

FEATURES OF NEW ORLEANS

MR. RICHMOND WRITES CONCERNING HOME OF CREOLES.

Graphic Description of the Strange City and Its People—The Creoles Not a Mixed Race, but the Descendants of French and Spanish Nobility—The Splendid Electric System, Pleasure Resorts, Cotton Presses, Oil Mills.

PROBABLY no feature of the city of New Orleans strikes the visitor so favorably as the splendidly equipped electric car system, operated by the street railway companies and with no little pride that the average citizen can put forth the undisputed statement that the day is past for the large bob-tail car, drawn by one mule and one horse, as was the case on a previous visit here. Today New Orleans has the finest street car service of any city in the world. The system operated by the New Orleans City Railroad company embraces fifteen lines of cars (over two-thirds of all the street cars of the city), reaching from one end of the city to the other and penetrating every suburb. This company has 14 miles of track and operates 250 to 300 cars daily, on car routes embracing 150 miles. The cars are of the very latest design and build, with new cross seats. Travel is made pleasant on dusty days by sprinkling the streets through the cars are constantly used in this service—Canal street being the main business artery of the city, is the starting point for all cars of this system.

PLEASURE RESORTS.

New Orleans is especially well supplied with places of open-air resorts for summer and winter, in addition to the numerous squares which stud the residence portion of the city and the city park. The lake resorts are the most popular. West End, Spanish Fort and Milneburg—all located on Lake Ponchartrain and easily reached by electric and steam railroads. Each has a hotel, a fine restaurant, a theatre, and other amusements of the year round. While all the country north of Mason's and Dixon's line is locked in ice, its trees leafless, and its homes stormed by fierce Arctic winds, New Orleans, during the entire winter, smiles through the green of orange and magnolia trees. Her gardens are bright with flowers, the streets are filled with loungers and sight-seers; all the open-air resorts are crowded, and there is a busy hum of gaiety and music and laughter everywhere. New Orleans has a characteristic easy-going music and amusement loving people.

THE SPANISH FORT.

The resort is some five miles distant, reached by steam train. It is a small village with pleasure gardens, situated at the mouth of Bayou St. John, a stream navigable for schooners and connects with New Canal Carondelet, leading to the center of the city. The fort erected by the Spaniards (called St. John) was armed and garrisoned by them during their occupation of the colony, being too far inland, was of no service and abandoned. A part of its armament remains, also the contour of the fortification, which is built of small brick, is yet well preserved—the venerable walls showing a little signs of decay as when the proud banner of Castile waved over them. Outside of the fort are pleasure gardens with walks and flowers all kept in beautiful order. Nearby is a concert hall, a summer theater and sundry amusements. An object of interest in the vicinity is an old torpedo boat, fished up out of the canal as a relic of the Civil war. General Jackson occupied this fort in 1814 when he engaged and defeated General Bakenham at Chalmette.

PONCHARTRAIN RAILROAD.

It may interest the reader to know that this is the second oldest railroad in the country, only being ante-dated by the Charleston and Savannah and considered in its day a wonder. Along its line were erected the first freight platforms ever used. The railroads of England and the United States for many years unloaded their freight as wagons unloaded, until this road invented the simple platform which was speedily adopted by all railroads. The car track was first laid down in the middle of the canal route which had been drained; the tops of the cars being level with the ground and passengers used to step from the top of the car on "terra firma." It is also a curious fact in those days when the primitive motive used then could not generate steam sufficient, sails were attached to the cars to propel the trains. This road is owned by the Louisville and Nashville railway and famous resort in the small village and famous resort in the "Creole" days—and named for Milne, a wealthy Creole citizen. The village is composed of a series of restaurants and bathing houses and at the end of a flash-light. Here are the remains of fortifications erected by the Confederates during the Civil war to defend the rear of the city.

COTTON PRESSES.

One of the great sights of the city are the cotton presses and an examination of their powerful machinery is worthy of attention. These compresses cost from \$50,000 to \$100,000 each. The bales of cotton produced in the interior are reduced three-fourths of their former size. The cost of compressing a bale is fifty cents, which the ship owner pays, for thus it is enabled to take a larger cargo. It is a curious sight to see these steam giants—some twenty-five in number—with their strong arms at work. The bales are seized by stout negroes, rolled into the compress and squeezed by it with a demoniac-like hissing sound. The iron hands or ties are tightened and then the iron giant lets go its victim with a gasp and the bale rolls out reduced three-fourth in size.

The manufacture of oil from cotton seed has of late years developed into a large profitable business in New Orleans. Since the late war a great many mills have been erected through the south and seven are in operation in this city. Here is the process: Cotton seed comes in the form of a seed about the size of a pea, covered with lint cotton. This lint is removed by the gins in the country and forms what is known as "cotton." The seed comes from the country in bags and is passed through several very fine gins to remove the remaining lint. The seed passes through a "huller" which removes the hull, leaving a little kernel. This kernel is ground up, steamed and placed in bags about eighteen inches long, these bags are put in presses and the oil pressed out. The residuum is a hard, yellow cake called "oil cake,"

which is exported for cattle feed and sometimes ground into meal for the same purpose. Soap is also made from the residuum of the oil. This oil is shipped to Europe, there refined, sent back to America after being mixed with the crushings of olives, as "delicious French and Italian sweet olive oil." The hulls are sometimes used for paper stock, also a fuel to run the works and the ashes as fertilizers.

LEVEES.

To the northerner, perhaps no sight is more characteristic of the south, than the "levees" of New Orleans and the high pressure, double-decked Mississippi river steamboats that crowd the wharves. These flat-bottomed floats, loaded tier upon tier, with bales of cotton, sugar cane and tobacco leaf, etc., appear to the beholder from the streets, many feet below the river bank, like floating battlements along the river front. Both side-wheel and stern-wheel craft, with their swivel-acting gang-planks, are seen, ever pursuing their crooked and devious channels way down the "Father of Waters." In the shallow places of this great shallow river the unique gang-plank is an institution of utility and importance. As the head of this great river is slowly rising from the deposits along its entire course, it became necessary to add to the height and strength of the levees. The course of the river, too, is constantly shifting, flowing as it does, through a soil which has largely been deposited by it and the towns along its banks may find themselves at any moment, as it were, deserted by the stream. Near the river, the land naturally is somewhat elevated and slopes gradually on either side to the swamps and Lake Ponchartrain, lying to the rear of the city. In order to protect its overflow, in early times, a levee or dyke was built and gradually raised and levelled, until today it forms a large plaza, several squares wide—for the river since the city was located on its banks, has along most of the front, withdrawn itself a good ways from the original channel—so that many soil blocks of buildings stand where the river once flowed. The constant additions made to the levee, give a gradual slope up several feet to the river front, the slope beginning a great distance back from the river, the stranger can hardly realize the fact, he is going up hill, or an incline, to the river, even if he sees the water in the gutters flowing away from the river instead of toward it—and at high water, the steamers at the wharves seem on a level with the second story of the buildings, presenting a novel appearance.

The river here is from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, much narrower than above or below the city and varies in depth from 60 to 250 feet, enabling the largest vessels to navigate its waters and land at its wharves. The distance to its mouth is 107 miles. All the landings along the front of the city are called "levees." This great landing, or plaza, is divided into three levees—the "Main levee," the "Cotton levee" and the "Sugar levee." On these levees goods are landed and sold, and during the busy season the levee presents a bustling scene, sights which interest the visitor who is at all conversant with commercial matters. Here are thousands of bales of cotton, thousands of hogheads and barrels of sugar, also tobacco, rice, flour, lumber and fruit of every kind. In cases of floods and overflow of the river, there are protection levees inside that let the river surplus into canals leading to Lake Ponchartrain which is some 20 to 25 feet lower than the Mississippi. In early years the city was marked by frequent and destructive inundations of the "Father of Waters." The levees of the city are built mainly of concrete instead of earth alone. These huge walls along the river front which here forms a levee for some twelve miles average from 20 to 25 feet in height and graded up for several hundred feet, so that the rise is hardly perceptible. Since the opening of the levee system was first inaugurated, over \$150,000,000 has been expended by the people of the lower Mississippi valley for their protection. At the present day the levee system has been perfected to a degree that excites the wonder and admiration of engineers and navigators of all ages, extending an almost uninterrupted stretch of wharves and warehouses with hundreds of ships and steamers unloading or receiving cargoes.

CREOLES—NATIVE POPULATION.

The population of New Orleans is about 200,000, composed of various elements and races; about 40 per cent. are white, one-fourth colored and the balance of the stranger mixture on earth. The most interesting class to us was the native "Creole."

Strangers often make a great error in supposing that the Creole population is a mixed race of whites and blacks—a people of rich olive complexion, with a strange pedigree dating back to French and negro origin, or colored people, partially of African descent, when in fact, it is the reverse, and signifies only one of pure and unmixed European blood; the descendants of the ancient French and Spanish population of Louisiana. The "Creole" is a white native of the south and in beauty unexcelled; charming and cultured with all the grace and dignity of manners equal in birth and bearing to the most distinguished of the southern people. One says "there never was a nobler or purer-blooded race than the Creoles of Louisiana who are proud of their descent from the best families of France and Spain who themselves applied the term "Creole" to distinguish the "old families" of the state from the families of emigrants of other nationalities. In this sense of the word "the Creoles are the Knickerbockers of Louisiana," and the Puritans of New England. The word "Creole" assumes a broad significance, it means all that is born, created, manufactured and produced within Louisiana limits, be it animate or inanimate objects. Everything that is good in New Orleans is "Creole." The highest praise that can be bestowed upon an article for sale among the streets and in the country is to declare that it is "Creole." For instance, "Creole" negroes, to distinguish the blacks and the whites that are Louisiana bred and born and French speaking, from the negroes of other states. In trade one hears of Creole eggs, Creole chickens, Creole ponies, Creole cattle, Creole corn, Creole sugar cane, Creole shoes and "Creole" vegetables. The term is used to distinguish the commercial product of Louisiana as infinitely superior to those brought in from the north and west. It is very difficult for a stranger to gain access to these ancient Creole homes; he must come with letters of introduction or be introduced by a native "to the manor born." We esteem with pardonable pride the acquaintance and friendship of Judge James McConnell and William G. Coyle, a coal baron of this city, both of "Creole" descent; also to A. B. Bakels, proprietor New Hotel, and the editor of the New Orleans Picayune, to whom we are indebted for polite attention and valuable memoranda.

MINOR MENTONNETTES.

An unsuccessful attempt was made on Sunday night to burglarize St. John's Catholic church. Nicholas Flood, of Carondelet, a brakeman on Pay's Erie train, fell from a car at Ararat Summit on Sunday night and was killed. He leaves a widow and three children.

Lanesboro has an epidemic of diphtheria. There have been several deaths, and the public school has been closed.

A. C. Barrett, of New Milford, is a leading Republican candidate for representative. He is most popular where he is the best known, and he would make a creditable legislator.

Lee J. DeWitt, of New Milford, is a Democratic candidate for representative.

PREDICTED HER OWN DEATH.

Lela May Shippee, of Vestal, died on Thursday, in strange fulfillment of her prophecy of her own demise. Several days ago, while on bended knees, Miss Shippee beheld a beautiful vision in which she saw the details of the future life were vividly revealed.

The vision brought almost boundless joy to the young woman, and she predicted that within two days she would fall asleep in death. At the time of the vision Miss Shippee was suffering from illness. She is not stated what precisely, and until she passed into unconsciousness, she could not be shaken in her belief that she had been called from this life in the vision which came to her. She was about to go to Porto Rico to teach school.

SOME SHORT ONES.

When the enlargement of the store-room is completed, the Erie will have an addition of about one hundred people to its clerical force in Susquehanna. The headquarters of two departments will be established here.

The funeral of the late Edward Edwards, of Melrose, took place from the Stevens' Point Methodist church on Sunday morning. Deceased came to his death on Friday from injuries sustained by the cars on Saturday, Nov. 9.

The Bridgewater Baptist association ended a three days' special session at Auburn, this county, on Saturday.

The Erie is experiencing a shortage of coal cars.

There is a report that the Erie engineers and firemen are to be under the general traveling engineer, instead of the division master mechanic, as heretofore.

Thanksgiving services will be held in Christ Episcopal church on Sunday, December 1.

Erie Hose company, No. 1, will hold its thirteenth annual ball in Hogan opera house on Thanksgiving eve. It will be a social event.

Election is about a year away, but county candidates are looming up like mushrooms in a meadow after a warm rain. There appears to be no law, legal or moral against a man being a candidate. It is a harmless diversion.

Ralph F. Thompson, is a Republican candidate for county commissioner.

CHEERING, INDEED!

The Susquehanna Transcript copies this paragraph from the writers' letter in the Carbondale Leader:

"Quite a number of Susquehanna people are preparing to lecture in southern California."

It is cheering to see the Transcript give credit for anything, if it is only to call attention to a typographical error.

WHOLLY UNPREMEDITATED.

Rev. Abijah Calverde, Ezekiel Bloodgood and Miss Prudence Drake, of Huckleberry Center, were in our midst yesterday to see about buying some

HARGRAVES' PASSENGER

GRUESOME EXPERIENCE OF AN OBLIGING WHEELMAN.

He Rides a Bicycle with a Dead Man on His Back—Jared Wilcox Nearly Killed by Rats—Lela May Shippee Predicts Her Own Death—Suicide of Old Tige—Political Waifs and Personal Paragraphs.

Special to the Scranton Tribune.

Susquehanna, Nov. 19.—Riding on a bicycle with a dead man on his back was the gruesome experience of Ernest Hargraves, a Scranton book agent, on Friday.

Hargraves was on his way to the Poyntelle station, to canvass among the farmers, when he saw a man staggering ahead in the highway. The stranger said he was sick, and Hargraves invited him to get on the wheel. The sick man occupied the seat, feet hanging free, with his arm around Hargraves' neck. The latter allowed his weight to rest on the crossbar while pedaling.

Receiving no responsive action to his command to dismount when a farmhouse was reached, and falling to break the grasp about his neck, Hargraves dismounted and discovered to his horror that the man was dead. He was a stranger to this section. Heart disease was the probable cause of death.

ALMOST KILLED BY RATS.

When Jared Wilcox, a farmer residing near Conoy, entered his corn barn last Friday night he found a swarm of huge rats helping themselves to the grain.

Wilcox picked up a whiffletree and proceeded to kill the rodents, which savagely fought for their lives. The animal swarmed upon him, severely biting him in many places. Mrs. Wilcox and the hired help came to Wilcox's rescue or he would have been killed. He is in a critical condition from his wounds. Twenty rats were killed.

JUST BETWEEN US.

On the sofa they were seated,
The engagement was quite new;
In a ring he had invested—
She had promised to be true.

"Should a doubt e'er come between us,"
She murmured with a pout,
But the youth moved up closer
And left no room for doubt."
—Bard of Unimolite.

Bank your house. And your money—
If you can,
Even the woodpecker is out with a new fall rap.
These are royal days for hot cider and baked apples—if you can get them.

"This is the worst weather we have had since the last spell.
Very few stray hats and seersuckers are seen on the streets.
Thanksgiving may be all right, but it has a noticeably fowl odor about it.
A Forest City Sunday school teacher last Sunday night discovered three members of his class robbing a honkey-tonk. It is not stated what passages of Scripture he repeated to them as they went sailing over the fence.

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"I Followed Mrs. Pinkham's Advice and Now I am Well."



Doctors Mystified.

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician. It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago, a great army of her fellow-beings are to day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequalled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

Grateful Letters from Cured Women.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been thankful a thousand times since I wrote to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I followed your advice carefully and now I feel like a different person.

"My troubles were backache, headache, nervous tired feeling, painful menstruation, and leucorrhoea. I took four bottles of Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am now well.

"I thank you again for the good you have done me."—ELLA E. BRENNER, East Rochester, Ohio.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—When I wrote to you some time ago for advice, I really thought my days were numbered. I was so ill that I could not stand on my feet for fifteen minutes at a time.

"I had female troubles in many of their worst forms, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains, headache, backache, and nervous prostration. My kidneys were out of order and blood in a bad condition. Every one, and even my doctor, thought I was going into consumption. I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and followed your advice faithfully for six months, with the result that I became a well woman, and it did not cost me nearly as much as a doctor's bill for the same number of weeks. I feel that your medicine saved my life."—MRS. SAMUEL BOLIST, 7 Cozy Ave., Oneonta, N. Y.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel that words are but feeble to express a heart's gratitude, when there is so much to be thankful for as I have. I suffered with womb trouble for five years, and our family physician said an operation was needed; but I dreaded it, and reading of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound one day, I decided to give it a trial first. To my great joy I found that after four months' treatment I was strong and well; experienced no pain or trouble, and the Compound built up my entire system. I shall always bless the day I started to take your medicine; it proved my greatest good."—MISS SOPHIE BONHAM, 261 Oak St., Chicago, Ill.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I want to tell you what your medicine has done for me. I believe it saved my life. I had womb trouble and inflammation of the ovaries, and was troubled with flowing too much. I had two doctors, but they did me no good. After writing to you, I began the use of your remedies, and today I am well. I cannot say enough in your favor and shall always praise your Vegetable Compound."—MRS. FRED. LEO, Box 529, Skowhegan, Maine.

December 28, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel that it is my duty to write and tell you of the benefit I have derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wrote to you last June and described my sufferings.

"I took seven bottles of your medicine and was cured of my troubles. Last September I was taken with a very bad kidney trouble. I was away from home and was obliged to return. I started to take your medicine again and was soon well.

"When I wrote to you last summer I weighed only one hundred and five. I now weigh one hundred and thirteen. I am very grateful to you for the good advice you gave me, and would recommend your medicine to all who suffer from female weakness."—MRS. B. CUNNINGHAM, Oakland, Ill.

\$5000 REWARD

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, Mass. \$5,000 which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonials are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writers' special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

new singing books for the Center Sunday school.—Exchange.

The host is in the pumpkin,
And the toddler is in the shell.
So many visits "tick" now,
And takes out his coat from last.

Strawberries are ripe in Texas. Susquehanna is six months ahead of the Lone Star state. We had strawberries last June.

A fellow doesn't have to be much of a sprinter to catch cold this winter.

OLD TIGE COMMITTED SUICIDE.

The proprietor of the Alford hotel offered a man a dollar to kill Tige, his fifteen-year-old dog, which was blind and a nuisance.

When the man started to get his gun old Tige arose from the floor near the stove, gave a pitiful whine and went out of doors.

In half an hour the man returned with his gun but the dog had disappeared. His mutilated body was found on the Lackawanna railroad tracks next morning. He had committed suicide to avoid an ignominious death upon the hills.

Able and genial Colonel Charles C. Pratt, of New Milford, will doubtless be the next state senator from this district. All signs point that way.

Extra meetings continue in the Methodist and Baptist churches.

The local labor contention is still with us. Lake Bangs's almost, it doesn't down worth a cent.

The alleged beautiful snow falls at most daily, makes miserable mud.

The repairs and improvements to the Avenue Methodist church are nearing completion.

And even Democratic candidates for legislative honors are hobnobbing in old Susquehanna county. Well, well! If we cannot be thankful for anything, November 28, let us rejoice that we are no worse off than we are.

That cheerful bar, "the oldest inhabitant" and the spouse none unite in predicting an open winter. Well stick to your blankets and keep good friends with the coat man.

If you are in a hurry, bring your paper book to The Tribune office.