If.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle field and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seems better than a song and story;
If men, instead of nursing Pride,
Would learn to hate and abhor it;
If more relied on Love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal
If Love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human souls would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of Life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheath its knife
Till good became more universal;
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If Talent shone for Truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

A DUEL WITH PILLS.

I.

Yesterday, intently gazing into a show-window on Canal street, a feeble, white-haired old gentleman recalled memories of a tragedy which, in the hurl-burly of life, seems to have passed into oblivion.

In 1841, outside of the city proper, there was, perhaps, no more delightful place of resort than at the Bayou Bridge. It was, par excellence, the great suburban attraction at that time, and between boating parties on the waters of the bayou and card reunions over the tables of old Barleduc's gambling saloon out there, the jeunesse doree of New Orleans of that day managed quite comfortably to while away many a leisure moment. Possibly no two young gentlemen enjoyed the quiet hospitality of Barleduc more than Alphonse Reviere and Henri Dalagrave; in fact, most of their afternoons were spent in the dimly lighted saloon of the old gamester, at whose shrine all the card-loving element of the city paid homage.

There was a quiet air about the place that seemed almost religious, and even the parchment-faced old man, who mechanically handled the little ivory ball in roulette, called out the numbers in a suppressed voice, as if forced to disturb the quiet. The faint "click" of the "chips" as eager players dallied with them, was perhaps the loudest sound to be heard there, and even that came to the ear in a subdued way. On the floor a bright covering of matting hushed the footsteps, while at the windows dark yellow curtains let in only just enough light for the illumination of the gaming tables.

Riviere was a dashing fellow of twenty-two, with a large estate in the parish of St. James and a round account in the old Union bank. He had passed successfully through the Ecole Polytechnique in France, had taken a bout in Algeria, and returned to Louisiana as accomplished and companionable a gentleman as one could wish to chat with. He was fond of his horses, his wine and a quiet game of cards. Refined in his manner and dignified in his deportment, he was a warm favorite wherever he went, and his entry into old Barleduc's establishment was always the signal for a cordial greeting from all who might be present.

On this particular June afternoon, Riviere, with the activity of a gymnast, leaped from his buggy in front of the saloon, and throwing the reigns to his negro servant, told him to drive the horse into the shade of the pecan trees in the yard. Switching a delicate, ivory-headed cane, with a nervous, jerky motion, he crossed the broad gallery and, unannounced, entered the gambling-room. Most of the players were wrapped in attention to their game, but one there was who turned his head at the entrance of the last comer. This was Delagrave. He felt that a crisis was at hand, but even with this knowledge he did not strive to elude its coming. That morning he had been accepted as the betrothed lover of Mme. Celestin, one of the most beautiful and wealthy widows of the lower coast, and Riviere who had been for the past year her most devoted admirer, was left to nurse his disappointment as an unsuccessful suitor. Riviere had no hesitency in letting the world know that he wanted to marry the coquettish little widow, and, further, he, in a very plain way, gave people the information that he did not want interlopers paying their devoirs at the same shrine. These matters are hard to arrange exactly as one would wish. One finds much difficulty in closing all avenues of approach, for love is not unlike the light which the photographer in his dark room finds so much difficulty in keeping out. It steals in, under doors, through nail holes and even down the chimney. At least so it had been in the case of Mme. Celestin, for jealous and watchful of rivals as Riviere was, Delagrave had made the conquest under the very eyes of the enemy, and the widow had that day so informed the unfortunate suitor.

Riviere was very pale as he approached the group of men around the table. What with the yellow light shining through the curtains and his careless appearance, he seemed rather a ghastly corpse than a living body, but there was motion and voice in him that soon dispelled such an illusion.

As he neared Delagrave, the latter turned to confront him, when Riviere, with a voice that seemed to come from behind the door of the tomb, said: "Delagrave, we can not live on this globe together; it is not large enough."

Delagrave, quietly puffing his cigarette, in a cold and impressive tone replied: "Yes; you annoy me. It would be better if you were dead."

Riviere's face flushed, and reaching forward he laid the back of his hand gently against Delagrave's cheek. The game was at once interrupted. The slap which was so slight that it did not even crimson the young man's cheek, was enough to call for blood, and leaving the house he sought an intimate friend; to him he opened his heart. It must be a battle *a l'outrance*. Such was the enmity between himself and Riviere, only a life could wipe it out. The old doctor, who had grown up, it might be said, on the field, shrugged his shoulders and remonstrated, but at last acquiesced and said: "Very well, then; it shall be to the death."

II.

Few people knew what sort of a party it was driving down the shell road bordering Bayou St. John. Two carriages stopped just at the bridge leading to the island formed the bifurcation of the bayou, and four gentlemen alighted. Savalle, a well know character here forty years ago, accompanied Riviere, and old Dr. Rocquet was with Delagrave. The seconds had met previously and arranged everything. Delagrave, as he stepped from the carriage, looked furtively around for the cases of pistols, but, seeing none, he was a little disconcerted. After walking about a hundred yards from the carriages, the party stopped and the doctor motioned them to approach closer. When they had done so, he called them by name and said: "Gentlemen, we have discussed this matter nearly all of last night, and both M. Savalle and myself feel satisfied that there is no solution to the differences between you but the death of one. The world is so formed that both cannot live in it at the same time." The two men nodded. "Therefore," the doctor went on, "we have agreed to make the arbitrament as fair as possible, and let Fate decide." He took out a black morocco case, and from it produced a pill-box containing four pellets. "One of these," said he, "contains a positively fatal dose of prussic acid, the other three are harmless. We have agreed that each shall swallow two of the pills, and let Destiny decide." Savalle inclined his head, and said, as the representative of Riviere, that he agreed.

The two men were pale, almost bloodless, but not a nerve trembled or a muscle contracted.

"Gentlemen, we will toss for the first pill," said the doctor. Savalle called out "tails," as the glittering gold piece revolved in the air. It fell in a bunch of grass, the blades of which, being separated, showed the coin with the revered head of the Goddess of Liberty uppermost. "M. Delagrave, you have the first choice," said the Doctor.

Reposing in the little box the four little globes seemed the counterpart of each other. The closest scrutiny would not develop the slightest difference. Nature alone through the physiological alembic of the human stomach can tell of their properties. In one there rests the pall of eternity, the struggle for breath, the failing of sight, the panorama of years rushing in an instant through the mind, the silence and peace of sleep for evermore, the ceremony, the burial case, the solemn cortege and the close, noisome atmosphere of the grave. All these were contained in one of these little pellets. Delagrave having won the first choice, stepped forward and took a pill. With a calmness which was frigid he placed it on his tongue and with a cup of claret, handed him by the Doctor, washed it down.

"And now, M. Riviere," said the doctor. Riviere extended his hand and took a pill. Like his opponent he swallowed it.

The two men stood looking one another in the face. There was not a quiver to the eyelid, not a twitch to a muscle. Each was thinking of himself as well as watching his adversary. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three. Four. Five. "Now, gentlemen," said the doctor, in solemn tones, "it is time to make the final drawing."

This was the fatal choice. Both men were ready for the cast of the die. Savalle tossed the gold piece aloft, and the doctor cried out: "Heads." "Heads" it was, and Delagrave took a pill from the box, leaving only one. "Now," said the doctor, "the remaining one is for you. You will please swallow them together."

The two men raised their hands at the same time and deposited the pills on their tongues and took a draught of claret.

One second passed, and there was no movement. Two seconds, and neither stirred. Then—"Good God!" exclaimed Riviere, his eyes starting from their sockets. He turned half round to the left, raised his hands above his head and shrieked a long, wild shriek, that belated travellers, even to this day, say they heard on the shell road near the island. He fell prone on the earth, and, save a nervous contraction of the muscles of the face, there was no movement.

Delagrave took him by the hand as he lay on the damp grass, and said, in a tender voice: "I regret it, but it was to be."

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, and for weeks the cafes were agog with the story of the duel. The beautiful widow, horrified at the affair, would never see Delagrave afterward, and is now a happy grandmere on Bayou Lafourche, having married a wealthy planter two years after the fatal event.

Delagrave, weighed down with the trials of an unhappy life, wrinkled and tottering, strolls along Canal street of warm afternoons, assisted by a negro servant. Having a bare competency, he has never actually suffered from want; but he shows evidence of great mental anguish. The sight of a pill-box makes him shudder, and the taste of claret will give him convulsions.

Mirrors and their Decoration.

The interest taken in household decorations of all kinds is universal, and the following information regarding a notable article in the home is offered the readers of the New York Art Interchange.

Our age is eclectic and admits the taste of various ages in its fashions. The place of the mirror, in the various styles of decoration now adopted in our houses, is a rule subordinate. The large looking glass is discarded in favor of a number of small looking glasses of various sizes and shapes, placed in different portions of the room and at various angles, reflecting the light and giving the apartment the illusion of broken reflections. When the large looking glass appears its frame is seldom gilt, but is carved wood. In many cases it is made with shelves and recesses for the reception of bric a brac, and we have seen large mirrors enshrined in painted tapestry harmonizing with the general coloring of the room. The favor in which small looking glasses of various patterns are held has led to new attention being paid to their ornamentation. Plush and velvet frames are ornamented with the needle and painted upon, and the old habit of painting on the glass has been revived. I have seen some pretty mirrors thus adorned. A looking glass given to a bride was set in a frame five inches deep, covered with white velvet, on the corners of which sprays of pink hawthorn, delicately painted, seemed negligently thrown. On the glass itself lay a small branch bright with rosy blossoms and tiny leaves. Another mirror was framed in blue velvet, on which was painted a garland of ox eyed daisies; daisies and grasses fell in clusters on the side of the mirror. Water lilies and their leaves enshrined a looking glass, as they might have lain on a silvery pool. On a large mirror, painted by an amatuer, fancy heads in medallions were placed at intervals; a line of gilding encircling each meadllion, and a bar of gold divided the larger and unbroken surface of the glass from the ornamented sides. Birds and fruit can also be used in charming variety.

The Popular Pie.

Pie-baking is a specialty, in which there are a number of persons engaged. Mrs. Hopkins commenced pie-baking very modestly in her own kitchen, and the brand became popular and is now a trade mark. Regular covered wagons, carrying each side stands with small shelves each holding one tin plate containing a pie, distribute pies by the gross to the trade; for pies are sold in lager beer saloons, drinking shops, restaurants, street booths, in fact, everywhere there is a chance for a demand for them. The wholesale price is ten cents for the larger size, seven cents for the smaller; the retail price generally being an advance of 100 per cent. Purssell computes there are 250,000 pies produced by the bakeries in this city daily. The saloon keeper orders them the same as he orders his mineral waters. Instead of one box vichy he orders one box apple, and receives a little stand of shelves, open in the front, each shelf of sufficient width and hight to admit a tin plate containing and in which the pie was baked. There are "assorted cases" in which each pie is different. These pies are never made of fresh fruits or canned fruits but of preserved fruits, the preserving being a distinct branch of industry, though several of the pie-bakers do their own preserving. Using preserved fruits the "line" of pies is the same the year through, and comprise all the fruits excepting pineapple, and all the vegetables, such as pumpkin and rhubarb, but never squash or sweet potato, which are left to the resources of the housewives.

The pastry in these trade pies is very fair, though probably oleomargerine is used, and the cooking is conducted on scientific principles, and in the cases of two Seventh avenue establishments by steam, it is rarely that an unpalatable one is found. All the leading hotels and saloons do their own pastry cooking.—*New York Jour.*

In ten years the wheat acreage of the United States has nearly doubled, 19,000,000 acres being the number reported at the beginning and 36,000,000 at the end of the decade.

GENERAL MEADE'S GOOSE.

How It Was Stolen—A Would-Be Thief's Discomfiture.

"Did you ever hear about Meade's goose?" asked a loiterer at grand army headquarters.

There was an encouraging curiosity to hear the story, and the speaker continued:

"During the winter of 1861 and 1862, I was a private in a Pennsylvania regiment in Meade's brigade of the reserve-corps."

"A private," exclaimed a dozen majors, colonels and generals in one breath.

"Yes, sir, a private; and what's more, I was a private during the entire war, and have never had a chance of promotion since. Well, as I was saying when interrupted, I was in Meade's brigade. Shortly before the holidays the general decided to entertain his friends at a Christmas dinner, and procured a handsome goose for the occasion. For a month that goose was stuffed and crammed with the choicest of goose feed that would produce fat, and when Christmas arrived presented a most tempting appearance—literally rolled in fat, and scarcely able to waddle. The night before Christmas the general's cook killed the bird, and, having dressed it, hung it up to freeze in order to make it as tender as possible. As the dinner was fixed at 4 o'clock, the cook was in no hurry to commence preparations for it, and let the goose hang. At 9 o'clock Meade, having given explicit directions about the dinner, got into his ambulance and rode to Washington for his guests, among whom were two ladies, a member of Congress, and a distinguished general officer.

"About noon the cook, deeming it time to commence cooking the goose, went to the place where it had been hanging, and to his consternation found that it had been stolen, There was nothing to be done but wait for the arrival of the party, when the situation was explained.

"To say that Meade was furious would be a mild expression. Orders were immediately given and carried out for a strict search for the missing bird, and in an hour every tent, camp kettle and mess pan in the division was searchrd without disclosing the goose. The cook suggested canned meats from the suttler's, but the suggestion was sternly rejected; and, bringing the telegraph into requisition, an order was sent to a celebrated Washington restaurateur, by whom, about 6 o'clock, a first-rate dinner was brought over, smoking hot, spirit lamps having been used in transit.

"The dinner went off in good style, the loss of the goose being treated as a good joke by the guests. But Meade could not forget it easily, and for a month afterward kept up an inquiry in the hope of finding and making an example of the culprit. But he was never found.

"In 1872, at the grand army encampment at Philadelphia, a grand banquet was given, Generals Meade, Sickles, Cadwallader, Patterson, and a number of other distinguished officers being guests. A delegate from Pittsburgh, formerly of Meade's brigade, was very anxious for an introduction to Meade, and as I had been introduced I gratified him by presenting him to the general. After a few minutes' conversation the delegate said: 'By the way, general, did you ever find out who stole your goose?'

"The general laughed and said that he had not.

"'Well, I didn't of course, dare to say anything about it then, but I am the man that stole the goose, and a very good goose it was, too.'

"A queer twinkle came into the old man's eye, and smiling quietly he said: 'It would not have been a very merry Christmas for you if I had known it at the time; but,' he added, after a pause, 'there is something remarkable about that goose. Since the war I have met at least forty men who have claimed to be the men that stole my Christmas goose.'

"The last claimant beat a hasty retreat under a storm of laughter."

The Garfield Family.

Miss Molly is now a charming girl of sixteen, and to her has fallen a greater share of physical beauty than to any other member of the family. She is pursuing her studies at a private school, and has few acquaintances outside of her school associates. She is a bright scholar, and her mind is but little given to society matters. Irwin is like the Rudolphs, his mother's family. His mind is keen, and he possesses a shrewd mother wit. For a long time it was thought that the children were ignorant of the fact that they were ever the subjects of public comment, but one day, after Irwin had been corrected by his mother, he astonished her by repeating, word for word, an extract from an eastern paper in which he was made to appear as a very model of juvenile excellence.

Irwin and Abram, the youngest boy, together, form what might be called a team. They are regular young athletes, and are the prime movers in the boyish sports of the neighborhood. Harry and James are in the transition state—neither men nor boys. Harry is somewhat romantic, being fond of painting, poetry, and vocal and instrumental music. He draws very cleverly, has a pleasant tenor voice, and is unusually skillful at the piano for one of his age. While he is a very creditable student, his mind is given up to such a variety of subjects that he does not perfect himself in any one of them. James is in all respects Harry's opposite. He leads in his classes, and is much given to outdoor games.

Mrs. Garfield herself is a changed woman, and one who saw her two years ago, burdened with the responsibilities of a life she never cared for, would scarcely recognize her, so much is she improved. The deep lines that once marked her face are gone, and in their stead is an expression that belongs only to one who is well content with the world. She manages her affairs seemingly forgetful of the past and unmindful of the future, and yet to one knowing her it is apparent that she has a regard for both. When asked by a visitor who was paying her a visit of condolence, if she was not comforted by the fact that the entire world mourned with her, she replied, "Yes, when I think about it."

THE SEA OTTER TRADE.

Furs of Great Fineness and Value—Far Superior to Sealskin.

The San Francisco Examiner says. "The sea otter is an inhabitant of the North Pacific ocean, and is found nowhere else in the world. Formerly they were abundant along the coast from lower California northward, as well as among the Aleutian islands, and from Kamskatka to the Kurile islands. Their fur is of the most exquisite fineness and richness in both color and texture. The best skins are of shining jet black, and their elegance of surface and of body is not perhaps surpassed by that of any other fur known. The majority of the skins show a very rich dark brown, those of a poorer quality becoming lighter. It is somewhat remarkable that this fur has never become fashionable in our cities. The richest and most expensive sealskin sacque ever seen cannot sustain comparison whatever in elegance with what the same garment would have been if made from prime skins of the sea otter. And yet this charming fur is allowed to go almost exclusively to the Chinese market.

The skins of scarcely any other fur-bearing animal brings so high a price individually as do those of the sea otter. A cargo of them was brought into San Francisco, of which not one was worth less than $75, and they ranged from that to $120. Those, however, were of uncommon excellence; they usually bring from $40 to $70, and it would probably be fair to average them at $50. When the Pryhiloy islands were first discovered, two sailors alone, named Lukannon and Kalekoy, killed in the first year 5000 sea otters; the first party which reached Cook's inlet obtained 3000 skins; the first visit of Russians to the gulf of Gahkulat, in 1794, yielded 2000. The skins were then worth as much as they are now, so that the season's work of those two sailors first mentioned, on the island of St. Paul, amounted to no less a sum certainly than $250,000.

Such a wholesale slaughter could not continue and the following year they got less than 1000. A few years later the sea otter abandoned St. Paul's island and have not reappeared there since. All along the coast a similar history is noticeable, and the sea otter bids fair to become so nearly exterminated that they will cease to afford a profit to the hunter. Singular as it may appear, the otter's skin is too large for him. Take hold of any part of his body to lift him and the skin comes up loose in the hand as it does on the neck of a dog. The consequence is that, although the entire length of the animal, from the nose to the root of the tail, is commonly but little over three feet, yet when the skin is removed and stretched in drying it often measures five feet, and in some cases nearly six.

The hunting of the otter is greatly changed in the last twenty-five years. Boats were formerly used from which to shoot them, but it no longer pays. Now men shoot them from the beach, using no boats. This is done on the coast of Washington Territory, between Port Granville and Gray's Harbor, and scarcely anywhere else at present. From morning till night the hunter walks the beach, ready for a shot, but even while he sees his game the chance that he will secure it is not particularly flattering. The first difficulty is that of putting a bullet through it at perhaps 300 to 600 yards or even more. It is not a Creedmoor target, but a little black spot in the midst of the dark, leaden-colored sea, and is not more than four inches across. Yet he often hits it, though generally after many failures. The very best marksmen average at least twenty-five shots for every otter killed.

The Young Man Was Cold.

"Good morning, John," said one of the leading pastors in Scranton, Penn., at a young friend whom he met on the street the first warm day of the season, "How does your father stand the heat?". The young man made no reply, but went his way with a clouded brow. And when the good pastor learned that the young man's father had died only a week before he understood why his cordial greeting was met so coldly.

Doofficker on Mosquitoes.

Mosquitoes," exclaimed Mr. Doofficker, as he brought a chair out under the apple tree in the front yard and was joined by his family, "you don't know anything about mosquitoes. When I was sailing on the Carribean sea I saw more mosquitoes in one afternoon than you all have seen in your whole lives. And bills—great scot, longer than a plumber's. I remember one day I was lying in my hammock above decks, when a swarm of them came along and settled on the guards."

"What, plumber's?" asked Mrs. Doofficker.

"No, mosquitoes. I had nothing to do, and as time hung rather monotonously on my hands, I thought I would see how many of them I could count. How many of them do you suppose I counted in about three hours?"

"About three thousand," said Mrs. Doofficker.

"Ten thousand," said Mollie.

"Not more than nine hundred," said Theopholus, looking up from his slate, on which he had been working out his arithmetic lessons.

"Well, you're all clear out of the way," said Doofficker. "I can forgive you for making so poor guesses, however, for none of you ever sailed on the Carribean. I counted just one million and seventeen, and could have made it another million if they hadn't flown away at just that time."

There was a long silence. Doofficker was smoking his pipe and thinking. Mrs. Doofficker was putting a heel on one of her husband's socks. Theopholus was making many and many figures on his slate.

Half an hour afterward, when the subject of conversation had been changed, Theopholus looked up and asked:

"Say, paw, do figures ever lie?"

"No, my son, excepting sometimes the female figure," and he cast a side-glance at Mollie, who had been in and made herself up for a promenade in the park.

"But this kind of figures, I mean."

"No, my boy, they are the representatives of an exact science. The conclusions reached by the mathematician are as certain as that the day follows night."

"But I think the figures are mistaken sometimes."

"Why do you think so, Theopholus?"

"Because you counted more than a million mosquitoes in three hours, and they say that if a man could count 200 a minute, which he can't, it would take him fifteen years to count a million."

Doofficker said there were exceptions to all rules, and told Theopholus to go in and get a fan for him.—*Chicago Herald.*

Facial Characteristics.

In the practice of the art of palmistry some knowledge of physiognomy is of great advantage; indeed, the two sciences go hand in hand, one supplementing the other. This is why the shrewd gypsy fortune teller scans the face almost more closely than the hand of her patron.

And first of all, the soul dwells in the eye; and the ability to understand its language is inborn with most people without having to study it; but a few words in regard to it may not be amiss. Very quiet eyes that impress and embarrass one with their great repose signify self command, but also great complacency and conceit. Eyes that rove hither and thither while their possessor speaks denote a deceitful, designing mind. Eyes in which the white has a yellowish tinge, and is streaked with reddish veins denote strong passions. Very blue eyes betray a mind inclined to coquetry; gray eyes signify intelligence; greenish, falsehood and a liking for scandal; black eyes, a passionate, lively temperament; and brown, a kind, happy disposition.

Of the nose—A Roman nose denotes an enterprising, business-like character; a long nose is a sign of good sense; a perfectly straight nose indicates a noble soul, unless the eyes contradict it; a nez retreusse signifies a spirit of mischief, wit and dash; a large nose generally indicates good mind and heart; a very small nose, good nature but lack of energy.

Thick lips indicate either great genius or great stupidity; very thin lips cruelty and falsehood, particularly if they are habitually compressed. Dimples in the cheek signify roguery; in the chin, love and coquetry. A lean face is a indication of intelligence; a fat face shows a person inclined to falsehood.

Irascibility is accompanied by an erect posture, open nostrils, moist temples, displaying superficial veins, which stand out and throb under the least excitement, large unequal, ill-ranged eyes, and equal use of both hands.

A good genius may be expected from middle statue, blue or gray eyes, large prominent forehead, with temples a little hollow, a fixed, attractive look and habitual inclination of the head. —*Belle C. Green.*

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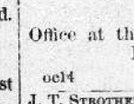
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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
OPELOUSAS, LA.
Office, Court Street, opp. Courthouse.
Notarial deeds of all kinds executed here and in all parts of the parish.
Sept 30, 1882.