

VOL. 52.

THE LOUISIANA DEMOCRAT.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

ALEXANDRIA.

Official Journal of the City of Alexandria. Official Journal of the School Board.

MOBLEY & CO., Props. W. G. MOBLEY, Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One Year \$1.00 Six Months .50 cents

ADVERTISING RATES: One-half inch 10 cents per line per week

Table with columns for advertising rates: One-half inch, One inch, Two inches, Three inches, Four inches, Five inches, Six inches, Seven inches, Eight inches, Nine inches, Ten inches.

Transient advertisements, \$1 per square for first insertion, 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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RAILROAD - TIME - TABLE.

TEXAS AND PACIFIC. East Bound: No. 52 Arrives 12:10 a. m. No. 54 Arrives 9:45 a. m.

West Bound: No. 51 Arrives 3:48 a. m. No. 53 Arrives 4:40 p. m.

MORGAN'S LOUISIANA & TEXAS: Leaves Alexandria 8:00 a. m. Arrives at Alexandria 7:35 p. m.

KANSAS CITY, WATKINS & GULF: No. 1 Arrives 11:15 a. m. No. 2 Departs 12:15 p. m.

LODGE MEETINGS. MASONIC. SUMMIT COUNCIL NO. 12: Meets on the third Monday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 44: Meets on the second Monday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

OLIVER LODGE, NO. 84, F. & A. M.: Meets on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

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Don Caffery, term expiring on the 4th of March, 1901.

Representatives in Congress. First District: Gen. Adolph Meyer

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Supreme Court. Francis T. Nichols, Chief Justice. New Orleans.

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JUDGES COURT OF APPEALS - 3RD CIRCUIT. W. B. Blackman, and A. Mouton

TERMS OF COURT FOR RAPIDS PARISH. Civil Terms - First Mondays in January and May.

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A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE



LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER VII. A MORNING IN B.

Brian saw Margaret returning, and putting down the book he had been trying to read, he went into the hall to meet her.

"You have been so long, Margaret. Did you enjoy your visit so much? Why didn't you let those people wait, and give me just a little of your company."

"I haven't much chance. I am going away to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" She grasped her raised skirt more tightly, but no further comment escaped her lips.

Taking this for indifference, Brian continued, after a brief pause: "I dare say I shall never see you again, of course you will not regret that, but before I go, I should like to know that you forgive me."

"I still suffer, if you could realize how I still suffer, you would be kinder. It is so hard to lose all, Margaret."

"Have I been so unkind? I am sorry. Have I not told you that I regret, with a bitterness I cannot express, the conditions which make me mistress here? If there is any way—"

"He interrupted her with passionate reproach. 'You do me injustice. Do you suppose I was alluding to the money? I hate the very mention of it. I have it out of the question. I am thinking of you.'

"She stepped her foot with her riding whip, and despite the effort to control her countenance, an incredulous expression passed over it.

"You don't believe me," he cried passionately. "Well, I deserve that at your hands, but truth is truth. The very sight of your kindness to others maddens me. I see how they are favored, and I remember your hardness to me. I envy the very children who speak to you as you pass. They can be happy without your love. I cannot. You need not look your dislike, I feel it. I am destined to offend you so much since I saw you in that place, where only my evil face led me, that I feel no sacrifice could be too great for your sake."

"Isn't the sensation a novel one?" she asked, steeled to hardness by some inward remembrance. "I believe we agreed to leave me out of the question."

Brian ground his heel with an exclamation of impatience. "It is useless to hope, he answered bitterly. 'You will never forget. Hate me if you will, but do not show such contemptuous indifference.'"

"It is not charitable to hate, and forgiveness does not come so easily as we might wish."

"No," he replied, stung to rejoiner. "I have something to remember, too."

"You are generous," was her passionate answer. "Now perhaps you will allow me to pass."

"Ah, not Margaret, not yet. I can't see you go from me so. Forgive me for what I just said. I meant nothing. I spend half my time in regretting what has gone before. I cannot stand your anger. Why is all the gentleness in your nature turned against me only?"

"I do not know," she answered, half absently, while her face softened visibly. "Have you anything to ask me?"

"Nothing that you will grant, unless, perhaps, it is permission to ride with you to-morrow. Will you allow me that pleasure?"

"I ride early," she answered with hesitation, "but if you care to forego your morning nap I have no objection."

"Thank you. You will see how glad I'll be to ride with you."

"I really didn't expect to see you," Margaret confessed, when they were both in the saddle next morning. "I thought—"

"How could you doubt me?" he interrupted, with some reproach. "I am only too happy to take advantage of this last chance to spend a little while with you. I'll soon be out of your life entirely. I find it hard to tear myself away."

He sighed. His sigh was echoed close beside him, but Margaret's face was impenetrable.

"What a glorious morning," she remarked rather irrelevantly. "We shall have a delightful ride."

me to hear you. What has philosophy to do with misery? Are you always happy? Do you never know the meaning of regret?"

"I wish you'd be more careful," she said with assumed anger. "You are sitting on the edge of the table cloth, and I shouldn't be surprised to see every dish in your lap next. I wonder why men are so awkward."

"And I wonder why you are so heartless. Your mind is taken up with table cloths, while I— Oh, Margaret, how you hurt me!"

Annoyed at the drift of the conversation, Margaret made no pretense of answering, but kept her eyes fixed upon the house in the hope of Miss Hilton's appearance. Noting her indifference, Brian continued in the same passionate strain.

"Why are you so bitter and scornful? Why do you delight in torturing me? Have you no heart? You can not realize my longing, and you will never sympathize with me. I am tired of being spurned and despised. I have some pride, and I'll not stay another night under your roof. I'll go this afternoon; then you'll be rid of me."

"And if I don't wish to be rid of you so soon?" she questioned with an effort. "You told me you would stay until to-morrow, and I hope you will keep your word. Besides, I wish—"

"She hesitated. 'I wish to talk with you,' she concluded with another effort. 'I shall be in the library at 3, or half past. Will you come to me there?'"

He looked at her in some surprise, but her eyes were turned aside and she was busying herself with some arrangement about the table.

"Your request is law to me," he answered in a low voice. "I am always happy to do something for you."

"And I am always ready to appreciate your effort," was the quick reply. "She turned away with a sigh of relief. Miss Hilton had just left the house, and was approaching the gate. There was no further excuse for a tete-a-tete."

At 3 o'clock the same afternoon Brian entered the library to find Margaret seated at a table drawn close to an open window.

From her position she could see the wealth and beauty of Elmwood, spread like a map before her. The acres of woodland, timbered by magnificent trees; its broad extent of orchard, clothed in a wilderness of bloom, and its terraced garden sloping to the river, winding among the uplands, and reflecting sparkling vistas from a chain of beautiful hills.

Further away lay a broad sweep of undulating land, the river in the foreground, and beyond that a neat cottage, smart in its coat of paint, or pretentious mansion, crowning a convenient eminence. Further still, the smoke curling from the quiet farms lying under the enchantment that distance lends.

From this picture Margaret turned with a sigh, to encounter Brian's inquiring glance.

"You are punctual," she said, with a half smile. "Will you set down, please?"

He took possession of the chair indicated, noting meanwhile that her face was unusually pale and her voice unnaturally quiet. Wondering, yet expecting, he waited for her next words.

"You intend leaving Elmwood to-morrow," she resumed, after a pause that had been embarrassing to both.

"Yes," was the answer, given with some warmth. "I do not wish to intrude upon you longer. I cannot stay on from day to day, making myself more unwelcome and incurring only your condescension. My six is past, and I'm going home. I can offer no excuse that will satisfy you. I have no hope left, and to-morrow when I leave—"

"Where will you go?" she broke in, with a repressed earnestness upon her face.

"Where?" he repeated. "Heaven only knows. To the devil, probably."

She laid down the paper knife she had been handling half absently, and regarded him fixedly.

"I hope you will do nothing so foolish," she said in a low voice. "It is not manly to give up in that way. I have not called you in here to quarrel with you, nor do I want to rake up old grudges, but do want you to understand that while I acknowledge a certain deception on my part in concealing my name from you, I do not hold you excused thereby. I had a reason for doing so, a very wise reason, as things have since turned out. Had you known I was your cousin instead—"

"I could not have loved you better," he broke in with impulsive earnestness. "You must do me that much justice."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The First Soup. The exiles who took refuge in London at the time of the French revolution met the poverty and the hardships of their lot with much courage. They never begged and it was often difficult to induce them to accept the funds subscribed for their assistance.

The women did not accept the partially worn and soiled clothing of wealthy and charitably inclined ladies, as most women of their condition would be glad to do, but managed with the cheapest materials to dress neatly and tastefully.

Their necessities developed an inventive spirit. The records of the London patent office at the beginning of the eighteenth century have on every page such names as Blondeau, Dupin, Cardonel, Gastineau, Leblond, and Courant. How ingenious they were in utilizing the most unpromising of materials is shown by their invention of a now famous dish.

When the London butchers slaughtered their beef they were accustomed to throw away the tails with the refuse. The French women had the bright idea of buying them, since they could get them for next to nothing, and making soup of them. And thus they gave to England the popular ox-tail soup, which loyal Englishmen now consider an essentially national dish.—Youth's Companion.

KNIVES should never be put into hot water, which injures them, first by loosening the handles, and next by softening the temper of the steel. Wipe them first with a damp cloth, and then rub on a smooth board which has been previously rubbed with a scouring-brick or knife-wooder.

This latest invention for the saving of life at fire is the "emergency dress." It is a woman's idea. It consists of dress something like that used by submarine divers, but much more simple. The suit is in two pieces and made from asbestos cloth.

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