



OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE TOWN AND PARISH.

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, BUSINESS MANAGER

AGENTS: Thos. McIntyre, New Orleans, La. J. Curtis Waldo, St. Louis, Mo. Nelson Chesman & Co., St. Louis, Mo. ALEXANDRIA, LA.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 12, 1881

Buy your Groceries from "Big" Heyman.

Try the Calendar Watch, something new, just received at T. M. Blossat's.

About the guiltiest looking people in the world is a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a newly-married couple trying to pass for veterans.

Are you distressed with an overloaded stomach? Are you troubled with headache, dizziness or constipation? Does your head swim? One dose of Bailey's Saline Aperient will give you relief.

A Man from Maury Co., Tenn., was placed in the Tennessee Asylum for the Insane about four weeks ago. He imagines himself to be Guiteau, the assassin, and is suffering extreme anguish on account of the death of the President.

Mrs. Maxey, of Pace Bend, Texas, is 111 years of age, has been married four times, had fourteen children, and survived all of them but two. She can see better than she could twenty years ago. She waits upon herself, and is still in perfect health.

It is announced that, in spite of all her troubles, Ireland has this year an excellent harvest. Since 1872 the outlook has not been so favorable. A larger acreage than usual is under cultivation, and the seasons have not been unpropitious. In Leinster the barley crop is fine, and the hay crop remarkably abundant.

While an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover, a grizzly bear came along, and approaching from behind began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom, and so just layed back and enjoyed it heartily, and murmured "tighter," and it broke the bear all up, and he went away and hid in the forest for several days to get over his shame.

At Alexandria, now the great railroad center, is the place to buy your sewing machines cheap. See prices: White Machine, \$32 50; Wheeler & Wilson No. 8, 32 50; American, 30 00; Wm. Singer, 25 00. Every machine has a drop leaf and cover, drawers on side, and full attachments. Eerguson & Schnack, Jewelers, Alexandria, La.

Set back 42 years.—"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, etc.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old worn out man all over; could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and Kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father)—[Sunday Mercury.

Chas. Nelson, Esq., Proprietor of the Nelson House, speaking to us recently, observed: I suffered so much with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life when some one advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and as if by magic, I was instantly relieved, and, by the continued use of the Oil entirely recovered. I thank Heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for it saved my life. It also cured my wife.—[Port Huron Commercial.

A Genius in Maryland has invented an original way of swindling. His mode of operation is very simple, but seems to have been effective. It consisted of bringing a large number of suits against men of property, in which he claimed damages, while in fact he had no cause of action whatever. The defendants looked upon the matter as a huge practical joke and took no notice of the suits. The plaintiff was a lawyer, and as soon as the defendants were in default took judgments for the amounts claimed. These judgments were all against responsible men, and amounted in the aggregate to a gigantic sum. Still the defendants did not move in the matter, and the time for the appeal expired; then the plaintiff took out executions. The defendants now, thoroughly frightened, appealed to the courts, but so far in vain, and the swindler is pushing his executions.

MRS. SALLIE S. RHODUS.

This amiable lady and former correspondent of this paper, died in this Town on last Wednesday after a lingering illness from typhoid fever.

Her letters to this paper during the last several months were marked with so much of talent, versatility and humor that we had learned to look for them with so much eagerness and they had contributed so much to the literary success of our paper, that we are on our own account as well as on account of her bereaved husband and friends pained to make the announcement of her unexpected demise.

Her talents were of a high order, her genius was original and she wielded a trenchant pen always in the advocacy of the right and condemnation of the wrong. Her conception of the ludicrous was keen, but she was averse to giving pain and in her criticisms she never forgot to "temper justice with mercy."

Carefully reared, well taught and thoroughly read she had but reached the maturity of her thought and had only fairly entered upon a literary career of much promise when she was suddenly called away. The name she had already made for herself by her writings is an enviable one and there is none to take the place of that bright, brilliant Chatty, now silent in death.

We would that we could comfort the sorrowing husband and grief-stricken mother, but save such sympathy as claims a part of their grief for our own and the consolation that her life had been pure and blameless and that she is waiting in the realms of the blessed, we have naught to offer. Only Time, which heals such wounds as theirs, can bring them surcease of sorrow.

May the gentle winds sing sweet lullabies over the new made mound where she sleeps, all unconscious of pain and sorrow, and may pure and holy angels guard her resting place.

A DASTARDLY DEED.

On last Monday night as three gentlemen, named Stokes, Roberts and Estess, were riding along the road near Lamothe's bridge, about two miles above the store of Simon Weil, on Bayou Rapides, an individual by the name of Horn rode up on the party, and in a very rough manner addressed himself to the three. He then asked the name of the man on the ox wagon, Roberts, which was given him, after which he inquired of Estess, riding on the opposite side of the wagon, his name, to which the latter gentleman gave a prompt and polite reply. Horn on learning Estess' name spoke in the following manner to him:

"I've been looking for you; I want you to pay me the money you owe my father, or you s—n of a b—h I will kill you; I've rode a thousand miles to catch you."

Estess somewhat alarmed, besides not being used to such talk said: "I've only got 15 cents and I'm not armed; shoot me if you will."

Upon the reply of Estess, Horn drew his revolver and fired twice at Estess, the balls striking him in the face and abdomen. Stokes then interfered and appealed to Horn to not kill Estess, upon which Horn fired and stuck him in the right side, below the nipple. Stokes then walked over to his wagon and reached his shot gun, one barrel of which was loaded with small shot, and fired at Horn, striking him with the whole load. He then came on to Town, reaching here early yesterday morning in company with Mr. W. E. Taylor, where he related the whole affair. He does not know whether either Estess or Horn were killed. The necessary papers were placed in Sheriff Paul's hands for Horn's arrest, and it is hoped that he will be captured and summarily dealt with. The sooner such pests to civilizations are gotten rid of in some way, no matter how, the better it will be for the whole community. We had thought that the era of murder and assassination had closed in Rapides long ago.

ARRIVALS at the Exchange Hotel for the week ending October 10th: C. S. Kouns, river; B. W. Kay, B. H. Greene, E. B. Wheelock, J. M. Creasy, Paul Rousset, F. A. Bonito, J. C. Mandeville, A. Elmer, L. D. Campbell, P. L. Brothers, W. H. Quick-sall, New Orleans; W. P. McDonald, W. M. Robinson, Grand Rapides; R. N. Lee and family, W. Wright, A. F. Warren, Ala.; N. Thalsheimer, St. Louis; Calvin P. Russell, Charleston, Iowa; J. M. Riek, Texas; W. J. Winn, Georgia; J. J. Kingsmore, Shreveport; Sam Henry, Natchitoches; Jos. Hoy and lady, Cotile, La.; L. Chopin, N. B. Rachal, Cloutier, ville.

TOBIAS "HANGS HIS HARP ON THE WILLOWS."

Dear Democrat— You know, of course, that some of the most beautiful language that was ever written in any tongue is to be found in the bible, and that some of the pen pictures there drawn have never been surpassed. The young man, or young woman too, for that matter, who has never read the bible through as a literary work, leaving aside the question of faith, has but small claims to the distinction of being well read. But this is not what I intended to say. One of the most complete, while at the same time it is one of the saddest pen pictures in the bible, is the description given of the Israelites after they had been carried off into captivity to Babylon. They hung their harps upon the willows and they sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept. Mine is perhaps a poor old harp not worth hanging anywhere, and I can hardly flatter myself that anybody will miss its music, but such as it is, its keys all loose, silent save as the winds may play upon its sounding board, I hang it on the willows.

POOR CHATTY.

Can it be so that Chatty is dead? I have tried to persuade myself that there was some mistake—tried to wake up from some ugly dream to find it not so, and yet I know it is no dream for I saw the bright eyes that indexed a brilliant intellect closed in death. I saw the face that was wont to be lit up with joy and mirth, pale and cold as the icy touch of that King of Terrors, that great Iconoclast who loves to strike just such blows. I followed, one of a large, sorrowing cortege of friends, to the home where she sleeps the sleep of the blessed, and where the sentinal pines stand guard over her, ready made monuments to her worth, and I knew that alas! it is too true that she is gone.

She came here only a short time ago from Baton Rouge, of which place both she and her husband were natives, and I had barely time to renew an acquaintance of the past when she was called away. Her letters to this paper under the nomme de plume of Chatty were marked by such a sprightliness of humor; such powers of keen, but withal kind criticism; such evidences of a cultured mind and matured thought and extensive reading, that they at once gave her place at the head of literary circles here where we pride ourselves upon our acquirements in literature. There is none to dispute her rank as facile princeps. Now that her pen is silent—that the companion who gave inspiration to his thought is no more, Tobias lays down the weekly task that has heretofore been so pleasant, but which would now be too suggestive of her death to any longer afford either pleasure or profit. A gaunt specter whispers as I write that the end of human effort is "vanity and vexation of spirit."

A PLEASANT VISIT.

I spent the day since I wrote you last with Jack Horner and it goes without the saying that a day spent with him is a day of pleasure.— There is no more hospitable house than his, and no more genial companionable a gentleman to be found anywhere than he. If one wants a day that shall mark an epoch in his life, a day to be perpetuated by the erection of a white stone, let him go that ancestral home on Bayou Robert, where the aged sire, whose heart is as young now as it ever was, in spite of the silver locks that tell of the long ago, is always ready to join the worthy son in making you feel at home, and to dispense a generous hospitality that counts not cost or trouble, and he will come away as I did, charmed and delighted with his visit. If one happens to be a young lawyer, like J. R. who was there, and he falls sick of a fever by the way, there are so many gentle nurses to soothe and sympathize with him that I am sure it must be very pleasant to be sick amid such poetic surroundings. At any rate A. J. H. the other young lawyer, who was there too looked as he would like to be sick. That handsome young clerk, who does the honors of one of our largest town establishments with so much grace, was suffering from an attack of a different malady—a pair of bright eyes had given him a serious wound and if I were not an old Benedict I would say that he displayed most excellent taste in receiving his hurt in such a cause and from such a source.

I will say now what I have been intending to say for some time, that in my opinion of all the aspirants for literary honors, that poor Chatty's letters brought out, Jack Horner's letters were the best after hers. I don't mean this as an idle compliment, but it is really my opinion.

THE WILD FLIGHT OF THE LOVERS;

—OR—

THE TERRIBLE TEST OF TRUE LOVE.

CONCLUSION. If I were not under the necessity of bringing this foolishness to a close I would gladly omit it from this letter, but I must get those two lovers out of the unpleasant predicament in which I left them last week. Araminta and Algernon were, of course, very much affrighted at the double danger that threatened their destruction, but they had been through so many troubles that they did not lose heart and they had begun to believe that some special Providence was watching over them. And so there was, it was the Genius of Love. They were blown hither and thither on their frail raft—now mounting the white capped waves and anon buried deep in the trough of the sea—but their raft rode gallantly all that day until late that same evening they were picked up by a horsing ship. They found to their dismay that it was bound for a cruise of a year in a direction different from that in which lay the home they had left so gladly and to which

they were now both anxious to return, but as there was no help for it they put the best face on the matter they could. Fortunately they found a missionary aboard who was going out to educate the taste of the heathens for better food than they were accustomed to having, and as there was no law forbidding it on the high seas of the Southern hemisphere nor prescribing a form of license, they were married by the missionary and made up their minds to take a rather more extensive bridal tour than they desired, considering the trials and tribulations they had already gone through.

They finally got back home without other accident or incident and found that the cruel p-r-i-e-n-t had died of grief during their absence. As a slight mark of his forgiveness he had left a will bequeathing his entire fortune to Araminta, and they took up their abode in his seventeen story palace. Algernon's first care was to have the Nubian lions slaughtered, and the last I heard of him was engaged in the attempt to spend the old man's money and she was laying in a supply of soothing syrup.

THE END.

The weekly trouble with which I have had to wrestle is again with me—to find an appropriate stopping place. I will have to do as I have done before, stop without finding a place and subscribe without any further ado,

Yours as ever, TOBIAS.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT

TO THE MEMORY OF SALLIE S. AVERY, WIFE OF WILLIAM M. RHODUS, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN THIS TOWN, AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS, ON THE MORNING OF WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5TH.

The calls of friendship can bid one to no sadder office than the futile attempt to give voice to a grief and utterance to a sorrow that will not, and cannot be told. Who can rob death of its terror and who can say to grief give way to content? The inspired voice that says to us "blessed are they that die in the Lord" may give assurance for the departed, but it can hardly reconcile us to affliction when it takes such shape as to rob a devoted husband of his well chosen mate; as to rudely tear from a fond mother a loving daughter and to snatch from the circle of admiring friends a bright companion, so gentle a friend, as was she for whose death we mourn.

A few months ago it was the privilege of the writer to have renewed with her an acquaintance that dated back to the happy childhood of both and on Wednesday evening last to stand by her open grave with and to offer to the broken hearted husband such sympathy as one who had known him as a school mate, when we were boys together, might offer in the bitterness of his grief. Alas, that the threads so recently, so gladly gathered together should have been so soon, so rudely broken by Death!

She was reared amid surroundings of culture and refinement and her naturally bright intellectual powers were developed and cultivated with exceptional care. Her father who as Minister was so highly endowed with natural and acquired talents that he was called from that sphere to preside over the educational interests of this State as Superintendent of Public Education, is hardly the superior of her mother in literary acquirements, and it is not surprising that she herself should have been possessed of a mind of rare power, of a taste for the good and beautiful and of an ambition to excel in the literary walks of life. Her sprightly writings for various journals in this State had already made her a welcome contributor to the best of them, and had earned for her an enviable celebrity that was increasing and which was destined to gain her marked distinction. Her reputation as correspondent was so well assured that the New Orleans PICAYUNE selected her as its correspondent from the Centennial. With the becoming modesty that always characterized her true talent and worth, she had not ventured very far into the other departments of literature, but it was from no lack of power to have adorned the highest walks of that profession.

I recall with anything but pleasant reflections, the graphic description she gave of the antics of the trouble she had had with a calf she called Araminta, and which she had purchased with the proceeds of a story she had written. I think, for the Philadelphia Times. Of her letters to this paper within the last few months it is needless for me to speak. They were so eagerly read and she had through them made so many friends and had so many who were admirers of her sprightly humor and graceful diction that her death cast a gloom over this entire community. She was followed to her last resting place by the sorrowful regrets of many who knew her as Chatty, the bright, witty and cheerful correspondent of the DEMOCRAT.— Nor need I say more of the activity in a literary way at this place occasioned by her writings, than that without the inspiration of her genius, it will soon pass away, if indeed it has not already gone. She left a bright career unfulfilled; a promise of much usefulness unfulfilled.

She was a devout member of the Episcopal Church and her natural instincts were so pure, her habit of thought was so cheerful and her surroundings so happy that there can be no doubt that she met death without fear. Her domestic life was a beautiful exemplification of the confiding trust, the loving kindness that should, but seldom does, mark the relation of husband and wife. They were all in all to each other, and her untimely death when the world must have seemed so bright, when the future must have been so full of promise and when have been had in it everything that could make life desirable and death terrible, is a pathetic ending to two short years of married life. 'Tis ever thus that jealous Death strikes where his blow falls the hardest, wounds where his shaft rankles the deepest.

R. P. H.

FOR RENT!

EXCHANGE HOTEL—POSSESSION given JANUARY 1st, 1882. For particulars address— DR. J. S. FISH, Alexandria, La.

LOST.

ARTICLES OF CO-PARTNERSHIP of the firm of Isaac Levy & Co., of Alexandria, La., entered into October 1st, 1855. Any person returning the same to the undersigned will be suitably rewarded. J. G. EUSTIS, No. 25 Carondelet Street, New Orleans, Oct. 12-31.

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He has a well selected and assorted stock of Gentlemen's

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