THE MODERN STONE AGE.

Many Implements Made of This Material Still Used in Virginia.

All over our country we find many interesting relics of the Indians. Stone spearheads, arrowheads, hammers, chisels, knives, scrapers, etc., together with pottery, some of burned or baked clay, some cut from soft stone, as slate, steatite, etc. Similar remnants of the so-called stone age of mankind are found in nearly every portion of the globe, and, besides their interest as curious survivals of a bygone time, they aid us toward a discovery of the prehistoric man. It is hardly of less interest, or of less historic or scientific value, to note how the stone age still survives among us to no little extent.

Here in Virginia, for instance, many people still scald their slaughtered hogs in hogsheads or barrels, as our barbarian progenitors boiled their meat in skins, by heating stones and putting them into the water until it is hot enough for the purpose. The stones ordinarily used in this way are roundish, hard, and very heavy black or brown modules, sometimes called "negro heads," or iron stones, although they are compressed lava, upheaved in strata through crevices in the rock crust of the earth at remote periods of geological time.

We sometimes encounter stones that are hollowed out in the center, often to a socket, and these not infrequently are treasured by their finders as an ancient Indian stone for mashing or grinding corn, with the aid of a stone pestle; yet they are nothing more nor less, for the most part, than discarded stones once used by our rural brethren for their gates to swing upon—many gates in all parts of the commonwealth being still thus pivoted.

Many a housewife in remote country regions still has her stone weights, more or less rough, but honest; wherever the old Kentucky rifle lingers there is likely to be found still a set of soapstone bullet molds; our log cabins yet have rough stone and clay chimneys, where they are not of mud and sticks; in many a humble household a thin rock, not always smooth, is the utensil for baking corn bread; and the stone "mash trap" is familiar to all our country boys. The stone pipe, believed by many to have gone out with the Indian, is made and used today by many colored folks and by no few white folks. Whenever soapstone, or steatite, is found, not only the stone pipe, but many other articles supposed to be archaic, are still manufactured and put to service by the ingenious and thrifty. In such localities stone pans, stone troughs for children, etc., are still common. Some day they will be dug up and attributed to the Indians, or even to their predecessors. A little inquiry and investigation would show much more of the stone age still here than we have adverted to.

It is not rare to see stone sinkers in use for lines and nets in fishing; the flint is not yet superseded wholly by the match; there are clocks in the land yet run by stone weights; stone hovels, with dirt roofs, are not unknown in our mountains; the colored ruffian, and sometimes the white one, carries a stone in a stocking, along with his razor, when on the warpath; many a cider press and tobacco press are still made effective by stones swung at the end of their lever; and our small boys are all in their stone age whenever they can give their natures full and free play.

We are not so far off from the stone age man as some imagine; many of the implements and relics supposed to be prehistoric, and doubtless so in many cases, have their modern duplicates, and in some instances are all in use among us.—Cor. Petersburg Index-Appeal.

The Multitude of Millionaires.

Since the civil war millionaires (the word means not those having a million, but those reckoning their wealth by millions) have steadily multiplied. Many men who were content to earn a decent livelihood, who had never dreamed of aught beyond a modest competence when Sumter was fired on, now count their income by hundreds of thousands. To be a millionaire is to be conspicuous ordinarily, but in New York there are millionaires wholly obscure. They are not known to be rich outside of their narrow social circle, and will not be until their obituary in the daily newspapers shall have mentioned the fact. There are so many and so excellent opportunities here for making money, to him who has pecuniary perception, that millionaires seem to spring up between showers. You hear of a man grown very wealthy whom you remember a short time before as dependent on a salary. You are not sure that the acquaintance you avoid, because he habitually wishes to borrow, may not soon be one of the monetary magnates of Fifth avenue.—Paul M. Cleveland in The Cosmopolitan.

Mammoth Japanese Crabs.

The greatest marine curiosity of Enoshima waters is the giant crab that trundles along a body as large as a turtle's, and sweeps out claws that measure ten feet from tip to tip. Formerly the fishermen threw these creatures back into the sea when they found their nets tangled up with them, but of recent years they clean the shells and sell them for foreign museums. The giant crabs are said to promenade the beach at night, and one version gives them phosphorescent eyes. If imagination cannot supply a picture of those crabs on the beach, it is all detailed in "Allan Quatermain." Rider Haggard, in his careful owning up as to where he found the original of the remarkable things in that book, owns to having read somewhere about these horrible crabs, and so borrowed them to put in the canyon into which his canoe load of horses emerged after their underground baptism of fire. These crabs and the six foot cucumber are the few things in nature in Japan that are enlarged.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Finding a "Lost Dog."

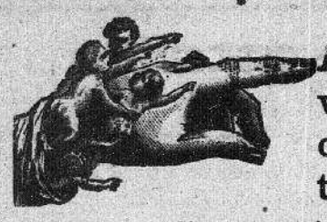
Every day you see one or more "lost dog" advertisements in the newspapers. If owners didn't love their dogs they wouldn't go to the expense of advertising for them. Most of these lost dogs have been stolen. The thief sells them to somebody else. Then his "pal" goes to the rightful owner and obtains a handsome reward for renovating the animal. —Chicago Times.

A watch for only two dollars and fifty cents, warranted to keep good time, at R. Morchinveg's jewelry store.

Rubber Stamps, Stencils, Seals, Monograms, Badges, &c., furnished on short notice. Apply to Fred L. Sandoz.

Go to Robt. Chachere's for the best and cheapest groceries in town.

See C. Dietlein's advertisement of new goods.



And don't you forget it, that Jos. Bloch is fully stocked with seasonable goods, including an immense amount of Holiday Supplies, and rather than keep them over till next season is determined to get rid of them at any price. See partial enumeration elsewhere, and call at once if you want real Bargains.

SYSTEMS OF "CHECKAGE."

Joe Howard Thinks They Are a Nuisance. Policy of Honesty.

Are we a nation of liars, thieves, cheats? If not, what is the meaning of the universal suspicion which poisons every brother's cup? Why these checks in street cars, these mechanical contrivances in barrooms, these private detective agencies? You remember what a hubbub was created years ago when conductors were compelled to wear massive medallions, with intricate mechanism, supposed to show correctly the number of fares taken. They looked like so many Japanese gods with bungling, onerous, burdensome ornaments about them. The directors suspected that the conductors were stealing, and every time the conductor pulled the spring that rang the bell he challenged public scrutiny, and the suggestion came to every mind, "the company suspects this man to be a thief," and so they did suspect every man to be a thief, and they doubted the accuracy of their mechanism as well, because covertly and secretly they sent spotters, old men, young ladies, tender children, workingmen in every possible disguise, to keep tally of the number of people who rode upon the cars and paid fare for the privilege. As it was in Boston so it was in New York and in all the great centers. The system of checkage in use upon our railways today is not only expensive to the companies and an intolerable nuisance to the traveling public, but a direct impugning of the integrity of every man in the employ.

I buy a ticket from here to Boston, and pay in advance. I pay $5 for my ticket, and $1.50, or whatever, for a seat in a drawing room car. It should be quite sufficient for me to give up my ticket to a gateman as I enter the depot, and my other ticket to the porter in charge of the drawing room car, as I enter the car. Instead of which, I am stopped at the gate as I enter the depot, in order that a gateman may punch the ticket. I take my seat in the car. In comes a train conductor, who takes my ticket and punches it in three or four different places. I settle down to read my paper or my book, and along comes the drawing room conductor, who takes my ticket and gives me another in its place, on which he punches the year, the month, the day of the month, the number of the train, the number of the car, the number of the seat, my destination and the amount paid, all of which takes my time and gives him unnecessary labor. We pass beyond New Haven, and another conductor comes, and he has to punch my ticket, and another conductor comes at Worcester, and he has to punch the ticket. Then they come along again and take up the tickets.

Come with me into any of our barrooms, our restaurants, our cafes. Time was when a man could go with his friend into a cafe, order his lemonade or whatever he wanted, generally the latter, throw his money on the counter and walk out. Now he has to perform the service of a waiter. Having taken his refreshment he waits while the attendant turns to a machine at the back of the inclosure, from which he draws a card, on which is stamped the amount to be paid, which amount is shown in glaring letters upon the machine as the impression is made. This the customer is compelled to carry sometimes a distance of a hundred feet. At all events he must carry it wherever the cashier chances to be seated. He hands the check and the money to the cashier, wipes his mouth and walks away. In other words, the barkeeper is distinctly informed by this procedure that his employer has no faith in him, and both he and the cashier is informed by this mechanism, which registers the amount, that their employer trusts neither of them.

And, after all, do checks check?

Thieving conductors were supplied by ingenious mechanics with little arrangements by which, while pretending to register, they in reality pocketed the fare without registering. Barkeepers, by collusion with cashiers, can, if they wish, defraud their employers. This very week one of our railroad auditors tumbled over a plan by which fares collected on steam railways were retained by conductors, they having duplicate slips furnished them by the accountant in the office. Human ingenuity is certain to be met by human ingenuity. In the long run, taking age after age, accumulated facts have crystallized themselves into a proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," and dishonest men know just as well as the good and true that the path to success lies in that direction, and that leaving all question of morals out of consideration, the best "policy," the truest way in which to serve one's selfish purpose, is to be honest.

There must be responsibility somewhere. Somebody must be trusted, and all this intricate system of checkage doesn't amount to shucks. If a man is dishonest and has not brains enough to know that, in spite of his dishonest tendency, success can be obtained by honest methods alone, no power this side of heaven can keep him from cheating, and cheating for a while without detection.—Joe Howard in Boston Globe.

A Very Curious Case.

A highly intelligent lady known to one doctor related to him that one day she was walking past a public institution and observed a child, in whom she was particularly interested, coming out through an iron gate. She saw that he let go the gate after opening it, and that it seemed likely to close upon him, and concluded that it would do so with such force as to crush his ankle; however, this did not happen. "It was impossible," she said, "by word or act to be quick enough to meet the supposed emergency; and, in fact, I found I could not move, for such intense pain came on in the ankle, corresponding to the one which I thought the boy would have injured, that I could only put my hand on it to lessen its extreme painfulness. I am sure I did not move so as to strain or sprain it. The walk home, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, was very laborious, and on taking off my stocking I found a circle round the ankle, as if it had been painted with red currant juice, with a large spot of the same on the outer part. By morning the whole foot was inflamed, and I was a prisoner to my bed many days."—W. H. Hawley in Boston Globe.

Study well the human body, the mind is not far off.—Carmen Sylva.

A SURPRISED FENCER.

The Lesson Taught a Young American Swordsman—Disarmed.

A young bank clerk in Albany is wiser than he was a year ago. In the bank where he was a clerk a new man was given a somewhat inferior position. The newcomer was a small, slight framed Frenchman, whose English was decidedly lame, but who so seldom spoke that it made little difference. The senior clerk had a decided penchant for fencing, and compared with most fellows of his age and position was unquestionably a good swordsman. In addition to this he was a most insufferable braggart, and his military accomplishment was his one topic of thought and conversation. He had about him a very patronizing air, which he proceeded to inflict upon the inoffensive Frenchman, and his familiar slaps on the back evidently displeased the stranger. Finally a particularly emphatic thump between the little Frenchman's shoulders produced as response a stinging slap in the face, which left the red mark of a small hand sharply prominent against the otherwise deathly pale face of the young American.

Speechless with rage, the young man found his desk, and shortly afterward, through a friend, challenged the Frenchman to mortal combat. The latter apologized, in fact did all in his power to undo the mischief of his hasty blow, in vain. "Nothing but blood can wipe out that insult," the young man said haughtily. The details were arranged, the Frenchman, as the challenged party, choosing rapiers. Greatly to the surprise of the hot blooded young challenger, the cashier of the bank, who knew the Frenchman well, acted as the latter's second. The day came and the hour. The principals stepped to position, saluted, and the blue blades crossed with that smooth, gliding sound which is music to the ear of the true swordsman. The Frenchman, whose familiarity with his weapon was evident at the start, confined himself at first entirely to defense, turning his opponent's point with a grace of movement and absence of fear or nervousness which were poetry in action. The young man grew bolder, his thrusts began to have an air of ferocity which seemed to anger the Frenchman a trifle, and turning aside his opponent's thrust he made a quick lunge, and the young American barely parried.

Another quick thrust and a turn of the wrist were too much for him; there was a sharp snap and the top button of his coat flew across the room. Angry at this evident trifling, the button's owner made a spiteful lunge, which was quickly parried and the next button was snapped away. One after another the shining buttons on his natty blue braided jacket were cut off by the Frenchman's ready point. Decidedly "rattled" at his opponent's skill and the irrepressible smiles of the seconds and surgeon, the young clerk now, with greater rapidity and less caution, made fierce lunges, any one of which would have driven the sharp rapier through the body of the cool Frenchman, while the little man, quietly parrying, with the sharp point of his weapon stripped the front of the young man's jacket to ribbons.

The contest had lasted some twenty minutes when suddenly the Frenchman caught the swiftly advancing point of his opponent, turned it aside, slipped his own sword quickly down along the other's blade, turning it with a quick wrist motion so that it partly wound around it, and with a sharp wrenching motion tore the weapon away and sent it flying across the floor. Then he saluted, threw his weapon down and left the room. It subsequently transpired that the foreigner was—and is—a member of a once noble French family, a captain in the French army, and his teachers have been some of the best swordsmen in France. The young American has not challenged any miscellaneous foreigners since, and is less inclined to talk of his experience or skill. —Albany Journal.

A Crater in Full Blast.

Walking down Tremont street not long ago with a friend we turned into a shop, attracted by the latest fad in gold hair pins temptingly displayed. As we stood in blissful contemplation of this golden fruit, forbidden us by the shallowness of our pockets, the spell was broken by some subtle attraction about a woman who was on the point of leaving. Half unconsciously I looked up, but what I beheld restored me fully to realization of the ridiculous. In a stage whisper I mentioned to my friend that she would miss the sight of the season if she did not look around. Whereupon she turned, and turned again, for one glance at the creature of fashion—who, as I supposed, had adjusted a miniature Mount Vesuvius to the rear of her head, out of which streamed great curls of lava—destroyed all the equilibrium of risibles in my friend's possession.

"Seriously," I said, "what has she on?" "Any one would know you had been out of town," was the reply; "did you come in on a hay wagon that you do not know hair done a la Medici?" "I knew before your burst of information that I had met a jay," was my stern answer, "and I trust the last of that species." But these girls! I presume you are doing it, or will, so why waste words? We moved back to the counter behind which stood the clerk convulsed with inward laughter, that would come out when he caught sight of our grinning countenances. The result was that we traced our merriment, as the whole affair had been irresistible. The hair was a streaky yellow, hoisted into a projectile below the crown of the head. At the extreme outer end of this protuberance were fastened what the romanticist would term "a cluster of ringlets," but in my dull, material way I should pronounce false curls of precisely a lava tint. Consequently my first thought was of a crater in full blast.—Boston Cor. Chicago Times.

Looking Ten Years Older.

"There, you look ten years older now," said a down town barber as he released a man from the meshes of a towel and yelled, "Brush!" To the customer who followed he said: "That was a young fellow who has just started in business here as a doctor. He looked too young, and to get patients he had to grow old in the barber's chair. Can we age a man? Well, I should say so. It's a part of our trade. Let me take you in hand and dress your hair and beard my way for a month and you'll look a middle aged man. It's all in the appearance. People won't trust a young doctor if he looks too young, and I am adding years to the appearance of half a dozen young physicians now. Have a shampoo?—Chicago Herald.

A Duel with Tricycles.

Two young Germans in Berlin fought a duel with tricycles. Starting at 300 yards apart, they charged full tilt against each other, with sticks [illegible] and sealing [illegible]

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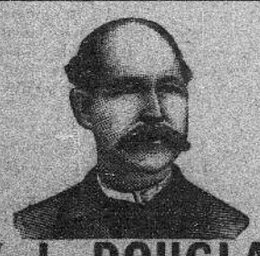

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NOTICE.

The auction sale of the contents of the Prevost store, on Main street, has been discontinued until further notice. In the meantime all goods remaining will be offered at less than cost.

Dec. 31 F. E. PREVOT & CO.

NOTICE!

Series B of the Homestead and Loan Association is opened and awaits subscriptions.

W. C. FERRAULT, Secretary.

Dec. 21-2t

JURY LIST.

The following List of Jurors have been drawn to serve for the February term of the 13th Judicial District Court, beginning on the 3rd of February, 1890:

FIRST WEEK.

1	W H Huckaby	Bayou Boeuf
2	Gustave Auzenne	Plaisance
3	Homer Joubert	"
4	Paul C Dupre	"
5	Joseph Landry	"
6	Neville Johnson	Pine Prairie
7	V K Irion	Opelousas
8	Jos M Hayes	"
9	E A Bodemuller	"
10	J B Lemelle, Jr	"
11	J A Lavigne	"
12	Wm Henderson	"
13	Robt Milstead	"
14	Hilaire Pallet, Jr	near "
15	Richard Calligham	" "
16	M F Morris	Beaver Creek
17	James Hicks	Morrow Station
18	Alex Stagg	Whiteville
19	Alfred Lejeune	"
20	Joseph Johnson	"
21	Isaac Peobles	near "
22	Felix Boudreau	Bayou Teche
23	Michel Robin	" "
24	Paul Pitre	Washington
25	Alfred Gantt Chevis	"
26	Adolph Lastrapes	"
27	Otis Lont	"
28	Thorn Quirk	"
29	Sebastien Dejean	Plaisance
30	Henry Schrenove	Grand Coteau
31	Lucius Castille	" "
32	Arthur Castille	" "
33	John Oge	" "
34	J J Barry	" "
35	Louis Denis Stelly	near " "
36	Albert Caller	" "
37	J W Jackson	Bellevue
38	Lucien Roy	Arnaudville
39	Jos E Richard	near "
40	H L Erlich	Bayou Chicot
41	Artemon Lafleur	Grand Prairie
42	Louis Deloche	Waxia
43	M G Wilkins	Plaq Ridge
44	Jean Bte Colas	" "
45	Theodule Thibodeau	" "
46	Edward Dardeau	Faquetaique
47	Charles Duplessis	Cocodrie
48	Jackson Perry	Prairie Croquant
49	Jean Bte Duplechain	Coulee Croche
50	Francois J Dossman	Ville Platte

SECOND WEEK.

1	Numa McCarthy	Plaq Ridge
2	Thomas Duffy	Bayou Bœuf
3	W C Gordon	Atchafalaya
4	C A Morrough	Washington
5	Louis Carriere	"
6	Thomas McCaffery	"
7	F R Roberts	Garland
8	Frank Brister	Crocodrie
9	A C Kennedy	Opelousas
10	Victor Girond	"
11	S B Crawford	"
12	Alfred Charlot	"
13	A V Lastrapes	"
14	James T Steward	"
15	Charles Hollier	near "
16	Henry Lastrapes	" "
17	E P Dejean	" "
18	David Smith	" "
19	Louis Lauclos	Bayou Teche
20	Stanford Blaloch	Big Cane
21	Jule Taylor	Grand Coteau
22	Emile Mache	near " "
23	Jean Bte Comeau	Plaquemine
24	Louis Malveau	Plaisance
25	Edgar Pitre	"
26	J H Sandifur	Whiteville
27	Felix Thibodeau	Coulee Croche
28	Milton Bihm	Waxia
29	O G Stokes	Bellevue
30	Bernard Henry	Beaver Creek

THIRD WEEK.

1	oscar Lacomb	Washington
2	R P Wilkins	"
3	Leroy McNicholls	"
4	Braxton Rambert	"
5	Joseph Russel	"
6	Albert Guidry	Coulee Croche
7	V C Guidry	" "
8	J W Daniels	Bayou Bœuf
9	J S Huckaby	" "
10	Henry Graff	" "
11	Levy L Mitchell	" "
12	E W Reynolds	Opelousas
13	E P Goodwin	"
14	Antoine Pallet	near "
15	Adam Dupre	Plaisance
16	Joseph Frilot	"
17	J T Dupre	"
18	James S Howard	Big Cane
19	John R Henegan	" "
20	John G Guillory	Tate Cove
21	John D Grimball	Crocodrie
22	I R Guidry	Plaq Ridge
23	Raymond Chapman	Ville Platte
24	Louis Miller	Coulee Croche
25	D Boudreau	Plaquemine
26	Rapht Lemon	Prairie Laurent
27	Joseph Landreneau	Mamou
28	F Robert	Grand Prairie
29	Homer Rivet	Bayou Teche
30	Benjamin F Sherouse	Atchafalaya

FOURTH WEEK.

1	J M Ware	Bellevue
2	W L Trueman	"
3	Joseph Stokes	"
4	Henry Chachere	Opelousas
5	Leopold Firnberg	"
6	Paul Comeau	"
7	Alex Sandoz	"
8	Theophile Hollier	"
9	Jos Firnberg	"
10	Isaac Roos	"
11	William Wallior	"
12	Steven Stuart	near "
13	Pazile Celestin	Plaisance
14	Martin Dupre	"
15	Stanislas Auzenne	"
16	Onezime Durio	"
17	Wm Green	"
18	Adolph Guidry	Coulee Croche
19	S Wilson, Jr	Garland
20	Louis Stagg	Whiteville
21	Robt P Savant	"
22	George Arnaud	near Arnaudville
23	Alfred Stagg	Grand Prairie
24	D J Higginbotham	Bayou Teche
25	Alcide Damas	Port Barre
26	W A O'Quinn	Barbreck
27	Octave Baillio	Washington
28	Lee Hawkins	Waxia
29	Jessey D Young, Jr	Lower Mamou
30	Chas Cason	Big Cane

FIFTH WEEK.

1	Peter Jacobs	Big Cane
2	Joel Vanoy	" "
3	M J Richard	" "
4	James Russell	Pine Prairie
5	F M Boutte	Opelousas
6	John Chevis	"
7	Achille Moore	"
8	W R Cochran	"
9	J J Healey	"
10	Cornelius Donato	"
11	Joseph Lassalles	"
12	Michel Halphen	near "
13	Arestide E Bullard	Ville Platte
14	Andre Thompson	Upper Mamou
15	Augustin Winkler	Washington
16	Paul Lastrapes	"
17	L Begneaud	Arnaudville
18	Benj Shexnaidre	near "
19	Eug Pollingue	Grand Coteau
20	Robt Barry	" "
21	Valsin Richard	near " "
22	Arthur Tate	Little Mamou
23	Vincent Boagni	Petit Prairie
24	C T Bihm	Plaq Ridge
25	Clement Hebert	Prairie Laurent
26	Gustave Pallet	" "
27	J R Cottingham	Bellevue
28	N C Devillier	Notleyville
29	Saul T Haas	Bayou Chicot
30	Frank Wharton	" "

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