

The Louisiana Democrat.

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

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ALEXANDRIA, LA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1895.

[NO. 5.]

The Louisiana Democrat

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

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4 "	4.50	8.50	12.00	20.00	25.00
5 "	5.50	10.50	15.00	25.00	30.00
6 "	6.50	12.50	18.00	30.00	35.00
7 "	7.50	14.50	21.00	35.00	40.00
8 "	8.50	16.50	24.00	40.00	45.00
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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.

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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 \$6.55.

HOUSTON, CENTRAL ARKANSAS AND NORTHERN:

SOUTH.
No. 231—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.

GEO. O. WATTS

NOTARY PUBLIC

—and—
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
ALEXANDRIA, LA.

JOHN KRAMER

Salesrooms

CORNER FOURTH AND SCOTT STS.,
ALEXANDRIA, LA.

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

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Military Studies Begun in the School of Brienne.

HIS WAR GENIUS FORESHADOWED.

Defiant in Manner, He Incurred the Antipathy of His Fellows—Arrested For Challenging a Schoolmate—Battle of the Snow Fort—Dealt to Lead, Not Follow.

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III.—AUTUN AND BRIENNE.

The old town of Autun lies on the left bank of the Arroux, 164 miles south-east of Paris. Here the boys Bonaparte were put to school, in January of 1779. The town is an epitome of European history. It was the capital of the brave Eduans, whom Caesar overcame in the first year of the Gallic war. Napoleon, in his tenth year, arrived at the gates. He was put under charge of the Abbe Chardon, nephew of the General Marboeuf. The latter devoted himself to the interests of the Buonaparte family, and paid a part of the expenses.

Meanwhile the father and Marboeuf had gone to Versailles, and were assiduous in their efforts to get the boys estab-



NAPOLEON AT TWENTY-TWO.

lished as pensioners. The solicitation was that the young fellows should be educated at the expense of the state. Marboeuf invented a fiction, fecked with fact, about the nobility of his wards; and the petition was granted finally as to Napoleon. But Joseph had now passed the limit of his eleventh year, and was no longer eligible—unless by violation of law. He must therefore be diverted to the priesthood, while the younger brother was assigned, as the public charge, to the military academy at Brienne-la-Chapelle, on the right bank of the Aube, in the department of the same name, a hundred and eighty miles from Paris. Thither he was transferred in the latter part of April, 1779, and was admitted as a cadet.

At Autun, the chief business had been to teach him French. He applied himself closely to this task, but not very successfully. He learned to speak French, brokenly, with an Italian accent. To the end of his life he never acquired a nice knowledge of the adopted tongue. His grammar was broken, his composition thunderstruck, and his spelling heretical. His practical knowledge of the language which he was destined to use for forty-two years in his intercourse with men was efficient; but his mind was never tolerant of technicalities.

This trait of neglecting the exactitudes was strongly manifested from Napoleon's childhood. He went as far as the practical in whatever subject he touched; but having seized thus much, he cared for nothing else. He desired correctness in others, for that was useful to him; but as for himself, he wanted only aggregate results and a knowledge of their practical advantages. All authors have commented on the inaccuracies and lapses in the Napoleonic correspondence and manuscripts. It became his habit to slur over, in his rapid way, the errors in his writing; and his arrogance seemed to convince him that, while correct spelling was an accomplishment in pedagogue, it was rather a fault in great men.

The young Bonaparte is described by his master as being of solemn demeanor; rarely laughing; never happy or misanthropic; no disposition for playing; proud and solitary; easily wounded; always resentful; learning with lightning-like rapidity; but stopping short of correctness; vain of his faculties; patriotic almost morbid; disliking the powerful foreign race with which his lot had been cast; looking back regretfully to Corsica, and (most unboylike) thinking more of his country than he did of his home and mother.

Already, before leaving Autun, the pale little Bonaparte fell into frequent quarrels with his French schoolmates about the Corsican revolution! They insulted him with the charge that his countrymen had been cowards—else they would have won their independence. To this he answered angrily that if the French had outnumbered his people only four to one, the invaders would have been defeated. Military calculation already!

The military academy at Brienne was one of ten of like kind recently established in the kingdom. Besides these, there were two higher schools, one at Paris and the other at La Fleche. This system had superseded another which had fallen on account of its unpopularity. The military education and the right thereto was a plum for the nobles. Boys of the Third Estate had therein no part or lot. In the schools were gathered the weakened reproductions of a moribund nobility. The governors of the schools were even as the cadets. The institutions degenerated, until there was a popular reaction against them. There was a reform, headed by the Church. New schools were established, and monks were put in charge of them!

At the time when the boy Napoleon went to Brienne, the remarkable condition was presented of a system of military schools in charge of the monastic

WOMEN WHO APE MEN.

Dr. Parkhurst Calls Them "Andromania" and Defines the Word.

There is an element in the community—a small one, I would fain hope, yet the size of a thing is no measure of the disquiet it will produce, even as one little piping frog in the meadow will outdo all the crickets that are chirping in the grass and all the whippoorwills that are singing in the air—there is an element in the feminine world that is suffering from what I shall venture to call "andromania," writes the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The word is not an English one, for the reason, I suppose, that the English language makers never supposed that we should need such a term. It is constructed on the same principle as the word *Anglomania*, which means a passionate admiration of everything that is English. "Andromania" means similarly a passionate admiration of everything that is mannish. It is an attempt on the part of those affected with the disease to minimize distinctions by which manhood and womanhood are differentiated, whether as regards their culture, their interests or their activities. It is that animus which permits a woman to imagine that she has achieved a great triumph if she succeeds in doing something that only man has hitherto been accustomed to do, but that no woman has hitherto availed to do.

It is that animus which excepts to having woman's public activities along any line distinguished by any designation of sex, as when in a neighboring city not long ago a company of women were organizing for action in a field where masculine efforts were already being exerted, and they objected to having their society called "the women's board of aid" on the ground that their masculine analogues working in the same field did not call their organization "the men's board of aid." Although these two societies were occupying the same ground, yet it was reasonable to expect that the two would cover the same ground in quite different ways, and if the women in question had realized that fact as fully as they ought to have done, so far from wanting to exclude the term "women," they would have been anxious to retain it and to have proved that their work was equally valuable.

Beans in the Eye.

It is not generally understood that foreign bodies may sometimes be found in the eye, and that it is possible for the patient himself to discover their existence if they are in the front portion of the eye. Small opaque particles are often found in the vitreous fluid and are detected by raising the eyes to the ceiling, then suddenly bringing them down to the level of the head, keeping the gaze fixed upon some point. The face should be turned toward a window, and if the light is exceedingly bright should be in shadow. A little practice will enable the patient to see a number of small dark spots, that appear to be settling down as bits of soot, float gently downward through the air. One eye contains what looks like a wool fiber with white opaque beads strung upon it at intervals. In another are several loops of similar fiber, some of which seem to be covered with a thin film. How these objects got into the eyes is one of the mysteries of nature. There are many curious things to be learned about the eyes if one takes the trouble to study the way to observe them. It is necessary to fix the gaze upon some inconspicuous object and then try to see nothing beyond the eye itself. Several efforts may be necessary before one acquires the ability to examine his own eyes for beams and notes, but once learned there is usually an expression of surprise because it could not be done at the first time of trying.—New York Ledger.

Ice Water at Meals.

A pitfall for the imprudent dyspeptic, who has small control over his other appetite, is drinking too freely of ice water at meals. Persons who eat rapidly of rich food that is highly sweetened, spiced and salted, and who do not digest at equal speed, must needs drink to quench an almost steady thirst arising from these causes, and that only ice water seems to satisfy. The self control of the average woman is not always equal to the task of a sensible apportionment of water, but an excellent check on imprudent drinking will be found by squeezing the half of a large lemon into a glass, then filling the glass and half full from the ice pitcher and sipping throughout the meal. Though the lemon is not unpleasant to the taste, it cools the throat almost instantly, a mouthful of it in this solution giving the relief of a goblet of pure ice water.—Exchange.

Like the New Woman.

Bouttown—This woman's emancipation movement isn't such a bad thing, after all. I've been keeping company with Miss Strongoull lately, and I rather like it.

Upton—In what way particularly?

Bouttown—Well, for one thing, she insists on paying her own expenses.—Philadelphia Times.

Doublet.

"Jervis makes me tired, bragging of his wife all the time as he does. He says that all he is owes to her."

"Do you call that bragging about her?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Did as He Was Told.

An old doctor, whose memory was beginning to fail him, was called in to see a young man who was ill. On arriving at the house he found his patient in bed with nothing the matter with him but a slight cold. After prescribing the usual remedies he said:

"Now, my dear sir, you must stay in bed till I come again."

He went away and forgot all about his patient. The time flew by. One day the M. D. came across the young man's mother in the street. The sight of Mrs. H. — brought his patient to his mind, and with a start he said:

"By the bye, how is your son getting on?"

To his amazement Mrs. H. — replied that he was still in bed, obedient to his commands. He had been there three weeks!—New York Dispatch.

Professor Goodman of the Yorkshire College, writing on this subject, says that it is a mistake to suppose that stone stairs are safer than wooden ones in case of fire. Stone is often the first material to fall in case of fire. As soon as the fire begins to play upon the thin slabs of stone, such as are used for stairs, they collapse with a crash. His opinion is that iron or steel stairs, incased in coke breeze or broken brick concrete, makes by far the safest staircase, so far as the fire risk is concerned.

Popea's Bath.

Popea, one of the wives of Nero, used to take with her a troop of 500 asses so that she could enjoy the luxury of a bath in asses' milk, which was supposed to have the property of making the skin tender.

PAINT AND POWDER.

Used From Earliest Times, in Spite of Laws and Priests.

The art of ornamenting or embellishing the face most probably dates back to the days of the first man and woman, and if history tells us nothing about Mother Eve having made use of it we are inclined to think that that is because history is defective and not because the art was not known in those days.

One of the earliest known forms of personal embellishment is that of painting the face with bright colors. It is most probable that this originated in a desire to instill fear into the hearts of one's enemies rather than from motives of vanity, but that which served to frighten men seemed to attract the women, so it gradually came about that warriors painted their faces even in times of peace.

Among the Fijians the first dress of an infant is a thick layer of oil paint all over the body, the face being painted red with the exception of the nose, which is allowed to remain in its original color—that is, black. The rest of the body is painted the face into four parts, each being painted a different color.

Time brought a development of the art of improving the appearance. Glaring colors gave way to more refined cosmetics and a more complicated method of using them.

It became the custom to use cosmetics. Everybody used them—kings, queens, rich women and poor women, warriors—even the mummies were painted.

Later on, when Roman civilization was at its height, the Egyptians still claimed to hold their position as chief makers and users of cosmetics, and the Roman empresses paid large sums for the mysteries of the kosmetikon which were sold by the charlatans of the temple of Isis.

In Nineveh people resorted to the process of enameling the countenance. The face was first washed and thoroughly dried, then covered with a whitish paste, which dried hard and shiny like enamel.

The Jews made great use of such preparations for personal adornment, as we see by the second book of Kings (ix, 30). The prophets also speak on this subject and threaten the punishment of heaven on those who thus sought to improve the human face.

Although the Greek men thought more of physical strength than of artificial beauty, the women believed in red and white powders, and the poets go so far as to say that Venus herself on one critical occasion did not hesitate to have recourse to artificial embellishment.

During the time of the Caesars the use of cosmetics increased to an alarming extent. The men wore bad as the women.

Phyllis, the maid of the beautiful Sooma, actually wrote a treatise on the most efficacious cosmetics.

The Germanic and Frank ladies of the middle ages were noted for their desire to have arms and hands of ivory whiteness and cheeks of a rose tint.

The English ladies of the twelfth century chose to appear with pale faces, to obtain which they had recourse to cosmetics and to cupping.

But the Florentine ladies excelled even the Romans. They had 300 methods or preparations for the simple purpose of hiding wrinkles—in fact, the use of cosmetics reached such a pitch that the priests thought it necessary to pronounce against them.

Then the fashion changed, and everything was made white. Faces were powdered, hair was powdered, and both sexes seemed to vie with each other as to which should use the most.

A later method of adornment was the "patch." This was first used to show up the delicacy of the complexion, but in a very short time it had developed to such an extent that there were at least 20 in common use, with such names as "sympathetic patch," "love patch," "magnetic patch," etc.

If in this generation cosmetics are not so much used as formerly, nobody will dispute that they still play an important part in the toilet.—Berlin Nord und Sud.

MUSIC OF THE FROGS.

The Operettas of the Swamps Are All Love Stories.

When the frog wishes to express his joy, he bursts forth into song. He lifts up his voice and makes the woodland ring. Only the male frogs sing. The females constitute the audience, who sit in the front row and enjoy the music, and it is the speckled green frog who is the prime soloist of the woods.

These operettas only take place at night, and the performance begins about 8:30, after an overture by the katydid and the early mosquitoes. The frog, however, does not come out upon the stage with a roll of music in one hand and smug smirk on his face. Neither does he proceed to scatter sand upon the floor from a cornucopia and preface his performance with a song and dance, after the manner of vaudeville artists.

He jumps right into the middle of his song without even a preliminary bow to the front row in the audience, and after a succession of short, sharp notes uttered in quick succession he lets it go at that. Then he may receive either an encore or be the objective point of antique eggs or bits of stone from the hands of some of his auditors, in which latter case he makes a rapid dive beneath the waters and is lost to sight.

Who has not heard the sweet musical strains of a speckled frog ringing out on the calm evening air, immediately succeeded by a "ker-chunk" as he disappears beneath the wave? That happens when his song fails to meet with approbation. There are always other frogs about when these songs are sung. Most of them are females; otherwise there would be no song, for a male frog singing to his fellows would not be allowed to get much further than the first two bars.

Stories have been told of a frog in the darkness who, seeing others of his kind whom he took for ladies, burst forth into loud melodious notes of joy and was suddenly cut short in his musical career by a shower of missiles from indignant male frogs whose meditations he had disturbed. This only happens to the young bucks of the frog tribe, for the older heads are too shrewd to make fools of themselves when there are any other than female frogs about.

One of the extraordinary things about frog music is the fact that the frog keeps his mouth closed when he is singing. It will therefore be seen that it would be useless to tell him to "shut up." He can sing through his skin. He is provided with a pair of resonant chambers like drums, and he makes his music by snapping his muscles against these distended membranes. Thus he can breathe through his skin and supply all the wind that is necessary without opening his mouth. Handel, in his "Israel in Egypt," has imitated in a passage of the oratorio the motions and leaping of the frogs.

A French scientist, after long listening in the woods, has made out and reduced to writing the song of the frog, or "swamp music," as he calls it, and has discovered that the frog repertory is varied and extensive. Frogs can carry on conversation at long distances and can communicate to each other emotions of fear or hunger. Their songs, however, are all love songs, and, as has been said, are only indulged in when there are female frogs about. It is then that the frog distends his drums to their utmost, throwing his head well back and his legs far apart and raising his voice, as it is called, to the very highest pitch of the musical scale. A big, old, green frog can thus make himself heard to a distance of more than two miles, and the French savant who has studied the subject says that the females are by this performance thrown into ecstasies of delight.

The song of the frog has thus been registered by the French savant: "Brekeke-brekeke, krekote! Kpoto-oo-oo! Brekeke! Brekeke! Brekeke, kvrr, brekeke, too-oo!" This closely resembles the famous cry of the Yale college students, taken from the frog song of the Aristophanes, and which is heard at every football match. It is supposed to express frog joy of the uttermost.—Science on Famille.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Her Religion and Her Morals and Lessons From Her Life.

M. M. Mangasarian, in his lecture on "George Eliot's Religion and Morals," says:

"George Eliot achieved true immortality—the victory over oblivion—through the power of genius and goodness. She not only won the admiration of the generation in which she lived, but she also conquered the future. George Eliot has more readers today in England and America than when she lived in the flesh and was seen walking about London. The only thing that is eternally young is genius. If she were living now, few would hesitate to pronounce her the greatest woman writer of the day. George Eliot is a moral artist, an ethical teacher, in a sense in which Sir Walter Scott or Dickens was not. She brings to her task an uncompromising earnestness; every page of her writings is saturated with an almost unrelaxing seriousness. To demonstrate the eternal laws of conduct which inclose and environ man's existence is the burden of her books.

"The two marriages of George Eliot have elicited much criticism, friendly and unfriendly. I have heard it said George Eliot herself regretted in after years the influence her example exerted upon others. There was in this act of hers an apparent disrespect and indifference to existing institutions. The question of the relation of the sexes is steadily moving to the front. In Europe and America there are writers who think it is the crucial question of the day. I do not believe George Eliot ever violated the spirit of her high teaching on the subject of marriage.

"George Eliot is a philosopher novelist, teaching the meaning of life through the channels of fiction. There is in her, as there was in Thomas Carlyle, a lurking sadness, a melancholia. While reading her pages I have said to myself, 'She has dipped her pen in tears.' The story of her religious evolution proves that to know the truth was her only desire, to cling to error was her only fear. At an early age she found herself slipping from the dogmatic Christianity of the day, but if she stopped going to church she never ceased to be religious. The first condition of human goodness is something to love, the second something to reverence. Can there be a better definition of ethical religion? Religion to her meant something else besides doctrines and notions; it meant the free and diligent exertion of the intellect, the hunger and the thirst after righteousness. This breath with the creed of her youth never created bitterness in her soul, for she says, 'It is possible, thank heaven, to have very erroneous theories and very sublime feelings.' No other writer has uttered more eloquently the supremacy of the deed over the creed. She is the modern stoic."

The Gecko.

The gecko is an odd little creature. His name is seldom heard, and his form is seldom seen, for he lives in warmer climates than this. His home is in Africa and the southern countries of Europe.

This little gecko has so many strange ways and there is something so uncanny in his appearance that the people of the countries where he lives are rather afraid of him, believing his bite to be poisonous, although this is denied by naturalists.

He is a little creature, with a broad, flat head, like a snake, and a long body, with a narrow tail, with odd shaped bits of skin arranged like scallops along the sides of it. He has short legs and queer, catlike claws, which enable him to easily climb the old walls and rocks upon which he lives, catching the insects of various sorts which make his dinner.

He is a nocturnal animal, walking abroad at night and sleeping in the daytime. He moves with sudden rushes and without any noise whatever. His odd name was given him from the queer noise he makes, which is something like the noise you would make to start a horse with. The male gecko is of a gray color, so near the shade of the old walls and rocks among which he makes his home that he can barely be seen.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Fireproof Stairways.

Professor Goodman of the Yorkshire College, writing on this subject, says that it is a mistake to suppose that stone stairs are safer than wooden ones in case of fire. Stone is often the first material to fall in case of fire. As soon as the fire begins to play upon the thin slabs of stone, such as are used for stairs, they collapse with a crash. His opinion is that iron or steel stairs, incased in coke breeze or broken brick concrete, makes by far the safest staircase, so far as the fire risk is concerned.

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