

The Louisiana Democrat.

The World Is Governed Too Much.

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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.

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KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.—Alexandria Lodge, No. 33, meets the first and third Thursdays of each month at 8 p. m.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

U. S. Senators. E. D. McEnery term expiring on the 4th of March, 1903.

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

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State Officers. Governor Rod H. Snyder. Lieutenant Governor John T. Michel.

Supreme Court. Francis T. Nichols, Chief Justice. G. A. Brann, Associate.

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Terms of Court for Rapides Parish. Civil Terms—First Mondays in January and May.

Police Jury. Wm. Hill, E. J. Sullivan, Alexandria T. C. Whittaker.

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City Officers. Mayor Thomas Crawley. Secretary and Tax Collector James T. Platt.

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A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE



LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XXIV. RACHEL'S CONFESSION.

Brian at first was content to lie still and watch Margaret, but as he grew stronger he would ask her to sing or talk to him, and then would she tell him again and again of the bitter regret and remorse which had filled those three long miserable weeks.

"How cruel I was," he whispered. "I did not know what I was saying. I could never reproach you. You have done more for me than I can ever speak of. Always my true, loyal wife. Always making sacrifices for me. It was such a dear, tender heart that I longed for just a tender spot in it."

"Only sometimes. And had it been a thousand times more proud I should forget it all in the joy of possessing it at last."

"You have possessed it all the time," she confessed, burying her face from his glance. "It has been yours since we were together at St. Louis, Brian. I did not realize it myself, but now I know, and am glad of the suffering that taught me."

"Ah, darling, that I have been so blind! When you married me I thought—"

"Yes, Brian, so did I think. My sense of justice felt outraged by uncle Stephen's will, and I persuaded myself that I was marrying you to make amends for that, and all the while my love for you was pleading so much more eloquently than any love of justice. I have left it back so long I wish you to know all the truth now."

"His eyes filled with an inexpressible joy, as he lovingly stroked her bowed head."

"Rachel has made her confession at last," he said, softly, "and Jacob would willingly live over his sufferings again for the pleasure of hearing such sweet words. He is very happy now, for he feels that this is his true wedding day, and his life lies before him."

"August was nearly gone, and he was only able to sit in his chair and allow her to wait upon him."

"They were together one morning when a messenger arrived from The Cedars with a note for Margaret. She read it hastily, and with a radiant face and the words 'I am so glad,' handed it to Brian."

"Good news," he said, taking it from her hand and reading the words aloud: "Another Bertie came somewhat unexpectedly with the sun this morning. Alice hopes you will pay your immediate respects to his lordship."

"Bertie, Sr.," Bertie is evidently in the fifth heaven of delight, and the nurse feels that she had placed on the table beside him. "I suppose you are going."

"Margaret, of course, felt in love with the tiny bit of humanity, and fully agreed with Alice that Culbert Barton junior was a very fine-looking young man. She even fancied she discovered a likeness to Bertie, though not a particularly striking one, as she told Brian afterward."

"September came in very cool and the invigorating air seemed to infuse new life into Brian's veins."

"You will not be able to impose upon me much longer," he said to Margaret, one morning. "I'll be strong enough to rebel against your tyranny soon."

"As soon as you like, Brian," she answered, looking up from the roses she had placed on the table beside him. "I think I've played nurse long enough. If you do not get well very soon you will grow so fat and lazy that I'll never be able to get you out of that chair."

"He looked up into the face, which had never shone more sweet and lovable, and catching her hand held it a prize within his own."

"Never mind," he said, "wait until I am out of this for good. Then I mean to take my dear little nurse in hand and make her fat and lazy, too. I want to see some roses in her white cheeks."

"I don't think you will ever be able to coax them there, Brian. It is not their element, but the nurse feels that she desires some petting and cooing; she has given you so much. What can she do for you now? Ready?"

"No, my dear; talk. I am a great trial, am I not?"

"Oh, yes, a dreadful trial," she returned with a half smile. "But," she added softly, "I could never do without my trial."

"He caught her hand as she uttered the last words and drew her unresistingly to his knee."

"Then came a sharp and unexpected interruption, in Bertie's voice: 'Hello, there! I don't want to disturb such interesting proceedings, but I would like to know how soon the public may be admitted. Such civilities—'

"You are extremely impudent," cried Margaret, starting to her feet with a brilliant blush. "If you do not learn better manners I shall drop your acquaintance."

When I shall assume the reins of government. "She looks quite miserable over the prospect," returned Bertie, with his eyes on Margaret's laughing face. "I saw Wilton when I was in the city a day or two ago. He inquired very particularly about you, and Margaret also. I told him you were doing finely, and that Margaret was as unmanageable as ever."

"I shall be revenged for that, sir. Was Dr. Wilson well?"

"I can't say he looked very well," answered Bertie, with some hesitation. "He works too hard, I think. He is certainly very pale and thin."

"Why not write and invite him here for awhile?" said Brian, turning to Margaret. "This air would infuse new life in his veins."

"He needs it certainly," observed Bertie. "It has not seemed quite natural for some time. I'm afraid he is losing his old happy spirits."

"We will ask him to come," said Margaret, quickly, "though I fear he cannot give us any of his valuable time. When I think of what he has done for you, Brian, I do feel so grateful to him, and I should like nothing so well as to find him such a true, good wife as he deserves."

"Margaret turned match-maker," mused Bertie. "She comes more interesting and original every day. I will tell Wilton to get himself in readiness, and meantime, my dear, I hope you will continue to be diligent for the particular woman destined to become his blessing and torment at the same time. Now I must be off. I suddenly remember that Alice sent me for some mixture for that young hopeful of ours, and if I don't hurry, he may bawl his head off."

"You outrageously unfeeling man. If I had known you were on any such errand, you shouldn't have staid here a second. That poor little innocent may be actually suffering for his medicine."

"No more than you, my dear," laughed Bertie. "It is simply the Barton temper asserting itself. Even father recognizes it, and while he accepts retributive justice in a meek and lowly spirit, it sometimes gives way to a mild ejaculation, such as 'thunder' when Bertie grows particularly demonstrative. However, I'll get the decoction and say good-by to you until to-night."

"A day or so later, Margaret sent to Dr. Wilton on a warm and pressing invitation to spend at least a few days at Elmwood. Wilton read the letter awaiting him when he reached his room as after a long day's work, and though his face brightened at the sight of it, he did not accept the tempting pleasure offered, and his regrets, not himself, found their way to Elmwood."

"The letter found a place in a corner of his desk, and it was still there when the doctor's attention was attracted by some dim form from something more than sweet old memories."

CHAPTER XXV. AFTER TWO YEARS.

Two years have passed, and brought their inevitable changes. The seasons have come and gone. The flowers have bloomed and died and bloomed again, and once more Elmwood is crowned in the full beauty of the month of roses."

It is late in the afternoon, and for some time Margaret has been waiting Brian's coming. Her eyes are fixed absently on the long drives and upon the little face sleeping peacefully in her arms."

"Maternity, that perfect completion of woman's nature, has given her a new grace and dignity, and left upon her life the impress of a happiness that even the shadow of old sorrows cannot lessen."

"Indeed, the sorrows are never remembered, except in a philosophical sort of way, and in the realization of all that she hoped and expected she feels that they have brought an ample reward."

"Brian has fully redeemed his pledge, and with a life full of higher and nobler purpose, is walking faithfully in his father's footsteps, and winning the same honor and respect."

"He comes home with a light heart this evening, and seeing Margaret, leaps from his carriage to take her in his arms and kiss the two faces with warm and tender love."

"Are you very tired?" she asks, looking into his eyes.

"So, so. It has been warm in the village, but here it is quite delightful. Poor Mrs. Ellis is down again for good, I fear, this time, and I Brown has an attack of influenza. He is more frightened than hurt, I think, and more troublesome than either. He fancies I am not giving him sufficient medicine, and insists on taking a double dose. His wife has quite a time with him doing with yourself, Margaret? Not trying any of yesterday's experiments, I hope. Give me Marguerite; she is growing quite heavy. You must not try to carry her any more, dear. I will take her to Milly and we will walk to that hill to see the sun set. It is really superb."

"When the baby had been given into the care of its nurse, Margaret linked her arm in Brian's, and they walked toward the place he had pointed out."

"I have a piece of news which will please you, I know. Wilson has at last made up his mind to come to us for a week. We may expect him about the 21st, he says."

"I am so glad," Margaret answered, with genuine feeling. "We must make it such a delightful week that he will want to repeat it. It is really quite curious, I think. But, do you know, I never had such a strong desire to see any one married as I have to see him. I know it would make such a happy difference in his life."

"I suppose you think that the only happy state for man?"

"I hope you do," she replied, meeting his laughing glance.

"It should be, and, as a rule, I think it is; the exceptions are individual cases. To my mind a poor, lonely old bachelor trying to persuade himself that he is fortunate in having escaped the evil of matrimony is a most deplorable and pitiable spectacle. Ah, how glorious!"

"The last words were uttered as they reached the summit of the hill and the full splendor of the sunset burst upon them."

"They stood for a few seconds in silence, watching the globe of fire sinking in a sea of gold. Then Margaret stole more closely to his side with the words: 'It seems to hold the peace of benediction, Brian?'

"Not quite. I've just been warning Margaret that the time is not far distant when I shall assume the reins of government."

his arm about her waist and holding her to his heart. "Ah, may we always feel the peace of such a benediction, darling. May we always stand together as we are standing now, through better and through worse; ever firm in each other's trust; ever strong in each other's love. And when our suns shall set, may our skies be as calm and as tranquil as this glorious one before us."

"Oh, tranquil sunset of the soul. When all the jar of earth is past; When storms no longer roars and roll. And heaven is near at last; We know, though fall and faint we may, Calm sunset ends the longest day." [FINIS.]

She Was Grateful. We were nearing Jacksonville, Fla., after the long trip from New York. The porter had finished brushing off a mother and her four children, each one of whom had demanded attention every fifteen minutes, when the woman turned and said: "You have been very attentive to us during the trip, and I wish to reward you."

"Yes, um."

"What is your name?" she asked, as she took out pencil and notebook. "William White, mum."

"She wrote for a minute on one of the leaves of her book and then tore it out and handed it to him with the remark: 'A colored man who is ambitious to get along well will always find friends.'"

"I caught him in the vestibule two minutes later and asked to see the paper. It read: 'Mr. Pullman—Your man, William White, has been very attentive to me and my children, and I would recommend that you raise his salary and let him know that you fully appreciate his efforts. Mrs. S. B.'"

"I read it aloud to the porter and then looked at him. He gasped for breath, and it was a long minute before he could ejaculate: 'Befo' de Lawd! but I dun thought dat was a fifteen-dollar check on some bank in Jacksonville. Hu! Shoo! Wall, of all de delecterious obnoxiousness I ever did dun meet up wid in all my life dis captivates de pinnacle.'—New York Sun."

Tools of the Pyramid Builders. A two years' study at Gizeh has convinced Flinders Petrie that the Egyptian stone workers of 4,000 years ago had a surprising acquaintance with what have been considered modern tools. Among the many tools used by the pyramid builders were both solid and tubular drills and straight and circular saws. The drills, like those of to-day, were set with jewels (probably corundum, as the diamond was very scarce), and even lathe tools had such cutting edges. So remarkable was the quality of the tubular drills and the skill of the workmen that the cutting marks in hard granite give no indication of wear of the tool, while a cut of a tenth of an inch was made in the hardest rock at each revolution, and a hole through both the hardest and softest material was bored perfectly smooth and uniform throughout. Of the material and method of making the tools nothing is known.

Beautiful, but a Recluse. The Empress of Austria has been, since the death of Prince Rudolf, a complete mental wreck, subject to most pathetic delusions about her son, and requiring the greatest care. She still preserves much of her stately beauty, for which she has been always famous among the royal women of Europe, for it is a beauty of contour which neither time nor trouble can destroy; but she is a constant recluse. The Emperor, in spite of domestic worry, adheres to his habit of accessibility to his people, granting personal audiences and listening to every plea or story of real or fancied wrong, a blending of patriarchal habit with magnificence of court ceremonial which has not its counterpart in Europe.

Scotch Thrift. An event which caused much stir in the little community was the introduction of gas. Previously oil of a coarse kind, or canned coal placed on the front of the grate, had been used for lighting purposes. Candles were expensive and their light feeble, and so to a great extent the Squair was in a state of darkness, for necessity or thrift reduced the use of artificial light to the minimum. An old woman of frugal habits, who had means and appliances superior to her neighbors, and who rejoiced in the possession of a servant, used to say to that domestic, as the shades of evening began to descend: "No, Nannie, ye may pit the lamp on the table, an' if anybody o' consequence ca's ye can light it."—The Scotsman.

Stentor. In the Grecian army it was usual to have three men in each battalion to communicate the commands of the officers to the men. Of these, one carried a standard and another a trumpet. But in the confusion and din of battle, when neither signal could be seen nor trumpet heard, the third man (who for this purpose was the strongest in the army) communicated the commands by word of mouth. Homer relates of one of these men, Stentor by name, that he shouted as loud as fifty other men. Hence a man with a powerful voice is said to possess the voice of Stentor, or a stentorian voice.

A Dining-Room Motto. In the dining-room of a quaint old house seen lately was the inscription over the fireplace in flowing, illuminated text: Work the jaws. A silent pause. Frequent haw-haws.

Which was an exceedingly apt reminder of the value of slow eating and cheerfulness at table.

The Tower of London. The oldest building in the United Kingdom is the Tower of London.

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