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A. B. RACHAL

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

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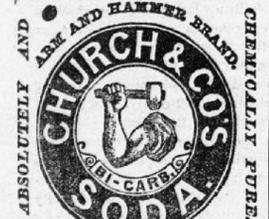
DEMOCRAT.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE PARISH

TERMS:
THE DEMOCRAT is published Weekly at Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per month—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 (regular 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.

BEST IN THE WORLD!



Impure Bi-Carb Soda is of a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, examined by itself, but a COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & CO'S "A. H. H. HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference.
See that your Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL SODA SUBSTANCES used for food.
A simple but severe test of the comparative value of different brands of Soda is to dissolve a dessert spoonful of each kind with about a pint of water (not preferred) in clear glasses, stirring until all is thoroughly dissolved. The delatations insoluble matter in the inferior Soda will be shown after setting some twenty minutes or longer, by the milky appearance of the solution and the quantity of floating lumpy matter coming to the surface.

Repeat and ask for Church & Co's Soda and see that their name is on the package and you will get the purest and whitest made. The use of the milk mark, in preference to Baking Powder, saves twenty times the cost.
See one per package for valuable information and read a receipt.
SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.

PAT. KELLY,

GENERAL

CONTRACTOR,

BUILDER

—AND—

UNDERTAKER

THE GEM

Front Street,
Opposite Ferry L'dg.
FINEST
Wines, Liquors,
CIGARS!
ALWAYS ON HAND.
GIVE ME A CALL
HELP ME THROUGH THE WORLD
PRIVATE ROOMS for
Card Parties.
E. VALLERY,
PROPRIETOR

GUS. GEHR,

—DEALER IN—
CHOICE AND FANCY
FAMILY GROCERIES,
CIGARS,
WINE, LIQUORS, ETC.
CANDY — FRUIT —
STEAMBOAT STORES A SPECIALTY.
SECOND ST.,
OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL, ALEXANDRIA, LA.

NEW THIS DAY.

WM. HUSTMYRE

SIGN OF THE

SECOND ST.

Invites the attention of the public to his entirely new and elegant
STOCK OF
Gold & Silver Watches,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
DIAMONDS
—and—
OTHER PRECIOUS STONES
—also—
A full and extensive line of
Solid Sterling Silver
and Plated-
ware.
DIAMONDS RESET,
Watches repaired and Jew-
elry of all kinds made
to order and re-
paired by
Experienced Workmen.
115 Canal Street,
NEW ORLEANS.

THE PLACE TO BUY
—YOUR—
BOOTS
—and—
SHOES

HATS.

ON OR ABOUT THE 26th JANU-
ary, 1880, from H. Brisco, ONE
DARK IRON GRAY MARE MULE,
eight years old, her head lighter than
body; long hair, quick steps, little pig-
toed; gear marks on right hip, and
slightly galled on shoulders. A re-
ward of fifty dollars will be paid for
the delivery of the mule to the owner
Feb. 4-1y.

Poetry.

WE'RE GROWING OLD TOGETHER, WIFE.

BY M. V. DAVIS.

We're growing old together, wife—
The hoar frost in my hair,
The furrows in your cheeks, dear wife,
Show age is stealing there,
And painting with his subtle touch,
That tell, alas, how time doth pass,
How soon we all grow old.

We've seen the world together, wife,
And open to our view
Have been its joys and pleasures, wife;
Aye, oft its sorrows, too.
But sorrows, love, have chastened you,
And strengthened you to wear,
With patience and humility,
The cross so hard to bear.

We're growing old together, wife—
There's none save you and me,
No prattling, lisp'ing little child
Has clambered on your knee
And called you mamma—no tiny hand
Has smoothed your husband's face,
Nor brushed away the web of care
That there found resting place.

We're growing old together, wife—
Our dreams of youth are done;
The castle's hope's ambition built
Have vanished one by one.
But in their stead has risen faith,
So brave, so strong, so bold,
That we will not the past regret,
Nor care for growing old.

OUR GIRLS.

WOMAN'S MISSION IN LIFE.

How consoling to the mind oppressed by heavy sorrow is the voice of an amiable woman! Like sacred music, it imparts to the soul a feeling of celestial serenity, and as a gentle zephyr, refreshes the wearied sense with its soft and mellifluous tones. Riches may avail much in the house of affliction; the friendship of man alleviate for a time the bitterness of woe; but the angel voice of a woman is capable of producing a lasting effect on the heart, and communicates a sensation of delicious composure, which the mind has never before experienced, even in the moments of its highest felicity. A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by a fairy laugh now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have; and we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Some times it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing in the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh. It turns prose to poetry, it flings flowers to sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling; touches with light even our sleep, which is so no more than the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

WHAT MEN NEED WIVES FOR.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him up into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needle-work and bed-making; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy, and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortunes, he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies, and with sin, and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms round her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart, and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds—man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the

need. Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, have obtained more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasure of courage, sympathy, and love.

WOMEN'S FACES.
Intellectual graces do certainly add to the chances of a face being beautiful; and, without intellectual graces, the most charming face can never be quite satisfactory. Emotional variety and expression, however, is the true key to the inexplicable influence of the most irregular faces—a key which suggests consolations as to the origin of this free emotional display which cannot be entered upon here. The possibilities of tragedy which lie in some women's eyes are sufficient to make the face strongly and strangely suggestive—you know that with the slightest application of the proper touch, the mind of concealed emotion would fly up. Even the suggestion of a fierce temper (as a brief artistic study, be it understood) is better than the helpless dullness of the faultless and inexpressive face. Not infrequently this indication of a fiery temperament lies in the eyes of a face which is otherwise unutterably soft and dove-like. In such a case the piquante contradiction is irresistibly charming if the woman be tender, and fragile, and winning, with a discreet and delicious veil of mildness tempering the powerful eyes. Such a woman invariably lends herself to any passing mood with an abandon which is either wonderfully seductive and confiding or repellent and terrible. She is either affectionate with a sort of kitten like, tantalizing playfulness, or she is a revengeful Juno with eyes of anger and words of sharp fire. There are other faces which express powerful emotion under powerful restraint—with all its suggestions of strong, enduring constancy and irreproachable delicacy of conscience. There are others that only speak of emotional weakness—of a certain infantine want of principle, joined to a want of will, and a prevailing misapprehension of surrounding relations chiefly arising out of vanity.—[Exchange.]

Wise DECISION OF AN INDIAN JUDGE.—A missionary in India tells the following story: "Four men, partners in business, bought some cotton bales. That the rats might not destroy the cotton, they purchased a cat. They agreed that each of the four should own a particular leg of the cat; and each adorned with beads and other ornaments the leg thus apportioned to him. The cat by an accident injured one of its legs. The owner of that member wound around it a rag soaked in oil. The cat going to near the hearth, set this rag on fire, and being in great pain rushed in among the cotton, where she was accustomed to hunt rats. The cotton took fire and was burned up. It was a total loss. The three partners brought a suit to recover the value of the cotton against the partner who owned this particular leg of the cat. The judge examined the case and decided thus: "The leg that had the oiled rag on it was hurt; in fact, held up that rag and ran with the three legs. The three unburnt legs, therefore, carried the fire to the cotton, and alone are culpable. The injured leg is not to be blamed. The three partners who owned the three legs with which the cat ran to the cotton will pay the whole value of the bales to the partner who was the proprietor of the injured leg."

Now SAVE THE RAGS.—The most noticeable, perhaps, of all the advances during the late "boom" has been in the price of rags, which have more than doubled in value, and are now worth three and a half cents per pound. At this price, and even at much less, it will pay to save them and sell them. The same is true of old paper of nearly every kind, as by cleansing they are reconverted into white paper by the manufacturers.—In consequence of the scarcity of rags and old paper, the price of "print," or paper for news purposes, has gone up from six and a half to ten cents at wholesale. If this price keeps up, there will be a general rise in the subscription price, as has indeed in many instances already occurred. Almost any family can make enough in a year by selling rags and old paper to pay for all their reading matter.

A VERY QUIET GAME.

There are some folks who think it awful wicked for husband and wife to sit down together on an evening and play cards, while others can't see where the harm comes in.

"Why," said the Colonel a few days ago when the subject of card playing was under discussion, "does any one pretend that my wife and I can't play a few games of euchre without disputing and arguing and getting mad over it? Loafers can't perhaps, but we could play for a thousand years and never have a word—yes, we could."

The others shook their heads in a dubious way, and the nettled Colonel walked straight to a stationer's and bought the nicest pack he could find. That evening, when his wife was ready to sit down to her fancy work, he produced the cards and said:

"May, I was told to-day that you and I couldn't play cards without disputing and getting into a row. Darling, draw up here."

"Dearest, we will not have a word of dispute—not one," she replied, as she put away her work.

The Colonel shuffled away and dealt and turned up a heart.

"I order it up," she observed, as she looked over her cards.

"I was going to take it up anyhow," growled the Colonel, as his chin fell, all his other cards being black.

"Play to that," she said, as she put down the joker.

"Whoever heard of anybody leading out in trumps!" he exclaimed.

"Why don't you lead out with an ace?"

"Oh, I can play this hand."

"You can, eh? Well, I'll make it the sickest play you ever saw. Ha! look all the tricks, eh? Well, I thought I'd encourage you a little. Give me the cards—it's my deal."

"You dealt before."

"No, I didn't?"

"Why, yes you did? We have only played one hand."

"Well, go ahead and deal all the time if you want to! I'll make two of your deal anyhow. What's trump?"

She turned up a club. He had only the nine-spot, but he scratched his head, puckered his mouth, and seemed to want to order it up. The blind didn't work. She took it up and he led an ace of hearts.

"No hearts, eh!" he shouted as she trumped it. "Refusing suit is a regular loafer's trick? I'll keep an eye on you. Yes, take it—and that, and all of 'em! It's mighty queer where you got all those trumps!—Stocked the cards on me, did you?"

"Now dear, I played as fair as could be and made two, and if I make one on your deal I'll skunk you."

"I'd like to see you make one on my deal!" he puffed. "I've been fooling along to encourage you, but now I'm going to beat you out of sight. Diamonds are trumps."

She passed and he took it up on two small trumps. He took the first trick, she the next two, he the fourth, and when he put out his last trump she had the joker.

"Skunked! skunked!" she exclaimed as she clapped her hands in glee.

"You didn't follow suit."

"Oh, yes I did."

"I know better; you refused spades!"

"But I hadn't any."

"You hadn't, eh? Why didn't you have any? I never saw a hand yet without at least one spade in it!"

"Why, husband, I know how to play cards."

"And don't I?" Wasn't I playing euchre when you were learning to walk. I say you stocked the cards on me."

"No, I didn't! you are a poor player; you don't how to lead."

"I—I—why, maybe I'm a fool and maybe I don't know anything, and so you can play alone and have all trumps every time."

He pushed back, grabbed his paper, wheeled around to the gas, and it was nearly thirty six hours before he smiled again. Nevertheless, no one else ever had a dispute over cards.—[Detroit Free Press.]

—CUSTARD without milk. Add to one pint of flour two heaping spoonfuls of flour, boil well, and when cold add one egg, piece of butter, half the size of an egg, one cup of sugar, salt to taste, and flavor with lemon or vanilla.

LIFE SAVING RULES.

SOME HEALTHY MAXIMS TO BE PASTED IN THE HAT FOR USE IN EMERGENCIES.

Don't you love to read the maxims which some wise man writes for the newspapers, useful rules which are intended to save human life and alleviate human sufferings? There is always so much practical common sense in them. Here is a batch, for instance:

"For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing and dash water in them."

This is especially useful when you are on the cars and there isn't a drop of water in the country nearer than the engine or the next lake, forty-three miles behind you.

"Remove cinders with the point of a pencil."

We never saw that operation tried but once, and then it was successful. The man got out the cinder. He also put out his eye.

"Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear."

Yes, that is pretty advice now, isn't it? Suppose an Indian peace commissioner gets an insect in his ear when he is out in Colorado? Is that man to suffer until he can reach the Mississippi river in order to get enough water to fill his ear?

"For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish."

A beautiful spectacle a man would present who had gone up on a boiler excursion in a steamboat race, and had come down scalded just enough to make two coats of furniture varnish a necessity according to this admirable rule.

"Before passing through smoke take a long breath and stoop low."

Just imagine now what a circus a smoking car would present if every man who entered it kept that rule pasted in his hat.

"Smother a fire with carpets; water will often spread burning oil and increase the danger."

That's all well enough, but when a man's house is on fire and burning faster than three steam-engines can throw water, he hasn't the time, and frequently hasn't the money, to buy a whole carpet store to throw over the conflagration. And we don't suppose anything less than a tapestry Brussels would do any good.

"For fainting, lay the body flat."

Now, that is a good rule; there is some sense in that. Because, if you are careful to lay your body flat before you faint it may save you a terrible thump when you fall. Let us add to this rule the advice, never faint on a ladder, or in a balloon, or on the top of a church-steeple, or in front of a runaway team. It isn't safe.

"Suck poisonous wounds, unless your mouth is sore; enlarge the wound, or better, cut the wound out without delay."

If that isn't a lively piece of advice for a sane man to give to healthy people. Listen here—don't you do anything of the kind. And if you get a scratch on the throat don't enlarge it or cut it out. And if you get a wound on the back of your neck don't you try to reach it with your mouth. Somebody will try that some day and there'll be a broken neck in the family.

"If in the water, float on the back, with the mouth and nose projecting."

Now, this is the best rule of the lot. That is the cap sheaf. You cut that out and paste it on your cuff, where you can always see it.—Just follow that rule and you will never drown. No matter if you stay in the water twenty years, if you will just float on your back, with the nose and mouth projecting above the water, you won't drown. We don't know what wise man wrote these rules, but this last one is worth all the rest.—[Burlington Hawkeye.]

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

The Imperial State crown of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was made in 1838, of jewels taken from old crowns, together with many supplied at her command. The cap is of crimson velvet, bordered with ermine fur, and the gems are diamond, sapphires, rubies, pearls and emeralds. The whole crown weighs nearly forty ounces. There are eight sapphires in the first band of jewels.

—Buy your Boots, Shoes and Hats from Wm. Hustmyre.

SubSCRIBE FOR THE DEMOCRAT