

# The Louisiana Democrat.

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

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The Louisiana Democrat

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

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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.

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RAILROAD - TIME - TABLE.

TEXAS AND PACIFIC

West Bound:	10:40 a. m.
No. 53 Arrives	3:45 a. m.
No. 51	3:45 a. m.
No. 54 Departs	3:45 a. m.

East Bound:

No. 54 Arrives	10:40 a. m.
No. 52	10:40 a. m.
No. 53 Departs	12:20 a. m.

MORGAN'S LOUISIANA AND TEXAS:

Leaves Alexandria	9:45 a. m.
Arrives Alexandria	7:45 p. m.

First-class fare from Alexandria to New Orleans by either of above named roads costs \$6.25.

HOUSTON, CENTRAL ARKANSAS AND NORTHERN:

No. 221 Arrives	11:15 a. m.
No. 222 Departs	4:30 a. m.

KANSAS CITY, WATKINS AND GULF

Passenger No 1—	
Leaves Alexandria	10:15 a. m.
Freight No 3—	
Arrives at Alexandria	5:00 p. m.
Passenger No 2—	
Leaves Alexandria	11:15 a. m.
Freight No 4—	
Leaves Alexandria	6:30 a. m.

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

JOHN KRAMER

The habit of using tobacco grows on a man until grave diseased conditions are produced. Tobacco causes cancer of the mouth and stomach; dyspepsia; loss of memory; nervous affection; congestion of the retina; and wasting of the optic nerve, resulting in impairment of vision, even to the extent of blindness; dizziness or vertigo; tobacco asthma; nightly suffocation; dull pain in the region of the heart, followed later by sharp pains, palpitation and weakened pulse, resulting in fatal heart disease. It also causes loss of vitality.

QUIT BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco—to an inveterate user, becomes a stimulant that his system continually craves. "BACCO-CURO" is a scientific and reliable vegetable remedy; guaranteed to be perfectly harmless; and which has been in use for the last 23 years, having cured thousands of habitual tobacco users—smokers, chewers and snuff-dippers.

YOU CAN USE ALL THE TOBACCO YOU WANT, WHILE TAKING "BACCO-CURO." IT WILL NOTIFY YOU WHEN TO STOP. WE GIVE A WRITTEN GUARANTEE to permanently cure any case with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent. interest.

"BACCO-CURO" is not a substitute, but a reliable and scientific cure—which absolutely destroys the craving for tobacco without the aid of will power, and with no inconvenience. It leaves the system as pure and free from nicotine, as the day you took your first chew or smoke.

Sold by all druggists, at \$1.00 per box, three boxes, (thirty days treatment, and GUARANTEED CURE), \$2.50, or sent direct upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO-CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOOKLET AND PROOFS FREE. Eureka Chemical & Manufacturing Company, Manufacturing Chemists, LaCrosse, Wisconsin.

GEO. O. WATTS

NOTARY PUBLIC

—and—

REAL ESTATE BROKER,

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Office corner of Third and Lee streets

DO YOU WANT A Situation?

For circulars address WILBUR R. SMITH, LEXINGTON, KY.

THE DEACON'S DAUGHTERS.

The deacon had three daughters, lithe and fair. Girls with three story heads, handsomely dowered. Lovable, beautiful, spiritual, that could bring down in joy the best of heaven to earth. And raise the hearts of earth in thanks to heaven.

Humanity reached a higher plane in them. Yet had no cause to blush at its success. Certes they had to eat, to drink, to sleep. To sew, to scrub, maybe sometimes to delve in the old fashioned garden full of flowers. Yet never ceased they waiting much in that all indescribable that is from heaven. So less than earth, but still the comeliness belonging only to the high belongings. Above the cadences of this great world.

What shall we say about them—praise or blame? Blame them for glorifying this our earth? Praise them for blessing the three lovely flowers? Let us give thanks that such as they exist. Let us give thanks that we, too, are alive. To comprehend, admire and frolic bliss.—Edward & Creamer in New York Sun.

In Chancery.

The funds in court amounted in 1894 to the huge total of £64,075,187 4s. 1d., but the proportion of this sum in want of owners is not stated. It is interesting to note that during the preceding year payments were made to successful claimants and others amounting to £16,324,152 3s.

There is also a large sum in court under the heading "Foreign currencies," made up of rupees, crowns, dollars, florins, francs, guilders, lire and marks. Reference should also be made to a long list of boxes and other miscellaneous effects remaining in the custody of the Bank of England on behalf of the supreme court of judicature.

An official list of the titles of chancery causes dealt with for 15 years or upward is published triennially, but as the names of the testators or persons entitled to the funds are in the majority of cases not stated the information is of little value to the general public. To give an instance: In 1823 Nathaniel Briggs, one of the next of kin of Thomas Storke, who died in 1700, was advertised for by order of the court of chancery. The fund was not claimed, and in the latest list of dormant funds we find the title of the chancery suit given thus: "Pomeroy versus Brewer." No mention is made that the next of kin of Thomas Storke are wanted.

An idea of the large number of similar cases may be gained from the fact that the list of unclaimed funds fills 187 pages. This list is only an index to the titles of accounts and is not in any sense a register of next of kin wanted or of lapsed legacies, intestates' estates, unclaimed dividends, prize money, etc.—Chambers' Journal.

Interviewing by Telephone.

Many Frenchmen nowadays live in Brussels, some because they find it convenient to quit their native country, others because Brussels, while wonderfully like Paris, is as yet far less expensive a place to live in. This being so, the telephone between the French and Belgian capitals is extremely important, and one of the more ahead of the Parisian newspapers has hit upon the device of publishing "interviews by telephone" with celebrities across the frontier. These interviews differ in nothing from interviews obtained in the usual way. Thus in one of them a politician was asked by his interviewer, "What do you intend to do?" and the account thus continues: "Why, I shall simply watch events, he replied, rubbing his hands." People are now wondering how the telephone has been brought to such perfection that a man can be heard rubbing his hands hundreds of miles away.—London News.

She Got Even.

Miss Pretty with soothing sarcasm—You seem to prefer the company of youths much younger than yourself.

Miss Beanti (with outting severity)—Yes, I am not so anxious to marry as some girls I know.—New York Weekly.

Aristotle was the first philosopher to suggest the real cause of the phenomenon of dew. He said, "The sun's heat raises the vapor, from which the dew is formed as soon as that heat is no longer present to sustain the vapor."

The Wisconsin river was first called the Masconsin, "wild, rushing channel." In the books of the early explorers the name appears as the Ouisconsin, Misconsin, Ouisconche, Mesconsing and Missouising.

There is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power than lightning, whirlwind, or earthquake—that is, the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world.—Daniel Webster.

The British isles have furnished over two-thirds of the immigrants who have crossed the Atlantic to seek their fortunes on our shores.

"To put a flea in his ear," to indicate a sharp rebuff, is a proverbial saying found in all languages having a literature.

Jamaica has a name of Indian origin. It means "the country with springs."

A ton of good coal is said to yield about 8,000 feet of purified gas.

ENGLISH AT THE HEAD.

Spoken by More People Than Any Other Language of Civilization.

More people speak English than any other language now in use in the civilized world, and the increase in the use of English is so rapid that it may ultimately outstrip all the European languages collectively. At the beginning of the present century French stood at the head of languages in general use. Then 20 per cent of the people of Europe and America spoke French. Then followed in the order named Russian, 19 per cent; German, 18 per cent; Spanish, 16 per cent; English, 12 per cent; and Italian, 9 per cent. French was the language of treaties, of fashion, of international correspondence and to a considerable extent of commerce.

At the beginning of the present century twice as many people in Europe spoke French as English, and twice as many spoke German as English. More persons in Europe spoke Italian than English, and in fact English had a subordinate rank.

Colonization in America and Australia and particularly the enormous increase of population in the United States favored the extension of English. Colonization in South and Central America favored Spanish and in Brazil, Portuguese. One reason of the rapid and general extension of the English language has been that colonization from Great Britain has been very much larger than from other countries, and the English have made their influence felt more decisively than have the people of other nations in colonies. Thus, for instance, Holland has today extensive colonies in various parts of the world.

The present population of Holland is 4,000,000 and of the Dutch colonies 24,000,000. The area of Holland in square miles is 20,000 and of the Dutch colonies 600,000. But the Dutch language has never been extended to any great extent by reason of these colonies, the inhabitants of which have never learned Dutch. The French, Italian and Russian languages have not been extended greatly through colonization. As a consequence of the changes through emigration and otherwise 110,000,000 people now speak English instead of 20,000,000, as at the beginning of the century. German has held its own without variance for nearly 100 years and is still spoken by 18 per cent of those speaking any European language. Russian has fallen off a little, not in numbers, but in percentage, and so have all the Latin languages. The number of persons speaking French at the beginning of the century was 31,000,000, and now it is 61,000,000. The number of persons speaking Spanish at the beginning of the century was 26,000,000. Now it is 45,000,000. The number of those persons speaking Italian has increased from 15,000,000 to 30,000,000—just double.

In Europe today German stands at the head. It is the language of 68,000,000 people. Russian follows with 60,000,000, French with 45,000,000, English with 38,000,000, Italian with 31,000,000 and Spanish with 17,000,000. In the United States the growth of English has been and continues to be most rapid, and the two countries which are gaining most by the increase of population—the United States and Australia—are both English speaking countries and bid fair to keep English at the head.—New York Sun.

Knew Some English, but Not That.

A Frenchman was boasting that he had thoroughly mastered the English language when he was asked to write from dictation the following choice specimen of our eccentric vernacular:

"As Hugh Hughes was howing a yule log from a yew tree a man dressed in garments of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said, 'Have you seen my eyes?' To which he replied, 'If you will wait until I hev this yew, I will go with you to look for your eyes.'"

After an attempt the Frenchman admitted his mistake. He used to imagine he was used to English speaking, but he would be more careful how he used the language in future.—Exchange.

Won One.

An intelligent forger is said to have expressed himself after the following fashion in regard to the English language:

"When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast, if I stood firm I was fast, if I spent too freely I was fast and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one guinea prize,' I was tempted to give up trying to learn the English language."—Youth's Companion.

Symbols of Trade.

In Scotland it was for a long time usual to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Especially was this the case at Dunblane, where, in the burial ground of the abbey, it has been found that of those tombstones which are from 100 to 200 years old about one-fourth are thus marked, the symbols being in low relief.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BRISTOL'S HAUNTED HOUSE.

A Mansion at Which Joseph Bonaparte and Other Noted People Died.

In this old town, which is teeming over with interesting historical anecdotes of the time when Bristol was one of the most prominent summer resorts of the country, it would be an anomalous condition of affairs not to have an old house which the imagination of those inclined to superstition has tenanted with eerie inhabitants.

Upon the banks of the Delaware river, on Radcliff street, above Dorance, stands an old white mansion that is dreaded by even the small boy, and the young people of the town when on rowing on dark summer nights make a detour when near the "haunted house" and row far out in the stream. Tradition has it that the building is thoroughly furnished; that the table in the large dining room is always set ready for a banquet, and that on certain nights the shades of those who once inhabited the place again gather round the once hospitable board and re-enact the festivities that were held there in the early part of the century.

The old house was built in 1816 by a Major Lenox, who, Squire William Kinsey, the venerable authority on local history, says, was United States minister to the court of St. James and was for a number of years resident in by the diplomat and his accomplished wife. Many distinguished people from Europe and America were frequent visitors to the mansion, and the hospitality of Major Lenox was proverbial. Among those who frequently came to the place was the ex-king of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte, who, the historian relates, frequently came down the Delaware from Bonaparte park at Bordentown in the handsome barge presented to him by Stephen Girard, with the American flag and the French tricolor waving from the mast. He was often accompanied by the one time dashing cavalry commander, Prince Murat.

The brother of the Emperor Napoleon sometimes drove down by way of Trenton, and it is said that while making the journey one day he was thrown from his carriage and injured about the head. Dr. Phillips attended him at the old tavern of John Bossenot, now the Delaware House, corner of Mill and Randolph streets, and received shortly afterward a \$100 note and a fine steel engraving of Napoleon.

At the death of Major Lenox the mansion reverted to his niece, Miss Sarah Lukens Keene, a woman of great beauty and culture who had attracted much attention at court in London. Her aunt entertained great hopes of contracting a marriage with some of the English nobility and indignantly refused Miss Keene's hand to a John H. Powell of Philadelphia, stating that her niece was intended for a duke or a lord and not a brewer's son. Miss Keene died as she had lived, an old maid, and with a compassionate feeling for those of her sex similarly situated devised the mansion and several thousand dollars to the bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church of the diocese of Pennsylvania in trust for the maintenance of "five, six or more aged gentlewomen, widows or single women of respectability and decayed fortune who had become destitute in old age."—Bristol (Pa.) Letter in Philadelphia Times.

Youthful Gallantry.

Little Harold, who lives in Florida avenue, is one of the brightest little fellows in town. It is really a pity that the profession of courtier has fallen into decay, for Harold has the instincts of a Raleigh. He has a sister Margery, two years his junior, and Margery is his ideal. The other day at luncheon Margery was eating bread and sugar, and some of the sugar remained on her lips. Harold told her of it, and she wiped it off.

"There's something else sweet on your lips," went on the 5-year-old bean. Margery drew her napkin across her mouth again.

"Oh, you can't wipe it off," said Harold. "You were born with it."—Washington Post.

Artistic Coherence.

The Chicago plutocrat was showing an eastern architect some of the great buildings of the Windy City and getting his opinion of them.

"I think," said the architect after his tour of investigation, "that while your buildings are lofty and luxurious they lack artistic coherence."

"Some of them," admitted the plutocrat, "no doubt do, but not all."

"Of course not all."

"Well, I should say not. Now, take that last one we looked at. It belongs to me, and it has been paying 10 per cent on the investment ever since it was finished."—Detroit Free Press.

He Would Suit.

"Can you cook, knit and do plain sewing, dear?" said the emancipated young woman to the lovely young man upon whom she had been bestowing her attentions.

"Yes," was the timid reply.

"Then be mine!" exclaimed the impetuous lover.—Detroit Free Press.

CLARA MORRIS' START.

Her Early Career Described by the Man Who Taught Her.

When Clara Morris was baptized in an Episcopal church recently, people began asking how long she had been on the stage. Theater goers who are now men and women recall the furor she created at Daly's theater years ago when they were boys and girls. Clara Morris then was hardly more than a girl, but she already had several years of stage experience, if the story of old John Ellsler, the veteran ex-actor and theatrical manager, is true. Ellsler is now in Philadelphia, where he keeps a little shop untroubled by the vagaries of dramatic ventures.

A reporter for the Washington Post ran across the old man in Kansas City a few days ago and listened to the following story of how Clara Morris got her start:

"She drifted upon the stage," said old John as he filled his queer little briar root pipe and lighted it. "Clara's name wasn't Morris, but Morrison. At the time I met her first I was the owner of the old Academy of Music on Bank street in Cleveland. Clara's mother was, I believe, from Ireland originally, but Clara was born here. Her mother was cook in a boarding house near the theater, and as soon as Clara got into her teens she was very anxious to do something, earn some money, to make life a little easier for her mother."

"In the many years that I know her and even as a girl Clara Morris was possessed by two strong ideas. One was that she herself had but a short time to live, and the other that she must work and save and scrape together money enough before she died to make her mother securely comfortable. Well, she's not dead yet, and she has her mother safe and well in a house on the Hudson, all in the old lady's name. Clara's temperament was melancholy, and that and the trouble with her back may have induced her to look only for a short life. The injury to her back arose from somebody striking or kicking her before she was old enough to recollect it."

"When Clara Morris came to me," continued Ellsler, "she was merely looking for work. She wasn't thinking of the stage. She came to the theater just as she might have gone into a restaurant as a waitress had she known of such a place. The theater merely chanced to be near at hand. I had her trained and put her in my ballet. For three years Clara danced in the ballet. She put in a good bit of time at my theater even when she wasn't working, and as she was very quiet and careful and well behaved I used to have her on a great deal in walking parts when the ballet wasn't on the bills."

"To make a long story short, I could not tell when Clara Morris spoke her first lines on the stage, neither the play nor the occasion. The first I recollect on that point is that she was acting small parts and acting them well. In five years after she began to speak lines she was the best actress in my company—too good, in fact, for any part I could give her."

Early Glassmaking.

The first attempt at glassmaking in this country was some years before the Revolution and was made at Quincy, in this state, by a company of Germans. Some specimens of their articles still exist, says Mr. Deming Jarvis. The place in Quincy where their manufactory was established acquired from them the name of Germantown, which name it retains to the present time. The site of their manufactory is now occupied by the institution called "The Sailors' Snug Harbor."

About 1785 Robert Hewes, a well known citizen of Boston, made probably the first effort to establish a window glass manufactory on this continent. Mr. Hewes carried his works to the fuel and erected his factory in the forest of New Hampshire.—Boston Herald.

An Old English Custom.

The nomination of sheriffs according to the present mode dates from 1401. The "shire reeve" was first appointed by Alfred the Great to assist the aldermen and the bishop in the discharge of their judicial functions in the counties. In Edward III's reign it was enacted that they should be "ordained on the morrow of All Souls by the chancellor, treasurer and chief baron of the exchequer." The only instance of a female sheriff is that of Anne, countess of Pembroke, who, on the death of her father, the Earl of Cumberland, without male heirs in 1643, succeeded to the office in Westmoreland and attended the judges at Appleby.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Tea In Russia.

Russians are very careful about the way their tea is made. They make it in a porcelain or earthen teapot and drink it from tumblers of glass so annealed that there is no danger of the hot liquid breaking them. Their tea is always made of water at the first boiling—an important matter. The tea brewed in the teapot is made quite strong, but the tea glasses are but one-third filled with this tea and then filled up with boiling water. This gives a delicate, fine flavored cup of tea not strong enough to have a rank taste.

PARSON AND CATAMOUNTS.

The Minister Found a Pair of Kittens and Had to Fight For Them.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Hudson is a well known Campbellite preacher of San Bernardino county. He has sought souls among the hardest mining camps and the toughest lumbering localities among the mountains of Arizona and southern California for two decades. He had an uncommon experience one day as he was coming on horseback down the grade of the San Jacinto mountain. He saw at the edge of the chaparral two little catamount kittens playfully rolling and tumbling over each other on the creek bank.

The preacher wanted to catch the pretty, bobtailed, innocent looking bunches of fluff and fur alive and to take them home as curiosities. He succeeded and consigned them to one side of the saddlebags, the contents of which consisted of hymn-books and Bibles. Mr. Hudson started his horse for the house of the nearest neighbor, a distance of six miles or more. The reverend gentleman was riding slowly along through the deepening gloom of the forest in a thoughtful, half sleeping mood when a shrill screech behind him and up the mountain side reminded him that it was growing dark and there was a rapidly approaching prospect of a fight with the parents of the kittens.

Dismounting, he secured a heavy hickory club before the cats arrived, but not any too soon. Both the old cats appeared at the same time in the road ahead of the preacher. They had undoubtedly scented the kittens and made directly for their captor. One of the catamounts, an unusually large and ferocious male, made a spring for the dominie's throat, but received a whack with the hickory which laid him on his back. Before Dr. Hudson could recover his guard the female caught him by the shoulder as it leaped and raked him, tearing a section of his coat and about six inches of his skin and flesh into ribbons.

By this time the male had got on his feet again, and both cats prepared to spring at once. Hudson, seeing that the affair was getting serious, backed up against a tree and awaited their onslaught. He didn't have to wait long, as the male, snarling with rage, made a lunge at his throat, while the female crept to one side as if to flank him. This face saved the preacher, as it gave him time to receive the bigger one, which he skillfully did by jumping to the right and striking it just as it struck the tree where he had stood. The blow knocked it senseless. The female made a flying leap, but another quick movement allowed her to strike the base of the tree where the preacher had stood. He gave it one hard blow on the side, but slipped and fell, when the cat buried her teeth and claws in his leg. It was now a rolling, tumbling fight for a very brief period, but the dominie's good luck did not desert him. He finally killed both animals.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Slip.

A Harlem girl distinguished herself by a terrible "break" the other evening. Her victim was, of all persons, young Apropus, he who is the idol of the designing dandy and the maneuvering mother. It may also be remarked that he has served a long and honorable apprenticeship at speechmaking. He happened to mention to the Harlem girl that he was down for a toast at a dinner upon the following evening.

"Yes, and I don't much fancy the idea of getting up and making a fool of myself either," he added, with becoming modesty.

"Oh, I shouldn't think you'd mind it much," said the Harlem girl. "You done it so often before, you know."—New York Sun.

A Rust Resisting Wheat.

Pisciculturists who look forward hopefully to the evolution of the boneless shad will probably derive some encouragement from the fact that a new rust resisting variety of wheat is being eagerly sought for as seed by Australian farmers. It was noticed by a farmer in South Australia several years ago while reaping a badly rusted field of wheat that among it wore some heads wholly unaffected. He picked and carefully saved them and sowed the grain the next year. It yielded well and showed no sign of rust. From that beginning the stock was increased until 20 acres were raised last year, the crop of which was taken at a good price.

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"Then be mine!" exclaimed the impetuous lover.—Detroit Free Press.

Appreciation.

"That girl in front of us is very fond of the opera," said the young woman at the theater.

"She must be," replied the young man. "From the size of her hat you'd think she was afraid of some of it might get past her."—Washington Star.