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A. B. RACHAL

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

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CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES!

PRICES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD ANYWHERE.

Poetry.

NAMING THE BABY.

They gather in solemn council
The chiefs in the household band,
They sit in the darkened chamber
And each with one voice exclaim:
"The baby must have a name!"

They bring forth the names by dozens,
With many an anxious look;
They scan all the tales and novels,
They search through the good old
Book.

"His grandpa was Ebenezer—
Long buried and gone, dear soul,"
Says the trembling voice of grandpa
As the quiet tears drop fall.
"Oh, call him Eugene Augustus,"
Cries the youngest of the throng—
"Plain John," says the happy father,
"Is an honest name and strong."

And thus is the embryo statesman
Perhaps, or the soldier bold,
Respecting his future title
Left utterly out in the cold!
And yet it can matter but little
To him who is healthful and strong—
For no name will honor the mortal,
If the mortal dishonors the name.

Senator Logan.—How He Lost His Temper.

The stunning force of the test vote in the Convention yesterday afternoon did not in the least tend to make Logan placid or complacent. His temper during the session was not the best, by any manner of means. In fact, he was never more waspish, and he took little pains to conceal it. What it was afterwards may be judged from a little incident which took place in the Palmer House last evening, and the particulars of which were in everybody's mouth shortly after the occurrence. Some of the language employed by the "gentleman from Jackson" hardly comported with the supposed dignity of a United States Senator from Illinois.

A gentleman from New York, who came on to Chicago with the delegation from that State, was standing on the lower step of the marble stairway leading up to the parlor floor of the Palmer shortly after nine o'clock, talking with a couple of friends, when the "gentleman from Jackson" happened in sight. He was coming down and met Lieut. Governor Woodford, of New York, near the landing. They shook hands, and Logan remarked to Woodford: "I'll bet you've got 'em."

"Bet small, General," said the New Yorker, in a pleasant, good-natured way. Logan turned on him in his savage way, and having eyed him from head to foot, said: "We've got 'em; and I'll bet you \$1000 that Grant is nominated."

"I never bet, on principle," said the New Yorker, in what was intended to be a mollifying tone. It so happened that during this conversation Mr. William J. Youngs, an alternate from the first district of New York, came up, and hearing this little piece of brag, sailed in. "Gen. Logan, I'll take your bet, and if you step up to my room I'll put up the money."

"No, sir," replied Logan, "I'll not go upstairs. Put up your money here."

"I haven't it with me, but I'll go up and get it. Will you wait here?" "No, I won't wait here. If you want to see me, you'll find me in Parlor Q."

"All right," said Mr. Youngs, who hurried up-stairs, and the money and returned with it to Parlor Q.—John C. New's room, and a sort of headquarters for the advocates of the watcher at Galena and Dubuque.—Logan, Filley, Fred. Grant and several others were in the private room of the main apartment, and Mr. Youngs and the first mentioned gentleman from New York knocked at the door. Logan was called out, and Youngs said he had come to cover that bet which he had offered on the stairway.

"What was that?" said Logan, to gain time. "You offered on the stairway to bet \$1000 that Grant would be nominated."

"I made no bet."

"I am ready to take your bet, sir," said Mr. Youngs, quietly, but determinedly. "What bet?" asked Logan. "You offered on the stairway to bet \$1000 that Grant would be nominated."

"I made no such offer. I offered

to bet \$1000 that we had 'em, and I will bet you \$1000 that we've got 'em, and that you anti Grant will be nominated."

"No," said Youngs. "I understood you to say that Grant would be nominated. That was your proposition."

"I didn't mean any such thing," said Logan. "I certainly understood you to mean that," replied Youngs, still very cool and very gentlemanly. "You know a — sight better," said Logan, fast losing all control of himself, "and if you repeat that I'll slap your chops."

"I don't want to get into any personal difficulty," said Mr. Youngs. "I came here at your invitation to make a bet with you."

"General," said New Yorker No. 1, "use milder language, please." "— you, sir, this is my room," said Logan.

"You shouldn't use such language as this, General, any way," said the New Yorker. "Who the hell are you, anyway?" asked Fred. Grant, in his pleasant way. "If there's going to be a fracas here," he added, with true soldier-like instinct, "I'm in it."

Chauncey I. Filley, the Missouri Grant bender, spoke up and said: "General, here's a telegram you are interested in from Cleveland."

Even that didn't serve to keep the peace. "You're a party of — New York gamblers," said the Illinois bully, "come here to browbeat and ride rough-shod over decent people in Illinois."

"We are not gamblers," said the New Yorker, "I am a quiet, peaceable citizen."

"Well, who the hell are you, any how?" asked Freddie, ruffling up his feathers.

"I am a gentleman," said the New Yorker, "here with the delegation, and I live at Saratoga Springs, New York. I never made a bet in my life, and I am opposed to betting, on principle."

"— you," said Logan, more wrathful than before. "I didn't invite you into my room. You made a proposition to bet \$1000 that Baine would be nominated. Now, — you, I'll bet you \$1000 that Baine won't be nominated, another \$1000 that no anti Grant man will be nominated, and another \$1000 that you can't name the man who will be nominated."

A Chicago man—a Mr. Beebe—had come up by this time, and having heard the conversation on the stairway, said: "General Logan, I heard you make the offer to bet \$1000 that 'we've got 'em, and Grant will be nominated."

"Who are you?" said Logan, shaking his fist in Beebe's face. "— you, sir, I'll smash you in the face."

For some reason or other he failed to "smash" him. Then, turning to Youngs, he said: "I am willing to make the bet I offered."

"Very well, sir," said Youngs, "that was that Grant would be nominated, and nothing else."

"— sir; I made no such offer," said Logan. "I am not here, sir," said Youngs, "a much smaller man and a gentleman, "to use any discourteous language, nor any language which does not become a gentleman. I am here for the purpose of taking up the bet you offered on the stairway. I have my money ready, and the only thing in question now is whether you will put up the money or back out of the bet."

"I made no such bet," said Logan, sullenly. "Very well," said Youngs, "if you back down, that settles it."

All this occurred in much less time than it takes to tell it. Filley and one or two others had been endeavoring to prevent this exhibition of profanity and spleen, and at this point succeeded in hauling off the exhibitor, still very hot, very mad, and very down in the dumps.—[Chicago Tribune, June 4.

PRINCE LEOPOLD.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE YOUNG ENGLISH PRINCE JUST NOW VISITING THIS COUNTRY.

Prince Leopold does not look like any of his royal brothers who have visited Canada except in his heavy Hanoverian features, but he closely resembles the pictures taken of his grandfather the Duke of Kent, when he was in Canada ninety years ago. He would readily pass for a young French Canadian gentleman, having the light moustache and imperial, the breezy, curly hair and the sallow complexion which distinguish the better class of that race. Unlike the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught, who delighted in boisterous Canadian welcomes, Prince Leopold is of a quiet, retiring disposition, and there is an exclusiveness about him which does not suit the mob; but at the semi official dinners which he has attended here and at Quebec his replies to the toasts of his health have been singularly felicitous and scholarly, and at receptions he has the truly loyal knack of treating his visitors like old acquaintances. Col. McNeil and Lord Elphinstone are in his suit. The former, who is an aide-de-camp to the Queen, is well known here. He was Lord Lisgar's military secretary for some years, and has been in attendance on the Princess Louise in her trips across the Atlantic. Lord Elphinstone one of Prince Leopold's intimate friends, is out here, partly on business. Some time ago he bought 50,000 acres of land in the Saskatchewan valley, and is founding a settlement there of the super cargo tenants of his Scotch estates. The Prince had fine weather on his voyage across the ice fields of the gulf, and he is suffering from a severe cold contracted there. However, the jaunt to Tadoussac and a month's fishing in the salmon streams on the Bay of Fundy will no doubt bring him to and make

him fit for the ordeal of his American tour.—[Cor. N. Y. World.

—CARBOLIC acid is destructive to all the lower forms of insect and vegetable life, while it is innocuous to higher; hence, it forms one of the best means of protection against the ravages of noxious insects and malarial deposits. The crude acid in open vessels disinfests the diseased atmosphere, and diluted and incorporated in other forms it destroys all insect life upon trees and plants. The best manner of applying it, in the latter case, that we have noticed is that prescribed by Mr. T. T. Southard, of Rochester, N. Y., in the Gardener's Monthly. He says: "I obtain crude carbolic acid; I use it in this form because it is stronger and better for the purpose, and costs but very little (about twenty-five cents per gallon, I think). I pour a quantity of this dark, crude acid into a quantity of good strong soft soap; stir well together, and allow to stand for a few hours. I then test the compound by mixing a little of it with soft water. If too much acid has been added, oily particles of carbolic acid will be found floating on the surface. This shows that more acid has been put in than the soap will incorporate or "cut," and more soap should be added to balance the excess of acid. No more definite rule can be given, as so much depends on the strength of the soap. Two or three tablespoonfuls of the acid to a quart of soap may be first tried. I prefer to make as strong with acid as the soap will perfectly cut. A very little practice will enable any one to compound it correctly. The refined acid may be used when the crude is not at hand. When prepared as above, make a moderately strong suds, and apply with a syringe or sponge. In using on very delicate plants, they can be rinsed off after a few minutes.

—He was a new man in the big music store, she was a delicate blonde. She entered, and approached the young man, timidly asked, "Have you 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep?'" He answered with a slight blush and some hesitation, gazing far away toward the horizon, "Well—I really couldn't say—I must have been very young at the time, if I did."

—Buy your Boots, Shoes and Hats from Hustyre.

PEPPER FOR MOTHS.

A word in season, if it is the right word, regarding moths, will be equivalent in utility to the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine." An obscure student of economic housewifery, who has attentively regarded for a series of years the action of different vegetable substances on the life and destruction of insects, has discovered the proper food for the greedy moth, all month. It is cheaper than camphor or tobacco, has no smell, and is always available. A pound or two or three of black pepper, ready pulverized for table use, scattered freely among your furs and wooleens, can easily be shaken all out in the Autumn by some hand, willing and happy to be hired to sneeze, and the garments will be found unharmed. A lady who packed up her personal effects in the loose confusion of too little time and strength to devote thereto, hurried them off to one of our great storehouses, and left them untouched during an absence of three years. She had tossed the pepper with random lavishness through each trunk, box and defenceless bag of bundles. She found her fur-trimmed and all-wool garments perfectly unharmed after their three years of extra exposure among the quantities of other families' goods accumulated in the proper moths' boarding house.

Not only this triumph; another divulged experience brings to light a handsome muff, which, being superseded by other furs to match suits, escaped use for fifteen or twenty years, and was seldom looked at. Well peppered, and without extra care, it is clean, fresh and undamaged to-day. An economic object attained, better a few exclamation points, and a funny profusion of sorrowless tears, or an hour's humbug cough, in looking over a trunk, if it earns money faster than it can be earned in any other way.

In fact, this is the chief way in which pepper should be used, unless one wants to scare the moths out of one's stomach at the cost of wearing out and burning up the delicate tissues of the inner man. Pepper to be trodden under foot in the shoes on a cold journey, or in the case of a constitution where the blood needs to be coaxed down to the feet, is, indeed, useful also; but the evident chief object of nature in providing black pepper is to defend mankind from powerful robbers, of form and color so indefinite that even in the matter of identity they often deceive their most familiar victims.—[New York Times.

A MARVELOUS CHILD.—A friend of the San Francisco Call sends the following literal translation from a recent number of the Vigle de Cherbourg (France), which vouches for the truth of the story: "Cherbourg possesses now a marvelous phenomenon, unique with doubt, since the world exists. A child six months old, Augustine Laver, who bears upon her head a feather, which drops off and is replaced every six days.—The Phoenix fabulous rising from its ashes and becoming a reality. We have seen the twenty-third feather which has bloomed in succession on the head of this infant. We assisted last Saturday at its father's house (a clever joiner) No. 101 Sante Honore street, at the falling out of the last. We will probably assist to-day towards 4 o'clock at the birth of the world's fourth. Behold how this strange phenomenon occurs, nothing is more curious. A bud forms upon the nape (puque) of the infant. At the moment when the bud ought to open Augustine experiences a slight trembling, accompanied with some pain. The bud opens and the feather shows itself pushing out, but bent, in order to obtain its full length, some ten or twelve centimetres. It is golden upon its borders, and presents the most variegated and charming shades. When it falls out some drops of white liquid ooze out of the hole, which closes immediately without leaving a sign of its existence until the reappearance of a new bud. The infant bears this feather on its head, sometimes six and sometimes four days, and, what is still more mysterious, the new feather takes as much time to bloom as the old does to die or fall off."

—Or course April showers bring forth May flowers; but they also bring influenza, croup, whooping cough and other things found at early spring picnics.—[New Orleans Picayune.

VALUE OF A DOCTOR'S SERVICES.

I was called at midnight to visit a gentleman who had just returned from a late dinner, where he had succeeded by hasting eating in lodging a large fish-bone in his throat. I provided myself with an emetic, a pair of oesophagus forceps and other paraphernalia designed to give him relief, and hurriedly repaired to his room. I found him pacing up and down the floor with a look of intense distress and anxiety, occasionally running his fingers down his throat and gagging. He told me, in tones of despair, that he thought it was all up with him, but begged me, if the least glimmer of hope remained, to proceed at once in my efforts to relieve him. He extravagantly declared in the generosity of spirit begot by the vividness of his fears that he would give a million dollars to have that fish-bone removed. I assured him that such cases were frequent, and ordinarily not attended with much danger, before proceeding to carry out measures for relief. His fears underwent some diminution on the strength of this, and he then declared that \$50,000 would no more than repay the skill and art required to extricate the unwelcome intruder. I smiled and proceeded to introduce the forceps, but after several attempts failed to grasp the bone. His fears again induced him to mention a fabulous sum for the need of the service that would expel the object of his terrors. I then gave him the emetic, its depressing effect causing his generosity to rise again, barometer like, to a very high pressure. In a little while the emetic disburdened him of the greater part of his dinner, and with it came up the fish-bone. He gave a sigh and a look of relief, and solemnly looking toward me said, "Doctor, I would have that thing in my throat again for \$5." My fee eventually resolved itself into the "valuable experience" that the occasion afforded me.—[Medical Record.

DUMAS' DAUGHTER.—A wedding is about to take place in France, in which the whole world takes an interest, the same resulting from the world wide celebrity of the father and grandfather of the young lady who is to be the bride. Apropos to this wedding, the New York Evening Post gives the following information concerning the truly remarkable mixture of the blood of different races in the veins of the young lady, and also tells the story of how the marriage chanced to come about; Colette, the eldest daughter of Alexander Dumas, is engaged to be married to M. Maurice Lippmann, a wealthy manufacturer of the South of France. Colette's grandmother was a poor seamstress who was never married; her father is an illegitimate child; her mother is the widow of a Russian prince, and was the original of "Diane de Lys" and "La Dame Aux Perles. Her father is a Roman Catholic. Her mother belongs to the Greek Church. Her betrothed is a Jew. Her father is the grandchild of Creoles of Martinique. Her mother is a Russian. Her betrothed is an Alsatian. The story of her courtship is curious.

The first ball which she attended threw her for the first time with her betrothed. It was a fancy ball. She entered the room dressed as a lady of the First Empire, with a chaise top bonnet, under which her immense blue eyes "looked heavenly," with a rose and white skirt, and a fanciful reticule on her arm. Mr. Lippmann fell in love with her at first sight, instantly sought an introduction, made himself so agreeable that he left himself as deep an impression on her as she had made on him, and next day he asked her hand.—[Exchange.

"The Circus is coming," remarked Mrs. Goodington, laying down her paper, "with no end of trained horses and carmelis, hopothensuses and other bedizens of the forest and jungle. How well I remember the first time Daniel took me to the circus! As we entered the tainted enclosure I said to him: "How terribly the wild animals growl, don't they?" I was o'eamost frightened to death, till Daniel told me it was only the vendoes of peanuts and prize packages plying their roasting."

—Fresh butter, on ice, every day, at Gus. Gohr's.