, (such as the DEMOCRAT is printed upon), has advanced fully fifty per cent. The quantity of white paper consumed by the New York Herald, Sun, Cincinnati Enquirer and Chicago Times is so great, that the advance in price of that article alone make a difference with them of near unto \$100,000 per year.

—WE demand special attention to the medical card of Dr. D. DuPre, who is now permanently located in our Town, and will practice his profession in Alexandria, Pineville and the country. The Doctor has practiced medicine, in Rapides, for the past five years, and has gained an excellent reputation as a skillful physician.

—WE desire to call the special attention of the public to the medical card, elsewhere in this issue, of Drs. Cockerille & Ratcliffe. The former physician, practicing medicine in Rapides and Alexandria for nearly thirty years, has formed a partnership with Dr. Ratcliffe, and together will practice medicine in all its branches.

—BEN. H. DESOLA, our old fellow-townsmen and model clerk for over a quarter of a century, has returned to Alexandria and opened a general dry goods, hardware and grocery store, at the old favorite corner of Jacob Irving, on Front street.

—THIS being Leap Year, February has twenty-nine days, and five of them are Sundays, since the month begins and ends on that holy day.—February will not again have five Sundays until 1920.

—WE owe thanks for late New Orleans papers to the clerks of the Ashtland and Danube.

—WE owe special thanks to the Jesse K. Bell and Laura Lee for City papers.

COMMUNICATION.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT— I came here and found the City all alive; plenty business, but many signs that it will be much less after the Carnival. His Majesty, the King, is to arrive on the Royal Packet, R. E. Lee, on or about the 10th inst. Many and eagerly expectants are his subjects. I saw numbers of them from your parts and thereabouts for some considerable distance. It is wonderful what a number of fine, large and heavy ships are now frequenting this port, because of the Jetty facilities. That was a grand job to be sure. The Picayune said that Necessity was the mother of Edison, but I think Eds was forgotten, for she had twins. But the greatest and the sublimest of all the great things to be enjoyed here was the grand consecration service of Dr. J. N. Galleher, who is now the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Louisiana. The service was held in Trinity Church of this City. The attendance was immense, both of the clergy and laity of the P. E. Church of America. Among those of the clergy present were Bishop Greene, of Mississippi; Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky; Bishop Robinson, of Missouri, and Bishop Wilmer of Alabama. There were priests from various parts of this country, and even a clergyman from Yeddo, Japan. Bishop Galleher looks very well indeed, and kindly remembered his many old friends of Rapides, and no doubt will soon visit the Parish. Those wishing to be confirmed should bear this in mind, and strive to prepare with all due and pious diligence during the next few weeks. But I forgot the sermon.— It was all that we expected of that very eloquent preacher, Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky. With wonderful fire and force, he set forth the origin, the need, the value and the continuity of the Episcopal office, concluding with a most touching address to the just consecrated Bishop. I tell you those were words that went to many a heart, and there they will burn for days to come. On the whole it is but seldom in our short lives that we witness a service as beautiful and profoundly imposing, as, I am hastening home, I will conclude and leave New Orleans on that neat boat, the Danube.

RAPIDES.

NEEDLES, OILS AND ATTACHMENT for all machines, for sale by T. Moore Bossat, Watchmaker and Jeweler, Second Street.

Alias Ben Lewis.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb'y 3, 1880.

EDITOR N. O. TIMES:

We, the undersigned unfortunates, (in name), desire to bring to your notice the following facts and ask your kindly advice. Your local, Tuesday morning, states that Ben John, alias Ben Lewis, was arrested for burglary, and as the alias part of his name belongs to us jointly, we want you to tell us what to do about it.

We are both orphans, poor but honest, (when the chances are bad) never did anything wicked or immoral in our lives—hardly ever—except, perhaps, an innocent game of "draw"—that we don't remember now, and never held more than four aces at a time—or, if we did, have forgotten it now, and hope the other fellows have too.

What shall we do with the other Ben Lewis, who gets his name in the papers, and himself into jail for burglary? Shall we murder him in cold blood, or get out a search warrant for his alias, and turn him loose as plain Ben John?

BEN LEWIS, Pilot Steamer Yazoo Valley.

BEN LEWIS, Druggist, 21 Canal Street.

—WE have received serious complaints from several of our subscribers, in this Parish, who receive their DEMOCRAT at Loyd's and Booneville, and hardly know how to go about to remedy the evil. The paper is regularly written on here and mailed on Tuesday evenings, and should leave here Wednesday evening and reach our subscribers inside of six hours. We positively know they are mailed here as above, and have every reason to believe they leave there regularly, therefore, we must throw the blame on other parties, to whom we would be more than grateful if they will permit our subscribers to get their DEMOCRAT safely and regularly.

—WE are yet on time to advise our Legislators if they wish to make themselves popular with the people, they had better take action upon and dispose of all bills before they adjourn, one way or the other. "Actions speak louder than words."

—The Pool Liners, Bonnie Lee, Jewel, Yazoo Valley and Maria Louise passed down, on Saturday, with good loads, and crowded with Mardi Gras excursionists. Fully seventy-five went from this point.

DOWN IN VIRGINIA.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, who is now in Virginia, has given to the readers of the New York World and his own paper the London Telegraph, some admirable pen pictures of scenes, incidents and characters which he has observed during his sojourn in the "Old Dominion." Did our space permit, we would be glad to lay before our readers his letters in full; but we shall have to content to make such extracts as will exhibit the light in which this very keen observer has noted the characteristic features of things with which we are all familiar. The particular character he describes in the subjoined extract is one not wholly unknown hereabouts:

The age of trimness and neatness is not come yet. Every thing for the present is in the rough. The ordinary accessories to the rustic shanties are dined over with advertisements of nostrums for coughs and indigestions, and the cross road longer who in Virginia is black. What is he like? Well, take Don Caesar de Bazan in the guise in which he makes his first appearance in "Ray Blas." Then out of Callo's "Habits and Reggars" select the most hopelessly tattered and villainous looking mendicant to be found in that astonishing gallery of ragamuffins.— Add the wardrobe of a London rough as he infests Fleet street on a Lord Mayor's show-day, or Hyde Park on some Sunday when there is a political meeting at the Reformers' Fair— Sprinkle in an admixture of Parisian *roudeur des barriers*, and complete your amalgam of raggedness and wretchedness with the costumes of a Tipperary bog-trotter newly landed in England and just settling out on his first hitch-hiking expedition in the county of Kent. Having by dint of great perseverance gotten together such a miscellaneous array of rags and tatters, it might be as well to shred them all somewhat fine in a sausage machine and then to piece them together again with pins, or skewers, or crooked nails, or fragments of tape or string, or indeed anything that comes handy, and then, having rolled the mass in the mud and roughly dried it, the whole might be shaped into the rude semblance of a coat, vest and pantaloons. About the shirt there is no need to be very particular—almost anything will do—a scrap of canvas sailing or a couple of discarded dishcloths. The boots should be of the "canoe" pattern, several sizes too large for any pair of human feet, smaller than those of the Colossus of Rhodes. They should be quite innocent of buckles and the distinctive of straggs, and there should be a decided solution of continuity between the soles and the upper leather. The hat, the cross road longer always wears a hat and disdains a cap quite as much as an Eton boy would do—utterly baffles my feeble powers of description. It is something like an inverted coal scuttle without handles and pierced by many holes. It is sometimes like the bonnet of a Brobdignagian Quakeress, supposing that there were any female members of the Society of Friends in Brobdignag. It is huge and flapped and battered and fearful to look upon; that is the most that I can say about it. Bang all this equipment on the limbs of a tall negro of any age between sixteen and sixty, and then let him stand close to the sidewalk platform of the depot shanty and then let him loaf. His attitude is one of complete and antipathetic immobility; he does not grin; he may be chewing, but he does not smoke; he does not beg, at least in so far as I observed him; he stood in no posture and assumed no gesture belonging to the mendicant; he looks at you with a dull, stony, unoccupied gaze as though his thoughts were thousands of miles away in the Unknown Land, while once in every quarter of an hour or so he woke up to the momentary consciousness that he was a thing neither rich nor poor, and so wondered how the devil he got there. He is a derelict—a fragment of flotsam and jetsam cast up on the not too hospitable shore of civilization after the great storm had lashed the Southern sea to frenzy and the ship of slavery went to pieces before it. Possibly he is a great deal more than human than he looks, and if he chose to be self-articulate and address himself to articulate discourse, could tell you a great many things about his wants and his wishes, his views and feelings on things in general, which to you might prove little less than amazing. As things go he prefers to do nothing and to proffer no kind of explanation as to why he is standing there in a metaphorical mill pond very much "longer than he oughter." And so I shall find him standing, I am told, all the way down South. Sir John Falstaff would have clapped him on the shoulder and enlisted him at once as a full private in the Ragged Regiment. A London police constable would have bidden him to move on, and in default of his own moving would have run him in. He runs himself in voluntarily, they tell me, sometimes. When he is tired of standing at the cross-road or at the street corner, and wondering how the devil he got there; when he begins to feel the wintry weather somewhat too keen to snit his looped and windowed raggedness, he drifts into a grocery store and pilfers something. Then they lock him up in the penitentiary for a while; but he lies too warm and snug in jail, he is well fed and not too hardily worked, and he does not mind it much. A grave problem—some what of a distressing problem—this ragged black freedman, living but making no sign—exercises to rather than part of the body politic—having nothing to do with the public grounds save in so far as the public mud and the public dust-heaps are concerned—what is to be done with him? Perchance no more than he does with himself. That is to say—nothing. Yet who shall say that long, long ago there may not have been all the making of an excellent fellow in this most deplorable and on-sightly cackawast? More than once have I drawn attention to the name of the place dwells in my mind chiefly, perhaps, because there I made a tolerably careful study of the raggedest and most defected of the black Virginians that it has been as yet my lot to behold.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF LADIES AND GENTS SOLID ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHAINS, AT T. M. BOSSAT'S, WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER, Alexandria, La.

Cox's Humor.

A few days ago, in a discussion in the House over some matter, the following rather humorous colloquy took place: Mr. Frye—Maine was in trouble a little while ago, and a host of Fusionists, Democrats and Greenbackers, like the barbarous tribes of the North, in ignorance and barbarity came down on the good old State, but, thank God, they have gone home and never will come back.

Mr. Cox—I never will say anything against your brother-in-law, Governor Garcelon. Mr. Frye—I had supposed that for a Democrat like my brother-in-law to marry a good, respectable woman for a wife, would have led to a change of heart. I am sorry I have something to say against him myself. He did not experience a change of heart. He is a Locooco still.

Mr. Cox—The Republican party used to take care of brothers-in-law. I did not know but that my friend might have kept up the custom.

Mr. Frye having concluded, Mr. Cox closed the debate. He was in favor of the revision. The old rules had been invented for the purpose of impeding legislation. Since then the number of bills in Congress had increased from three hundred or four hundred to about seven thousand, and a revision of the rules had become necessary. In reply to Mr. Horr (Rep. Mich.) he said it was no cause of reproach that the Committee on Foreign Affairs had a Chairman who sometimes had been accused but never fairly convicted of witticism. If Goliath or Daniel Lambert were here, would they twit a man like himself about his size? There was no disability under the law in a man's being small. The Constitution forbade a man being a member under a certain age, but it did not say that a man had to be six feet high or two yards in girth. (Laughter at the expense of Horr, who is a large man.) His constituents had never thought that blubber was intellect, that meat meant manhood, or that layers of hard over the abdominal muscles made Gladstones and Disraelis. He made these remarks in the interest of public improvement. If he were called upon to write the gentleman's epitaph, he would, borrowing from the "sweet singer of Michigan" and Lord Byron, put it in these words: "Here lies the body of Congressman Horr; 'tis grease (Greece), but living grease no more."

Mr. Tucker (Dem., Va.) moved that Mr. Horr be allowed fifteen minutes to morrow to reply. Mr. Bragg (Dem., Wis.) objected. Mr. Horr—Then I will go on to-morrow under the five minute rule. I do not think it will take over five minutes to do the job. Adjourned.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE.—Among the many thousands of ladies who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and pronounced it their favorite remedy, because so efficient in the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, are many who are well and favorably known in the world of letters, as well as artists, musicians, and a whole host of names from the brilliant ranks of wealth and fashion. It is pre-eminently the ladies' Favorite Prescription, its use, while being far more safe and efficient, exempting them from those painful, caustic operations, and the wearing of those mechanical contrivances, made like Peter Pindar's razor—seller's razors—to sell, rather than to cure.

KILLMORE, IND., March 20th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir:—Your Favorite Prescription has restored me to perfect health. Yours truly, GRACE CHOATE.

422 EUTAW ST., BALTIMORE, MD., June 10th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir:—My wife was a hopeless invalid for nearly 20 years. Your Favorite Prescription has cured her. Thankfully yours, R. T. MCCAY.

ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS!—Landreth's Garden Seeds are not put up in fancy papers, but are still to be found in the old-fashioned papers of ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, and the Seeds are of the same purity and high standard as of old. When you buy a paper of Landreth's Seeds, expecting to raise Cabbage, you will not get Beet. It is a fact that market gardeners do not sow any but Philadelphia seeds—being practical men they have discovered the entire worthlessness of Seeds that are brought here by fellows having colored labels on the packages. If you want to raise fine vegetables, get fine seeds. Ask for Landreth's—don't take any other.

as the American phrase it—was a tiny yellow boy of some eight years. The urelin was a bright mulatto. His eyes were very bright and sparkling, his hair was straight and silky, his mien full of infantile grace and sprightliness. He was as ragged as a robin. Indeed, when I say that he wore a badly patched trowser—one leg of the pair was gone—suspended by some subtle contrivance over the shoulder of the dolefullest apology for a checked shirt that I ever beheld, and that his headgear consisted of the fragment of an old cast-off military shako—a relic maybe of Spottsylvania or Chancellorsville, with the peak gone—I think that I have enumerated all that there was of his apparel. The older negro—the umbrella-bearer, Coffee-Calcullin, was holding one of the little fellow's pale yellow hands in his own osseous and corrugated black paw, and ever and anon he would press the small hand and fondle it as though he cherished the child very dearly. But he did not turn his eyes upon him. His dusky eyes were looking far away in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico and the islands of the Caribbean Sea. A strange couple! What was the bond of union between them? The features of the child were regular and delicate, while those of his companion were of almost brutish Ashlantan or Dahomean ruggedness.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF LADIES AND GENTS SOLID ROLLED GOLD WATCH CHAINS, AT T. M. BOSSAT'S, WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER, Alexandria, La.

Cox's Humor.

A few days ago, in a discussion in the House over some matter, the following rather humorous colloquy took place: Mr. Frye—Maine was in trouble a little while ago, and a host of Fusionists, Democrats and Greenbackers, like the barbarous tribes of the North, in ignorance and barbarity came down on the good old State, but, thank God, they have gone home and never will come back.

Mr. Cox—I never will say anything against your brother-in-law, Governor Garcelon. Mr. Frye—I had supposed that for a Democrat like my brother-in-law to marry a good, respectable woman for a wife, would have led to a change of heart. I am sorry I have something to say against him myself. He did not experience a change of heart. He is a Locooco still.

Mr. Cox—The Republican party used to take care of brothers-in-law. I did not know but that my friend might have kept up the custom.

Mr. Frye having concluded, Mr. Cox closed the debate. He was in favor of the revision. The old rules had been invented for the purpose of impeding legislation. Since then the number of bills in Congress had increased from three hundred or four hundred to about seven thousand, and a revision of the rules had become necessary. In reply to Mr. Horr (Rep. Mich.) he said it was no cause of reproach that the Committee on Foreign Affairs had a Chairman who sometimes had been accused but never fairly convicted of witticism. If Goliath or Daniel Lambert were here, would they twit a man like himself about his size? There was no disability under the law in a man's being small. The Constitution forbade a man being a member under a certain age, but it did not say that a man had to be six feet high or two yards in girth. (Laughter at the expense of Horr, who is a large man.) His constituents had never thought that blubber was intellect, that meat meant manhood, or that layers of hard over the abdominal muscles made Gladstones and Disraelis. He made these remarks in the interest of public improvement. If he were called upon to write the gentleman's epitaph, he would, borrowing from the "sweet singer of Michigan" and Lord Byron, put it in these words: "Here lies the body of Congressman Horr; 'tis grease (Greece), but living grease no more."

Mr. Tucker (Dem., Va.) moved that Mr. Horr be allowed fifteen minutes to morrow to reply. Mr. Bragg (Dem., Wis.) objected. Mr. Horr—Then I will go on to-morrow under the five minute rule. I do not think it will take over five minutes to do the job. Adjourned.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE.—Among the many thousands of ladies who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and pronounced it their favorite remedy, because so efficient in the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, are many who are well and favorably known in the world of letters, as well as artists, musicians, and a whole host of names from the brilliant ranks of wealth and fashion. It is pre-eminently the ladies' Favorite Prescription, its use, while being far more safe and efficient, exempting them from those painful, caustic operations, and the wearing of those mechanical contrivances, made like Peter Pindar's razor—seller's razors—to sell, rather than to cure.

KILLMORE, IND., March 20th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir:—Your Favorite Prescription has restored me to perfect health. Yours truly, GRACE CHOATE.

422 EUTAW ST., BALTIMORE, MD., June 10th, 1878.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir:—My wife was a hopeless invalid for nearly 20 years. Your Favorite Prescription has cured her. Thankfully yours, R. T. MCCAY.

ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS!—Landreth's Garden Seeds are not put up in fancy papers, but are still to be found in the old-fashioned papers of ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, and the Seeds are of the same purity and high standard as of old. When you buy a paper of Landreth's Seeds, expecting to raise Cabbage, you will not get Beet. It is a fact that market gardeners do not sow any but Philadelphia seeds—being practical men they have discovered the entire worthlessness of Seeds that are brought here by fellows having colored labels on the packages. If you want to raise fine vegetables, get fine seeds. Ask for Landreth's—don't take any other.