

# The Louisiana Democrat.

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

VOL. 50.

ALEXANDRIA LA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1895.

(NO. 6.)

The Louisiana Democrat

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W. G. MOBLEY, EDITOR  
J. H. RINGGOLD, Associate Editor

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7 "	7.50	12.00	16.00	35.00	40.00
8 "	8.50	13.50	18.00	40.00	45.00
9 "	9.50	15.00	20.00	45.00	50.00
10 "	10.50	16.50	22.00	50.00	55.00
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Transient advertisements \$1.00 per square for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

All advertisements of a political nature must be paid for in advance.

All notices of a personal character will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per line.

Marriage and obituary notices, not exceeding ten lines, will be published free; exceeding ten lines, will be charged at regular rates.

Personal cards, double regular rates. Communications solicited, but we disclaim any responsibility for the views of correspondents. All communications must be sent in by Saturday, otherwise they will have to be over for next issue.

Correspondents must invariably send us their real as well as assumed names. A failure to comply with this rule will consign all such communications to the waste basket.

If you do not receive your paper regularly, either by mail or carrier, please notify us immediately.

If you wish your paper discontinued, notify us at once, without calling upon the Post Master, to discharge this unpleasant duty for you.

If you desire a sample copy for yourself or a friend, we will take pleasure in sending it to you upon request.

If you change your address, notify us, giving your name, present post office and the post office to which you wish the paper changed.

RAILROAD - TIME - TABLE.

TEXAS AND PACIFIC	
For Marshall	
Leaves Alexandria.....	4:38 p. m.
For New Orleans:	
Leaves Alexandria.....	10:38 a. m.
Arrives in New Orleans.....	7:00 p. m.
Leaves New Orleans.....	8:00 a. m.

MORGAN'S LOUISIANA AND TEXAS:	
Leaves Alexandria.....	9:05 a. m.
Arrives at Alexandria.....	7:45 p. m.
First-class fare from Alexandria to New Orleans by either of above named roads costs \$6.85.	

HOUSTON, CENTRAL ARKANSAS AND NORTHERN:	
SOUTH.	
No. 221—Arrives.....	11:05 p. m.
NORTH.	
No. 222—Leaves.....	4:15 a. m.

KANSAS CITY, WATKINS AND GULF	
Passenger No 1—	
Arrives at Alexandria.....	10:15 a. m.
Freight No 3—	
Arrives at Alexandria.....	5:00 p. m.
Passenger No 2—	
Leaves Alexandria.....	11:45 a. m.
Freight No 4—	
Leaves Alexandria.....	6:30 a. m.

Nos 3 and 4 carry passengers. All trains daily, except Sunday.

JOHN KRAMER



UNDERTAKER

Salesrooms

CORNER FOURTH AND SCOTT STS., ALEXANDRIA LA.

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN. I have one of the latest makes in Central Louisiana, and a supply of metal and other coffins. Prices very reasonable. Telegrams promptly attended to night or day.

DR. J. P. JONES,

GRADUATE OF THE MEHARRY Medical College. Tenders his professional services to the people of Alexandria and vicinity. Answers calls at all hours. The colored population especially attended to. Office on Third street, opposite Anderson Black's, Duke House, Alexandria, La.

## A BOY'S VALENTINE.

I might begin, "The rose is red," (Though that is not so very new), Or this boys all think is good, "If you love me as I love you."

But, seems to me, a valentine is never when you do not say The same old things that every one Keeps saying in the same old way.

And I asked Jane the other night What grown up people write about. She would not answer me at first. But laughed till I began to pout. That stopped her, for she saw I meant The question (and she will not tease). "Why, love," she said, "and shining eyes, A kiss, soft hair—just what they please. It can't be that if that is all, So I'll begin by saying this:

"To my dear lady beautiful I send a valentine and kiss, The valentine because she has The loveliest hair and gentlest eyes. The kiss because I love her more Than any one beneath the skies. Because she is the kindest, best, The sweetest lady ever known. And every year I'll say the same. The very same, to her alone!"

There! Now it's finished. Who will do? I've thought of one and then another. Who is there like it? Why, of course, I'll send it right away to mother.

## MISS SALLY.

A VALENTINE STORY BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

(Copyright, 1895, by American Press Assn. Co.)

"Miss Sally, here's your mail." Miss Sally looked over her spectacles at her neighbor's little daughter who had brought her letters, smiled kindly, thanked the child, and rising went to the pantry and brought out one of her crisp caraway seed cookies as a reward of merit.

The little girl seized it with eager hands, and after taking an enormous bite looked solemnly at Miss Sally and went away.

Miss Sally settled herself in her high backed, old fashioned rocker to look over



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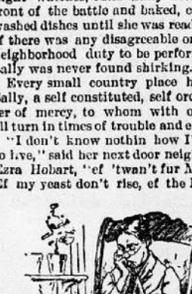
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redly been mentioned. It is perhaps unnecessary to hint of pumpkin pies and red raspberry jam. Oh, that jam of Miss Sally! Even now, at the mere thought of it, my mouth waters and my lips involuntarily smack.

There were, however, several young lads in this country town who would not be won by Miss Sally's kindness or cooking. They stole her apples and trampled down her flower beds. They made faces at her on the street and hurt her by jeering remarks about her condition in life. Young brutes are to be found in every community.

It was from one of these hobbledoys that a blow, destined to hurt and injure the unfortunate woman came the morning on which this story opens. Miss Sally eyed her three letters with a rapture unknown to those with whom a large mail is a daily occurrence. She held them up and carefully scrutinized the postmarks. She felt of them to discover their thickness. She hesitated for some time before opening them. It was such a treat to have three letters!

At last she opened one which bore the postmark of a distant western town and read a letter from a second cousin who had recently moved toward the setting sun. Miss Sally read Cousin Elvira's letter with relish. There were many bits of family news which greatly interested her. At last she came to this line: "You never could guess who is living here. Do you remember your old beau, John Terry?"

Miss Sally dropped her letter with a quick exclamation. Did she remember? A tempest shook the lonely soul. The long buried past came back. Youth, beauty, love, hope, passed in hazy and mournful procession before her. The poor, plain old maid was once again a slim, graceful slip of a girl. She saw a face at once handsome and tender; she heard a loving voice.

Poor Miss Sally! It was too much for her. She could not finish the letter. The tears were falling down her thin cheeks as she hastily returned it to the envelope and laid it one side to be reread when she was more composed.

"I'll just glance at the others," she thought as she wiped her eyes on her gingham apron. The second letter was merely a note regarding some sewing. The third—ah! When Miss Sally opened that envelope and saw the card inside, she felt indeed that her cup was full.

A hideous, coarsely painted comic valentine met her eye. A frightful old woman, with corkerow ringlets, huge beak, cross eyes, gaunt form, scrawny neck and miening attitudes, was portrayed upon the cheap paper. It was inscribed "Old Maid," and some wretched doggerel under the picture stated that this object, a wicked, grizzly, ugly old hag, was in search of a husband and was a terror to all single men.

The vile caricature slipped from Miss Sally's trembling hand to the floor. The shrieking, sensitive soul was wounded to the quick by the insult. Possibly she might not have felt the stab so keenly had it not come directly upon the letter which had spoken a name she had not dared to breathe to herself these many years.

This, then, was her St. Valentine's day. Miss Sally had forgotten it was the 14th of February. Why should she remember it? But these two rude shocks brought the day forcibly to her mind.

Rising, she crossed the room to an old fashioned secretary, and opening a drawer took out an envelope, yellow with age. From this she drew a bit of painted and lined paper—a valentine, the only one she had ever received, sent her years ago by John Terry. It bore two hearts transfixed by one arrow, and there were some simple rhymes inscribed which breathed of love and fidelity. Its lace was frayed, its paint dimmed. Only a faded leaf dropped



"LET'S BEGIN LIFE OVER AGAIN."

ped from the mournful rustling folds of memory, but dear to the dust of old maid who held it tenderly in her fold-down hands.

"How happy I was," thought Miss Sally, "the day I got it! I remember just how father laughed when he handed it to me. Well, well, I didn't think then that John and I would fall out, and that he'd go off out west and marry somebody else. Pshaw! I am an old fool. There hasn't a no fool like an old one." And Miss Sally returned her valentine to the drawer in which it had rested so many years, then after burning the abominable picture she had received, went about her sewing, grimly resolving she would waste no more time on the past. "I'll finish Elvira's letter this evening." She started to the sewing machine. "That'll be a pleasant way of passing an hour."

The day drew to a close. Twilight deepened into dusk. Miss Sally made her tea and set down to her lonely evening meal. Occasionally she cast a glance toward Elvira's letter, which still lay unread on the window sill. She wondered what more there was in it about John. At last her curiosity got the better of her, and leaving her second cup of tea untasted she took up the letter, and adjusting her spectacles prepared to read it at all costs.

At that moment a knock came on her street door.

Miss Sally laid down the letter and hastened to answer the summons. In the dusk of the winter evening she saw a man standing there, a tall, well built, well dressed man, who politely lifted his hat and asked if Miss Sally Stiles lived there.

"Yes, sir, walk in," said Miss Sally, all in a flutter.

The stranger entered, and with one quick glance took in the surroundings, the wholesome, meagerly furnished room, the frugal supper, the sewing machine. Then he stole a glance at Miss Sally, noting the plain, stiff gown; the poor, thin, needle pricked hands; the gentle, kindly, pathetic face. Then he took a step or two toward her, and as she gave a start and a half terrified exclamation he caught her in his big, heavy arms and cried, "Sally, don't you know your old John?"

"The windows of heaven were opened to poor Miss Sally.

After they had quitted down a bit and talked it all over, and Miss Sally had given John his share of her tea and toast and had, moreover, brought out the caraway cookies and the red raspberry jam,



## WON BY A VALENTINE.

Bells ringing, girls appearing in the halls and public rooms, forming groups with a general air of suppressed excitement, marked St. Valentine's day at Lewiston school. Charma Sidney was wandering idly up and down the lower hall with her chum, "Goose," hanging on her arm.

"Goose" won her nickname through her great disposition and artless, straightforward manner. Charma said plaintively, "How I wish there was a valentine for me, but I know of a certain one likely to remember me in that way whom I don't want to nevertheless. I wouldn't accept a valentine from him—no, not if he brought it himself. Jack Landon may marry who ever he wants to. He can't harm me."

"Goose" looked up admiringly and thought that any one who declined chances with such readiness must be great indeed and wondered if she could ever do the same.

A little sharper tingle than usual of the bell below aroused Charma from the reverie into which she had fallen; then some one called from the hall, "Miss Sidney!" She flew down the broad staircase, assured that a valentine had come for her, and indeed was soon kneeling in the midst of a crowd of girls over a box of fragrant roses reposing snugly in their cotton bed, the white satin streamers half hiding a tiny card that had slipped down among them unnoticed. Charma rescued the card some what triumphantly and read, "Mr. Jack Landon." But this was not all. As she knelt above them, lifting them out and inhaling their fragrance, "Goose" picked up a diamond ring that had fallen to the floor and held it out with a flourish, crying: "Look, look, Charma Sidney, what your valentine means! You'll have him now, won't you?" But Charma was spellbound by the message on the card, and a little slip of paper found under the roses and which she read with flashing cheeks.

"Must I go back?" it said. "Love, I love you. Cannot I come to you, sweet heart mine? My love for you is as pure as the roses I send, precious as this little diamond and as lasting as all eternity. Let me come."

Charma was our only postgraduate for the year—that is, after a regular graduation she had returned to school to "brush up" in elective studies. Her reappearance on opening day had made us both glad and sorry—glad because she was a good companion, sorry for the reason—but therein lies the key to my St. Valentine romance.

Lewiston holds before its pupils the old fashioned idea of woman's sphere as the head of a home with all the trim implies, and if graceful, stately Charma, with her speaking gray eyes, wavy brown tresses and not at all of a student nor bluestocking temperament had been obliged to return to school to cover up her failure in woman's natural role, what would become of us girls, a score of seniors, whom we came to go tramping out to conquer, or alas, to be conquered by the fate that pursues old maids? Yes, we did love her, and we couldn't understand why the rest of our kind, particularly mankind, didn't love her too. The secret of it she had guarded well, but we forgave her when she shared with us the secret of her valentine gift.

"Jack Landon is my dearest friend," she said, "but with blushes, when we had crossed away the tears.

"How is it you never told us?"

"You see, we weren't engaged—that is, he hadn't really proposed, but it wasn't his fault," pleaded Charma. "It was mine."

"You loved him and wouldn't own it, even to us girls?"

"Yes, I did love him, but every time he wanted to say something to the point I turned it off, pretended not to understand, or to be interested in astronomy or botany or music or any subject at hand that I could turn to as a foil. Girls, I confess I bluffed him simply because I was fascinated with the game."

The confession cleared the atmosphere for all concerned. Jack soon followed his valentine in person and gave Charma no chance to turn Capri's slight away again. Like a good soldier, when beaten in siege, he had adopted a ruse de guerre, for which the day had given a capital excuse. Our star pupil remained with us until commencement, and as she went away from Lewiston the echoes of schoolgirl goodbyes were mingled with those of wedding bells and congratulations to Jack Landon's bride, wooed and won by a valentine.

EDITH HOWARD.

## HE EARNED IT.

A VALENTINE STORY.

Oh, but those were jolly February days, all shinc and snow and jingle and bells—that is, for most people. To Laddie it was rather gloomy, though he saw the sun shine and the snow sparkle and heard the sleigh bells tinkle, as everybody did. But Laddie was a little fellow—very little for 7 years old—he hadn't many ways of amusing himself when shut up in the house, especially when mamma was too weak and tired to read to him or invent games. This was the case now, and it was a very hard time for poor Laddie, as you may imagine. He waited on mamma quite cheerfully, however, and even helped Hannah, the woman who came now and then to do the heavy housework, with good grace, but still there were many empty hours and some very sad ones.

Mamma's headache seemed to grow worse, instead of better, as the days went by, and often he saw her crying quietly. He knew then that she was thinking of papa, for she always cried when she thought or spoke of him. Papa had gone away in a big ship somewhere, long ago, when Laddie was a baby, and the ship had been wrecked, and he never came back. Laddie often asked if there was hope of his ever coming, but mamma looked so sorry when she said, "I'm afraid not, little one," that he had about given up trying to find out any more.

One day it was the 13th day of this sparkling February, Hannah sent Laddie down town on an errand, and he gayly set off, glad of any chance to be out, if only for a short time. As he passed the gay shops he eagerly looked at the bright pictures their windows presented, wishing he were rich enough to buy some of the lovely things for mamma.

His cheeks burned with excitement as he looked at the gay pictures and thought how surprised and glad his mamma would be if he should send her one.

Without stopping to remember that he owned only three pennies in the world, and that money was scarce at home, he began trying to decide which one of the valentines would be most appropriate for his sweetheart mamma. Finally he chose one which had a blue background, with Cupid riding across it on a rose colored cloud. The card was framed with a plush border and would look very rich on mamma's mantelshelf. So he walked boldly and said to the clerk near the door:

"How much is that blue valentine?"

"Five dollars," answered the clerk, with a queer smile at the small, rather shabby, figure before him. The smile changed to a look of pity, however, as he saw Laddie's eyes fill with tears. He put his hand on the little fellow's shoulder and said, "See here, my boy, there are some very pretty valentines on this shelf for 50 cents, and here are some nice ones for 25 cents."

Laddie brightened and then began choosing among the cheaper ones until he remembered that even 25 cents was a large amount when one's entire fortune consisted of 8 coppers. He suddenly looked up and said:

"A fellow couldn't earn 25 cents between now and tomorrow, could he?"

"Why, I dare say he might by trying hard," answered the clerk cheerfully.

"There's quite a good bit to be earned sometimes by carrying people's packages from the station."

So quite hopefully our little man sped away in the direction of the Western station. As he neared the place he saw that the train had already come in, for numbers of people were hurrying toward town in carriages or on foot. Very few of the latter, however, appeared to have much to carry, and at first there seemed no chance of getting a job. But as he saw a big, good natured looking fellow carrying a small valise, he accosted him eagerly:

"Don't you want me to carry your baggage, sir, please?"

The man looked down at the bit of humanity before him and then at his valise. Then he laughed long and loud, shaking so that Laddie felt as though an earthquake were convulsing the pavement beneath him. At last the man found breath to say:

"Well, little fellow, I don't see that I need much help with this thimbleful of baggage, but that man who has just passed has a lot to carry. Maybe he'll hire you."

Before the sentence was finished off darter the boy so fast that he overtook the heavily laden traveler and fairly tumbled himself in the long overcoat as he said:

"Will you please let me carry this big bag for you? I'll do it cheap!"

This man did not laugh—at least not aloud—and Laddie felt encouraged, though the satchel looked rather formidable.

"Well, well, youngster," said the stranger, "you don't look as though you could manage such a heavy load, but you may take this smaller bundle, if you can carry it as far as Central hotel, for I'm in a good deal of a hurry."

Laddie hesitated. "Would you pay more for the big satchel?" he asked.

"This time the new man did laugh and said pleasantly, "No, carry the small one, and I'll pay you whatever you ask."

"Whatever you ask?" Could it be possible? Then he could get the whole sum at once! But, no. Perhaps this would seem too much to pay. "I would do no harm to ask, however, so he said, taking the bundle and trudging bravely along:

"Would 25 cents be too much?"

"Well, that's rather a queer sum, but I think I can stand it. Why don't you make it an even quarter, though?"

Then Laddie told all about his valentine plan, and the 25 cents already in his pocket, and the pretty card at the book store which could be bought for a quarter. The gentleman was very much interested and watched his little companion closely as he went on. At last, when Laddie stopped to take breath, he said:

"Why don't you ask your papa for the money?"

"Cause papa can't remember, and I don't know if he's dead or not, but mamma always cries when she tells about him."

The gentleman stopped suddenly, and looking eagerly into Laddie's upturned face asked one more question:

"What is your name?"

"Mamma calls me Laddie, but my real name is Lawrence Raymond. That was papa's name."

Down went the load of bundles on the pavement, and Laddie found himself clasped close in the strong arms of his new friend. He didn't quite understand it nor why the stranger almost sobbed as he said, "My baby, my baby!" He hardly liked that, and so, straightening himself up as tall as he could, he said sturdily, "I'm 7!"

"Yes, yes, little man," laughed the gentleman, "but you used to be my baby, and I have come back to you. Now, let's hurry to mamma as fast as we can."

"Without the valentine?" said Laddie, hardly grasping the truth as yet.

"We'll get her one tomorrow, dear, the

## AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

In olden times St. Valentine's day cost people no inconsiderable sums. "Pepys' Diary" records some curious customs during the reign of the "merry monarch," Charles II. Thus Mr. Pepys says in his diary on Valentine's day, 1667: "This morning came up to my wife's bedchamber I being up dressing myself little Will Mercer, to be her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me 45, but that I must have laid off, glad of any chance to be out, if only for a short time. As he passed the gay shops he eagerly looked at the bright pictures their windows presented, wishing he were rich enough to buy some of the lovely things for mamma.

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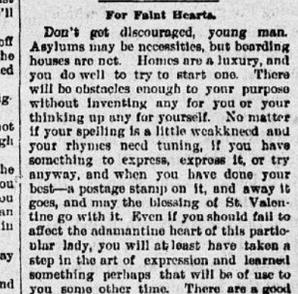
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St. Valentine's Morn.  
Apollo has peeped through the shutter  
And awakened the willy and fair,  
The boarding school belle's in a flutter,  
The troupe