

The Louisiana Democrat.

The World is Governed Too Much.

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Justices Peace—F. D. Henderson, Thos W. Sorelle, M. S. Trumble, Wm. Welch

Justices Peace—Robert Martin and Nick Marshall

Justices Peace—J. R. Moore, B. H. Jackson

Justices Peace—J. L. Bougeou, Daniel Hogan

Justices Peace—Andrew David, T. B. Daniels

City Officers. Mayor—Thomas Crawley

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE



CHAPTER VI. SOME VIEWS OF POVERTY.

When Brian descended to the breakfast room next morning, he found Margaret alone.

She was standing near the open window, and so intent upon arranging some lilacs in a bowl that she did not notice his presence until he was close beside her.

His voice recalled her absent thoughts, and looking up with a start, the warm blood mounted to her brow, notwithstanding her effort to control the momentary weakness.

"I did not expect to see you so soon," she said, in answer to his "Good morning."

"And I did not expect to see you alone. We are both disappointed—I most agreeably. Will you allow me to assist you?"

"No, I didn't sleep at all," she broke in, with questionable irrelevance, placing the flowers, which she could make no further pretext of fixing, in the middle of the table.

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lude of sins. He is so enraptured with me, that my red hair is golden in his eyes, from which fact you may estimate the extent of his imagination.

"I find myself saying morning, noon and night, but with all the possibilities that cluster around that 'if,' the unrelenting fact still obtrudes itself. His mind is a vacuum, and I, like nature, abhor a vacuum.

"Sometimes I wonder if his pocket-book can fill the place where his brain ought to be. As the question is a momentary one, pray give me the benefit of your advice. Meantime, I continue to be the sun of his existence, the star of his night, and a few other luminaries. And as, also, you must be thoroughly tired of me by this time, I will say good-by, for the present. Everybody joins me in love to you. More in my heart."

"P. S. Being a woman, my letter wouldn't be complete without a postscript. So here it is: Give my love to Miss Margaret when you see her. I suppose she is as sweet and as pretty as ever, for I know her good fortune hasn't spoiled her."

Margaret flushed and smiled at this allusion to herself. "Just as bad as ever," she commented. "Well will never be said nor dignified."

"That is what mamma says. We are all a lively set. I care say they think my nest is feathered, but—"

"There is his bell now. He is awake, and I suppose he wants me. Evidently he's in a bad humor. Come with me, Margaret. He will want to see you, and besides your presence may be as oil upon the troubled waters."

"Alice hurried off, while Margaret waited to get her hat and gloves. When she reached the head of the stairs she heard the Colonel's high-pitched voice, evidently answering some proposition from Alice."

"Go back! I'll go back when I choose. Miss! I'll not be dictated to. I'll— Bless my soul! if there isn't Margaret. When did you get here, child? Just now? Well, well! I'm so pestered and bothered. I can hardly see you. Come here and let me have a good look at you."

At this invitation Margaret came down the steps, and the old gentleman, despite her blushing remonstrance, took her face between his hands and kissed her on each cheek.

"So you've been away, and come back as pale as ever," he added, holding her from him and looking at her earnestly. "I believe we could have done better for you here. I'm glad to see you, child, might glad. Missed you like the devil. By the way, I hear you've got that young scamp with you. I doubt if he had one foot of the train before some of these confounded tattling women published it to the neighborhood. If I were the husband of some of them, I'd hang or shoot 'em. What are you giggling at, Alice? Nothing? Well, have more sense. Come over and take dinner with us, Margaret. No company, you know. Only yourself and Brian, if you choose to bring him. I want to see the boy. I suppose he's grown out of my recognition."

The old gentleman disappeared in the library as he made this last remark, and Margaret turned to Alice with a smile. "I must be going," she said. "I've left my cousin, and I must not be in hospital. Please come over soon, Alice. Miss Hilton sent her love and a special invitation."

Alice stood on the porch for some minutes after Margaret was gone. "If I should turn prophetess," she said, half aloud, I would say. She did not complete her sentence, but, smiling to herself, went into the house.

On the Care of False Hair. In a brochure on the toilet "by a professional beauty," a short chapter is devoted to false hair, the care and use of it. Probably few women who are obliged to wear false hair give it any thought after it is laid on the dressing-table. This authority asserts, however, that it should be carefully brushed and combed every night as natural hair; only in this way can it be kept clean and fresh.

It is also suggested that it be put in a covered box of sandal wood whenever it is not on the head. In a New York woman's dressing-room is a small box table with a lid. It is of soft wood painted with pink enamel paint inside and out. To a curious visitor its owner disclosed the interior, which is divided into several compartments of irregular lengths, at the bottom of each of which is a silken sack filled with Florentine orris and violet powder. Switches, cuffs, and curls rested lightly in their proper nests. "A notion of my maid," explained the woman, whose hair matched that in the box, with a laugh, "to preserve and perfume madame's coiffures."

Something About Lady Mary Gordon. Lady Mary Gordon, to whom "The Sisters" is dedicated by her affectionate nephew, Algernon Charles Swinburne, is the youngest of the twelve children of the third Earl of Ashburnham, being seven years junior to the poet's mother, Lady Jane Swinburne. She married in 1839 the only son of Gen. Sir James Willoughby Gordon, and possibly from this gallant soldier have filtered down some of the military traditions embodied in the tragedy. Sir Henry Percy Gordon succeeded his father in 1851, but sought distinction in a different line, took honors at Cambridge, and became a F. R. S. At his death in 1876 the baronetcy lapsed for want of an heir, and his widow, Lady Mary, was left in possession of North Court, their pleasant seaside home near Niton, in the Isle of Wight.

Extraordinary Remedy for Paralysis. Dr. Leon Paul of Paris has lately come out in favor of sterilized subcutaneous injections of solutions of sheep's brain as a cure for paralysis. He claims for this extraordinary medicine that it has no injurious reaction, and that in almost every case in which he has tried it there has been a marked improvement in the patient's condition.

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